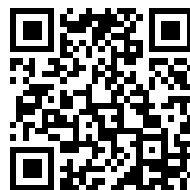


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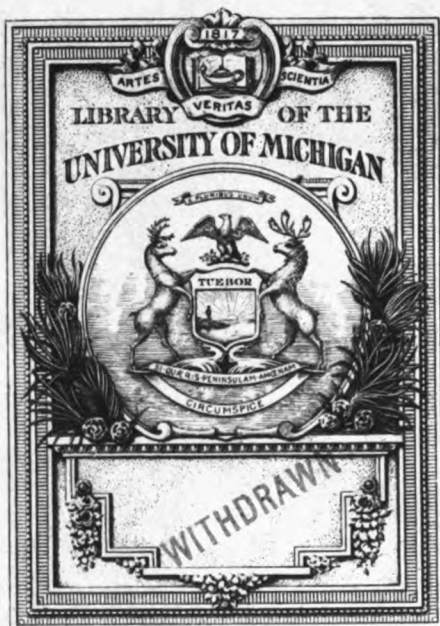


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# BALLOU'S DOLLAR MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

VOL. III.—No. 1.

BOSTON, JANUARY, 1856.

WHOLE No. 13.

## THE COQUETTE.

BY MRS. MARY MAYNARD.

"Is it not cruel to wound our kind cousin's feelings with your coquetry, sister mine? You know how fondly he loves you; how many proofs he has given of his devotion to you; how sensitive he is to slight or neglect; and yet you indulge in that folly that distresses him most," and the speaker wound her fair arms round her sister's waist, and looked up lovingly into her eyes, as if to plead for pardon for her unasked advice.

"You may spare your lectures, Alice—I shall act as I think proper; and Sidney has no right to control me—no more right than you have to censure me;" and with an impatient movement, the angry beauty strove to free herself from the clinging arms.

"Florence, forgive me; I meant not to censure you; and if I said more than was proper, you must excuse my hasty words. You know how good our cousin is; how well he has supplied a brother's place to us; and now, when you have won his heart, and all his hopes and wishes are centered on your love, I cannot see you fling aside that heart, and crush those hopes, without one word to warn you of the danger of such flirtation when exercised on one like him. You do not love this stranger who has so completely engrossed your attention for the past three days; and yet your unkindness to Sidney has clouded his brow, and filled my heart with sorrow."

And the gentle girl again raised her eyes to her sister's face, as if to find there some hope of

a favorable answer to her entreaties, while the tears rolled slowly down her flushed cheeks.

"What folly, Alice! I do not love our handsome cousin; and surely you will not blame me if he has been so unwise as to bestow his heart on my unworthy self. Nor do I think him more worthy of pity than a score of others, on not one of whom did you think proper to waste those precious tears. Sidney would no doubt feel deeply grateful did he but know how sincere a friend he had in his fair cousin Alice, and might find consolation in his disappointment. May I inform him of the interest you feel in the success of his suit?"

There was no answer to the sarcastic question; and Alice, slowly rising from her sister's side, left the room. For a few moments Florence gazed after her in a half-repentant manner, as if she would fain call back the gentle sister; but in a little time the cloud passed from her brow, and with a sigh of relief, she took from her bosom a letter. After closely examining the seal and direction, she opened the envelope, and with burning cheeks, and unconcealed joy flashing from her beautiful eyes, read the warm love-words traced on its pages. After twice reading down the magic words, she pressed the precious manuscript to her lips, and kissing it again and again, carefully replaced it in her bosom, and clasping her hands over it as if to make sure of its safety, leaned back on the rich velvet cushions of her lounge, and closed her eyes, as if to ponder over the new joy.

Very beautiful she looked as she reclined there ; her lips half parted with a triumphant smile, and her cheeks flushed with pleasure ; her hands, nervously clasped together, betrayed her excited state of mind, and a little foot in its velvet slipper beat impatient time on the soft ottoman. For ten minutes she sat, the image of gratified pride and joy, and then other thoughts swept through her mind ; and the flush left her face, the clasped hands sunk slowly to her lap, her bosom heaved with heavy sighs, and her heart beat painfully, as if it would burst through the confining folds of her crimson robe. Fast the hot tears fell on her hands, and glittered on the precious gems that adorned her slender fingers ; but like a summer shower, the cloud soon passed off, and pressing her hands to her face she crushed the remaining tears beneath the long lashes, and rising, stood before the mirror endeavoring to remove all traces of her recent emotion.

While she is thus employed we will give the reader a more satisfactory introduction to the persons already brought before them, as also to some yet unknown. Florence and Alice were the daughters of Sir Richard Harwood, a rich English baronet. They had lost their mother in early childhood, and their father, eschewing the matrimonial snares laid for him by numberless husband-hunting young ladies, and feeling keenly the loss of a beloved wife, had devoted several years to retirement, and in the society of his little girls, and in the improvement and care of his numerous tenantry, had found comfort and consolation. As years passed on, and his daughters grew up, Sir Richard felt it to be his duty once more to mingle in those scenes where his lost wife had once been so bright a star, and no longer deprive his beautiful daughters of the advantages afforded them by their wealth and station. He invited his sister-in-law, the widow of his brother, and the mother of his heir, to become the mistress of his town mansion, and be the escort of his motherless girls into those scenes of London society that her superior wisdom and thorough knowledge of that society well fitted her for.

She was a middle-aged, handsome woman, well educated and of exceedingly prepossessing manners. For many years she also had lived in the country, disgusted with society and all the world ; but when, at her brother's entreaty, she once more resumed her place, there were many who warmly welcomed her return ; and she soon found herself the centre of an intellectual and refined circle, far removed from the common insipidity of London society.

To Sir Richard, the renewal of old friendships, and the constant meetings with old time acquaintances, was exceedingly pleasant after so many years of separation ; and as the young ladies were evidently pleased with the new life opened to them, it appeared at first sight as if the change had been an unusually happy one.

But there was one who did not rejoice in the prospect before him ; one whose heart did not throb with joyous anticipations, and whose fears outbalanced all other sensations, and that one was Sidney Harwood, the nephew and heir of Sir Richard, the playfellow and friend of his daughters—the lover of Florence.

In the retirement and quietude of their life at Harwood Park, the girls had always welcomed their handsome and entertaining cousin with the warmest expressions of joy. And he, as he watched the growing loveliness of Florence, and listened to her gentle voice, murmuring sweet sisterly welcomes as he embraced and kissed her—as he had always done since they were children—felt his heart throb with delight at the thought that this beautiful flower, which was all his own, had known no other love. But there was a rival in Florence's heart, all undreamed of by her unsuspecting cousin, scarcely known at this time to herself ; a powerful rival, before whose mighty strength poor Sidney's love should be swept away as a leaf before the wind ; and this love was her love of admiration. Openly admired by her father and sister, flattered by her attendants, and almost adored by Sidney himself, it would have been impossible for Florence not to have known herself beautiful ; and it was impossible to conceal her joy at their proposed introduction to society—joy that sent a terror to her lover's heart.

He knew the trying ordeal through which a young beauty passes, made more dangerous if she herself courts the admiration so lavishly bestowed on a new favorite, and the delight she had so earnestly expressed gave him but little reason to feel gratified with the prospect before him. Once he thought of immediately making known to her father his wishes and intentions, and also his dissatisfaction at the proposed arrangement ; but on asking his mother's advice—in whom, by the way, he placed implicit confidence—she strongly persuaded him from so hasty a step.

"If Florence is worthy of your love, my son, she will not change ; and you should rather rejoice that you will have this opportunity of judging of her character, her constancy, and her attachment for yourself. Residing in the same house, you will have every facility for your pur-

pose of learning a disposition which, with all due deference for your superior judgment, I think far from perfect."

Poor Sidney was but little comforted by his mother's advice, and resolved, let what would come, never to lose his faith in the perfection of his idol.

A very short residence in town showed the wisdom of Mrs. Harwood's prophecies, and filled her son's mind with despair. Florence yielded herself entirely up to the fascinating influence of adulation and flattery, and became a dangerous coquette, winning hearts for the mere pleasure of flinging them away again; and yet so perfectly free was she from scorn or ill-temper in the treatment of her victims, so enchanting had she become in her new and exciting mode of life, that not a whisper was even breathed against her, even by those who felt her cruelty most. Many sighed in secret over her coldness of heart, but all were ready to bow before her, to attend her steps, to wait her pleasure, to fulfil her slightest wishes. To the gentle Alice, this triumph gave mingled pain and pleasure. That her sister should be loved and admired, caressed and sought after, was all right and quite natural she thought, but that Sidney should be slighted and rendered unhappy, his love disregarded and himself neglected, was more than her kind heart could bear unmoved. She had frequently sought for an interview with her sister of late, but Florence avoided her, and it was only by chance that she had found her sufficiently at leisure to hold the conversation that was concluded at the commencement of our story.

Alice was two years younger than her sister, and of quite a different style of beauty. While Florence rejoiced in the glossy black tresses, flashing eyes and brilliant complexion of the Harwoods, Alice looked no less lovely in some eyes, with her soft, light curls, clear blue eyes, and delicate rose-leaf complexion, especially when those beautiful eyes filled with tears of compassion at a sad tale, or her delicate cheek flushed with pleasure at seeing some loved friend. Sir Richard was proud of his eldest daughter, proud of her beauty and accomplishments, her wit and grace, and very proud of the admiration she excited; but when he was weary of society, of the glitter and false show of ball rooms, the hollow-heartedness of so-called society, it was to his Alice he looked for refreshing and comforting, to her and her sweet conversation, so pure and fresh amid a world of glittering deceit, that in his heart the father blessed the lovely image of his lost wife, and felt thankful no one had yet usurped his place in her heart.

To her aunt, Alice was also very dear, and it had long been a source of grief to that good lady that her only son should be so blind to the perfections of his youngest cousin. But Sidney was far from blind in this respect, and had long loved and respected Alice, although his heart was completely under the control of another. That Alice had a more than sisterly regard for her cousin, Mrs. Harwood had long suspected, and her anxiety for Sidney's happiness had opened Florence's eyes to something of the same idea. Hence her rather insulting speech on the morning when Alice made her last effort to induce her to change her conduct in regard to their cousin. The stranger mentioned by the younger sister, was a gentleman with whom Sir Richard had been slightly acquainted some ten years previously. They had met quite unexpectedly in London, the acquaintance was renewed, and Colonel Burton invited to his friend's house. Sir Richard would have ridiculed the idea of danger to his young daughters in the society of a man almost as old as himself, but it was soon evident that the beautiful Florence took unusual interest in the conversation of the handsome officer, and equally evident that he was interested in return. To her father, this gave pleasure, as he hoped she was growing weary of the attentions of the numerous fashionable young men who unceasingly followed her; but to Alice it was a new source of trouble, as she felt convinced that the stranger was far more likely to prove a rival to Sidney than all the gay flatterers who had hitherto come between him and his love.

Colonel Burton had long been set down by those who knew him best, as a confirmed old bachelor. Not that he despised ladies' society, or had too good an opinion of himself and liberty, but simply because he had passed unharmed through all the traps and snares so bewitchingly laid for him by cunning match-makers. If he has lived so long heart whole, they argued, it is not likely he will change his old habits, and settle down into married life, now, when his taste for travelling and adventure has become a habit.

"The beauty may fascinate our young beaux," said a titled dowager, the mother of half-a-dozen homely daughters, and a little envious of Florence's popularity among the gentlemen; "but with all her winning arts, she will find the colonial more than her match."

The objects of her remarks were at that moment apparently unconscious that the world contained aught save themselves and each other—the gentleman in eager conversation, the lady



listening with deep attention, her flushed cheek and downcast eye betraying how interesting his words were to her feelings.

That the dowager, Lady M——, had good reason to believe the colonel difficult to catch, there could be no doubt, but that he was uncatchable, there were many who left the ball room that night, who certainly doubted. When Colonel Burton found himself alone in his room that night, he paced the floor for an hour, apparently revolving in his mind some knotty question. At last he came to a full stop, and throwing himself into a chair, exclaimed :

"Yes, I will marry her ; she loves me, and I will marry her ;" and without further deliberation, he drew his elegant writing-desk to the edge of the table, and penned the words that filled the heart of Florence with such new emotions.

She had felt from the first that he possessed a strange influence over her ; and now when she read the words that told her how powerful her charms had been in conquering a heart so long invincible, it was little wonder that gratified pride was the first sensation. This mood was quickly changed into a painfully distressing recollection of Sidney's love and despair, and caused the tears to flow from her own excited heart. Her tears were soon banished by the thought that to-day her hand was to be asked of her father—to day she was to receive the colonel as her lover.

Ringling for her maid, she proceeded to dress with unusual care, and had scarcely arranged the last fold, and clasped on the last bracelet, when summoned to meet her father in the library. She cast one glance in the mirror to convince herself that all was right, and then slowly descended the wide staircase, her heart beating loudly, and her hands trembling with agitation. One moment she held the handle of the door, and then turning it quickly she found herself in the presence of her aunt, her father, and Colonel Burton. The first looked distressed, the second evidently out of humor, and the last not a little discomposed.

She felt the warm, suffocating sensation of a person fainting, and would have fallen to the floor had her father not supported her. Placing her in a chair, he proceeded to ask if she was aware of the colonel's errand. On her signifying an affirmation, he told her to consider solemnly what she was doing, not hastily to form a contract so solemn, but that if it was necessary to her happiness he should not forbid it, however unsuitable their ages were. Her answer was, to hold out her hand to the colonel, which

that gallant officer knelt to receive, pressing the white and jewelled fingers to his lips, and inwardly admiring his ladylove's taste in dress. The father looked sad, the aunt still distressed ; but the principal actors in the scene performed their part to perfection.

It was at this unfortunate juncture, while the colonel was still on one knee, Florence, with her handkerchief to her eyes, considerably affected, and her aunt and father deliberating on the propriety of leaving them alone together, that Sidney gently unclosed the door, expecting to find his uncle alone as usual, with the morning paper.

One glance was sufficient to show him how matters stood, and withdrawing as silently as he had entered, he slowly ascended the stairs again, on his way to his own room. In the gallery he had to pass a deep window, and attracted by the sound of sobs, he drew aside the curtain, and there, on the cushioned seat, her favorite reading place, with her face buried in the pillows, lay poor Alice.

Lifting her from her despairing attitude, he seated himself beside her, and smoothed the wet curls from her face. He kissed her cheek, as he had done when in her childish griefs she had fled to him for comfort, but now she shrank from the touch of his lips, and strove to free herself from his supporting arms. He drew her to him more forcibly, and while a paler shade came over his already death-like countenance, asked, in a hoarse voice :

"Will you cast me off, too, Alice?"

And then when the slight form quivered in his embrace, and he felt the wild throbbing of her heart against his breast, he pressed one long, despairing kiss on her lips, and again placing her on the sofa, rushed to his own room. While Alice lay fainting in the cushioned recess, and Sidney knelt beside his couch, vainly striving to overcome his misery, a very different scene was going on in the library.

Seated beside his beautiful betrothed, the colonel looked all the joy and pride he felt. He was rich, and this alone was needed to complete his happiness, a young, a lovely wife. He did not love Florence, for love made no part of his disposition ; but he admired her, and rejoiced at the sensation his marriage would create. That she loved him, he was perfectly sure, and this had been the object of his life-long search—a beautiful wife, rich and affectionate. And none, to look on his young betrothed, could doubt her feelings towards him. Her downcast eyes, the varying color, told more than words how great was the power he possessed over her heart ;

and yet the colonel talked calmly and unconcernedly about their marriage, their journey to Italy, their future home; in fact, he told her all his plans for the future—that future in which she was to have so large a share,—and yet never by one word did he strive to banish the almost painful feeling of confusion overwhelming her.

It is true he watched the crimson blush mount up to her white forehead with a feeling of satisfaction, and felt the little hand he held in his own tremble and quiver with suppressed emotion; but had she withdrawn her hand, he would have made no effort to detain it; and as for kissing her blushing cheek or rosy lips, Colonel Barton would never have attempted any thing so likely to disarrange the elegant precision of her beautifully-dressed hair, or the graceful fall of her rich satin flowers.

Poor Florence! accustomed all her life to give free vent to her feelings, she felt a longing to throw herself into somebody's arms, and give way to her emotions. But there sat the colonel looking at her, kindly, it is true, but still by no means so sentimentally as she would have wished. She thought of Alice; but Alice would have no sympathy with her, as the betrothed of Sidney's rival. She thought of Sidney; of all his love and tenderness, of the many times he had folded her to his heart, imploring blessings on her head, of how rapturously he would have received the gift, so calmly accepted by another; and then her strength gave way, and she burst into a passionate flood of tears. The colonel looked astounded at this unexpected display, and after watching her for a few moments, got up and commenced to pace the floor.

Florence soon conquered her tears, and when she once more sat silent and still, her face covered with her hand. Chief, he resumed his place at her side, and with quiet politeness, and in the gentlest tone imaginable, expressed his disapproval of all such violent displays of feeling. He said he was aware the events of the morning had been too exciting for her nerves, but hoped to meet her at the opera quite recovered; then finding that his words were not having the desired effect, and that her tears were flowing afresh, he once more lifted her hands to his lips, and with a low bow departed.

It seemed a day fated to bring sorrow to the occupants of that splendid mansion, for ere the sun set, Mrs. Harwood was called on to bid farewell to her darling son, nor could she find it in her heart to deny her consent to his departure, knowing how cruelly all his hopes had been crushed, and trusting that time and absence would efface the image of his cousin.

To his uncle, Sidney's absence was a great annoyance; he loved his company, and having a pretty clear idea of the cause of his sudden journey, felt a still greater dislike to the match that had caused so much trouble and grief in so short a time.

Sir Richard went out to walk off his annoyance; Mrs. Harwood went to her son's room to assist him in his hurried preparations; Florence double locked the door of her chamber, refusing admittance to all, and beginning to realize some of the misery of a marriage in which the love is all on one side; and Alice sat by her window, and silently wept over the troubles of the day. But when she saw the carriage drive to the door, the busy servants fling down the steps, place the heavy travelling trunks safely behind, assist Sir Richard in, and then draw back respectfully as Sidney advanced; and after shaking hands with the old gray-haired butler, who had carried him in his arms when a boy, step quickly in, and lean back on the cushions, poor Alice felt as if all her joys were taken away at once.

She felt deeply for her cousin leaving his home in this unhappy manner, but, like his mother, she thought it best that he should leave scenes that could only serve to remind him of happier days, and she breathed a fervent prayer that he might return to them safe, and cured of his unfortunate passion. She reproached herself when she recollected how she had repulsed his last kind caresses, and vainly wished that she could just ask him to forgive her rudeness. She was aroused by the entrance of her aunt, who, silently placing a parcel in her hand, kissed her and withdrew.

On unsealing the package, to her great joy she found it contained her cousin's miniature, and also an affectionate farewell note to herself, begging her acceptance of the likeness, entreating pardon for the unintentional distress his violence had occasioned her, explaining his reasons for not bidding her farewell in person, and begging her to continue a correspondence which he would commence on his arrival in Paris.

When Mrs. Harwood sought her nieces' chambers that night, as was her usual custom before retiring, she found Florence deep in the study of an illustrated monthly of Paris fashions and dress novelties. Her face still bore the marks of tears, but all other traces of distress had vanished, and she gaily asked her aunt's opinion on the rival merits of white satin and white brocade silk.

In her sister's chamber all was hushed and silent, and crossing the soft carpet with noiseless step, Mrs. Harwood leaned over the sweet sleep-

er, and kissed her delicate cheek. She smiled as she noticed the firm clasp of the slender white fingers, looking almost transparent in contrast with the blue silk coverlid, and caught flashes of the rich setting of Sidney's miniature, reflected by the light, in her hand. With a blessing on the head of her darling niece, she softly closed the door, and left her to her slumbers.

Colonel Burton insisted on having his marriage celebrated with as little delay as possible, and as Florence gave a willing assent to his wishes on the subject, busy preparations were immediately made for the wedding.

Alice treated her brother-expectant with a coldness quite unusual for her, and took but little part in the affair that engrossed the attention of the whole household with the exception of herself. At her sister's request, she usually spent an hour or two in the bride's own room every day, but no persuasions could induce her to enter the parlor, where her sister usually received her lover, when he was present.

One morning, when she had become completely tired of answering questions, admiring jewelry, and giving her opinion on various articles of dress, she was preparing to leave the room, when Florence suddenly asked when she had heard from Sidney. It happened that a letter had arrived that morning, and on her sister's expressing a wish to see it, Alice drew it forth from the folds of her dress. In doing so, her hand became entangled in the slender chain to which she had suspended her treasured miniature, and as she brought out the letter, the locket slipped from its hiding-place, also.

"Ah, a love gift, *ma belle*!" gaily exclaimed Florence, catching the likeness in her hand.

But when her eyes fell on the well-known features, and met the earnest glance of the dark eyes, so often turned to meet her own in bygone days, she became deathly pale, and with tearful eyes gazed long at the beautiful picture; then with an anxious look that touched Alice's tender heart, returned the precious gift. With an attempt to hide her confusion, Alice said:

"Only a brotherly present from our dear cousin." And she left the room.

From this time there was an increased coolness between the sisters, Florence evidently thinking that her sister was betrothed to Sidney, and feeling herself aggrieved at the same, notwithstanding she was about to marry the man of her choice, and to whom she became each day more attached. Hers was a strange love, all the more powerful for the reason that she feared Colonel Burton, and never received from him those little kind and loving attentions

that go so far to sweeten the days of courtship. In all that was perfectly polite, and according to strict etiquette, the colonel was not found wanting, but there was none of that sweet sympathy between them, that Florence, even in her wildest days of flirtation, had never doubted would one day be hers. She loved the colonel with all her heart, and she, who had never yielded her will to another, in her life, now felt herself constrained to obey his every wish, to give up her own opinion on every occasion where they did not agree, and all without one word of thanks on his part, without the slightest symptom of gratitude.

Sidney had now been gone nearly three months, and the day appointed for the marriage of Florence drew near. Sir Richard had himself written to ask his nephew to return in time to be present at the ceremony, but as his answer pleaded pressing engagements, no more was said on the subject. For several weeks his letters had spoken of a certain Mr. Herbert and his sister Miriam, and from the terms in which he mentioned them, Alice concluded that they were in the habit of meeting daily. He represented Mr. Herbert as a most devoted brother, leaving home, and friends, and profession, to attend his invalid and orphan sister. That they were congenial spirits, and that Sidney had found such a friend, she rejoiced; but a little white hand was pressing on a beating heart as she read the glowing description he gave of the beauty, the talent, and the amiability of the fair sister of his friend. Poor Alice sighed as she read Sidney's enthusiastic description of his life in Italy—his life, made so happy by strangers. In imagination she beheld him in the flowery arbors he so frequently mentioned, seated beside the beautiful stranger, listening, entranced, to her sweet, low voice, breathing the loving Italian words of his favorite songs.

She felt but little encouragement to fulfil her design of surprising him with her own progress in music, as she heard of the proficiency of the lovely and interesting invalid. She grew pale and very quiet; but none thought it strange that so sensitive a disposition should feel keenly the separation from an only sister, and few noticed the retiring and unobtrusive bridemaid in the all-absorbing interest excited by the bride herself.

The sun shone brightly on the wedding morn, and never did a gayer party enter the church doors on a similar occasion, than that which attended Florence on this important day. A large party of officers, both army and navy, friends of Colonel Burton, added to the brilliancy of the scene, and their rich dress contrasted well with

the snowy lace robes of their bridesmaid's partners. Florence looked all she intended; and the happy colonel, at the conclusion of the service, drew her hand through his arm, and marched proudly down the aisle, with the look of a man quite satisfied with himself and the world.

In the confusion of the large party leaving the church, Alice and her partner were detained for some minutes in the porch waiting for the carriage. He was a pleasant, good-looking officer, and by way of passing the time as merrily as possible, gave her a very humorous description of an Italian wedding, at which he had been present a short time previously. After describing the ceremonies so religiously kept up by the peasantry of that country, he said he hoped soon to have the pleasure of congratulating their family on the marriage of one so near and dear to them all as his friend Sidney.

"Of course Miss Harwood was aware that her cousin had been engaged for nearly two months to a Miss Herbert, an exceedingly charming young lady."

Poor Alice listened to this confirmation of her worst fears with a sinking heart, and already worn out with the excitement of the morning, and the anxiety of her mind for the past few weeks, she leaned fainting against the wall, and when the carriage drew up to the door, and the party hastened to take their places, there was great confusion as the almost lifeless form was lifted up the steps and resigned to the care of the ladies.

All the way home their efforts were fruitless to recall the suspended faculties of the poor girl, and it was not until she was in her own room, and surrounded by the alarmed household, that Alice once more opened her eyes, and smiled on her anxious friends. She did not appear to witness the departure of the bridal party, but Florence found time to make a hasty visit to her sister.

She came into the room all fluttering with joy and excitement, and kissing Alice, and receiving her farewell blessings and good wishes, hastened away to join the waiting party in the hall. The last kisses were given and received, the father gave his child the parting embrace, the aunt whispered a few words of parting advice, the colonel shook hands with every one, and then assisting his bride to the carriage, and giving the last directions to his servant, the door closed with a slam, and they were gone.

For several days Alice was unable to leave her room, but when she once more made her appearance in the parlor, almost the first visitor

she received was the gentleman whose unfortunate speech had so nearly betrayed her secret. He was very kind, and made many inquiries about her health, but no allusion to their previous conversation; and Alice congratulated herself that in his alarm at her sudden illness, the subject had been forgotten. It was only as he took his leave, and spoke of returning to the continent, that Sidney's name was mentioned; and then only to ask, in a tone of ordinary politeness, if he could be the bearer of letters to the absent one.

Had Captain Lawson been as indifferent about her feelings as Alice supposed he was, he could scarcely have avoided noticing her confusion as he mentioned her cousin's name. The kind-hearted officer had seen enough of human nature to make him understand that there was something of more than common interest in his communication, to cause the lady to faint so suddenly. Added to this, he had been deeply impressed with the gentle loveliness of the inanimate girl, as he supported her insensible form and assisted in her recovery; and now, as the only return he could make for having so carelessly wounded her feelings, by repeating what might only be a report, he had resolved to seek Sidney, and learn the truth from his own lips. Should the reported engagement to Miriam Herbert prove true, Captain Lawson determined to lose no time in seeking the lady's heart and hand for himself, and securing what he felt to be a treasure beyond all price. On the contrary, if he found Sidney free and heart whole, he trusted to circumstances to give him a favorable opportunity to inform the young man of what he had discovered. It was a delicate mission, but Captain Lawson knew whom he had to deal with, and the importance of Sidney's answer to his own happiness urged him to lose no time in obtaining it. He had come to all these conclusions before he paid his farewell visit at Sir Richard's, and was only strengthened in his resolve on witnessing the emotion Alice betrayed at the sound of the beloved name.

Alice said farewell to her new friend and admirer with an almost envious feeling, inwardly wondering what he had done to deserve the happiness of so soon meeting Sidney, and little dreaming that the handsome man, whose good heart could be read in his countenance, had a very clear idea of what was thus passing in her mind.

It is true, she thought he held her hand, at parting, just one moment longer than was necessary, and that there was a look in the clear eyes, so earnestly bent on her own, that spoke



of something more than mere friendly regard for her health. But Alice had not vanity enough to suppose she had touched the heart of the rich and handsome Captain Lawson, whom half the young ladies of his acquaintance would have given up all their beaux for the sake of winning. Therefore, in her simplicity, she only set the captain down, in her mind, as an exceedingly pleasant acquaintance, far superior to the generality of their London friends, and in return for his kindness bid him adieu with even more than her wonted cordiality and sweetness.

We must now leave our friends in London, to recover from the excitement of the wedding, and the rather gloomy feeling that pervaded each mind after all was over, and follow the footsteps of the wanderer. In an elegant apartment, where every object bespeaks the taste and refinement of the occupants, and the evidences of sweet womanly fancies are scattered on every side, we again meet our hero.

His brow is no longer gloomy as when last we saw him, leaving his home and friends, but there is sadness in the glance of those beautiful eyes as they rest on the form reclining on a couch beside him, and as he leans his head on the carved back of the old-fashioned arm chair, we hear a sigh, rather too sorrowful to be breathed by one who has scarcely seen his twenty-fifth summer.

The lady on the sofa appears to think so, too, for, opening her eyes and leaving her comfortable position, she bends over the old chair, and with the whitest hand in the world, and the softest touch, smooths back the dark curls from his forehead, at the same time gently reproaching him for being so gloomy. She is a lovely comforter, this same tall, spiritual-looking girl, with her large black eyes, and pure complexion. As she bends over the arm of the young man's chair, we cannot help comparing her to the delicate, easily crushed Calla, so graceful are her movements, so frail is her appearance. He must be a monster, indeed, who could withstand the sweet pleading and winning smiles of Miriam Herbert; and as Sidney is quite the reverse of hard-hearted cruelty, he immediately resumes his usual pleasant manner, and after insisting on her again taking possession of the sofa, draws a reading table to her side, and selecting a favorite book, commences to read aloud.

It was a sweet scene, that beautifully furnished room, with its open windows shaded by delicate green silk drapery, the costly vases filled with choice flowers, the books, the harp, the velvet-cushioned furniture. On the walls hung choice engravings and landscapes, the favorites of the young mistress, and as Captain Lawson stood

beside his friend in the open door-way, and leisurely surveyed the scene, he could imagine no addition to add to the beauty of the picture, save always the presence of a certain fair-haired maiden, who rarely left his thoughts. Sidney hastily laid down his book, and rose to meet his friend. After the first confused words of welcome were over, and Mr. Herbert had taken his seat on the sofa, with his arm round the slender waist of his sister, and was making fond inquiries about her returning strength and health, Captain Lawson expressed his wish for a few moments' private conversation with their guest.

There was something in his tone that startled the young man, and grasping his friend's hand with sudden violence, he exclaimed:

"My mother, my cousins?"

"Are all well, Harwood. Don't be alarmed; I wish to ask your advice, that's all," and reassured by his pleasant smile, and the cordial grasp of his friend's hand, Sidney prepared to accompany him to his home. There was an eager eye watching the parting between Sidney and the fair Miriam, for love displays itself in trifles, but the captain found himself at fault this time, for his young friend appeared to share with her brother in a constant tender care for the invalid, and it was difficult to determine what was his motive. It might be love, it might be only friendship.

When they arrived at the house, and were safely ensconced in what Sidney called his "shell," or hiding-place, where, weary and low-spirited (as was frequently the case since leaving England), he first placed his friend in his own favorite easy-chair, then brought out a bottle of wine, and then announced himself ready for business.

Captain Lawson commenced the conversation by giving him an account of Florence's wedding, and then cautiously approached the subject of his engagement to Miss Herbert. For a few moments, there was an angry flush on Sidney's cheek, as he leaned his forehead thoughtfully on his hand and pondered on the strange question. But soon the frown passed away, and with a look that sought to read the other's meaning, he replied:

"I am at a loss to know your motive for asking me that question, Captain Lawson, but as I believe you to have some better one than mere curiosity, I do not hesitate to answer it, and here assure you, that to Miss Herbert I bear no nearer relation than that of a friend, a sincere friend."

For several minutes, there was silence in the little room, and then the captain proceeded to inform his astonished hearer of the circum-

stances attending the sudden illness of Alice, and his own share in it.

"I know you are too honorable to make any ungenerous use of what I have now confided to you, and if another possesses your heart, and you are unable to return your cousin's affection, let what has passed between us this day be buried forever in our breasts. I am only too happy to have the slight chance, thus afforded, of supplanting you. But if you love her, hasten at once to do away with the false impression I so unintentionally made, and I will conquer my love in time."

There was no mistaking the generous motives that had prompted his actions now, and Harwood was deeply touched by his last words.

"I cannot be as generous as you are, Lawson," he exclaimed, rising and grasping the hand extended to him. "Your words have given birth to visions of happiness such as I never expected to realize in this world, and I am quite unable to express the gratitude I feel for your generous kindness. There is but one drawback to my happiness, and that is the thought of leaving the Herberts. They have met with reverses, lately, that have compelled him to resume his profession, in order to support his sister, and supply her with those luxuries to which she has been accustomed. They have found but few acquaintances, and with the exception of myself, no intimate friends. Miss Herbert feels her brother's frequent absences keenly, suffering, in consequence, from extreme low spirits and nervousness, and it has been my constant endeavor to supply his place, and amuse her lonely, and frequently suffering, days."

"My time will be at my own disposal for at least two months," the captain answered, "and if I can be of any service or benefit to Mr. Herbert and his sister, most willingly will I promise to supply your place as far as lies in my power."

It was soon arranged that Sidney should depart on the morrow, and after dinner, they returned to Mr. Herbert's, to acquaint them with the sudden change in their friend's plans.

That Miriam Herbert had a sincere regard for Sidney, her grief at their approaching separation gave plain proof; and that she had entertained no tenderer sentiment, was equally evident from the undisguised manner in which she displayed that grief.

"I know how selfish I am, but you have soothed many a sad hour for me, and I cannot help dreading the cheerless days I shall spend when you are gone."

Sidney sat at the end of her sofa, with his hand smoothing the soft wavy hair from her

forehead. His heart was full of happy hopes, and he knew that joy awaited him in his home, and yet at the sight of her sorrow he felt half tempted to resign his own happiness, and remain with this poor motherless girl, who had not one relation in the world, besides her brother, and to whom he had rendered his presence so necessary. Mr. Herbert looked deeply grieved at the prospect of parting with one he loved so well, and from whose society he had derived much pleasure. The only hopeful countenance was Captain Lawson's, and after waiting until the first sorrowful exclamations were over, and each one had become calm, he very quietly left his place, and seated himself beside Miriam. There was a candid honesty about all this gentleman said or did, that invariably impressed people in his favor, and when he, with respectful kindness, offered his services to attend Miss Herbert in her walks and rides, and supply, as far as he could, the place of her brother, both the brother and sister felt comforted, and warmly thanked him for his kindness.

If Captain Lawson had felt as if he was making a sacrifice, in offering to share with poor Herbert the charge of his invalid sister, he was repaid at parting, when he held her little hand in his own, and heard the grateful words:

"I am contented to suffer, while Providence sends me such kind friends."

Nor did he think the less of his young friend, when he saw how deeply he was affected at parting with this beautiful girl, whose patient sweetness possessed so strange a fascination, and whose frail health rendered it extremely doubtful that they should ever meet again.

It was a dark, damp, London day, gloomy and forbidding enough, but all unheeded by Sidney Harwood, as he drove from the station to his uncle's residence. His heart beat loudly, as he stepped from the carriage and hastened up the steps, in the expectation of so soon beholding his dearest earthly friends.

His arrival was quite unexpected, and he was a little disappointed to learn that Sir Richard and Mrs. Harwood were both out. However, Miss Alice was at home, and should she be informed of his arrival? No, he would inform her himself; and leaving the servants to speculate on his sudden appearance, and unusual high spirits, he bounded gaily up the stairs. He had to pass through several rooms, and cross two long galleries, before he reached Alice's favorite recess, and by the time he arrived there, his mood had changed, and he was thinking of the last time he saw her, and their sad parting. It might be that Lawson was mistaken, that after

all she did not love him; but no, he would not indulge gloomy thoughts now, and, softly advancing, he beheld the object of his search deep in the perusal of a pile of old letters—letters that had a very familiar look to him. He thought she looked very pale, and his heart smote him at the thought of how many sad hours his gentle cousin must have passed.

With a quiet movement, he withdrew the curtain, and standing beside her, spoke her name. He did not feel hurt, now, that she bashfully shrunk away from his embrace, for he knew her secret, and only strove to calm her agitation. Seating himself beside her, he placed his arm round her waist, in the old familiar fashion, and commenced a general conversation on the passing events of the day. He waited, expecting to hear her make some inquiries about his new friends, but Alice would not trust herself to speak about what she could not even think of calmly. Finding that she did not mention them, he ventured to allude to Miss Herbert, and was quite satisfied with the result of his experiment when he saw the color rush violently to her face, the little hands start convulsively, and felt her whole form quiver beneath his encircling arm. It was easy, now, to guide the conversation as he wished, and it was an interesting study to mark the changes in the fair face beside him, as he explained the terms of friendly intimacy that existed between himself and the Herberts. Once convinced that he was still her own dear cousin, free from all engagements, and rejoicing at his return home, Alice resumed much of her old manner, and chatted and laughed as she had not done for many long months. Still there was a little reserve, and Sidney hastened to put an end to it. Asking what she had done with his likeness, he unclasped the hand that concealed it, and after thanking her for the care with which she had guarded it, and the honor bestowed on him by her wearing it, he held the little hand firmly in his own, and bending down his head, whispered sweet words in her ear.

Very pleasant words they appeared to be, judging by the effect they had on the fair listener at his side, who no longer attempted to free herself from the strong arm thrown around her, but sat calm and very still in her happiness. There was no need to ask her if she loved him—he read it in her countenance; and if his heart beat with less passion than he had once felt for Florence, his love was none the less pure and holy. A calm sense of content and happiness filled their minds, and for hours he sat there, holding her to his breast, and watching her ever-varying countenance, changing under his words.

There was general rejoicing in the household when it became known that the young master had returned to marry Miss Alice, and every one rejoiced in their happiness, from good old Sir Richard, who saw his long-cherished wishes fulfilled in the union of one of his daughters to the heir of Harwood, down to the old servants, who in Alice beheld the counterpart of her fondly loved mother, the late mistress of Harwood Hall. Sidney paid the most devoted attention to his young betrothed, studying her wishes, and striving to please her, with unremitting devotion, in the hope of atoning for all she had suffered on his account. His endeavors were rewarded by his own increased affection.

They were married soon after the family returned to Harwood Park, in the parish church, and by the good old minister who had baptized herself and sister. There were no fashionable guests, no extravagant displays of dress and jewelry—all was conducted to suit the quiet taste of the bride; and if there was less pomp and show than had attended the marriage of Florence, there was far more joy and happiness. A grand entertainment was provided to the numerous tenantry on the Harwood estate, to celebrate the marriage of the heir, and the occasion was one of general rejoicing.

They made a journey to Scotland, and on his return, Sidney was agreeably surprised at receiving a long letter from his friend Lawson, congratulating him on his felicity, and announcing his own intended union with the beautiful Miriam Herbert.

“Her brother is sacrificing health and happiness in his endeavors to maintain the same style of living to which they have always been accustomed. They are too proud to accept favors from a stranger; what can I do better, than to make the dear girl a sharer in the blessings that have been bestowed on myself? You may smile at the difference in our ages and dispositions, but I feel that we are admirably suited for each other, my cheerfulness having the happiest effect on her low spirits. I am quite certain that I could not love a wife always gay and blooming. There is a world of happiness in knowing that my gentle Miriam clings to me as a safe support, and is dependent on my love for her every joy and comfort.”

There was a mischievous look in Sidney's bright eyes, as he watched the admiring expression of his wife's countenance, when she perused this characteristic epistle, and when she claimed his praise for the generous writer, he quietly told her how deeply concerned that writer had once been in her own affairs.

## TO MISS —.

BY HARRY.

O maid! who, lovely unto every eye,  
 Seems doubly so when I gaze upon thee,  
 Accept the offering into which I try  
 To weave some words of praise befitting thee.  
 Alas! I know how vain the attempt must be,  
 But thou'lt receive it in the spirit meant,  
 And pardon imperfections thou mayest see,  
 And with its simple lines will be content,  
 Although to it the muse hath nought of beauty lent.

Compared with thee, how poor all others look;  
 Where face or form is there can rival thine?  
 A voice as sweet as murmurs of the brook,  
 Fit pathway where thy mind's bright gems may shine;  
 To gain a heart so pure who'd not resign  
 E'en Venus, queen of beauty though she be?  
 To win but one kind thought I pen this line;  
 O, how much happiness is there for me,  
 If I may hope thy friend, though nothing more to be.

Time has not given me enough of years  
 To bid me to thy matchless charms aspire,  
 Though he has given all the doubts and fears  
 That guard the burning of love's holy fire.  
 That flame within my breast shall ne'er expire  
 Till stilled by grim death's remorseless hand;  
 And even then, the most I shall desire,  
 Is that thy image may before me stand,  
 To cheer me on my way unto the spirit-land.

## THE DIAMOND RING.

BY EMILY M. REDFORD.

It was as beautiful a summer's morn as ever shone upon the earth; the calm bright sunshine poured down in a soft flood over the cultivated fields and flourishing gardens in the village of L. Apart from the neat white cottages which distinguished this little village, was one much smaller than the rest. One side was shadowed by two large apple-trees, and the other was covered with moss which ran nearly over the low-thatched roof. The interior of the sweet little cottage presented as pleasant an appearance as that without. An old lady sat in an arm chair, knitting, and by her side a beautiful girl perhaps sixteen or seventeen years of age was seated, apparently engaged in deep thought. An open book at her feet, which had fallen from her hand, showed she had been reading, but it was evident her mind was far away from the scenes before her. Now and then, the elder of the two would raise her eyes to the face of her companion, and her lips moved as if she would speak, but then changed her mind and continued silent. At last she concluded to break the silence, and as the sound of her voice broke the stillness, the young girl started from her seat.

"Ellen, are you ill?"

"No, my dear aunt, why do you ask?"

"I have been watching you some time, and have come to the conclusion that something must be the matter, or you would not have been so absorbed in thought."

"Well, dear aunt, I am afraid you will say I have been building castles in the air, when I tell you what I have been thinking about."

She paused a moment as if to allow her aunt to make some reply, but she only smiled and made a motion for her to proceed, so her niece continued.

"Last evening when I went to the store, Mr. Turner had gone to supper; while waiting for him to return, I heard one of our neighbors ask another, who was to keep our village school this year, and he replied they had been unable to find any one. I have been trying all the morning, to summon courage sufficient to ask you if you thought I might obtain the situation if I applied, and perhaps in a year, I could save enough to enter the seminary at T. as an assistant-pupil. Will you please tell me what you think about it?" looking up at her aunt, who had industriously kept at work all the time her niece had been speaking.

Mrs. Moore let her knitting fall into her lap, and leaning her head upon her hand gazed at the bright, sparkling face so eagerly upturned to hers.

"I am willing, Ellen, you should try, but do not be discouraged if you meet with a refusal."

It seemed this was all Ellen wished, for hastily putting on her bonnet, she was soon tripping lightly in the direction of Mr. Howard's dwelling, the school-agent.

Long and anxiously her aunt waited her return, until the stars began to shine and the pale face of the moon appeared from behind the distant hills. At last she came, and the glance with which her aunt greeted her, asked more plainly if possible than words, of her success.

"Dear aunt, I have obtained the situation, are you not rejoiced?"

Mrs. Moore smiled, and inquired why she had remained so long away.

"Mr. Howard was not at home, and Mrs. Howard invited me to stay until he came, and I disliked to come away without receiving an answer, so I waited for him. I could not resist the temptation of walking past the old school-house, which you know is a little out of the way." Ellen chatted gaily on for some time, until the clock struck eight, when, taking the Bible to her aunt, sat on a stool at her feet and listened while she read "the Sermon on the Mount."

She could not but notice that her aunt's voice



trembled, when she prayed that He, who had never ceased to watch over, and guard from evil, would give strength and patience to her who alone remained to be the comfort and solace of her declining years. Silently she kissed her aunt, and with a slower step than usual sought her couch.

The morning came for school to commence, and Ellen, with a beating heart, but not an altogether sad one, went to her task. At first, she was a little disheartened at the work which presented itself to her, the realization of her hopes did not seem quite as sure. Steadily, however, she kept on, and when at the end of the year she was enabled to enter the Misses Horton's school for young ladies, she felt she was more than repaid for all she had passed through. Leaving her for a short time I will give you a sketch of her history.

Her mother, Mrs. Moore's only sister, was considered the belle not only of the village in which she lived but also of the neighboring towns. At a fair she became acquainted with James Graham, the son of a very rich planter at the South. Against his father's wishes he married her, choosing to depend on his own exertions for support than remain dependent on his father, whose only objection to his marriage was the lady's poverty. He parted from his father in anger, hurriedly embraced his weeping sister, and went forth from his father's house nevermore to return.

Soon after his marriage he entered into business in one of our northern cities. Change of climate, the constant confinement necessary to his success as a merchant, soon wrought fearful work with a constitution naturally delicate, and having been a wife only about two years, Mrs. Graham returned to her sister, her only relative, a broken-hearted widow, with one little daughter, Ellen, named for her husband's mother.

Depression of spirits which nothing could dissipate, not even the kind attempts of her former companions, hurried her to the grave, and at the tender age of four years Ellen was left an orphan, dependent upon her aunt, who possessed sufficient to place her above want, nothing more.

Let us give a glance at the place which Ellen for a time has called her home, the Misses Horton's seminary. It is the evening before school closes. Assembled in groups in the handsome parlors are the pupils. Many of them, nay the most, are children of wealthy parents, and who are sufficiently aware of the importance which money everywhere carries. Some of the younger scholars are examining the wreaths with

which the recitation hall is to be decorated; others are carefully marking specimens of needlework which are to be exhibited, and a few are speaking of home and friends, and the pleasure which they anticipate in joining them. By far the most interesting are collected round the piano, arranging the pieces which are to be performed, and discussing the merits of the several performers, each one giving her opinion as to who would be most likely to win the prize. An eccentric bachelor, uncle to a little girl, a member of the school, had offered an elegant diamond ring to any pupil who should play and sing in the best manner on the night of the exhibition. The choice of the song was left to the performer, the judges were to be from the audience on the night of the performance.

Considerable excitement had prevailed among the young ladies, and a continual drumming had been kept up. Every song which could be procured had been tried, and some of the best players remained undecided which to choose. Those which were simple had been cast aside on that account, those which were difficult, they were afraid to trust, fearing their hearers might not be sufficiently skilled in music to appreciate; altogether, they were in rather trying circumstances, as several of their countenances indicated.

"What is your opinion, Miss Ellen Graham?" said Fanny Owen, the belle of the school, and who, from the first day of Ellen's membership had taken every opportunity of wounding her feelings. "Who do you think is most likely to obtain the prize?" at the same time casting a scornful glance towards her companions, who, with eyes fixed upon the person spoken to, awaited her reply.

"I know of no one more likely than yourself," was the calm rejoinder.

"Do you think so?" said Fanny, in a mocking tone. "Why, I am really obliged for your compliment. I suppose I ought to say in return, that I stand no chance since you are to perform; but if you will allow me to give a little advice, I would request you not to wear that everlasting black silk, which you have always worn on all public occasions, and which looks as if descended from the fourth generation, a kind of heirloom in the family."

Many of the girls were indignant, and when they saw Ellen's eyes fill with tears, had courage sufficient to say, "For shame, Fanny!"

Fanny, however, felt no sorrow, and dancing away to the other part of the room, in answer to the inquiries of her friends what caused the exclamation, replied, "O, I was only giving Ellen Graham a hint to wear something beside that old

black dress, which brother Theodore said, reminded him of the days of yore."

Meantime the tears which these thoughtless remarks caused, attracted the notice of a little girl, Mary Gordon, niece to the gentleman who offered the ring, and going to Ellen, she threw her arms round her neck, whispering, "I love you dearly, no matter what dress you wear!"

Taking the child's hand in hers, she passed into the hall, and for a few moments wept bitter, scalding tears. Yielding at last to the entreaties of her little friend, she went to the upper music-room to hear Mary practise her piece for the twentieth time.

The next evening came, and with it parents and friends from every direction. Ellen had no one to come, her aunt could not leave her quiet home, and with a feeling of utter loneliness, she heard the joyful greetings her companions met.

With a heavy heart she prepared to make her appearance; her dress looked to her more rusty than ever, her hair never seemed so perfectly unmanageable. After repeated efforts she at last declared herself ready, and taking her music followed her companions into the hall.

Very beautiful they all looked as they took their seats; so many young hearts, could they be the home of any but pure thoughts? As Ellen passed Fanny Owen to take the seat assigned her, she noticed the scornful look bestowed on her dress, and glad to escape observation, took her place behind the others.

The exercises were not to consist of musical performances entirely, but commenced with an overture played by a young lady in a very skillful manner. When it came Miss Owen's turn to perform, a murmur of admiration was heard as she appeared. Her piece was an air from a celebrated opera; she was very beautiful as she stood there, her dark eyes more brilliant than usual with excitement, her glossy curls falling in rich profusion. More than half the hearts were won before she had uttered a note. Her voice, although a very fine one, owed much to cultivation, but there was no faltering in her tones, and when she disappeared from the stage, she felt but little doubt she had triumphed.

"Ah me!" sighed Ellen to herself, "it is of no use for me to try. I know Fanny will win."

The evening's entertainment was drawing to a close when Ellen's song was called for. With trembling steps she passed before the people. For a few moments she felt as if she were dreaming, not a sound could she articulate. Observing her agitation, the audience waited in respectful silence for her to recover her self-possession, content to gaze upon the being before them.

Instead of the dark eyes of Fanny, were deep, soft blue ones which few could meet without loving the owner. Her black dress but showed more plainly the finely formed figure so light and graceful. A plain gold pin fastened a band of black velvet which encircled her throat. She was a specimen of that "loveliness which needs not the foreign aid of ornament." Her hair did not fall in curls, but was combed very smoothly and placed behind her ears. Fanny reminded one of a bright star, Ellen, a lovely flower, the lily of the valley. The one shedding a cold light, the other, a sweet fragrance.

Unrolling her music she commenced in low but sweet tones the simple ballad, "Kathleen Mavourneen." Gradually as she gained confidence, her tones grew louder and more distinct, until every part of the hall was filled with melody. Some of her hearers who had been in the habit of attending concert-rooms, forgot but what they were then there, and when the song was ended, signified their delight of her singing with the most enthusiastic applause, in which all joined.

On one of the front seats sat an elderly gentleman with a much younger one beside him. During the singing the eyes of the elder had remained fixed upon Ellen as if entranced. When she ceased, he grasped his neighbor's arm and in husky tones inquired her name. His companion without turning his head answered, "Miss Graham." For a moment the old man buried his face in his hands, then suddenly raised it, as Ellen began warbling in compliance with request the touching song, "Sweet Home," every feature he seemed examining. In a short time the exercises were through, but owing to the lateness of the hour, the presentation of the ring was deferred until the next evening, when a social levee was to be held, every person then present being invited to attend.

"Once more, my old friend," said Ellen, to her one silk dress, as she arrayed herself in it the next night. "You have proved faithful when others proved false." Just as she was about leaving her room, a bouquet of most rare and beautiful flowers was brought to her. "Some mistake," she said to the servant. He pointed to the paper, on which was written her name, and underneath, "True merit never goes unrewarded."

She stood very thoughtful for a moment, then speaking to herself as if she had solved the mystery, "Ah, I see! some one thought Fanny was Miss Graham, that is it, I am sure;" and removing the label went to Fanny's room, placed the bouquet in her hand, telling her at the same

time that she presumed it had been delivered to her by mistake.

"Very likely," said Fanny, without even thanking Ellen, who thought she had never seen her look so lovely.

"Where are my gloves?" said Fanny, in a petulant tone; "however, I shall not put them on, for I should never succeed in getting them off, if Mr. Graham should insist upon placing the ring upon my finger himself. I am told he is very handsome, besides being very wealthy. If I were you," turning to Ellen, "I would try to make an impression upon the giver, since there is little chance of obtaining the gift, for I heard a gentleman say that it required but little knowledge of music to sing your songs." Taking her bouquet she descended to the brilliantly lighted parlors, to which Ellen soon after followed.

Ellen sought a retired corner where she could escape notice. Sad and silent she sat for a long time, trying to make her heart feel glad in the happiness of others.

"Will Miss Graham favor us with one more song?" asked the old gentleman who inquired her name the evening before.

"With pleasure, sir," said Ellen, feeling attracted towards the speaker in a manner she could not account for. "Have you any choice?"

"I should like," he replied, with a mournful smile, "the last rose of summer."

Ellen hesitated, for it was the first song she had ever learned, taught her by her mother, because it was her father's favorite. She never sung it to strangers, but seeing he waited, thought best to comply. All her sad feelings found utterance in her voice, and when she concluded there were few eyes not filled with tears.

As she was about to resume her former seat, her hand was gently taken, and a voice, whose mellow tones seemed but a continuance of her song, said distinctly for all to hear:

"Allow me to thank you for the pleasure you have given us, and to beg your acceptance of this ring, which all agree is well merited."

Ellen gave one glance at the sparkling eyes bent so kindly upon her, and unable to collect her thoughts sufficiently to make a suitable reply, stood motionless. A stifled sob caused her to raise her eyes a second time, when they encountered the burning orbs of Fanny Owen. Disappointment and rage made even her beautiful face look frightful, and the gaze which met Ellen's told of mingled scorn and hatred.

Overcoming her natural timidity, she slipped the glittering circlet from her finger, and said:

"Indeed, sir, I am very, very grateful for your kindness, but I cannot retain a reward which is

far above my deserts. Miss Owen's piece was much more difficult than mine, and I think the bestowal of it upon her would give general satisfaction."

Mr. Gordon seemed undecided for a moment, then turning to the company, said, "Since Miss Graham disputes our judgment, I know no other resource but to follow hers," and refusing to receive the ring from Ellen, requested her to present it to Miss Owen.

All traces of unhappiness had vanished from Fanny's countenance, and she was again the smiling beauty, receiving the ring from Ellen's hand in the most graceful manner.

The latter part of the evening passed more pleasantly than the first; she felt she had done right, and when she heard Fanny's gay tones, and merry laugh, she was sure she felt happy too.

Nearly all the assembly had gone; Ellen noticing the bouquet which she carried to Miss Owen lying upon the floor, picked it up, and was examining it, when some one at her side said: "Miss Graham, do you refuse *all* gifts?" pointing at the same time to the flowers.

Not quite understanding him, she answered, "They are not mine, I was merely looking at them."

"If I am not mistaken," he continued, smiling, "they were intended for you, did you not receive them?"

"I did," she replied, "but I supposed a mistake had been made in the name, and gave them to Miss Owen."

"Do you leave to-morrow?" he inquired abruptly, after a moment's pause.

Ellen answered in the affirmative, and soon after, bidding him good evening, went to take leave of her teacher and companions, as she started very early in the morning, careful, however, to retain her flowers.

Little Mary Gordon wept, and clung to her, making her promise over and over again to visit her. At last, she had bade farewell to all her friends; but she felt as if she would like to speak once more with the old gentleman who had made such an impression upon her; he was talking, however, and she did not like to disturb him. He noticed her as she passed, and bade her good-night so kindly that she could not resist offering her hand. "God bless you, my child!" he exclaimed, holding it a moment.

She retired to dream of meeting her aunt and singing old snatches of songs she learned in childhood, and wandering with a dark-eyed companion to all her favorite haunts. Before the morning dawned, she was on her way, amusing herself in conjecturing what the wrapping of a

package which had been handed her just as the stage started, concealed.

She could but notice after the first joyful moments had passed, that her aunt had sadly altered. Her step was less firm, her form more bowed, and her voice more weak and trembling. The package was found to contain a handsomely bound edition of Shelley, an elegant gold watch, and a note from Mary Gordon, who wrote that she placed it there unknown. The giver of the poems she left for her to guess, and the blushes on Ellen's cheek showed she need guess but once. The watch was from the old gentleman, who held a very long conversation with her mother after their return to the hotel after the levee. The book received by far the most attention, although she felt pleased to think she was so kindly remembered as the watch proved.

Gradually her aunt's strength declined, and calling Ellen to her bedside, one still evening, begged her to read the evening service.

"You have been a good child, my darling, and God will protect you when I am gone," she added, faintly, as Ellen stooped to kiss the pale brow. Ellen read softly and when she had finished, raised her eyes to gaze upon the dead; the pure spirit had fled.

Mary Gordon's mother, as soon as she learned Ellen's bereavement, wrote, inviting her to accompany them on a southern tour, and to make her home with them as long as she could be contented. Ellen gladly accepted, left the home where she had spent so many happy hours, and was soon with her kind friends. The next day after her arrival, Mary came into the room where she was sitting and taking her hand said:

"Please come with me a moment, I have something I wish to show you."

Ellen passively yielded, and without noticing where she was leading her, said, "I hope it is something very beautiful."

Mary suddenly stopped walking, and with a light laugh answered, "Here it is; what do you think of it?"

Ellen looked and saw Mr. Gordon standing before her. The deepest color suffused neck, cheek and brow at the unexpected meeting, but he seemed not to notice it, and she felt while listening to him, she had indeed found a friend.

In a short time they commenced their journey, and Ellen could not quite prevent the feeling of joy being visible when Uncle Robert declared his intention of going with them.

"O, mother!" exclaimed Mary, mischievously, "see how pleased Nellie looks!"

Ellen tried to hide her blushing face, but not before more than one had noticed it, and the

happy expression of Uncle Robert showed he felt pleased also.

Reaching a fashionable watering place, while the weather was quite warm, they concluded to remain there a short time. One morning, as Ellen and Mary were taking an early walk, Ellen observed coming towards them, a lady and gentleman. The young lady she recognized as Fanny Owen; as she passed her she bowed, but received no return, and when they had proceeded a few steps, Ellen heard Fanny's companion say:

"I think that lady bowed, did you not notice her?"

"Yes," she replied, "a school acquaintance; a very poor young lady, who always gave herself airs; she is doubtless governess in some family here. I never remember such people!"

"O, what a falsehood!" cried Mary, in indignant tones, for she had heard what was said. Leaving Ellen, who in vain tried to detain her, she rushed to her mother and uncle who were coming to join them, repeating Fanny's words, adding:

"She always treated Nellie shamefully, and then took the ring which did not belong to her."

Ellen's flushed countenance showed her feelings had been hurt, and not willing to allow her friends to see the tears which their kind words only made flow faster, hastened to her room.

While she was absent Mary recited the story of the black silk dress, which so served to excite Mrs. Gordon's indignation that she resolved to leave the next day, and proceed on their journey. Mrs. Gordon wished to visit Savannah, so they bent their course that way, stopping wherever there was anything attractive. The beautiful and varied scenery soon banished all unpleasant recollections from Ellen's mind. Uncle Robert did his part towards amusing the orphan, and felt amply rewarded when she gave him one of her sweet smiles.

One day, they had been in Savannah, perhaps a week, as Mary sat beside Ellen holding her hand in both of hers, Mr. Gordon came in and gave her a beautiful fan which he had heard her express a great desire to possess a few days before. "O, what a good uncle I have!" she cried. "Do you not wish he was yours, Nellie?"

The hand which Mary relinquished to exhibit her present, was taken and gently pressed; a whispered voice repeated, "Do you wish he was yours, darling?"

Returning one morning from a ride, Mr. Gordon found a note addressed to him, which he said contained an invitation to a large gathering at the house of a friend of his, a wealthy planter living a short distance from the city. "You will have an excellent opportunity of seeing some of

the southern beauties. I hope you will not allow yourselves to be eclipsed," he added.

"I shall have to be excused," said Ellen, glancing at her sombre colored dress, now constantly worn for her aunt.

"Indeed you will not," they all replied.

Ellen answered by a gentle shake of the head, and left the room.

A long consultation was held by those remaining, and when Ellen again joined them, an answer had been sent signifying their acceptance.

"Do not look so sad, Nellie; I wish you to appear as beautiful as you possibly can," said Mary; "or we shall think you do not love us any."

"No, no, dear Ellen, we shall not think so," spoke Mary's mother, "we know you love us all a great deal."

"Am I included?" asked Mr. Gordon.

Ellen made no reply save a timid glance, which seemed to satisfy the questioner. Mrs. Gordon prevailed upon Ellen to cast aside her black dress for a white one.

"You must submit for once to be guided by our taste," laughingly said Mary, as she prepared to assist Ellen the evening of the party, displaying at the same time an elegant white satin dress. After her toilet was finished she went to the parlor to wait for the others. Mr. Gordon was already there, and approaching her, took a necklace of pearls from a casket, and clasped it round her neck. Gazing a moment upon the lovely vision before him, he drew her gently towards him and imprinted a soft kiss upon her pure forehead.

"Ah, what do I see!" cried Mary, entering the room. "I am afraid I shall have to say Aunt Nellie, soon."

"You may begin now!" said her uncle, leading the way to the carriage in waiting.

As they neared the dwelling, the sound of music came floating on the air, and streams of light as they drew nearer and nearer, showed that the spacious and numerous apartments were filled with wealth and beauty. Strange as it may seem, Ellen had not thought to inquire the gentleman's name to whose house they were going.

The sweet beauty of Ellen as she entered the room, excited much admiration. Leaning on Mr. Gordon's arm, not daring to lift her eyes, she did not notice he was leading her to the centre of the room, where stood an old gentleman, who, as she advanced, said, "I bid you welcome, Miss Graham!"

She could not be mistaken, they had met before. He smiled as he saw she recognized him, and speaking very loudly, added:

"In the presence of these, my friends, I acknowledge my grand-daughter, Ellen Graham, daughter of my son James, banished from his early home by his father, who too late saw his error." Taking her by the hand, he again said, "My grandchild, I bid you welcome!"

Ellen was much overcome, her heart swelled with gratitude to Him who in his mercy had prepared this new joy for her.

"There is a young lady, a ward of mine, to whom I wish to introduce you," said her grandfather, and moving to another part of the room returned with Fanny Owen. Placing her in front of Ellen, he asked, "Do you recognize a 'school acquaintance?' She wears not the faded silk dress, which reminded 'brother Theodore of the days of yore,' neither has she upon her finger a 'diamond ring,' fairly won, but which in her generosity she wished bestowed upon another."

Moved by Fanny's distress, Ellen, laying her hand upon her grandfather's arm, said in her gentlest tone, "forgive her, we will be friends yet," and addressing a few kind words to her, passed into the garden.

"Dear Nellie!" cried Mary, "I could hardly keep from telling you; we knew it all the time."

"It was a hard task for Mary to keep the secret," said Mrs. Gordon, "but here comes Mr. Graham; he cannot lose sight of his newly found child." Seated between her grandfather and lover, Ellen was content to listen, striving to calm her feelings.

"I promised my friend, Robert," said Mr. Graham, speaking to Ellen, "that I would endeavor to persuade you to give my little friend, Mary, a right to the title of relationship which she tells me she already claims; am I likely to prove successful? There is no one I could better trust you to," joining their hands, "though I am selfish enough to wish you to make your home with me. I cannot part with my grandchildren if they will agree to stay," he added, smiling.

Ellen leaned her head against Mr. Gordon's shoulder, encircled by the arm which, henceforth, was to protect her from all rough winds, and found relief in tears.

Returning to the house, they found Mr. Graham had acquainted his guests with what was to follow; the man of God was waiting, and in a few moments the humble orphan was the wife of the handsome, wealthy Mr. Gordon.

Gross and vulgar minds will always pay a higher respect to wealth than to talent; for wealth, although it be a far less efficient source of power than talent, happens to be far more intelligible.

## BATTLE-SONG OF UNCAS.

BY E. P. OTLEY.

Rouse, ye warriors! rouse to battle!  
 Bind the quiver on the back,  
 Let the fierce, revengeful warwhoop  
 Echo on the foe'sman's track.

Paint the face and scar the features,  
 Don the lordly eagle's plume,  
 Fix the hatchet in the girdle,  
 Shout the foe'sman's fearful doom.

Let the scalping-knife be sharpened,  
 That each mighty brave may bear  
 At his belt—honored trophies—  
 Seeking looks of foe'sman's hair.

Swear to bravely do or perish,  
 In our tribe's revengeful strife;  
 Blood for blood we will repay them,  
 Scalp for scalp, and life for life.

Let the thought of wigwam burning,  
 And of squaw and papoose fair,  
 By the foe'sman fired and butchered,  
 Nerve the heart to do and dare.

So when our revenge is glutted  
 By the heaps of hostile slain,  
 And in foe'sman's blood we've blotted  
 From our tribe the hated stain—

Chiefs and sages of all nations  
 At their council fires shall tell,  
 How the braves of fair Mohagan  
 Fiercely fought and bravely fell.

## THE REPENTANT FATHER-IN-LAW.

BY E. P. BOTTLSTON.

It was a beautiful morning in the "leafy month of June;" a sunny summer morning, with all that the words suggest of rippling streams, and gorgeous flowers, and perfumed air, and music, light and loveliness. The windows were thrown open in the parlors of a beautiful cottage, situated in one of our pleasant western villages; and by the open casement stand two persons—a young man and his bride. He was speaking earnestly to the lady, who listened to his persuasive tones, now with tears, and now with brighter looks and hopeful smiles.

He was a picturesque looking person; long, dark hair, eager and wonderfully brilliant eyes, regular and delicately turned features, persuasive smiles, noble figure, graceful and expressive manner; and his character was much like his personal appearance—bold, daring, decided and determined, earnest and ardent in his attachments, as in everything else, somewhat capricious, yet always obliging in disposition—a person to interest irresistibly every one who knew

him; one, for whom all predicted a brilliant, if not a peaceful and happy life. This was Augustus Grey.

He had met Eleanor Howard the year previous at a fashionable summer resort, and was charmed with her beauty and intelligence. She was so noble, so gentle, so thoroughly kind and good, that before he knew it, she had won his heart. An heiress, beautiful and accomplished, admired by all, and loved by those who knew her, Nora Howard seemed only formed for joy and pleasure. Yet with all her happiness, no one was more unselfish, more thoughtful for others than she. Augustus Grey was, from their first meeting, her most devoted attendant; and soon he found that all his dreams of future life seemed dreary and desolate if her face was not there to brighten the picture.

He had strayed one day from the crowd of loungers at his hotel, to seek the cool shades of the forest a mile distant. Threading his way through the winding paths, he came suddenly upon a little opening, where the underbrush had been cleared away, and the sward was green and soft; and for a little space the babbling trout-brook ran still and deep, and the broad trees overhead formed a magnificent canopy of deep-green, through which the noonday sun could scarcely penetrate. Here and there a ray found an entrance between the leaves, and bright spots shone on the grass and the dark waters, like eyes looking back to the blue sky above them. Little trout floated to the surface of the water, their speckled scales glistening when the sunlight fell upon them; wild birds would suddenly pour forth a strain of melody, then pause to listen to its answer in the distant forest. And, seated on the bank, watching the ripples, and the fish gliding in the clear depths; now gazing at the waving leaves above, now resting her cheek lovingly on the mossy stone beside her, was Nora Howard.

How beautiful she was! Her rich hair pushed carelessly back from her pearly cheek, a smile parting her red lips; her attitude careless, languid, yet so graceful. Augustus Grey could no longer resist. The summer beauty around him, the new beauty he saw in her he already loved; moved his heart strongly. Words of passion, of the heart's eloquence, rushed to his lips as he threw himself on the grass before her.

"Nora—Nora—love me!"

Could she resist him? It was he of whom she was dreaming when he came. It was the light of his smile, which imagination had pictured brighter to her than the sunlight around her. It was the music of his voice which, still

lingering in her memory, was sweeter to her than the murmur of the breeze, or the song of birds. Smiles, tears, swift succeeding blushes, were the answer to his tale of love, and then, in that silent greenwood, they promised to be all to each other.

O, the happy days that glided over those young lovers, like a dream! Thoughtless of the future, forgetful of the past, the present, all love and beauty, was enough for them. But dark realities will come to chill the brightest dream of romance. When the season closed, Eleanor, with her aunt, returned to her home. Her lover accompanied her, and formally asked of her father the hand of Miss Howard; but was answered by a peremptory refusal. Entreaties, expostulations, promises from Augustus, prayers and tears from Eleanor, were alike ineffectual, the refusal was firmly reiterated, and no reason assigned.

Then Augustus Grey turned to the daughter, and urged, with a lover's sophistry, an elopement. One after another of her objections was overcome; and when she pleaded her gratitude to her father, he answered by telling of his own love for her; and his bright eyes grew so sad, and his voice so touching, that she yielded. They were privately married, and he took her to his own home; then wrote to her father soliciting forgiveness.

"I tell you, my Nora," said he, as they stood side by side in their new home, "your father will forgive you. He can never resist you, darling, if he can me. You are so beautiful and good, you deserve to be, and you must be, happy. Even should your father refuse to forgive you for having loved me, have I no power to make your life's journey a pleasant way? We are both young. I have health, and force, and energy, and fortune. Trust me, Nora; I will protect you; I will strive to make you forget that there is in our English vocabulary such a word as sorrow—at least, that in your heart there has ever been such a feeling. Think of the days of delight before us, my own. I believe I am a true prophet; don't you, Nora?" O, yes! What could his voice utter that she would not believe?

"I shall show you, Nora, and your father, that I am a good husband; at least, one in whom he can feel no shame. Look up, sweet, and smile, and try to be happy. See our beautiful home! Is it not lovely this delicious summer morning? Hear the birds; what wild, exulting bursts of melody! Look at the river! How the waves flash and sparkle in the sunlight! Shall we alone be sad in such a scene?

You have surely done no wrong; unless you think it wrong to render me so blessed."

"Are you so happy, Augustus?" she answered, the smiles returning at his bidding; "then I am happy, too."

"What happy things are youth, and love, and sunshine." The bride has sacrificed for the love of one who, but a few months before, was a stranger, the affection her father has shown her from her infancy; yet, under the bewilderment of the spell around her, sorrow is indeed a forgotten word, life is but another name for gladness, the future a long vista of brightness and beauty, yet scarcely thought of; the past, till she knew him, a dream, half forgotten; the present, alone, perfect in itself—a complete happiness.

It was merry Christmas eve. Sleigh bells were ringing merrily in the streets, and bursts of laughter floated forth in the cold, crisp air. The stately city houses were lighted brilliantly, and occasionally, through the parted curtains, at some windows, might be seen the graceful forms and bright faces of some joyous assemblage within.

In a magnificent apartment of one of the stateliest houses, sat an old man. Every article around him—the costly carpets, the heavy velvet curtains, the quaintly carved sofas, the large inviting chairs—spoke of luxury and wealth. One side of the room was occupied by shelves, filled with books; expensive and beautiful pictures covered the walls; a glittering chandelier threw a softening light over the room. It seemed the very home of ease; but, by the haggard face of the old man, not of happiness. I have called him old, yet he was scarcely fifty; but his form was bent, and his hair gray, and his forehead wrinkled; and there was a careworn look upon his thin face, which told of a life of trouble, perhaps of sin. This was the father of Eleanor Grey.

He sat down that Christmas night, when thousands of hearts were beating with pleasure, brooding over his own life. His childhood rose up before him—his gay, careless childhood; his youth, at first so full of hope; then came to his memory a tale of passion, and of wrong; the bitter hour when anger and revenge made his heart their dwelling place; his manhood, when all pleasure palled, and with a cold sneer at his own wretchedness, he made ambition his god; the last smile of his broken-hearted wife; her touching prayer as she was dying—"You have never cared for me, but do try to love our little Nora;" his daughter, imploring him to forgive

her rash act of disobedience, and his stern refusal and cutting taunt; all this came back to him, and bowing his head on the little table before him, he groaned in remorse.

At length, arising, he unlocked an escutcheon, and took from it a daguerreotype, and a miniature on ivory. The daguerreotype revealed to him the fair face of his daughter in her girlhood. Long the father gazed on that bright countenance, then with a heavy sigh, restored it to its resting-place, and turned to the other picture. It was the image of his daughter's husband, yet an ideal of female loveliness. It was the mother of Augustus Grey, taken also in her girlhood, when she was the promised bride of George Howard. Theirs was an old story, and one too common. The lover was exacting, the lady was proud, and both were unyielding; they quarrelled and parted. The lady married soon, to please her lover, and he afterwards married a fortune. She became a woman of the world; outwardly, all that was gay and brilliant, even, apparently, a loving wife and devoted mother; but, who shall tell how bitter were her struggles to maintain the semblance of what she could not feel! They never met again, but her memory still rankled in his heart, though he strove to forget her very existence. She was not one to be forgotten; but his love changed to a bitter hatred, and when her son came to him suing for his daughter, he only remembered the woe Alice Chester had brought to him.

"What! my daughter marry Alice Chester's son! Never!" he exclaimed. "I had rather see her dead."

But sitting so desolate that Christmas night, the thought came to him, "was I not rash?" He was so lonely, so wretched—Eleanor had always been so dutiful, so good, so happy—even the memory of Alice Chester was softened; for she was dead, then; and he reflected that Augustus Grey had committed no wrong in loving his daughter. He might have had them with him then, to brighten and enliven his grand house, which was lonely with all its beauty; but instead, there was want, and woe—alas! guilt and disgrace; and George Howard groaned again as he thought that in all this his share was not light. His course of madness and folly was constantly before him; he could not forget it.

He had cast off his only daughter; had seen her husband high-hearted and hopeful at first; then yielding to the force of circumstances, to loss of fortune and loss of friends, battling bravely with poverty; finally disgraced for crimes he had never committed; he had seen this wreck of a brave young heart, and madly

smiled as he gazed at the ruined prospects, the blighted life, the crushed hopes, of those whom he might have saved.

Was it now too late? Was there still some reparation he might make? At least, he resolved to try. What he could do now he would. Conscience once aroused would not again slumber. He must make some exertion; and O! joy once more to that old man, if it be not yet too late.

Let us turn now from the residence of luxury and splendor, to another, a far different scene—the hospital of one of our State prisons. Upon a pallet in one corner of the large room, separated from the rest of the diseased and wretched inmates by a paper screen, lay a wasted form. Ay, start and look again? There is, indeed, in those sharpened features, expressive of such hopelessness, very little to tell of the formerly gay, sanguine Augustus Grey. The once strong, graceful figure was stretched helpless on that humble cot—the features like chiselled marble, the proud, daring look gone; the bright eye wild, unnatural, and full of anguish. The kind-hearted minister sat beside him, listening to him, and soothing him as best he could.

"Yes, pray for me," said the sick man, in a sad, broken voice, "that God will forgive me the wrong I have done my poor wife. I knew she loved me, and took advantage of that love to lead her into sorrow, perhaps to sin. Wo for my poor Nora when my wild words persuaded her to forsake her father's home for mine. But yet I have striven to save her from such sorrow. Alas! how vainly—how vainly I have striven!"

"But I tell you," he continued, with something of his old eagerness; "I swear to you—I am not guilty! I am a dying man, but if reason is spared to me, my last words shall be, on oath, as surely solemn as oath can be, that I am not guilty. I swear to you on this holy book; listen to me that you may tell my wife. I swear to you that I never knew of the fire till I saw the flames! It may comfort her a little when the world condemns me! She, who never doubted my lightest word, will hold as sacred my dying oath. O, if I could see her once more!"

"My poor boy, your pardon may yet come, if Judge Howard does not again oppose it; at least, your wife may come again. Hope yet."

"Hope? No! not in this life!—I, who was once so hopeful. Thank God, I have still one last hope left me—that blessed home where the weary are at rest—a home for even Nora and me!"

Heavily the iron door swung upon its hinges,



and attended by a keeper, a spirit-like figure glided in, and the happiest face beamed there that had brightened that room for many a day. The sick men blessed it as it passed their couches, and Augustus Grey felt a new life in every vein as he looked on it.

"Nora!" he exclaimed.

"My husband!"

"You have come," said he. "Once more I may see. It is all over, Nora; my fate is fixed. I, who was to have been your protector, your happiness, am come to this—to die; and here—"

"No, Augustus! No! Look at me, and see if I am come to say farewell."

"You have good news!" a sudden gleam of hope lighting up those worn features. "My pardon!"

"Here, here, Augustus."

"And I am free! Thank God! thank God!" and he sank insensible on his couch.

Turn now once more to the library at Judge Howard's mansion. It is the same room we have before seen, but now it is enlivened by bright faces and glad tones, loving words, and low, musical laughs. There are happy hearts there to-night. One of the most comfortable sofas has been rolled before the fire; Judge Howard himself has arranged there the softest cushions, and on them is resting the form of Augustus Grey. He is still ill, but freedom and acknowledged innocence seem to have given him new strength and hope. The former brightness has not come back to his face, and the eagerness and impulsiveness are gone forever; but a calm, happy smile hovers on his lip, and a subdued light in his eye, which speaks of hopes higher than earth. His wife—the faithful Eleanor—sits silently beside him; her heart is too full of joy for words to utter. Her idolatrous love has caused her bitter repentance. Now she has learned not to love her husband less, but that there is a Friend in heaven who is better than all others.

Judge Howard sits near at a table, surrounded with books and papers. He gazes tenderly at "his children." A load of care and suffering has been lifted from him. Old feelings, of tenderness and love, long since forgotten, come crowding to his heart again, and his form is more erect, his brow more calm, his eye more clear, and his soul more hopeful, than for many a year.

"Augustus," he exclaims at length; "my son—can you indeed forgive me?"

"Judge Howard, not one word of this. It is I who have wronged you; it is I who must beg forgiveness."

"Let us forget the past with its sin and sorrow, we are so happy now," interposes Nora.

"Rather," replies Augustus, "let us remember it, not for useless regrets, but for future profit; and perhaps in sunny Italy, where our future home will be, I may yet grow strong, and with my father's aid, fulfil my prophecy, and become yet, my Nora, your protector, and your happiness."

#### A YANKEE MOVE.

A New York paper says a strapping Yankee having got out of employment in that big city, hit upon a plan by which to raise the wind. He is a painter by trade, and goes with his pot and brush to a house and inquires who lives there, and at what time he will be home to dinner?

Having found out, he stations himself at the door just about the time he expects the owner out from dinner, and commences painting the railing around the footstep. The astonished proprietor comes out and finds a man painting his railing.

"Who gave you, sir, authority to paint this?"

"Nobody," says the Yankee; "but you see, squire, I was coming along, and kinder thought that it would look a little better painted. Don't you think so?"

The proprietor gets a little wrathful, but the Yankee takes it very cool and keeps on his work painting.

"It will never do," says the proprietor, "to let it go so, half-painted."

"I'll finish it very cheap for ye," says the Yankee.

"Well, finish it."

And so he gets a good job. He has been practising in the neighborhood of Broome and Varick streets lately.

#### RARE HONESTY.

Some years since a man in New Hampshire bargained for a lot of land, and agreed, by notes, to pay \$400 for it; but things went wrong with him, and after some time he left the town suddenly, between two days. The seller of the land, though rather sold, said but little about it, and pocketed his disappointment, though he did not the dollars. He came to the vicinity of Boston, and remained a poor man, the "lot still on hand" making him no richer. A few days since, while passing along State Street, a voice familiarly called his name, and turning, he recognized his old customer in a well-dressed and good-looking man. After shaking hands, the well-dressed man asked him if he would now take the face of his note for the land? "Certainly," was the quick response, "and very glad to get it." "Well," said the man, "come in here;" and taking him into an office in the vicinity, he counted out to him \$1000, telling the astonished note holder that there was his pay with interest, with the assurance that he had enough left to meet any demands that might come up. He had been to California, and had come home to rest on his ores. He was munificent to his creditor because he had been easy—a lesson to all stony-hearted creditors.—*Post*.

BREAKING A MATCH.

BY MRS. E. WELLMONT.

"Of course, Mr. Snyder, if you should marry my daughter, you will expect to maintain her in the same style we have ever observed. Marietta is a dear little pet, and we shall lose one half our enjoyment by acceding to your proposals."

"Certainly, madam, I shall endeavor to keep your daughter in as elevated a position as ever. Her friends will, I trust, never be ashamed to acknowledge me as her husband. To her I shall surrender my fortune, my life, my all."

These words having been uttered by a fastidious bachelor, who had sought for a wife for years, and whose affections had become suddenly enlisted towards Miss Marietta Lee at a watering-place, gave us a shock as they were repeated. We had known something of this said Marietta. She had been the idolized pet of the family since her birth. The choicest nursing was secured for her baby-hood, the best servants for gratifying her freaks, when she advanced to childhood, and the most expensive teachers for educating her in girlhood; but Marietta grew wild and ungovernable, was twice ejected from a boarding-school, and at the age of fifteen "completed her education" under a private governess, who was influenced by a heavy salary to bear with all her caprices, though she often lamented her hard fate.

At the age of sixteen, our heroine was brought out into society. A large ball was made for her, the most elaborate skill was displayed upon her person, and every effort was made that she should become the belle of the season. But yet Marietta Lee "did not take." Young men laughed at the ill-concealed efforts of her ambitious mother, and, as is often done in high life, those who partook most freely of their hospitalities were the first to ridicule her mean and superficial attainments. The next season, therefore, she was introduced to a fashionable watering-place, and thither our friend Snyder was sojourning when he met with the misfortune to fall in love with Miss Lee. Now we had often observed the cautious reserve with which Snyder approached the ladies of his acquaintance, and he always manifested great shrewdness in detecting whatever was opprobrious in matter or manner. We used to think a perfect intuition apprised him at once of what it took as some months to apprehend, and thus we predicted our friend, somewhat a bachelor, would never become ensnared by any wily arts. Judge then of our surprise when we received from him the following announcement:

"MY DEAR MADAM: You are aware I came here for the restoration of my health. I have attained my object in an unexpected manner. I must tell you I have fallen in love with one of the prettiest specimens of budding womanhood that it has ever been my good fortune to meet. She is a little angel; all sweetness, fresh as the morning, and as free from coquetry as her childish simplicity would indicate. She is just brought out, so I am not revelling upon sweets which others have culled to satiety. As you are acquainted with this lovely model of female beauty, why have you never pointed me to her as a suitable companion to cheer me in my loneliness?"

"I suppose being really in love, has restored me to health—the secret lying just here, that whereas I thought entirely of myself before, now I think only of another. Truly, I do not know whither my present extatic state will lead me. I would live forever beneath Marietta's sunny smiles, while all my endeavors shall henceforth tend to make her happiness complete. The fair creature is insensible to flattery, and her mother tells me she was never obliged to reprove her in her life. Do you not rejoice that I can bid farewell to testy boarding-house keepers, and in some little sequestered vale inhabit a cottage made verdant by flowers climbing over my porch, while it is vocal with songs of endearment within? Did you think I could muster so much affection? The dormant element has lain so long unawakened, that it now puts forth a strength unknown to me before. I know you will give me your congratulations when I tell you that the object of my affection is no less than *Marietta Lee*!"

"Truly, G. SNYDER."

It is needless to add it was all over with me, for I had known this protege, and watched parental movements, and inwardly hoped no man would be duped by mere blandishments. Horror-stricken with the thought that my worthy friend was thus ensnared, I summoned all my resolution and determined to free myself from countenancing his delusion, and in the part of true friendship, I replied:

"DEAR GEORGE: If I could confine you in a lunatic asylum, I should have a hope that you would regain your reason. As it is, Heaven forbid you should not be made sensible of your indiscretion. Why, you have engaged yourself to the veriest flirt that sports among butterflies. Marietta Lee is a proud, self-willed, untamed, hoydenish girl, without claim to gentility, and the merest creature of fashion and folly. She will tease you to death with her silly wants, and keep you forever among a giddy round of gaieties, herself being heartless, and looking only to you to supply her wishes from a full purse. Think, George, of uniting your destiny to such an one! How will you keep a family together—nay, how will you keep yourselves together, with such discordant tastes? Nonsense! talk about your cottage with such a flower within it, to mock the beauty of those without!"

"I talk plainly, because you are blinded; and with a true regard to your interests, I would un-

seal your vision, and bid you see things as they are. If by this act our friendship is forever severed, I must abide the result with a consciousness that I have discharged my obligations. Yours, as ever, E."

We will suppose ourselves in the drawing-room of the Ocean House. In yonder recess, half hidden by the full drapery, sits Snyder, Marietta Lee, and her mother.

"Georgy," says Marietta, half coaxingly and half pettishly, "what makes you so sad, this evening? Any bad news, hey? Ships lost, crops destroyed, or fires without insurances? Why don't you smile as formerly? I shall be jealous that you are afraid Mr. Quimby will succeed you. Now cheer up; you know Quimby has no fortune, and I spar for riches. O, mama, isn't that a splendid diamond brooch Miss Evans wears? and what a bandeau of jewels encased Miss Rider's forehead last evening? George, a splendid set of diamonds, I am told, costs three thousand dollars. These, added to my other trinkets, will make up quite a little fortune on my wedding day."

"Mr. Snyder, have you seen Count Lutsoff to-day?" inquired Mrs. Lee. "He is such an admirer of our Marietta, that unless you guard her watchfully, she may slip away from you."

"O, mother, what a beautiful hand that count has! Such massive seal rings! and that diamond on his little finger, he tells me, was the gift of a hand who is to make him his heir. I think he is charming."

Snyder thought of the letter he had received.

"Mama," pursued our chattering Marietta, "would it be any way improper for me to ride with the Spanish nobleman this afternoon?" And in an undertone: "I'm sure I don't want to be chained to old Snyder because he is rich."

George Snyder heard the whole, while pretending to read the newspaper, and he soon left the room. Marietta was missing that afternoon, and when she returned from her "enchanted excursion with the nobleman," she found the following *billet doux* upon her table:

"MISS LEE: Forgive me—the spell is broken. I can be no longer yours. I have been deceived in regard to your tastes and capabilities to make me happy. I am confident our short engagement cannot leave any regret upon your volatile heart by having it sundered. By finding out my mistake, I trust we shall both be saved a life of misery. That you may become a discreet, affectionate, sincere, and loving wife, you will be obliged to lay aside much of that duplicity of character which I am forced to acknowledge I have recently detected in you. I trust I have not wronged you by this frank explanation. Be assured, I shall ever remain your well-wisher.  
GEORGE SNYDER."

With a proud and scornful toss of the head, Marietta Lee threw the note under her tiny foot. Then she seized it and tore it in a thousand pieces. She was thankful thus to rid herself of an old and fastidious lover. Here were "barons and counts," "a world of gaiety," and the free enjoyment of picking anew from her admirers.

Mrs. Lee sought Mr. Snyder, and a long and serious explanation followed. We never know the opinion with which one parted from the other, but we learned that Marietta flirted the whole season, and at last caught a beau, of which her father could only rid himself and daughter by paying his expenses and sending him back to his native country.

We generally despise interference in matchmaking; but when we know a friend is profoundly ignorant of the qualifications of a person whose character is carefully concealed that she may win him merely for his position and establishment, we maintain it is criminal not to make known to him the fact. At any rate, we preserved an unbroken friendship by testing the experiment, and will conclude our history by giving the subjoined from George Snyder:

"MY DEAR FRIEND: I feel you have saved me from the brink of a precipice. My love was but a passionate fire that a short intercourse would have consumed, had I not received your timely counsel, which cleared my vision. I shall never dare trust again to my own unguided observation. Marriage makes our weal or woe for this life, and it may be for another; therefore, all inconsiderate haste and rash resolves, if timely rebuked, as in my own case, would save hundreds from future wretchedness.

"Your truly obliged, G. SNYDER."

In this case, it seemed pardonable—nay more, a positive duty, to unseal the vision of our friend, because we esteemed him too highly to permit him to be thus imposed upon. Still, it is not usually a safe example to follow.

#### ANECDOTE OF FORREST.

Forrest, on his first visit to Europe, being one day in Paris, was induced by a friend (long a resident of that capital) to visit the school for actors, attached to the Theatre Francais, to see the pupils perform. After a time, Forrest remarked to his friend: "I see none here of more than ordinary talent, except that one," pointing to a fragile girl of about fourteen years of age. "That girl," said Forrest, "if well instructed, will make a distinguished actress."

Some years after, the friend wrote Forrest: "Do you remember that fragile girl we saw at the school? and do you remember your prediction? She is RACHEL, the great tragedienne."  
—*New York Express*.

Contentment is of so great a value that it can never be dearly purchased.

## THE TIGER HUNT.

BY THE HOKY.

AN echo, that ought to have been ashamed of itself was just counterfeiting the old tinkle of the train's last bell. I had yet some rods of sandy way to traverse, and ran like a lamplighter in the dark ages. But a shriek, look you, 'most appalling outbreak of agony, as of some sturdy child falling into a furnace, rang through a doorway hard by and brought me to a stand. Bound, it might be; to relinquish my journey at once, what could I do but dash into the building from which the noise came? It was a large machine-shop, empty apparently, but for one vacant-faced boy.

"What in heaven's name," said I, "is the matter here?"

The boy looked stolidly up—"Go way!" said he.—It was all the answer I got.

Pausing yet awhile to assure myself that no tragedy was enacting on the premises, I passed out, but the train was gone! I was at leisure to recover my breath. A loafer in gingham sauntered up to condole.

"Missed the cars, hey? Don't say that all-fired nat'ral's been a foolin' on ye? Dew tell! Been a yellin', haint he? mockin' the engine whistle? 'allers does that! Cal'lated somebody was gittin' murdered, didn't ye? Much matter, you're not goin' on right away, hey?"

"Yes."

"Tew bad, I swan!" and the sympathizing loafer subsided.

The "all-fired nat'ral" had simply hindered me of half a million; balked our concern of a contract which would have netted us a fortune out of hand, in the fairest way in the world, had that morning's train but whisked me, as it ought to have done, to a telegraph station.

I hadn't been dilatory, Mark! No, the intelligence that had set me running, was but just received, not twenty minutes old. It isn't self-reproach, then, that makes the retrospect of the matter so annoying, that I hasten to change the subject.

Apropos, then, of rapids and counter-currents. You're a traveller, John, and have met with such yourself, you've been abroad—were you ever in love? Is it past experience in that robust breast? Amen! But isn't it singular, now, that a Polly Adeline of only middling pretensions, (the common case of course, and young no doubt,) that a Polly not deferred to at home, snubbed by mama, "marked" yesterday at school, full of faults, and rather indisposed to be seen before

tiring-time, should exercise such a spell over the right reasonable John?

"Bub" knows her temper for sweet, or perhaps "a pleasant sour," as the market men say; but what possesses Mr. Blank to breathe short, and be foolish at the very sight of one he himself sees every day without the slightest embarrassment!

How tremor should o'ertake a whiskered wight,  
But warned of her approach—or e'er she came—  
How she, by no means in gun-cotton fight,  
(Rather, against incendiary flame  
His own kins tendering guardian each night.)  
Should fire sky high that Mr. What's-his-name,  
Who calls the world without her insignificant,  
He can't imagine—for his life he can't.

As little perhaps can the man next door, with a snug Polly of his own. Mighty mysterious, isn't it? and by no means over manifestly at war with the faldorol of charms, philters, and so forth, current in old times.

Well sir, were you ever jealous? Did the category ever occur to you of having the sweetheart pounced upon (to be seized and rapt away, doubtless) by some superb interloper, some catastrophe in a D'Orsay "tile," every way but in essentials your born and bred superior? Disagreeable, that? Even if the Jove were a counterfeit, and yet genuine in her eyes, till all was over, the case must remain, I should say, not to exaggerate matters, unsatisfactory.

Now I, sir, by your leave, was once in just such a predicament. It was almost a year after the memorable short-coming by rail, of which I have spoken; on the very anniversary, indeed, and scenic platform of that event, that the green-eyed monster overtook yours truly.

A honey-sweet slip of a girl, the belle (against her will) of all Pumpkinfield, belonged, as I supposed, to me. But anon a buck of a thousand, a statuesque fellow, a Crichton in accomplishments, with Belial's own gift of the gab, saw fit to infest our neighborhood. The intruder came well introduced, forsooth, quartered himself to advantage, went "to church, and all the parties," got acquainted with all the girls, and singled out my own "picked particular" Dulcinea for a prey!

The man, observe, was a scamp; not as having crossed me, but otherwise and altogether; a fellow of no more principle than a Greek god. But such was not the current verdict respecting him; no, the fellow's accomplishments were such that gossip itself was mum on his misdeeds, and on the whole, the town seemed to think itself honored by his presence; nay, to feel quite ashamed to be seen of him, "looking as it did;" strictures, and severe criticism at his hands, being the least the corporate locality expected.

Easy as Old Tilly was he, the while, our *veni, vidi, vici*, practitioner; never under any constraint, not he! the complaint not being incident to a four hundred peacock-power of self-conceit. As for the sex, the formidable sex, it might overawe bumpkins; dazzle us into impotency; but it was his to swoop on, "as the osprey takes the fish by sovereignty of nature."

He had but to fling the kerchief times enough, and all our damsels were done for; lo Pumpkin-field a harem, a mere outpost of Mormondom. But the whet of my particular agony lay in the fact, which I presently learned, that all our Poliorcetes of ladies' hearts discerned in my sometime but of course no longer "true love" was a neat little bag of money! Yes, Polly Adeline—more's the pity—had "expectations." How I wished her well rid of them, insuring as they did a siege the most pertinacious on the general rival's part; for surely Caliban might as well have presumed on old acquaintance to follow up the "come for" Miranda, as I to count upon by-gones with Polly Adeline. Still there was no standing such impudent obstruction. So I fired up, precipitated matters, and in a fit of desperation, "proposed." If she liked him best, let her have him, and him her; and heaven help her! If she didn't, but preferred me, *Io Paxan!* what more could I ask?

Please observe that my overtures were to be answered by letter; so likewise, and at the same time were certain other propositions (I knew all about it in the sequel) on the part of my brilliant co-candidate. No humble suitor he, you may be sure. No, what he had for his part to say, was that Polly must *elope* with him; nothing less; taking her chance of getting subsequently married! nay, rather, when she must do it; for he had written her, less to invite this consummation than coolly to dictate its mode. Clandestine doings, he said, were his aversion, but on this particular occasion there were reasons (true for him, the reasons transpired betimes), reasons for keeping shady. On the whole, our dandy's epistle was a document worth perusing. It mapped out things in edifying detail, and wound up by designating a summer-house in a copse at the foot of a garden walk, very superfluously dear to me, as a rendezvous and point of departure for parts unknown.

But I anticipate. At the time, I knew only that I myself had written to know my fate, and awaited the lady's reply. It was forthcoming at once; ay, and with a vengeance! to the effect, forsooth, that she held herself grossly insulted, and if I presumed again to accost her, should appeal to papa.

Ten thousand thunders! I insult her! Was the girl crazy? I had never overstepped by a hair's breadth even etiquette itself in her company; and much as my few latter interviews with her were fondly meant to compass, had never hovered about her unseasonably. The style, moreover, of my just penned appeal to her heart (if heart she had, or head either), was anything but presuming. I was thunder-struck!

Not so, however, his excellency the buck, who had yet more occasion for surprise had he really known his respondent, at the dainty note he in turn received by the same messenger who had brought me my sentence of excommunication. Short but sweet was the billet he got—one word, no more—a tremulous "Yes."

Neither of us, I will venture to say, had a thought of any cross-purposes in the case. I minded my business thenceforward, and our Lothario devoted himself to his—the spiriting away, to wit, of a pretty, well educated, and well connected heiress.

He was a man of business in his way, our lady trapper, and the night that was to crown his enterprise arrived in a trice. With Tarquin's ravishing strides (if that were the true reading), behold him as best you may by starlight, moving towards his design; his bills paid, his baggage bestowed, his natty "turnout" already *en route*, and lingering only to receive one more article of "plunder," Polly Adeline, to wit.

Lo Lothario! Picture him, please, in your mind's eye! He clears a cropped hedge at a bound, invades the alley, gains the copse, the summer-house, the creeper-curtained haunt paradisaical no more, but henceforth to be desolate as a last year's bird's nest to bereaved father, and to outraged me. Hark! the cloaked ravisher speaks. He whispers hoarsely, "Mary," and again, for there's no seeing in the summer house, "Mary! Now, dearest!"

"Go 'way!" says a querulous voice—not hers, you may bet against any odds. No, sir, it was "that all-fired nat'ral!" A next door neighbor he to the premises, and much accustomed to enrich them with his presence; but how happening in the summer-house at an hour so odd and so opportune, must remain untold. I say only that if Polly herself, who knows the "nat'ral" by heart and can use him, had no hand in the matter, merry maiden that she is, then circumstances have out-circumstanced themselves.

Well, a squeal of some pretensions, elicited possibly by boxed ears and a hearty shake bestowed on the lady's unwelcome lieutenant, (such a *non sequitur*!) makes it expedient for the would

he kidnapper of loveliness to "go way," as directed. If ever he came again to Pumpkinfield, I think it must have been under an alias, in green goggles and a monster cravat.

I was pleased to learn presently, that Polly, on the receipt at one and the same time of both suitors' communications, being flurried at once with long-standing love on the one hand, and sudden indignation on the other (for she, strange to say, didn't admire the gilded vice), had misdirected her answers; the rebuff I had received being meant for Signor Lothario, and the sugared monosyllable—humph! Should you wonder, oh, to find it about me now?

"Feel famished, John? Take a sardine! So—speaking of the archer-godling,—are you anything of a sportsman? What a savage set we are yet, don't you think, to call protracted butchery sport; and teach little urchins to torture little fish for fun. Then look at our kinsman John Bull; eking out agony for deer and hares (for the sake of a 'meet' and a run forsooth! what humbug!) by hounding them to death, when a shot would make provender of them out of hand. What execrable cruelty. And how ugly a blemish in a fellow really brave and not afraid to meddle with tigers in turn. The latter diversion may pass for sport if you please, though the only tiger-chase ever I shared made me nervous."

"You shared! You hunt tigers! Where?"

"In Pumpkinfield, Rhode Island."

"You mean clams."

"No, tigers. Rare, I grant you, now-a-days, in the more populous parts of New England, but the Pumpkinfield hunt, sir, was a genuine tiger hunt, in the opinion of all who undertook it; so announced and so proceeded upon."

"Get out! I beg pardon! I mean get on!"

Well, the first hint I had of aught prefacing or pertaining to the chase in question, was broached in the village blacksmith's shop. It was in the latter part of November; coolish weather, with here and there a sprinkling of snow on the ground. In the snow, look you, were tracks of a wild beast, "panther" tracks, the farmers called them, but the panther, or cougar rather, never skulked, who could boast such pedals as those tracks implied? Then hideous and unaccountable caterwauls had been heard in the neighborhood night after night. There was no little debate on the point, as twilight fell to relieve and recommend the blacksmith's ruddy quarters. The circle thus assembled, being Yankées, were no fools; and the conclusion they finally arrived at was this. Firstly, that the tracks were genuine tiger-tracks, or "tantamount (not catamount) thereto."

Secondly, that the beast that made them was lurking in the neighborhood. Thirdly, that we were indebted for his company to some "grand caravan of living animals" which had spilt one of its ornaments. And fourthly, that farming folks thereabout might as well have an eye to their stock, the young "critters" especially.

The moving, seconding and passing of these resolutions bred a pretty ferment far and wide, I can assure you. Not only live stock, but little children were looked after, and girls and boys, very old in their own eyes, fought shy of outlying spots. Doors were barred that had only been latched since the old French war; and the ominous tracks were traced from spit to spit of snow along the crisp hill-sides, till they vanished in the neighborhood of a cavernous ledge.

The upshot of all was a general turnout of men, dogs, horses, firelocks, pitchforks, pokers, and flails, to haze the tiger—an alien, he, a pauper and a thief, not incumbent on the town to support. Let his parish in Asia support him! Let him, at least, "move on."

Of course it behoved yours respectfully, a senior sophister of the college, the expectancy and rose of Pumpkinfield, to be prominent on the occasion; for "Lordymassy," said the old wives, "tigers around! It was e'enamost as awful a thing to have happen, as a revolution."

School didn't keep on the day of the grand battle. Little folks were incarcerated in inner rooms, and put to bed, while mature men who remembered their "American Preceptor," recalled for inward meditation and guidance, the story of Patnam and the wolf.

Well, things ripened apace, and musketeers, flail-bearers and miscellaneous hangers-on, horse and foot, scattered off to the haunted ledge, your humble servant at their head. Pioneer, forsooth, he was welcome to be; few of his fellow-citizens begrudging him on the whole the privilege of closing in with a tiger. To say truth, I had rather committed myself, being neither robust, nor particularly alert, nor much of a marksman. I was in for it, however, pokerish job though it might prove.

Arrived at the rocks, our army came to a stand. An old wood-cutter with a staff of uproarious men-boys reconnoitered, and presently made report.

"The varmints's in old Hairy's grog-shop, there's where he is! I seen his tracks right in the mouth on't! Go raound t'other side, some on ye, and be on hand to 'shut' if he comes through."

"Hooray!" said the boys, "gone to take a nip, haint he? well, he moant nat'rally be dry."



Old Hairy's grog-shop, let me remark, was one of our sights; a cavern of some pretensions, indebted for its dismal designation to the fact, that (not to mention a wild rose bush at its mouth) you had within it the semblance of a bar, and the reality of snakes.

This gloomy refreshment-room was then to be carried. I confess to a feeling of disappointment on hearing that it had a postern by which my prey might escape should tremor seize him at seeing with whom he had to deal. True it subtracted from the enterprise something of its Putnam quality; but then my gentleman was a tiger, Putnam's of yore only a wolf.

On the whole, I was willing that the monster's tracks should owe their bigness to swelled feet (the tiger being presumably out of training), and rather counted on discovering in their owner a used-up affair, weak in the abdomen, and of sedentary habits.

"Is she all ready? Primin' in the pan, eh? flints right?" said the cautious wood cutter, concerned, it would seem, for the serviceableness of my "shooting iron." "Wal, in with ye! here's luck!" and he refreshed himself with bitters from a venerable pocket pistol. This done, he shouldered his axe and stood at ease.

"In with me?" O to be sure! Anything that anybody desired! I sustained at least the part of Hamlet in the play, that was some satisfaction; and if I didn't get killed I should come out famous. A pine torch was forthcoming. I took it, and with gun ready cocked, crept in. "The most terrifying darkness appeared in front of the dim circle of light afforded by the torch." Yes, the text of the story of "Old Put," in Pomfret cave, tallied exactly with what confronted me.

I forged forward doggedly, till a muffled growl quite indescribable, brought my heart into my throat. Too much taken aback to infer from the noise how remote the grim brute might be, I planted my torch in a crevice—not very steadily, no—presented my gun, and listened hard for growl the second. No sooner, however, was the gun levelled, than something began to stir. The tiger, though I could see nothing, doubtless had me in plain sight from his lurking place, and was crouching for his deadly spring.

"Here goes, then!" said I, "for I could stand it no longer." "Click!" went my fire-lock, and—flashed in the pan.

Prime again, of course I couldn't; for the monster would be on me in the twinkling of an eye. What to do next? I snatched up the torch and sprang forward. He should have it, at least, in his face before he demolished me. So devised,

so attempted, and with happy result. The novel assault might well be too much for the brute nature subjected to it.

"Go way!" shrieked the tiger, and burst out a-crying. It was "that all-fired nat'ral!"

Some ado was now making at the mouth of the cave. Heads intruded warily to inquire, "What progress?"

"All alive thus far," said I. "Just be patient and I'll report myself shortly. Now you, sir," I proceeded, turning to the dismayed ex-tiger, "what do you think will be done to you? A pretty hubbub you've brought about, to be sure! How came you here, eh?" And I raised the gun as a promising note of interrogation to emphasize my question. The simpleton shook and protested with a dolorous whine.

"Who brought you here? you mischievous imp! Speak up, or I'll shoot you."

"Walter gi' me gingerbread!"

The problem was solved. The tiger, let natural history know it, had been coaxed with gingerbread, and was irresponsible. The wickedest wag of the village was at the bottom of it all.

"Oho! Walter did, did he? Walter gave you gingerbread, and us—fits! and where is Walter?" I continued. "Speak!" and again I levelled the gun. Never oracle heaved and set more uneasily or deliberated more taxingly to the patience, than the idiot catechumen; who at length, under duress, gave answer:

"Walter goes a fishin'."

Any further light from the "nat'ral," was out of the question. It remained but to show him the door of the cave, and introduce the tiger to his multitude.

Such a "how d'ye do," as presently ensued, had seldom been heard in Pumpkinfield, or elsewhere. No time was lost in pushing inquiry respecting the delinquent, Walter, the arch pest as I said, of the neighborhood. He had howled but now in the cave, of that I was sure; and the old wood-cutter was "darnedly" mistaken if he hadn't "saw" him cut across lots, five minutes ago, from the back door of Old Hairy's bar-room.

It was moved and seconded to hunt Master Walter himself, according to the strictest statutes of the chase. "I'd 'dror' him like a fox!" said one; "I'd give him to the dogs!" said another.

But Walter, you may guess, was a wary wild beast—already "abroad" on a second class railway train; on his way, indeed, toward a seven years' whaling cruise off Japan. Good-by, John.

We hate some persons because we do not know them, and we will not know them because we hate them.

LITTLE JOSIE.

BY JESSE B. STRATTON.

What wonder that mother can love thee so dearly,  
Little fay!  
When those blue eyes peep through their lashes so clearly,  
Full of play.  
When those clustering curls thy fair brow tressing,  
Wave with glee,  
As thy tiny arms fold round her, caressing  
Tendently.

How fondly she watches! her heart ever brimming  
With love's prayer,  
Guarding thee, loved one, so fairly and winning,  
With blest care.  
Gilding thy trust, that its rays now revealing,  
Glow like a star,  
And learning thy lips what thy warm heart is feeling,  
Love mama.

Sweet little fay! may the shadows ever weaving,  
Mild joy's light,  
Never sadden, never tune thy heart to grieving,  
But as bright  
As the arching brow may thy life-path, gliding,  
Ever be,  
Ever loving, ever pure, true affection ever guiding,  
Blessing thee.

MARIAN WILBY:

— OR —

WORTH AND WEALTH.

BY KATE CLOUD.

The last rays of an autumnal sun gleamed through the tall graceful elms which surrounded the parsonage at L——, and gilded the spire of the old gray church, until it shone like a shaft of gold against a background of cold dark clouds that had settled in the eastern sky. There they stood—the altar and the home—old, gray and time-worn; but he who for so many years had walked forth from that home beneath the shelter of those noble trees, and duly, as the holy day returned, dispensed messages of love and wisdom to his flock, had gone, full of honors as of years, to his last home.

By the low window over which the wild rose and gadding woodbine formed a fragrant shade, sat a fair girl, watching with mournful eyes the waving boughs as they sway gracefully to and fro in the evening breeze, and listening to their soft and soul-like music. Beyond, gleaming through the trees in the golden sunlight, stands the white marble tablet which marks the grave of her sainted mother; over which with falling tears she has daily scattered flowers since she laid her there. And there, too, is the new-made grave of her revered father, so lately gone, she

can almost feel the beloved hand still resting with a blessing on her head. But now she is alone. The silence, the deserted rooms, all speak to the orphan's heart, and tell her thus.

Since the death of her father, which occurred two months previous to the commencement of our story, Marian Wilby had lived in complete seclusion at the parsonage. At length, yielding to the earnest invitation of her uncle, residing in B——, to make his house her future home, she had made her arrangements to leave L—— on the ensuing day. Her trunks were all packed, and standing in the little parlor. She seated herself once more, perhaps for the last time, at the favorite window, sacred to so many delightful and sad memories. Here she had received precious teachings and sweet counsels from the lips of her beloved mother, which must now guide her orphaned feet in the pleasant paths of peace. And here, from the rich storehouse of his knowledge, her father had instructed her, and trained her mind to thought and study. These priceless legacies were her sole inheritance, save the precious but dangerous gift of a face of bewildering beauty, and a form tall and graceful as the bending willow.

On the evening of the next day Marian ascended with a beating heart the long flight of steps leading to the aristocratic house of Mr. Irving, her uncle, in B——. She had often before been in B—— with her parents, but since her mother's death, the increasing infirmities of her father had confined her almost constantly at home, and it was then four years since she had even seen her uncle. She knew she was expected; but when she entered the splendid drawing-room, where her aunt and uncle were sitting, so unprepared were they for the elegant, dignified young lady, in the person of their niece who stood before them, she was compelled to announce her name before they recognized her. They received her with the utmost cordiality and tenderness. Having removed her hat, her long golden curls, no longer confined, fell in rich profusion over her dress of deep mourning, and formed a most striking contrast with the snowy whiteness of her throat, and delicate bloom that tinged her cheek. Scarcely was she seated, when a child of most exquisite loveliness who had not removed her large black eyes from her since she entered, now sprang forward, and with one bound, lighting in her lap and clasping her waist, and laying her plump, rosy cheek against her, said:

"O, cousin Marian, I know I shall love you, you are so beautiful."

"Then I must love you, too, Lilly, for the same reason, mustn't I?"



"I suppose I must be good, too, else mama says no one will love me."

"It will not be your fault, Lilly, if you have not made a deep impression; your first appearance was sufficiently striking, I imagine," said a young gentleman of fourteen, now coming forward and greeting his cousin with a low bow. "I would not try to jump into cousin Marian's affections."

"I would not try to bow into them, either, brother Neddy," retorted Lilly, mischievously.

"Ah, Lilly, you are a spoiled child," said he; "no one minds what you say."

"Why, Edward," said Mrs. Irving to her husband, while the two children were engaging Marian's attention, "did you not tell me how beautiful Marian was? I was quite taken by surprise; and so lady-like too in her manner."

"For the very good reason, my dear, that I had no knowledge of it myself; I have not seen her since she was a child, and I assure you I was quite as much surprised as yourself. She will be a pleasant companion for you."

"She is a prize. I am quite proud of her already."

It was wonderful how necessary Marian at once became to each member of the family. Mr. Irving suddenly took a fancy to a game of chess in the evening, and no one could play like Marian. Mrs. Irving wondered to herself how she had lived so long without a companion to whom she could confide all her cares, and find that sympathy which their importance demanded; or talk over the little on-dits and bits of news which found their way into their pleasant retired sitting-room; while Lilly could scarcely be separated from her to attend to her studies, and this difficulty she soon contrived to obviate.

All that was now wanting to render the life of Marian calm and peaceful, was some active employment to occupy her mind and charm away sad thoughts, and this deficiency Lilly's plan was admirably calculated to supply. It was no less than to dismiss the prim governess who had never been equal to her task, and substitute cousin Marian in her place. This was at first objected to by her mother, as being too great a confinement for Marian; but as Marian herself strongly advocated it, and as the governess was slightly *passé* in music, she at length consented.

Marian confined herself almost entirely at home, limiting her recreation to a daily walk with Lilly, or a shopping excursion with her aunt; and steadily refusing the many pressing invitations that were almost daily extended to her to accompany her aunt to dinner and evening parties. Still, it was astonishing how rapid-

ly their circle of young acquaintances increased, especially of young gentlemen, who seemed suddenly to have waked up to a most flattering appreciation of Mr. Irving's friendship. Indeed, he remarked, with a sly glance at Marian, he could scarcely walk the streets without meeting with a cordial grasp from some young gentleman whom he hardly knew by what name to address, with the promise that he should very soon do himself the honor to call at his house.

"I think we are all getting young again, since Marian came," remarked her aunt, smilingly.

"That must be the secret, I believe," he replied.

Charles Ellison was the younger brother of Mrs. Irving, and a privileged personage in the family whenever he chose to make himself one of its members. He was gay, social, and handsome, and altogether a most agreeable companion.

It was now more than a year since Marian became established in her new home. Although the memory of by-gone days had saddened many an hour, yet for the most part she had been very happy. She had found the care of teaching Lilly a pleasant employment for her mind, and each day had served to strengthen the tie which bound her to the lovely child.

"It is St. Valentine's day," said Lilly, one bright morning, bounding into her room, her face beaming with happiness. "It is a holiday, and mama says I shall have no lessons to-day, and that I may be out all the morning."

"O, that will be delightful," said Marian. "But where do you wish to go?"

"I am going to send uncle Charles a valentine, and I wish you to go with me and help me to select it, and a dozen other places. Come, dear Marian, let me tie on your hat. When will you leave off this grave, black hat; I love to see beautiful ladies decked with flowers."

"When the weeds of sorrow in my heart are all choked with flowers, Lilly, then I will leave off the emblems of sorrow."

She little dreamed that the events of this day, even, would sow seeds in her life-path which should one day spring up and so fill her heart with flowers that there should be no room for sorrow.

It was a lovely spring-like day, and as they tripped along the street, many a lengthened gaze of the passers-by followed them; for a lovelier vision never blessed their sight.

Lilly's calls and errands were at length all accomplished; the important valentine had been selected and despatched, and they were turning their steps homeward. They were just opposite

Mr. Ellison's store, and Lilly could not repress her curiosity to know if the valentine had been already received. Whispering to Marian to wait for her there, while she peeped in for a moment, she tripped away. In a few moments she appeared again, and in her eager haste, heed not the scream of Marian, or that a span of horses with the wheels of a carriage attached to them, were dashing towards her with terrific speed. Marian rushed forward, but some one held her back with a strong hand—then darting forward, caught Lilly in his arms, and with one bound cleared the spot where the next instant the sparks flew from the feet of the terrified animals.

Mr. Ellison who had witnessed the scene, but too late to render any assistance, now recognized Marian, and led her half fainting into his store, while the stranger followed with Lilly in his arms, and placing her upon a sofa, was gone, ere any one save Marian had seen his face.

After recovering from the excitement caused by this adventure, they proceeded home.

Some time during the afternoon as Marian and her aunt were quietly seated in the little family parlor, talking over the events of the day, a letter was handed to Marian by a servant, saying that the bearer would wait to see if an answer was to be returned.

"What is it?" inquired her aunt, observing the surprised look that gradually overspread Marian's face as she perused the missive.

"What can it mean?" said she, when she had finished, passing the letter to her aunt. It ran as follows:

"MISS WILLBY,—Passing through — street this morning, I had the extreme pleasure of first meeting you, a circumstance which may, I trust, amount to more than ordinary incidents. After a pilgrimage through life of eight and twenty years, the one whom a fond imagination has often pictured to me, came like a phantom, and as soon departed; not without leaving an impression engraven on my heart that the right one had crossed my path of life. Your, to me, extreme beauty of face and person, attracted my attention, and I was almost like a statue rivetted to the spot in a fond reverie; and fancy pictured happy hours which may or may not come. On inquiry I learned with much satisfaction, that you were yet free—yet your own; in consideration of which, and in justice to my own feelings, I could not restrain the strong desire I had of saying this much to you. I leave to-morrow for the South, shall return again in a few weeks, and if it is not too much, may I ask to be forgiven

for this breach of etiquette, and also to be remembered. With respect.

ERNEST MCGREGOR."

Charleston, S. C.

"A valentine," said her aunt, when she had perused the letter.

"Do you think so?" asked Marian, very thoughtfully.

"Perhaps Charles has done it," said her aunt. "Let me see who brought it. Yes, it must be from Charles; his errand boy is the bearer. What a joke, that the boy should wait for an answer, and thus betray the author. Will you answer it, or shall I?"

"It does not require any answer," said Marian.

"But I wish him to know that he is discovered," replied her aunt.

"Then you may answer it, if you please."

She wrote as follows:

"If Mr. McGregor is not still 'rivetted' to the spot, and will do her the honor of calling at her residence, Miss Willby will endeavor to excoriate the 'Phantom' which has so impressed his imagination, and assure him that it shall never again cross his path in life. ———."

Feb. 14. No. 11, — Place.

Scarcely half an hour had elapsed, when the servant re-entered, saying, that a gentleman waited to see Miss Willby in the drawing-room.

"It is Charles," said her aunt, as she caught a glimpse of her brother in the hall. I was sure he sent you the valentine."

As Marian expected, when she entered the drawing-room, she met the smiling face of Mr. Ellison.

"Good evening, Miss Willby," said he, taking her hand; "allow me to introduce to you Mr. McGregor." Having said this, he passed out and shut the door. Had a ghost stood before her, Marian could not have looked more terror-stricken. Her first impulse was to turn and flee, but there stood the stranger, the hero of their morning's adventure—a tall, elegant looking man, with a strikingly intellectual face and bearing. He was speaking to her, with his hand upon his heart; in a low, thrilling tone, he said, "Miss Willby, we are the creatures of circumstance—"

"Sir," said Marian, all her dignity and self-possession returning, while her face was suffused with blushes, "if through my thoughtlessness I have led you into this error, I most humbly crave your pardon. Had I believed for one moment that the epistle which I received this evening was indeed what it purported to be, believe

me, I never should have returned the answer which you must have received. I supposed it a valentine, or an act of pleasantry from an intimate acquaintance, and answered it as such."

"It was indeed an honor which I had not dared to promise myself, to be permitted to visit you; but inasmuch as I addressed you in sincerity, I had hoped that my words had waked a sympathetic feeling which for once had melted the icy barriers of form and etiquette. But since it is only through a mistake that I am here, which even St. Valentine has seemed to favor, I trust you will accept the good omen, and allow me still farther to cultivate your acquaintance."

"I believe we are deeply indebted to you, sir, for saving Lilly and myself from great danger this morning; are we not?"

"It was then I had the happiness of meeting you, Miss Willby, for which I shall ever bless the hour."

"Will you be seated, sir," said Marian, as she touched the bell, and bade the servant to ask her aunt to come into the drawing-room. "My aunt expressed much regret that we had no opportunity of thanking you for so great a service, for which I assure you we are all deeply grateful."

"It was the happiest event of my life, believe me, Miss Willby, and may it serve as a beacon light to the road of peace and happiness."

After Mrs. Irving entered, and had warmly expressed her gratitude, to which he modestly declined all claim, the event led to the relating of similar adventures and escapes in his own life. Gradually both Marian and her aunt became so interested in the elegance and ease of his conversation and manners, that long ere he rose to depart, they had forgotten the fact, that two hours before he was an utter stranger to them. Just as he was about taking leave, Mr. Irving entered the drawing-room. He was apprised of their morning's adventure, but knew nothing of the afternoon's sequel. When, therefore, Mr. McGregor was introduced to him, as the preserver of his darling child, he expressed the deepest gratitude, and cordially invited him to repeat his visit, which the gentleman gladly gave his promise to do.

Week after week glided away, and still Ernest McGregor lingered. He seemed to have entirely forgotten his purpose of returning South. Scarcely a day passed which saw him not seated upon a velvet lounge in Mrs. Irving's elegant drawing-room, sometimes entertaining Marian and her aunt with stories of his travels, glowing descriptions of the curiosities and wonders of the great world, to which Marian listened with an interest scarcely less intense than thrilled the

heart of Deedemona. Sometimes he brought a book of poetry, or some wild Scottish legend, to read to them, and then the deep, rich tones of his manly voice had a dangerous fascination for Marian's ear.

"McGregor is a Scottish name," said she one evening, after he had finished reading a thrilling legend of Lachin Y. Gair. "Were your ancestors from Scotland?"

"Yes, they belong to the clan of McGregor;

*'And there my young footsteps in infancy wandered,  
My cap was the bonnet—my cloak was the plaid.'*

Yes, Scotia is my home, though it is many years since I wandered over her wild craggy cliffs, and through her classic halls, I love her still; and there I hope to spend the evening of my days."

To all her questions of the many ruins of historic and tragic interest in that land of romance, he could give truthful and glowing descriptions.

Meanwhile Mr. Irving, observing the growing interest which Marian manifested in their fascinating visitor, had mentioned his name incidentally to an intimate friend residing in Charleston, and made some inquiries concerning him, to which he received in reply, that the McGregors were among the highest families in the State—that Ernest was everything that was noble, and moreover the heir expectant to an immense fortune in Scotland. This knowledge he resolved to impart to no one, unless Ernest McGregor should sue for the hand of his niece.

Quite early one morning not many days after, Ernest called to see Miss Willby. He had received letters from Charleston, requesting his immediate return thither. "But, Miss Willby," said he, "I could not go without saying the words which for weeks have trembled on my lips, but which I have not dared to utter. Marian, do you love me? Will you go with me to my home in the sunny South?"

"I can answer your first question," said she, after a moment's silence, blushing deeply; "but for the last I must have time to consider."

"Then I will not ask you to decide that now. My dearest Marian, you have made me very, very happy."

The next morning Ernest departed, bearing with him all the wealth of her young, trusting heart, and her plighted troth. We will pass over the few intervening months ere he returned to claim his bride.

At the close of a warm sultry day in the early autumn, just as the fervid rays had departed, and the deliciously cool breeze sprung up, laden with the odor of a thousand flowers which the

fallen dew had freshened into life, a travelling carriage emerged from the city and entered the avenue leading to the delightful suburbs which border the city of Charleston on the western side. On either side of the way, the tall ornamental trees of palm and pine formed a delightful shade, while beyond, the fragrant orange groves and the flowering shrubs of every brilliant hue presented to our travellers a scene of almost fairy enchantment. There was a soft golden haze from the lingering sunbeams in the western sky, which rendered every feature of the landscape as distinctly defined as if it had been spread for the painter's eye.

"Here is our home, my love," said Ernest, as they entered the wide carriage path leading to an elegant mansion which stood upon a gentle eminence at some distance from the road. It was a spacious building, surrounded by an open piazza, and shaded by hanging vines and trees, while the ground descended in regular terraces on every side.

"Ah, massa Ernest, God bless you and the young missis," said an old white-haired negro, helping them to descend from the carriage, while a troop of grinning boys were busily unstrapping the trunks, and noisily tugging them into the house.

"Well, Rosa, where is your mistress?"

"This way, massa;—bless her sweet face," said she, her eye following Marian as she entered the parlor, where by the long, open window an elderly lady was sitting in a large arm-chair. She was clad in a rich brocade dress, her silvery hair was put smoothly back from an open brow that had once been white as alabaster. A young lady most elaborately dressed, was leaning listlessly upon the lattice, playing with the long tendrils as the soft breeze wafted them against her cheek.

"Ah, Ernest, my son, you are here at last," said his mother.

"Yes, mother, permit me to present to you another daughter; and you, Alice, a sister."

Marian, kissing the cheek of her mother, bowed her head for her blessing.

"God bless you, my child," said she, "you are very lovely, to be sure."

Alice presented the tips of her jewelled fingers, while her eyes rested upon Marian's long, golden curls, with ill-concealed envy.

"Then you are really married, Ernest," said she, "and we scarcely knew it—how strange."

"Strange, indeed," continued her mother, "never before did a McGregor form an alliance with so little ceremony."

The next morning Ernest was obliged to be

absent in the city. After he had gone, Mrs. McGregor asked Marian to come and sit by her, and tell her about herself and family. Marian complied, though she knew the knowledge of her unpretending parentage and life would in their prejudiced minds sink her below the station she had assumed. After an hour of cross-questioning from Alice and her mother, the latter inquired what was the amount of her dowry.

"Nothing," she replied; "my father considered it his duty to spend his salary in acts of charity, and left me nothing;" upon which her mother and Alice raised their hands in astonishment. Marian, unable longer to endure the torture to which she was subjected fled to her room, and burying her face in the pillow, wept until Ernest returned. When he learned the cause of her tears, he besought her to overlook the peculiar prejudices of his mother. "She is kind-hearted," said he, "and will very soon become warmly attached to you."

Months rolled by, and still Marian felt she was looked upon as a presumptuous intruder by the mother and sister; frequently neglected or treated with utmost coolness when visitors came to the house in her husband's absence. An event now occurred which promised to increase her unhappiness. Her husband had received letters from Scotland requiring his immediate departure to that place.

Ernest was but twelve years old when his father came to this country for a temporary residence, leaving all his possessions in the care of a younger brother. Dying soon after, the brother had retained the property, only sending remittances since Ernest had become of age. This uncle was now dead, and Ernest, as the next male descendant, was heir. Such was the law in Scotland, that property could be inherited only by male descendants; therefore, in the event of Ernest's death, all his wealth would pass to the next heir.

Some four months had passed since Ernest's departure, and Marian was beginning to look anxiously for letters. Her position in the family was becoming more and more unpleasant since he left. One morning she and her mother were called into the parlor to see a gentleman from the city on matters of business. He had come to apprise them of the failure of the firm with which her husband was connected. A very heavy failure, that would sweep away all belonging to each member. This beautiful house, their home with everything else, was already in the hands of creditors.

The same day brought letters from Ernest, saying that having concluded the arrangement of

his business, he had taken passage in the Columbia and was to sail in a few days for home, which he hoped to reach in six or eight weeks.

Eight weeks had passed; nine, ten, and still Ernest did not come. Marian waited with a nameless fear chilling her heart. One morning she was sent for to go into the parlor. Her mother was already there, conversing with the same gentleman who had before brought ill-tidings to them. But now he had spoken words which had in one moment blanched the face of the mother and stricken Marian to the floor as if with sudden death. The Columbia was wrecked, and all save one, who had lashed himself to the wreck, were washed overboard and lost; and that one was not Ernest. These tidings were brought by the captain of a vessel that had passed the wreck, and rescued the only survivor.

There is a power in great sorrow to subdue the pride of man, and waken into action all the tenderest sympathies of his nature. And now the bereaved mother clasped the unconscious form of Marian in her arms, and wept bitter tears over her. When at length she awoke to all the depth of their great sorrow, they stood side by side and looked into the dark future. They were penniless. Even now they remained in their beautiful home only through the leniency of the rightful owner. Alice, all unused to care or self-reliance, was helpless as an infant, and sorrow soon prostrated the mother on a bed of sickness. Marian was her comforter. To her they both looked for guidance and support. Sooner than they expected, word came that they must leave their house. The servants were all taken away, with the exception of Rose, whom Ernest had given to Marian soon after their marriage to dispose of as she pleased. Marian had at once given her her freedom, of which Rose now possessed the proof. In Rose's care she left her mother while she went alone to the city.

Her first thought was to seek advice from their venerable pastor. He was a kind, benevolent old man. When he learned that she was the daughter of a New England clergyman, and wished employment in teaching music or a day school, he at once became deeply interested for her and promised her efficient aid. Ere a week had passed, he had obtained a sufficient number of young ladies to encourage her in opening a school. A pleasant, airy hall was obtained in the vicinity of her home, and fitted up. As soon as she had become established in school, and felt confident in her ability to defray the expense, she obtained a lease of their house. Their minds, now no longer diverted by immediate pecuniary difficulties, dwelt constantly on their

loss. Alice, divested of all the consequence of wealth and station, with no resources in herself, gave up to peevish repinings; and but for the tender nursing and encouraging words of Marian, she would have sunk under this accumulation of trouble. Every moment when not engaged in her duties at school, Marian passed by the bedside of her mother.

But such unceasing care and watchfulness added to her own deep sorrow, after a few months, began to tell upon Marian. She had lost the rich bloom, the light step, and the bright smile of happier days; and still the pale face, the feeble voice of her mother nerved her to persevere. Still, through her dark despair there glimmered a faint ray of hope that Ernest was not lost.

"Ah, Marian," said her mother one evening, after many months had passed of suffering and dependence to herself, and of cheerful, patient endurance to Marian, "what a lesson your devotion teaches me. How vain and insufficient is the pride of wealth and name, compared with the noble living virtues which I have found in you. Can you forgive your mother for her cruel coldness and neglect?"

"My dear mother," said Marian, kneeling by her side, "I remember nothing but that you love me now."

"O, Marian, if I could have told my Ernest what an angel he possessed in you—"

"He knew it—he knew it—my mother!—my angel wife!" said a deep-toned voice beside them, and Marian was clasped in her husband's arms.

Ernest had indeed returned. He had been rescued by a vessel bound to the East Indies; and had been compelled to make nearly the entire voyage before meeting with one homeward bound. But now he had come, all their trials were ended. When he learned how nobly Marian had sustained them, and with what devotion she had repaid their coldness and neglect, he pressed her to his heart with an almost idolatrous love.

Their mother never rose from her bed of sickness, but gradually faded away and died in a few months after Ernest's return. One bright morning, a few years subsequent, a gay party were assembled on board one of our noble steamers bound for England. It consisted of Ernest and Marian, accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. Irving, Edward with his collegiate laurels still fresh upon him, and Lilly, now a beautiful girl just budding into womanhood; and lastly, uncle Charles looking proudly on his new-made bride.

Fine art has nothing to do with imitation, its principle is to produce in the mind the same ideas which the things sought to be represented produce, but always in another way.

## IS IT ANYBODY'S BUSINESS?

BY HARLAN P. CARLTON.

Is it anybody's business  
If a gentleman should choose  
To wait upon a lady,  
If the lady don't refuse?  
Or to speak a little plainer,  
That my meaning all may know,  
Is it anybody's business  
If a lady has a bean?

Is it anybody's business  
When that gentleman does call,  
Or when he leaves the lady,  
Or if he leave at all?  
Or is it necessary  
That the curtain should be drawn,  
To save from farther trouble  
The outside lookers-on!

Is it anybody's business  
But the lady's, if her beam  
Rides out with other ladies  
And doesn't let her know?  
Is it anybody's business  
But the gentleman's, if she  
Should accept another escort  
Where he doesn't chance to be?

## FANNY MARTIN AND HER NEIGHBORS.

BY SUSAN H. BLAISDELL.

"WELL, my dear, how do you like your new quarters? rather comfortable than otherwise, it seems to me." And Harry Martin, standing in the centre of his wife's cheerful little sitting-room, with folded arms, glanced contentedly about the pleasant apartment, and then walking to one of the open windows, surveyed the no less agreeable prospect outside.

"O, yes, really charming; the most perfect little nest of a house; everything is as convenient as possible. It is just far enough out, too; one can take so much comfort where there is fresh air to be had, and green fields about, and something over a square yard of blue sky to be seen. Patty declares she can do as much again work, here. She does it up in less than no time, almost, you ought to see her arms fly."

Harry laughed. "And I see, my dear Fanny, that you have lost none of your eloquence. Really, this fresh air has quite an exhilarating effect on you. Your—"

"There! now it's time, Harry—now it's time to stop," and Fanny laid her hand, with an air of merry decision over her young husband's lips. "I dare say you were going to add, that I talk faster than ever!"

"No, I will subtract it, instead, till I get out

of your reach, my dear. But seriously, Fanny, I am quite glad to find you are so well pleased with your new home. You may tell me as much about it, as you like. I shall not grow weary, I promise you."

"Good Harry! indulgent husband! to give his wife leave to talk till she's tired!" and Fanny's bright hazel eyes sparkled santly.

"Hush, you mischief! Just as though my permission was of any consequence! But let us talk sense, now, Fanny. But I want to ask you if you don't find yourself lonely out here? It is so much more quiet—"

"Lonely? no indeed, Harry. You know I have been too busy with my new house, for that; and besides it is not a lonely neighborhood, by any means. See, there are three—four—yes, six or seven houses, close about here; and such pretty gardens! And I can sit with my sewing here at the window, and look across the sunny fields, and see the neighbors run in and out, occasionally. O, I am sure, it is quite cheerful."

"That is a pretty cottage, yonder—the white one, where most of the blinds are closed," remarked the gentleman, directing the attention of his wife to the house in question.

"Yes, very pretty. But how still it looks! I thought, when we first came, that it must be unoccupied; there seemed so little life about it. But I saw somebody open the blinds and draw up the curtains, both upper and lower, the next morning. A little girl, too, came and played in the yard. I wonder who lives there?"

"I dare say you will know soon enough, Fanny. You won't have to wait long."

"How should I find out?"

"Have you become acquainted with any of the neighbors, my dear, as yet?"

"No. Not one. You know we have been here only three or four days."

"Well, let them take the first steps towards an introduction. Don't put yourself forward, in the least. There is nothing I more deeply dislike, than this running from house to house, for a friendly gossip, which you always see in a neighborhood like this. Don't be too intimate with any of them, Fanny. Treat them politely, and all alike. That will save you some annoyance, perhaps."

"Annoyance! my dear husband, how?" queried the unsophisticated Fanny.

"In several ways, my dear," he answered; "which I cannot enumerate now. But you will have an opportunity of discovering, if you wait, perhaps. Do you know, Fanny, that I am not over-fond of neighbors?"

"Fie, Harry, how unchristian!" said Fanny.

"Don't judge yet, my dear. I trust you will always have cause to like yours."

And here the conversation on this subject ended.

The next evening, when Harry found himself at home again, after a day of close attention to business in town, his pretty wife greeted him in a flutter of even greater cheerfulness than usual.

"Well, how do you get along to day, Fanny?" was his question, as they sat at tea.

"O, nicely as can be. And I have seen one of our neighbors, and spoken to her. She is such a lovely woman!" And Fanny was quite ecstatic over her new acquisition in the way of acquaintance.

"Who is she?" asked her husband, quietly, as he opened a biscuit.

"Mrs. Longley. She ran in this morning, with an easy, unceremonious way that is really quite charming; it makes one feel so much at home! She said she had seen me sewing by the window, and I appeared to be quite alone, and so she longed to have a little friendly chat with me. 'You know, too,' she said, 'it is the custom for people to call on a new neighbor first, and I thought you would actually begin to imagine us all savages about here, if we didn't make some advances towards acquaintance before a great while.' And so," continued Fanny, "she sat with me for full a half hour, and talked so pleasantly that I felt as if she were quite an old friend. I do like her very much!"

"Ah!" said Harry, carelessly.

"Yes. And I shouldn't wonder if I should see some of the other ladies in the vicinity soon. She spoke to me about three or four of them—Mrs. Wells, and Mrs. Carlton, and Miss Wickham, and one or two more, I believe. You see I shall not be lonely, at all, Harry."

Fanny had quite forgotten her husband's warning, in respect to the neighbors; and two or three days afterward, found herself, with sewing in hand, seated very comfortably in Mrs. Longley's parlor, chatting very easily and pleasantly with that lady. Mrs. Longley, on her part, proved a most agreeable hostess; and made the time pass so quickly, in the discussion of various subjects of feminine interest, that Fanny was startled to perceive how fast the hours had flown. It was fully time for Harry to be on his way out from town, when she finally looked at her watch.

"My dear Mrs. Longley, I really must go," she said, rising, with a smile; "it is almost six; and my husband will be at home; he will want me."

But Mrs. Longley could not hear of parting with her guest so easily. She would be shocked

to think of it. Fanny must sit directly down again, and the domestic should be sent over, with Mrs. Longley's compliments, to invite Mr. Martin to tea. Yes, absolutely, dear Mrs. Martin must and should stay!

Fanny, however, was obliged to decline her kind offer.

"My husband rarely takes tea away from home," she said; "and though, I am sure, he would be extremely obliged for the invitation, yet he would prefer coming some other time. I did not tell him I was coming in this afternoon, and he will expect to meet me at our own table. But we will try and come some time, Mrs. Longley."

"Yes, so do, Mrs. Martin. I am extremely sorry to lose you this afternoon, so early, but these lords of creation," and she smiled affably, "will have their own way."

"Too bad, I declare!" exclaimed the lady, as soon as her guest was out of hearing—"too bad, I declare. I'll tell you what it is, Mr. Longley, that husband of hers must be a real ogre! his own wife is actually afraid to drink tea away from home, without him. A little too strict, I should say."

Meanwhile, Fanny Martin ran home, and was ready for Harry, with a kiss, when he came. He did not look much like an ogre, certainly, as Fanny would have indignantly declared, could she have heard Mrs. Longley's words.

"Harry," she said, after she had given him a sketch of her afternoon at Mrs. Longley's, "Harry, I know now, who lives in that quiet cottage, yonder, with the high garden wall. The gentleman is named Kingston—Josiah Kingston. Mrs. Longley says she believes they are of an excellent family, and quite wealthy, though nobody knows certainly, because Mr. and Mrs. Kingston never visit in the neighborhood, or receive company. They are very exclusive. Indeed, they have intimated that they do not desire to mingle with the neighbors at all. So they are never visited by the people here."

"Happy pair!" ejaculated Harry, with a sigh.

"Why, Harry, dear!" said Fanny, quite shocked—"but it is so unsocial, you know! Indeed, Mrs. Longley thinks it very unnatural—almost wicked, in them! Because it looks as if they thought themselves so much better than other people. They must be very hard, proud-hearted people, themselves."

Harry drank his tea slowly, and seemed to be meditating; so Fanny fell into a reverie, too; from which she presently roused herself, exclaiming:

"Harry, you have heard me speak of Mrs. Lee, who lives across the way?"

"Yes, my dear. Our friend, Mrs. Longley, has given you an account of their history, I suppose?"

Fanny was slightly perplexed by his peculiar tone; and as she could not exactly understand it, she replied:

"No, not a history, exactly—she told me some things about her. Just to me, you know; she said she wouldn't tell these things to anybody else; but I had just come into the neighborhood, a young married woman, so, and I might want to know something about the people among whom I had come to reside. Well, this Mrs. Lee is a widow, and her husband, who died year before last, was a merchant in town. He failed just five years ago, and Mr. Longley, who happened to have some hundreds of dollars in Mr. Lee's hands, lost every cent of it. Mr. Lee failed just on purpose to make money, too, Mrs. Longley says. Only think—what a dreadful thing! to wrong his creditors out of their honest dues! And Mrs. Longley says, thousands of people suffered from his wicked deeds."

A look, half amusement, half indignation, sparkled in Harry's eye, as innocent little Fanny, putting firm faith in the stories retailed her by her neighbor, repeated them to her husband, with the utmost earnestness.

But he repressed the words that rose to his lips, and instead of uttering them, said, very calmly: "anything else, my dear?"

"And then, don't you think, Harry, Mr. Lee and his wife, instead of giving up that beautiful little cottage, which they lived in, and where the widow lives now, they kept it, and were just as comfortably off as ever; though, to be sure, Mr. Lee was obliged to become a clerk in some counting house—and died not long after. But Mrs. Longley says the cottage is hers, as much as it is Mrs. Lee's; and she ought to be receiving the rent of it this minute, for the money that Mr. Lee defrauded Mr. Longley of."

Harry made no reply to all this, but turned the conversation into another channel. The next morning, when he was ready to go into town, he said, carelessly to Fanny:

"My dear, I would not go out to-day, if I were in your place—that is, to make calls. If you want to take the air, you had better walk out over the fields, or take the omnibus, and come down to the counting-house, and see me."

"Yes, Harry, I should like that, of all things, to come and see you. But why mayn't I make calls to-day? Not that I want to, dear, but then—I should like to know?"

"Yes, you genuine daughter of Eve!" laughed her husband, kissing her. "But never mind now. I will tell you some time." And he went.

During the morning, as Fanny sat alone by herself, sewing, a knock at the door was heard; and immediately, Patty, the neat little house-maid, ushered in two ladies whom the young wife recognized as Mrs. Wells, and Miss Wickham; the former a tall, stately-looking dame, with an impressive and gracious manner, and the latter a good-natured, and extremely girlish young lady of thirty. They had come to chat with dear Mrs. Martin a moment, only just a moment! and they really couldn't stay. No, thank dear Mrs. Martin, but they *couldn't* lay aside their bonnets, any way in the world, because they were in *such* a hurry.

"It was a lovely morning—yes; how glad they were she had come to reside in the neighborhood! they had felt confident, from the first, that they should like her extremely. And they were in hopes she would like to reside here; they were sure *they* would do everything in their power to make it pleasant for her." And Fanny was quite overcome with their kindness.

"What pleasant, open-hearted people I have come among!" she said, mentally.

Well, they—the guests—were sure she had a sweet little place here—the loveliest, absolutely, in all M—. But then, after all, it was one half in the taste and means of the occupants, that the real beauty of such an estate lay; and they were sure dear Mrs. Martin had the most perfect taste in the world.

A pause.

Presently—"had dear Mrs. Martin seen Mrs. Bromleigh?"

"Dear Mrs. Martin," had not.

"Ah, Mrs. Bromleigh was such a lovely woman! and, indeed, quite the leader of the *ton* here in M—. They supposed she would share her throne now with Mrs. Martin—if not give way entirely; and dear Mrs. Martin would be so pleased to know her!"

"Then the lady is very agreeable?" asked Fanny.

"O, excessively so; and so aristocratic! Mrs. Bromleigh had spent the last winter in Paris. They say she lived in splendid style there. Very wealthy, O, immensely wealthy!" in an impressive and solemn voice; "though—to tell the truth—if they were quite sure dear Mrs. Martin would never—*never* mention that they told her? the late Mr. Bromleigh was—a butcher!"

They—the guests, again wondered if the Kingstons had called on "dear Mrs. Martin?"



"No, the Kingstons had not done her that honor."

"O, well, that was not to be minded! for they were such proud, odious people! a great deal too good, in the estimation of themselves, to mingle with their neighbors. For *their* part—that of the guests—they didn't think such exclusiveness looked well, at all!"

And after Mrs. Lee, and two or three other equally unoffending people had been talked over, and pulled to pieces, and "dear Mrs. Martin" had received the proper quantum of flattery, they rose to take leave. And, at the door, they were obliged to add the postscript of morning calls in general, by standing fifteen minutes longer to talk. And, among the rest of the items, they said that Mrs. Martin must be sure to call soon; they should expect her with the utmost impatience; but they believed, at least, they had heard, that Mr. Martin seldom visited. They were so sorry for that! but surely he would make an exception in favor of the M——ites! He must bring his wife to see them, and take tea, and spend a good long evening. He really must let "dear Mrs. Martin" visit just as much as she pleased.

"O, yes," Fanny hastened to say, completely won by their tenderness; "Harry was not at all averse to her visiting as much as she pleased, but he says, you know," charmingly blundered the little wife, in the most innocent way, "he does dread to have me get up these gossiping acquaintances, that a quiet neighborhood like this is sure to have! Harry does hate gossip, that is, ill-natured gossip, as heartily as I do. But I see you are in haste; I will not detain you. Good morning!"

Poor, unconscious little Fanny! how that blind shot struck home!

Tea-time came again, and with it Harry. "Fanny, my dear, you didn't come down to see me to-day?" he said.

"No, Harry, for I had Mrs. Wells and Miss Wickham in this morning, and it was so warm this afternoon."

"More neighbors?" The young man's merry brow slightly clouded. "I hope, if they were more of Mrs. Longley's stamp, that you haven't committed yourself by being drawn into their whirlpool of scandal!"

"Dear Harry, what do you mean?" was her astonished query. "Mrs. Longley's—scandal?"

"Exactly. For Mrs. Longley said several very abominable things about the Kingstons. And who do you think the Kingstons are?"

"I don't know, I'm sure, Harry, do you?"

"This Mr. Isaac Kingston—Josiah, you call-

ed him—is one of my lamented father's oldest friends; and one whom he prized highly. Mr. Kingston has called on me, to-day, and is coming, with his wife, to see us this evening. He only discovered, to-day, what my name was. I spoke something about having heard his name mentioned, and he answered that he did not doubt it; for a greater set of busy-bodies than this place contains, he never saw; and he and his wife have shut themselves out of their reach."

"Only think, 'Harry!' was all Fanny could utter, for surprise.

"Yes, and that is not all. The story of Mrs. Longley, concerning Mr. Lee and his wife, was almost entirely false. Mr. Lee did fail, it is true; but he owed Longley only two hundred dollars, and paid fifty cents on the dollar at that; while the house which Mrs. Longley claims as her property, was settled on Mrs. Lee by her aunt, long before the failure, with the proviso that she never should part with it at any cost, but keep it for a home for herself and her children, in case misfortune should ever befall them. I met Mrs. Lee to-day, and asked her to come and see you. Who do you think *she* is?"

"More wonders? I don't know, Harry."

"Sister Ada's old school companion, Laura Marsh."

"O, is it possible, Harry?" exclaimed the delighted wife. "Dear Laura! so that was the Arthur G. Lee, whom I heard she married? and I haven't seen her for all these years!"

"I thought last night, when you mentioned the name to me, that it was familiar to me, or had been so, on 'change, and I was resolved to ascertain the truth of Mrs. Longley's story. I inquired of Mr. Grey, and heard all about it from him."

"O, that dreadful Mrs. Longley!" said Fanny. "How can I ever believe what people tell me again? She seemed so honest, and so ill-used!"

"And so confidential," added Harry, with a merry smile. "Let this teach you a lesson, my little wife. Confidences that are so easily bestowed, you may depend upon it, are never worth much; and you may value the one who bestows them accordingly."

"And I thought Mrs. Lee and the Kingstons were such terrible persons, too," said Fanny; "I never could have spoken to them in the world, thinking of them as I did. But O, dear, that dreadful Mrs. Longley! and Mrs. Wells, and Miss Wickham! They both told me—I don't know how much, to-day, about different people whom I have never seen. What shall I

do? I never want to see those women again. And I thought they were so beautiful!" and Fanny was half-crying.

"Well, never mind, Fanny dear—never mind. Let us have tea now, and forget all about these disagreeable affairs; and then you shall sit and talk with me until our neighbors come in to see us; our true neighbors, Fanny!"

Our pretty heroine had to pay dearly for those "confidences." In less than a week, she heard from all quarters, that Mr. Martin was a most despotic husband—a perfect tyrant; that he had utterly forbidden his wife to visit a single neighbor, and kept her under his own eye continually; while some even went so far as to say that he was a most desperately jealous man, and that was at the bottom of his treatment. Harry Martin had merriment enough, from this, to last him his lifetime; and though his pretty wife laughed till she cried, at so absurd a fabrication, yet she declared it quite a serious matter, after all. But the best lesson of her married experience, was taken from her neighbors.

#### CALIFORNIA STYLE.

Not long since, a German was riding along Sansome street near Sacramento, when he heard a pistol shot behind him, heard the whizzing of a ball near him, and felt his hat shaken. He turned and saw a man with a revolver in his hand, and took off his hat and found a fresh bullet hole in it.

"Did you shoot at me?" asked the German.

"Yes," replied the other party; "that's my horse; it was stolen from me recently."

"You must be mistaken," said the German, "I have owned the horse for three years."

"Well," says the other, "when I come to look at him, I believe I am mistaken. Excuse me, sir; wont you take a drink?"

The rider dismounted, tied his horse; the two found a drinking saloon near by, they hob nobbed and drank together, and parted friends. That is the California fashion of making acquaintances.—*California Pioneer.*

#### A BEAUTIFUL ALLEGORY.

A traveller who spent some time in Turkey, relates a beautiful parable, which was told him by a dervise, and which seemed even more beautiful than Sterne's celebrated figure of the accusing spirit and recording angel. "Every man," says the dervise, "has two angels, one on his right shoulder and another on his left. When he does anything good, the angel on his right shoulder writes it down and seals it, because what is done is done forever. When he has done evil, the angel on his left shoulder writes it down. He waits till midnight. If before that time, the man bows down his head and exclaims, "Gracious Allah! I have sinned, forgive me!" the angel rubs it out; and if not, at midnight he seals it, and the angel upon the right shoulder weeps."

#### LILLIE MINE.

BY CHRISTIAN KESLER.

Like placid waters sleeping  
In moonlight's pensive glow,  
A tender thought is creeping  
In brightness o'er her brow,  
My Lillie dear is weeping,  
Her cheek is all a-glow.

Each moonbeam lightly dances  
On features fair and sweet,  
And from her blue eyes glances  
Shoot—as the arrow fleet;  
Like a gossamer she prances  
Away with nimble feet.

I scarce believe that sorrow  
Could leave its shadow there,  
For sorrow's self would borrow  
A gleam from every tear;  
Would send the coming morrow  
A pleasure far more dear.

O, Lillie, wilt thou linger?  
O, Lillie, be mine own!  
No lark's a sweeter singer;  
Thy voice has round me grown  
Like thoughts that faintly linger  
When melodies are flown.

Come, come to me, my dearest;  
The shadows hide thy face,  
Thou lovest what thou fearest,  
The fondness of my game—  
Of pleasures 'tis the cheeriest  
Thy growing joys to trace.

Come, come to me, my blossom,  
And if thou fearest, hide  
Thy features in my bosom,  
Near to my throbbing side.  
Come, come to me, my blossom,  
My own, my lovely bride!

#### THE PRIVATEER.

BY FREDERICK W. SAUNDERS.

"I don't know," said Grummet, as he laid down the paper from which he had been reading "further particulars" of the foreign news, "I don't know but what it's all right and proper to do away with privateering, but I doubt it. I may be wrong, for an old privateersman, like myself, is apt to be prejudiced in favor of ancient customs; still, it cannot be denied, that private enterprise in time of war is a great saving to the government, and a sharp stick in the side of the enemy, inflicting an immense amount of damage upon his merchant marine, as well as crippling their ships of war, upon an occasion as we did, for instance, when I was in the little schooner *Caroline*. I have told you about that

cruise of the *Caroline*, haven't I? No? Then there is no better time to do so than the present. I take it your time is of no value:

"Soon after the commencement of the last war, it being rather hard times for merchant sailors, I went to work upon a farm a few miles from Newport, Rhode Island, in the employ of a gentleman by the name of Gordon. 'Squire Gordon,' as he was called, had been quite wealthy for the times; but, unfortunately, most of his property was embarked in maritime speculations, which were, of course, brought to an end by the war. His business operations, however, were so extended that it was impossible to close them up at once without an immense sacrifice—indeed, certain ruin—he therefore resolved to risk all upon a chance, and accordingly sent his ships to sea as in time of peace. As might have been expected, they were speedily captured by the enemy, and he found himself in his old age reduced to poverty—the farm upon which I was employed being the only property remaining to him.

"His son, Harry Gordon, was a daring, adventurous young fellow of some twenty-five or six—tall, well built, active, handsome, and withal as good-hearted a young scamp as it was ever my fortune to run athwart. From boyhood, he had entertained a passion for the sea, and at the time of which I speak had been for some years in command of one of his father's ships. The last voyage his vessel made—the one in which she was captured—he had resigned the command for the purpose of fulfilling a matrimonial engagement which had for a long time subsisted between himself and the prettiest, blackest-eyed, rosiest-checked little gipsy that ever surrounded and made prisoner of a gallant sailor.

"Everything was progressing favorably towards the consummation of the happy event, when old Gordon's losses commenced; every mail brought tidings of disaster, ship after ship was taken by the enemy, until, as I have said, the family was reduced to poverty. This was a severe blow for Harry, coming as it did at such a time, but like a noble-hearted fellow as he was, he determined, however painful it might be, the marriage should be postponed until he was able in some measure to retrieve his losses, for he had not the heart to take his dear little Carrie from a home of luxury and wealth, to make her the wife of a beggar. True, Carrie's father, a noble-hearted gentleman as you will find between the north pole and the equator, generously offered to make a provision for his daughter, which would enable them to live in comparative

comfort until the close of the war, when he could readily obtain employment in his profession; but Harry was not the man to accept pecuniary assistance from his wife, or her friends, while he lived in idleness.

"I was a sort of confidant of both the lovers, and used to carry an infinity of little feeble-looking notes from one to the other, besides accompanying Harry when he called upon his darling—an event that occurred on an average about six times a day. I consequently had an opportunity of judging as to the state of their affections, and if those two young people weren't as deeply in love as it is possible for human beings, then I'll allow that I'm no judge of the article, and I've done some pretty powerful courting in my day, now I tell you, youngster, and ought to know a thing or two.

"At last Harry made up his mind to strike a bold stroke for fortune. Accordingly, taking me in tow, as usual, he went to communicate his plans, and take leave of Carrie. Their parting was all tears, white handkerchiefs and kisses, and occupied all the forward part of the night. As there was no particular necessity for me to be present, I wandered off toward the shore to await Harry's coming.

"It was a bright, clear, moonlight night, and I was amusing myself by gazing at the sea and whistling the 'Rogue's March in Saul,' when I fancied I heard the familiar sounds of blocks and ropes, as of some vessel underweigh. This was music to my ears, and I listened attentively, but the sounds were not repeated, and I came to the conclusion that it was all fancy. The incident, however, awoke a train of pleasant recollections, and the joyous scenes of a sea life came so vividly before me, that I almost resolved to quit my then course of life, and at once enter the naval service. It was therefore with no ordinary feeling of pleasure that I listened to the proposition which Harry unfolded to me when he had concluded his interview with his betrothed Carrie.

"'Joe,' said he, as he seated himself beside me on the beach, 'how should you like to go to sea again?'

"'Precisely what I was thinking of,' I replied. 'I intend to be afloat in less than a month.'

"'Because,' he continued, 'I shall be in need of a few good men, and I want you to ship them for me.'

"'You don't mean to say that you are going to risk another ship and cargo?' I asked, in surprise.

"'No; something better than that,' said he,

drawing an official-looking document, upon which I noticed a broad seal, from his pocket. 'If the moon gave a little more light, you would have an opportunity of reading a commission from government, to cruise for prizes.'

"'Privateering, eh? But where is your ship?'

"'O, that is taken care of; I have arranged everything. The vessel will be along in season; to-night, perhaps. But will you go with me?'

"'Wont I go? Give me an opportunity, and see.'

"Harry was proceeding to explain his designs, when the sounds that had attracted my attention before, were heard again, accompanied by the peculiar cry, half song, half shout, of the sailors, as they hauled upon a brace, or other running rigging.

"'By Jove! there she comes,' exclaimed Harry, springing to his feet, as from behind a projecting point of the opposite island a small topsail schooner emerged, ranged rapidly ahead and bore up into the wind, shaking the sails to deaden her headway preparatory to mooring.

"The rattling of hanks and running gear sounded musically over the water, as the heavy fore and mainsails slid swiftly to the deck, and the distant order to let go the anchor was distinctly heard, followed by the plunge of the heavy mass of iron, and the prolonged rumble of the cable, as it rushed through the hausepipe; then the same sound at short intervals, as the men payed out another range, which the schooner refused to take. At the same time the sails had been snugly stowed, and feeling the check of her ground tackle, she swung gently round to the tide, and all was still.

"The spectacle of a vessel being brought into port, moored and made snug, in a seamanlike manner, is an interesting one, even to a landsman; and to us, who were passionately fond of our favorite profession, it awakened emotions of enthusiasm.

"'There, Joe,' said Harry, as the last sound from the vessel died away upon the still night air, 'what do you think of that for a bold cruiser? All we require now is to have her well manned, and for that I must depend upon you. Take the yacht at once, and proceed up the bay as far as Providence, stopping at the intermediate places, and drum up as many good men as you can possibly induce to join us. None but good sailors, mind you; we can't afford to take apprentices at present. In the meantime I will put the schooner in order, and get her armament on board. We sha'n't have much of a battery, certainly; but we must make

the best of what we have. Now go; lose as little time as possible, for remember, I am placing myself entirely in your hands. This vessel is my last hope. If by any delay in procuring men, she is forced to remain in the bay until some British cruiser takes a fancy to look here, I am a ruined man.'

"'Give yourself no anxiety as to my share in the enterprise,' I replied. 'In forty-eight hours I will have half a hundred as good men on board as ever laid a splice or rove a gun-tackle purchase.'

"'Only do so,' said Harry, wringing my hands, 'and I shall owe you more than life.'

"The flood-tide had just, began to make, the wind was middling fair for a run up the bay, and the bright moonlight was decidedly in our favor; for at the time I was not any too well acquainted with the lay of the land. Accordingly starting up Black Tom, one of the farm servants—for whom I entertained a special regard, as he was a daring, go-ahead fellow, and withal a capital sailor—to accompany me, I got the yacht underweigh, and sped swiftly on my course up the beautiful Narragansett.

"My recruiting expedition proved highly successful; but little more than twenty four hours elapsed before I was on my return trip with seventy-five as good seamen as you will find above water. A shorter time would have sufficed to procure that number of men, for sailors were plenty at that time, there being no merchant marine to employ them; but I was particular in my selection, taking none but men with whom I had sailed, or such as could give an unexceptionable account of themselves. I tried hard to get a good and experienced gunner to take charge of the 'long tom,' which I made no doubt would form the principal offensive armament of the schooner; but in this I was unsuccessful, much to the delight of Black Tom, who professed to be as good a gunner with heavy artillery as could be found in the royal navy. Never having witnessed a display of his skill, I was rather disposed to doubt the somewhat extravagant narration of the wonders he had performed. However, as no better person could be procured, I decided that he should be captain of the gun, subject, of course, to the approval of Captain Gordon.

"Embarking my men in such boats as could be obtained, we started to return. Light and baffling winds prevented our making the speed we could have wished, and it was within an hour of sunset before we reached the appointed rendezvous. As we rounded the island, and came suddenly in sight of the schooner, a cheer

of admiration burst from the whole party. She was, indeed, as neat a little craft as I ever saw upon the water. Her long, low hull was beautifully moulded, with a sharp bow and long, lean run. It was evident she would come as near to putting the wind's eye out with her flying jib-boom-end, as any craft that floated, while her great breadth of beam indicated that sail might be carried as long as the canvass held to the bolt-ropes; her hull was painted perfectly black, with the exception of a narrow streak of bright red extending on a line with the water from the bow to the taffrail; her spars and rigging were in keeping with the hull; the masts, larger than usual for a vessel of her tonnage, were of great length; and the lofty topmasts, raking far away aft, were crossed by heavy yards for the immense topsails. The ordinary standing rigging was also of unusual size and strength; in addition to which, preventer-braces were rove and preventer-backstays and guys set up in every situation where their aid could by any possibility be required; in short, the schooner was in perfect order either to go into action or encounter a hurricane.

"The men were evidently highly pleased with their vessel, as indeed they had good reason to be, and having satisfied ourselves with a view at a distance, we pulled rapidly alongside, and sprang upon her deck with as much impetuosity as if we had intended to take her by boarding.

"Harry, dressed in a neat and becoming uniform, was pacing the quarter deck with the air of an admiral, and looking the very ideal of a bold privateer chief. Having mustered the men in the waist, I went aft and reported myself. Harry grasped my hand with a look expressive of the utmost gratitude; then turning to the men, and assuming a dignified and rather severe air—for he was a strict disciplinarian—he addressed them:

"My lads," said he, "the expedition upon which we are bound will be one of danger, hardship, and probably of death, to some among you. I shall therefore expect each man to be a hero, and to act as if success depended upon him alone. Our object will be to make prizes of the enemy's merchantmen, in the pursuit of which we shall undoubtedly encounter some of their ships of war. As a means of offence, we have the thirty-two pounder amidships, and the carronades upon the side. For defence, we must trust to our heels—and I think the schooner can out sail on the wind anything in his majesty's service—and the skill with which you can use the musket and boarding-pike. The prize-money

shall be fairly and honorably distributed, but remember, it must be captured before it can be distributed. If any of you have the least hesitation about proceeding upon this cruise, now is the time to make it manifest and return to your homes; hereafter you will not have the opportunity, and the first man that flinches before the enemy shall be treated as an enemy, and cut down with as little mercy. Finally, my lads, I wish you to bear in mind that this vessel shall never be surrendered, if escape is impossible. I will blow her into the air sooner than strike my flag."

"This speech was received with cheers by the men, who were not at all displeased with the spirit and sentiments of their young commander, for they saw in his determination an evidence of success. The crew was now divided into quarter watches, the boatswains and other petty officers chosen from among their own number; Black Tom confirmed in his appointment as captain of the big gun, and myself elevated to the dignity of first lieutenant. These necessary arrangements being accomplished, an anchor watch was set, and the men sent below to their hammocks that they might be refreshed by a good night's rest, as it was the intention of Captain Gordon to get underweigh with the first glimpse of daylight.

"As morning dawned, I was awakened by the shrill sound of the boatswain's whistle merrily piping all hands to heave up anchor. Hastening upon deck, I found the men tumbling up the hatchways in high spirits, yet orderly, and with the quiet discipline observed on board a man-of-war. A portion of the crew manned the windlass and hove short, while others loosed the sails and stretched the halyards across the deck. This accomplished, Harry came upon deck and issued the order to 'heave up.' The windlass flew swiftly round to an animated song from the whole crew, and soon the anchor was sighted and fished, the jib was run up and the schooner's head fell rapidly off from the wind, the fore, main, and both topsails were mastheaded, and we began to hear the water rippling under our stern.

"Square the yards! ease off the fore, main and jib sheets!" thundered Harry, who always took command and issued all orders when upon deck, without regard to whose watch it chanced to be at the time. The little craft, gathering headway, dashed off before the wind with all the grace, if not the velocity, of a sea bird, and we were fairly underweigh.

"The sun rose brightly, the sky was without a cloud, the wind was fair, our vessel sailed even

better than we had hoped, and all things seemed ominous of a successful cruise. The breeze freshened as the morning advanced, and in less than two hours Block Island lay broad off our starboard beam. We now braced up, taking the wind—which was a little to the eastward of north—just forward of the beam, and stood out to sea, our course being due east, until we could clear the eastern end of Nantucket, when it was our intention to bear up to the north'ard and east'ard in the track of vessels sailing between Great Britain and the provinces. The greater part of this distance had been accomplished, and two hours more would put us fairly out to sea. This was better fortune than we had any reason to expect; for the British cruisers hovered continually about the coast, and the greatest danger we had to apprehend was in falling in their way before getting far enough at sea to be able to run away from them. Once at sea, and we should be comparatively safe. Harry and myself were leaning over the weather-rail, watching the motion of the vessel through the water, and congratulating each other upon our success thus far, when the lookout at the masthead startled us with the unwelcome cry of 'Sail ho!'

"Where away?" asked Harry, with an exclamation of vexation and disappointment.

"Dead ahead, and coming down toward us," returned the lookout.

"What does she look like?"

"Topsail schooner, near as I can make out; and English at that, judging from her rig. She carries no pole above the eyes of her to gallant rigging; that's a regular Johnny Bull touch, and is what makes their ships look so squat and chunked."

"The approaching vessel was on the opposite tack, and coming down upon us rapidly. Although there was not much to fear from an enemy no stronger than ourselves, yet it was for our interest to avoid an engagement, for we might be crippled so badly as to fall an easy prey to the first ship we encountered. Had it been possible, we should have hauled sharp on the wind and soon run her out of sight; but to the windward lay Nantucket, and before we could clear the eastern extremity she would be up with us. The only alternative was to keep away to leeward; but to run in that direction was nearly as bad as to fight, for to the south'ard we should be almost certain of falling in with heavily armed vessels.

"After some hesitation it was decided to keep away, and the order was about being given to square the yards, when the lookout again start-

led us with 'sail ho, broad off the lee beam! Upon looking in the direction indicated, what was our surprise and consternation to behold within a distance of less than ten miles, a heavy square rigged ship, under a cloud of canvass, beating up towards us. Having been so intent upon watching the movements of the schooner, this new adversary had until now entirely escaped our notice.

"By the powers, Captain Gordon!" said I, as I began to comprehend the extent of our danger, 'I think we have managed to get ourselves into rather warm quarters here, with the island on one hand, a ship of the line on the other, and a vessel quite as strong as ourselves coming down upon us in front. I think the game is up with us.'

"Harry made no reply for a moment, but taking his glass he looked long and earnestly at the island and the two approaching vessels; turning to me, with a peculiar smile, he said:

"Joe Grummet, my fine fellow, I don't wish to flatter you, but I will say, no man living has a better heart than beats under that dirty, blue shirt of yours; but for all that you will never make a good commander, never; take my word for it.'

"There was no time to question as to what course he intended to pursue, for the schooner was now almost within range, and lowering her foresail, and throwing her fore-topsail to the mast she awaited our approach. We were going at the rate of at least twelve knots an hour, heading midway between the island and the schooner. Without deviating, we kept upon a straight course, with as little apparent concern as if there had been no enemy in sight. For myself, I was at a loss to comprehend what it was his intention to do. It certainly appeared to me that our only safe course was to put the schooner about, retrace our course, and endeavor to make Newport harbor; but he, apparently, thought otherwise, for he still kept on, heading so as to bring us within a mile of the brigantine, which was now laid-to with the evident intention of beating us back should we attempt to pass, thereby throwing us in the power of the line of battle-ship, which would be within range in less than an hour, if the wind held, and there was no reason to suppose that it would not.

"Our men, although full of enthusiasm, were evidently anxious and concerned, as with scarcely concealed impatience they alternately turned their eyes upon the foe, now so near, and upon their young commander, in expectation of some order; but he, cool and unconcerned, paced the deck, leisurely, smoking his cigar.

"Our bold advance obviously occasioned no little surprise on board the brigantine, and caused them to change their plan of attack, as they soon filled away their main-topsail, came about, and stood upon the same tack as ourselves, but some three points nearer the wind. Could we have kept to the windward also, all would have been well, and we would soon have run them out of sight; but the island still stretched for a long distance ahead upon the weather side, effectually preventing our escape. A few minutes sufficed to show that our vessel was a much better sailer than the brigantine; but she was still ahead, and upon the course we were then running she would in a short time cross our fore-foot.

"In silence, and with anxious curiosity, we watched the approach of our enemy, who apparently intended to work to windward and lay us by the board. This appeared so evident to the men forward, that no little uneasiness was manifested at the absence of any measures to repel an attack of that kind; indeed, they were upon the point of going aft in a body, to demand an explanation of the course we were pursuing, when a small cloud of white smoke puffed forth from the weather bow port of the brig, and the next instant a round shot sang shrilly through our topmast rigging, and plunged into the water beyond, throwing up a column of spray.

"Just as I expected, by Jove!" exclaimed Harry, rubbing his hands in joyful excitement. "That fellow will keep away soon, depend upon it, now that he finds himself within range. He thinks to maintain a good safe distance, and amuse himself with cutting away our spars, when he can take us at his leisure; but he'll find himself mistaken in that particular, or I'm no judge of the strength of this good schooner; these spars were never intended to be cut away by carronades at long range."

"The brigantine, as he had predicted, almost immediately fell off three or four points, making her course precisely parallel with our own. Our superior sailing qualities were now very perceptible, and we were rapidly drawing abreast of the brigantine, when the order was given to clear away the guns. The men sprang to their posts with alacrity, and Black Tom, with his ebony countenance expressive of the most intense enthusiasm, examined, for the hundredth time, every part of the rigging of his favorite piece, that there might be nothing to obstruct its free working.

"The few minutes that elapsed before we came exactly abreast of each other, was passed in breathless anxiety. All eyes were directed

toward the enemy, when a slight commotion upon her deck announced that we might expect a commencement of hostilities. Suddenly a broad sheet of flame burst from the brigantine, completely enveloping her in the thick, white smoke which shot from her ports from stem to stern. Another instant, and the iron storm burst upon us. The crashing of bulwarks, and the dull, heavy plunge of the balls, as they buried themselves in our spars, while splinters flew thick and fast around us, for a moment held us spellbound; then the thundering report, as the sound came slowly up to us from the leeward, was mingled with the cries and moans of our own wounded. Quite a number of our men had been more or less injured by the splinters. While they were being taken below, the state of the spars and rigging was examined. To our joyful surprise we found that very little damage had been sustained; with the exception of a few shot through the sails, and the loss of our fore-topmast backstay, which had been cut away by a chain shot, there was nothing of importance. Several shot had buried themselves in our spars, but as I have before stated, they were of such unusual size that a single shot at long range could affect them but little.

"These facts being ascertained, we had time to look for the brig. The broadside had materially deadened her headway, while at the same time we had been shooting ahead with increased velocity, and were considerably in advance as well as to windward. Our men were burning with impatience to avenge their comrades, and had it not been for the large ship which was doing her utmost to come up with us, I think Harry would have engaged the brigantine at once. As it was, however, it would have been folly to reply to their broadside, it being evident that their guns were of much larger calibre than our own, giving them the advantage of having us within their range, while they were out of ours. Our long tom, certainly, would have bored them through and through, but it would have been worse than useless to deaden our headway by firing, when a few minutes would suffice to place us beyond their reach.

"Could we sustain their next broadside without injury to our spars, we were safe. It was therefore with intense anxiety that we watched their preparations for another discharge. These were quickly completed; the brigantine yawed widely, and a second time was sheeted fore and aft with the death-dealing flame. Our men being too much excited to take any precautions for their own safety, stood watching the shot as they came down upon us, ricocheting over the

water, or rising high in the air, as they were directed at our top-hamper; but shot after shot plunged into the water short of us, while only two or three came on board, with their force so far spent as to be of little effect. A deafening cheer rose simultaneously from the whole crew, as the last shot passed harmlessly over us. We were now out of range, and, better still, had nearly cleared the island. It was at our option whether to fight or run.

"All eyes were now turned upon Harry; the men were hardly disposed to leave without firing a single gun. Harry read their thoughts in their enquiring glances. For a moment he hesitated; then catching the enthusiasm, he gave the order to clear away the long gun. Never was order more promptly obeyed; Black Tom was in ecstasies. The immense piece was speedily charged and trained to bear upon the chase.

"Do your best, Tom, and try to cut up their rigging a bit," said Harry, as the negro laid his black face upon the breech of the gun, and glanced along its polished surface.

"Ay, ay," Massa Gordon, I'll show 'em how it's done. Dese white trash tink ole Tom don't know nuffin 'bout a gun; I'll show 'em."

"Having taken what seemed an unnecessarily long time in sighting the piece, Tom stepped quickly aside and applied the match. A jet of flame, a thundering report, shaking the little schooner to her keelson, and we anxiously watched the effect of the ball. It was impossible to tell whether it struck the brig or not; no rigging fell, no splinters were seen; but still we had not seen it fall into the water. The general impression was, however, that it had passed over and fallen into the sea to leeward of the chase.

"An exclamation of disappointment broke from Harry, as he cast a threatening glance toward the poor negro, who seemed completely thunderstruck at his want of success, after the many stories of his wonderful skill. Without raising his eyes to meet the angry looks of his shipmates, he busied himself in reloading for a second discharge. Once more the gun was trained, and Tom stooped to take sight. Glancing along the bright tube for a moment, he fixed his eye upon the brig, when suddenly springing from the piece, he threw his hat high into the air, and yelled out in a perfect ecstasy of delight and enthusiasm:

"Ya, ya! no hit him, 'eh? Ole Tom nobody, aint he? Jis look at dar ar brig!"

"As he spoke, we saw the brig's fore-topmast totter for a moment, then plunge heavily to the deck, carrying in its fall the head of the main

topmast. A more complete triumph Tom could not have wished, and the glance of contempt and conscious superiority which he cast upon us all was something to be remembered for a life time.

"Well done, my black prince—try them again!" shouted Harry; in his excitement hitting Tom such a slap on his back as almost to deprive him of breath.

"Tom once more sighted the gun and applied the match. This time the course of the ball was apparent, as it was fired low, and skipped over the surface, entering the bulwark by the knight heads, throwing the splinters high into the air, and raking the brig fore and aft. By the sharp, metallic ring, as the ball struck, we knew that some of her guns were dismounted. A constant fire was now kept up with the big gun, Tom making splendid practice, every ball telling with great effect.

"What say, my lads, shall we take that craft?" exclaimed Harry, as a more than ordinarily successful shot carried the brig's mainmast close to the deck, leaving her completely helpless upon the water.

"An enthusiastic cheer was the response. The schooner was immediately put about, and with a free wind we ran down toward her. A few minutes brought us within hailing distance. The effect of our fire had been really surprising. Of the twelve carronades which she carried, there now remained but five that were not dismounted.

"Do you surrender?" thundered Harry from his station in the main rigging, as we ranged up alongside the brig.

"A feeble cheer was the only answer. It could scarcely be expected they would surrender with a very good grace when a ship of the line was almost, if not quite, within range, and coming to their rescue.

"Stand by for a broadside!" said Harry, in a tone loud enough to be heard by the enemy. Then once more hailing the brig, he called out:

"Haul down your colors, or I'll blow you out of water!"

"With a spirit worthy of admiration, the brig replied by giving us the contents of her few remaining guns, which, however, did us but little damage, as they were badly aimed.

"Fire!" shouted Harry; and with a deafening roar our whole broadside was poured in upon them.

"Ready about, and give them the other side!" was the next order; but it was not executed, as a voice from the brig called out:

"We have surrendered."



"Our helm was put hard-up, and in a moment we were alongside. Cutlass in hand we poured over her rail and took possession. The captain of the brig advanced and presented his sword; but Harry drew back.

"What have you of value on board, sir?" he asked, in a stern and threatening manner.

"We have our arms, sir," replied the captain of the brig, with dignity, again presenting his sword.

"Your arms, eh?—and is that all?" continued Harry, a second time repulsing the proffered weapon. "Come, I have no time or inclination to parley while yonder ship is overhauling us so rapidly. What else have you?"

"The officer was silent.

"With well-feigned rage Harry turned to his crew with the order to convey the prisoners below, close the hatches upon them, and place a slow-match in the magazine, to blow the ship and her company into the air together.

"Had there been any probability of this threat being carried into execution, there is no doubt but our men would have promptly refused to obey the command, but well understanding that the proximity of the enemy's ship was the only reason for resorting to such a desperate mode of intimidation, they sprang with apparent fury upon the defenceless crew, and were rapidly hurrying them below, when one of the men with a fainter heart than the others, broke from the grasp of his captors, and throwing himself at Harry's feet, begged in piteous accents that his life might be spared, offering to disclose where a large amount of specie was stored.

"This, of course, was all we desired, and instead of putting the prisoners below, a portion of the crew hurried them over the side and into their boats, while the rest were busily engaged transferring cask after cask of the precious metals from the brig to our own deck. While this was taking place, Harry improved the opportunity to apologize to the English captain for his rudeness; but an apology was scarcely required, as he must have seen that, under the circumstances, prompt measures were imperatively demanded.

"Our men worked with a will, and in an incredibly short space of time everything of value was removed, and the brig's crew were pulling away with their wounded toward the approaching ship. All being accomplished, a train and slow match was laid to the magazine, the brig fired in half a dozen places, and we once more braced up our yards and stood out to sea. Nor were we a moment too soon; the ship had come up so rapidly while we were lying by the brig,

as to have us fairly, within range, and we were in reality in as great danger at the moment as at any time through the day.

"We had scarcely left the brig when the ship opened upon us with her bow-chasers. Shot after shot passed through our sails and rigging, doing much damage. A single well aimed shot striking any of our spars would have placed us entirely at their mercy; but with our light fore-and-aft rig, we were much more than a match, on the wind, for the cumbersome square sails of the ship, and in a short time we were well out of range.

"The ship perceiving the folly of chasing us farther, laid her main-top-sail to the mast to pick up the boats containing the brig's crew. By this time it had become quite dark, and the bright flames as they shot up from the burning vessel lighted the ocean for miles around. Suddenly an immense and blinding column of flame shot up to a tremendous height in the air, followed by a terrific explosion, and the next moment but a few charred and blackened timbers remained of the gallant vessel.

"Although the damage we had sustained was comparatively trifling, yet in consideration of the prize taken, it was decided to go into port to refit. Accordingly standing boldly out to sea until it became so dark that our movements could not be discerned from the ship, we doubled upon our course, and with a leading breeze stood back toward Newport harbor. At sunrise, next morning, our little craft was lying at anchor in her old mooring grounds, having been gone upon her cruise something less than twenty-four hours.

"When the prize money was distributed, it was found that the amount of treasure very much exceeded what we had anticipated, the brig having a very large amount on board for the supply of British troops. I should be afraid to tell you how much fell to the share of the private hands, but it was a pretty sum. Harry, of course, as owner and commander, took the lion's share, which enabled him to provide a sumptuous entertainment for the whole ship's company, when a week later he had us all up to the house of his father-in-law, to be present at his wedding.

"The little schooner made another still more successful cruise before the close of the war, but as that was the only occasion of her having any very serious brush with ships of war, I have mentioned it to show, that although privateering is falling into disrepute, yet they may, and have been, great help to government, while they at the same time make a pretty thing for themselves."

## THE MAY-BASKET.

BY MRS. CAROLINE A. SOULE.

A low, silvery laugh came floating down the green lane which skirted the garden of Mr. Herbert, and then there rippled, over the balmy evening air, a song as clear and joyous as the rich notes which gush from the throat of a bird at sunset. Anon a slight, delicate-looking girl came tripping along, her white cape-bonnet slung carelessly upon one arm, and a light wicker-basket hung on the other, from beneath whose cover peeped out the greenest of mosses, long wreaths of ground pine, and here and there clusters of that sweetest and most beautiful of early wild flowers, the trailing arbutus, with its fairy-like blossoms.

In the May of life was that lovely girl, with her sun-colored tresses falling in luxuriant waves over her snowy and finely-moulded shoulders and neck, with her brightly beaming blue eyes, her rose-tinted cheeks, and her full scarlet lips. The sunshine and joy of the elegant home to which she was hastening, was sweet Nell Herbert; and though a shadow for years had trailed its dark, spectre like figure over the hearth-stone, the anthem had blended even with the notes of the dirge.

The crimson lights of the western sky had faded entirely ere the young daughter turned from the gate to enter the house, for a fine manly form had stayed her quick step, while soft, melow-like tones had whispered a beautiful greeting. But as the firm footfalls grew faint in the distance, she hurried in, and drawing her low rocker close to the fireside, commenced weaving a light, gipsy-like basket out of the pine, binding in tufts of moss with a rare grace and skill, and then wreathing the handle and rim with the crimson edged blossoms which she had so carefully culled from their hill-side home. A middle-aged lady, whose cast of face would have charmed a stoic, sat near, watching closely the slender fingers as they flew in their task, while a fine-looking man, whose locks seemed silvered with care rather than years, often put by his paper and glanced tenderly at the flower-maiden.

"Finished!" cried she, at length, with a joyous laugh; "is it not beautiful?" and she proudly passed it about.

"As fair a May-basket as will be hung out to-morrow, I ween," said the mother, as she inhaled the fragrant breath of the blossoms; while the father, pressing a kiss on the sunny brow of the graceful maker, whispered that it made him feel young again only to look at it, and he said

he half wished it were to be fastened to the latch of his own front door.

"Do you, dear father, well—if—" She hesitated, a deep blush making crimson her cheeks.

"If it were not for a certain young lawyer a little way off, the old father should have it," said Mr. Herbert, in a gay tone; and then relapsing quickly into the saddened one that had become habitual to his lips, he added: "No, no, dear Nell, keep not the basket for me. Life, like the year, can have only one May. The blossoms of mine were as bright as your own. Heaven grant that the fruit of your autumn be more golden than mine." He sighed as he spoke, gave an earnest yet troubled look to a painting that hung in a recess, and then bowed his head and covered his face with a quivering hand.

Carefully the young girl laid aside the floral offering, and then as gently stole to his side, clasped her arms about him, and caressed his damp cheeks. The mother, too, stole near, after a little while, and the trio were wrapped in a warm embrace. Then, when all were somewhat calmed, they knelt down, and a voiceless prayer went up to heaven.

With the first golden streak of daylight, the beauteous Nell darted from her couch, and soon, with her May-basket in hand, tripped lightly down the gravelled garden walks, up through the verdant lane, across the narrow path worn in the meadow, and the yet narrower one traced in the bit of woodland, till she came in sight of a home as spacious and elegant as her own. Swiftly she passed up the broad avenue that led to its marble steps, and hastily fastening the gift, the love-token of her guileless heart, upon the silver knob, she bounded off with the fleet step of a frightened fawn. Reaching her own gate, she lingered awhile beside it, watching the brilliant flashes of sunlight which gleamed in the east, and making the balmy air, in the meanwhile, vocal with the joy of her gladsome spirit. Not until the broad golden disk was fairly above the horizon did she turn to enter the house, but a wild cry of surprise then burst from her lips as she beheld, suspended by a broad white ribbon to the knob of the hall-door, a large wicker-basket, covered with a blanket of the finest and softest snowy merino, richly embroidered with a pattern of oak leaves and acorns. Instinctively, Nell touched the delicate covering to draw it aside; then reflection stayed her fingers, and she rushed rapidly towards her parents' chamber.

"Father, mother, come quickly. Here is a mystery. O, do make haste."

Half in terror, half in wonder, they appeared in the hall. Eagerly she led them to the porch.

"A strange May-basket this," said Mr. Herbert, as his eyes rested curiously upon it. "What do you fancy, Nell, lies underneath this princely blanket?"

"May I see, father?" asked she, eagerly, and ere he could answer, drew it aside.

"The innocent, the beautiful, the darling," were the endearing epithets that fell in rapid succession from her lips, as she beheld, quietly sleeping upon a pillow of down, a tiny babe, over whose soft cheeks not more than three moons could have beamed. "You will keep it, wont you, dear father?" exclaimed she, with girlish fervency. "O, do say that you will—it is so fair, so sweet. Dear little one, how could your mother have spared you so early?" And she knelt down and impressed a passionate kiss upon its lips.

Gently did her mother raise it from its little bed and fold it to her heart. "We will keep you, little one, and look upon you, too, as a godsend to the hearth soon to be left so lonely;" and pleadingly she gazed into her husband's eyes.

Just then the babe awoke, and as its first glance fell upon Mr. Herbert, who was standing close beside it, a smile of angelic beauty dimpled its face, and its slender white arms were extended towards him.

"Winsome one," said he, tenderly, as he took it from his wife, "do you, too, say keep me. It would be a hard heart that could resist that mute appeal. I baptize you into my love, sweet babe;" and he pressed his somewhat wrinkled cheek to the tiny one of velvet softness.

And then they sought some clue to its name and parentage. There was a delicate coral necklace about its neck and bracelets of the same fastened upon its wrists. Upon the golden clasps of each, the name "Lily" was inscribed, and upon the linen that was folded over its bosom, was written in fine characters the same saintly word. A small parcel was hidden under the soft pillow. A change of garments was enclosed within, and a golden locket of exquisite make, on the one side of which was pictured a lovely face, half girl, half woman, while upon the other lay a braid of hair, a blending of two locks, the one of raven hue, the other of pale gold. Further than this, naught could be found. And so the little one was christened "Lily," and ere long was an idol to every member of the household.

To Nell, she was particularly dear, for, like most girls, when they themselves have been the youngest, she had a passion for a babe. "Were you my own sister," she would often say, when toying with the beautiful child, "I could not

love you more. Heaven bless the one that sent us our May-basket."

Months passed away, and the anniversary of its birth to its new friends came on. Towards twilight of that day, as Nell sat beside it on the rug, tossing its playthings to and from it in wild glee, a louder, sweeter carol than before, gushed from its lips. Ere the dimples of the laugh had hid themselves, Nell chanced to gaze from the tiny face to the painting in the recess, and a thrilling cry burst from her.

"Mother, mother," said she, "do look at Lily and then at brother Will. Is she not like him? O, how nearly. Strange that I never noticed it before."

"Hush, Nell, for Heaven's sake, hush," said Mrs. Herbert, mildly. "Do not say aught about it, in your father's presence. He worships the babe, as we all do, but I fear he would soon give it another home, did he for one moment guess what I have."

"What you have, mother! What do you—what can you mean?"

"I hardly know, my daughter. Yet there is something in my heart that tells me this child is not a stranger's. Your brother loved a noble and beautiful girl, but her friends forbade their wedding, and I could not blame them, for he was not then one to whom a maiden could safely have been bound. It is three years since we have heard from him, you know. What has happened is all unknown. But the strange, the wonderful resemblance that sometimes plays upon that baby's face, goes to my heart. But say not a word of this to any one. The child is worth our love, whether a stranger's only, or a brother's and a son's."

Dearer than before was the infant now to the heart of Nell, and every day, it seemed to her, the resemblance between its tiny features and those of the noble boy portrayed upon the canvass, grew more and more striking. Many a furtive glance did she direct towards her father, as he sported with their Lily, to note if there was aught in his countenance to testify that he, too, had detected the wonderful likeness of the two. But his whole heart seemed to be absorbed in the babe that nestled on his knees, and Nell could never see that he gave a thought to the portrait of that son, who had been so hopeful in his boyhood, so wayward in his later years. But once, happening to enter the parlor with a noiseless footfall and voiceless lip, she beheld him, with the little one in his arms, standing close beside the painting, turning his eyes rapidly from the living to the pictured face, his own, meanwhile, alternately shadowed and smiling.

Then she saw him clasp Lily more passionately than usual to his bosom, and flood her little face with tears. A new and beautiful hope sprang up in the heart of the loving sister and child, and she went to her chamber and on bended knees blessed God for the ministry of little children.

Four other years, with their sunshine and their shade, passed over the heads of Lily and her adopted relatives; mostly sunshine were those years, for, though Nell in the second of them put on her bridal robe and went away to brighten another fireside, yet she went no further than that beautiful home to which she had once borne her May-basket, and every day her footsteps echoed in the parental halls, and her voice lent glee to its spacious rooms. And in the third year, there blended with her own the pattering footfalls of a bright-eyed boy, to whom, to the gladness of them all, the grandparent, when asked what they should name it, clasped it to his heart, and murmured "my bonnie Will." And never did he seem so happy as when he sat in his old arm-chair, dandling the noble grandson on his knees, and telling marvellous tales to the sylph-like Lily who nestled at his feet.

It was the fifth anniversary of their May-basket's gift. The little babe that then slept on its downy pillow had grown to be a very fairy of a child, with ringlets of the golden hue of sunlight clustering over her fair brow and shoulders, with eyes as blue and lustrous as the violet at morn, cheeks like the heart of a wild rose, lips like the scarlet strawberry, and a form which, in fragility and grace, might vie with the swaying stem of the flower whose name she bore.

The afternoon was fast closing, when Mrs. Herbert looked up from her sewing, and observed to her husband that it was growing late and time Lily was at home, adding, after a moment's pause: "Had you not better go and meet her? She will stay gipsying in the cave till sunset, else, and these dews are too chilly for her slender health."

Putting aside his paper, Mr. Herbert rose and walked to the gate. But even as he unlatched it, there rippled on his ear her joyous laughter, and soon she came in sight, holding by the hand, though, a strange, yet lovely woman.

With charming grace, the lady placed the tiny hand of Lily in her adopted father's, and said, pleadingly, in a voice as low and sybil like as the faintest echo of a wind harp: "Pardon me, sir, if I have caused you a moment's anxiety by the detention of your child. I met her a straying in your woodland, and the resemblance she bore to a babe I lost some years ago, prompted

my woman's heart to pour upon her golden head the tenderness so long repressed." She quivered in every nerve with agitation, and could only support herself by grasping at the railing.

Mr. Herbert trembled almost as wildly. A vague fear shot through his heart. "If his darling should be claimed, torn from him!" He staggered under the thought, and would have fallen, but that the lady gently passed her arm within his own and led him to a summer-house that stood near the gate.

For some moments, both were silent. Then the stranger spoke again. "This little Lily is not your own, but an adopted child, I learn?"

There was no answer. The old man only pressed the little one yet closer to his heart.

"Yes," said the lady, "you found her five years ago to-day in a wicker-basket which was tied to the silver knob of your hall-door with a broad white ribbon. She was covered with a merino blanket of lamb-like color, the edges of which were embroidered with a wreath of oaken leaves and acorns. She had corals on her neck and wrists, and the name 'Lily' inscribed on both, and upon the linen that was folded on her bosom, the same name was written in a lady's hand. In a little parcel that lay beneath the pillow was a change of garments and a golden locket. Say," and she grasped her listener's hand with almost maniac eagerness, "do I not tell the story as it was?"

"Ay, ay," muttered he. Then he added, in a loud, firm tone: "Yet this proves nothing. Any neighbor would have told the same."

"Have you the locket, sir?"

"It is within."

"Will you bring it here?" Nay," as she saw he hesitated whether to take or leave the child, "carry her with you. I will not ask her of you—of your own free will you shall give her up, or else keep her forever."

"My husband, my husband," screamed Mrs. Herbert, as she saw him unlock his cabinet with a hasty hand, "what ails you? you are a ghost in color. Say," and she clasped his arm, "what is the matter—what has happened?"

"Come and see," said he, wildly; and she went with him to the summer-house. A single glance at the beautiful stranger revealed the foregoing scene. "The lady of the locket!" she exclaimed, and sunk tremblingly upon a seat.

"Yes, the lady of the locket," said the stranger, throwing aside her bonnet and drawing out the silver combs that were fastened in her hair. In luxuriant waves of raven hue it fell upon her neck, and, save that the face about which it clustered was more womanly than the pictured one,

the miniature was as striking as though the sun had drawn it.

"May I take it for a moment?" said the lady, offering her hand for the golden links. They passed it to her. Lightly she trailed her fingers over the rich chasing of the edge, then pressed a little upon one of the delicate lines. Like an unsprung watch, it opened, and a folded paper dropped. She motioned Mr. Herbert to pick it up, and whispered, "read it aloud."

He did so, she, meanwhile, falling at his feet, and bowing her head upon his knees. For one moment, there was a fearful struggle in the old man's heart. It passed, and the stranger felt his hand laid kindly on her brow, while the words "my daughter, my daughter," fell like heavenly music upon her ear.

"Father, mother, child," she murmured, and rising, clasped them alternately to her heart.

"And William?" asked the mother, all tremulous yet.

"Is there room for him in your hearts?" spake a voice from a cluster of tangled lilacs beside them. Those rich, mellow tones! How eloquent they were!

"Room? *always, ever,*" breathed the father. Ere the words were fairly uttered, there was another added to the group, and upon every face a strange, mysterious blending of tears and smiles. \* \* \* \*

A low, silvery laugh came floating down the green lane which skirted the garden, and ere long, a joyous song rose and fell in notes of thrilling melody.

"Sister Nell," said William.

"Ay, sister Nell," repeated she, a moment after, as she laid her sunny face upon his breast. "Sister Nell and her May basket;" and turning to her husband, who stood outside the lattice-work, she took from the wicker carriage he had drawn there, her own "bonnie Willie."

The tableau was perfected then. The crimson lights of sunset have seldom fallen upon one more joyous. "Destiny, out of sadness and darkness, juggled up a sudden tree of Life and Love, and gave them the golden apples of the Hesperides."

YOUTH.—Bestow thy youth so that thou mayst have comfort to remember it, when it hath forsaken thee, and not sigh and grieve at the account thereof. Whilst thou art young thou wilt think it will never have an end; but behold, the longest day hath its evening, and thou shalt enjoy it but once; it never returns again; use it, therefore, as the spring-time, which soon departeth, and wherein thou oughtest to plant and sow all provisions for a long and happy life—*Sir Walter Ralgh.*

#### SAGACITY OF THE ARCTIC BEAR.

On one occasion, a bear was seen to swim cautiously to a rough piece of ice, on which two female walrus were lying asleep with their cubs. The wily animal crept up some hummocks behind the party, and with the help of his fore feet loosened a large block of ice; this, with the help of his nose and paws, he rolled and carried till immediately over the heads of the sleepers, when he let it fall on one of the old animals, which was instantly killed. The other walrus, with its cubs, rolled into the water, but the younger one of the stricken females remained in its dam; upon these helpless creatures the bear now leaped down, and thus completed the destruction of the two animals which it would not have ventured to attack openly.

The stratagems practised in taking large seals are much less to be admired. These creatures are remarkably timid, and for that reason always lie to bask or sleep on the very edge of the pieces of floating ice, so that on the slightest alarm they can, by one roll, tumble themselves into their favorite element. They are exceedingly restless, constantly moving their heads from side to side, and sleeping by very short naps. As with all wild creatures, they turn their attention to the direction of the wind, as if expecting danger from that quarter. The bear, on seeing his intended prey, gets quietly into the water, and swims till he is leeward of him, from whence, by frequent short dives, he silently makes his approaches, and so arranges his distance that at his last dive he comes up to the spot where the seal is lying. If the poor animal attempts to escape by rolling into the water, he falls into the bear's clutches; if, on the contrary, he lies still, his destroyer makes a powerful spring, kills him on the ice, and devours him at his leisure.—*Voyages to the Arctic Sea.*

#### NOVEL ARITHMETIC.

An Ohio correspondent becomes sponsor for the following, which as a matter of fact, he wishes to put on record: Whittaker is one of the richest men in those parts, and has made his money by driving sharp bargains. His hired man was one day going along with a load of hay, which he overturned upon a cow. The poor thing was smothered to death before they could get her out. Her owner, Jones, called upon Mr. Whittaker the next day, and demanded payment for the loss of his cow.

"Certainly," said Mr. Whittaker, "what do you think she is worth?"

"Well, about ten dollars," said Jones.

"How much did you get for the hide and tallow?"

"Ten dollars and a half, sir."

"O, well, then you owe me just fifty cents."

Jones was mystified, and Whittaker very fierce in his demand, and before Jones could get the thing straight in his mind, he looked over the money.—*New York Tribune.*

Unbridled youth, the more it is by grave alliance counselled, or by due correction controlled, falleth to confusion, hating all that brings it from folly, as the cypress doth all remedies that should make it fertile.

## THE MEMORY OF THE PAST.

BY FOLEY JOHNSON.

Though the bright light of hope may find  
 An entrance in the breast,  
 And point us to futurity,  
 And smile our fears to rest;  
 Yet even the pure smiles of hope  
 In clouds are sometimes cast;  
 They cannot pierce the sombre veil—  
 The memory of the past.

It haunts the heart like spectres grim,  
 It waits the light of day;  
 It stamps dark furrows on the brow,  
 And makes the soul its prey;  
 It is the worm that dieth not—  
 It gnaweth to the last;  
 And none a greater curse can know,  
 Than the memory of the past.

## THE LETTER AND THE REPLY.

BY MRS. N. T. MUNROB.

"See what a mere apology for a letter!" said Mrs. Lewis, holding up a letter she had just received from her husband; "not a word more than is actually necessary, as if the writing at all was a task the sooner rid of the better."

"Yes, that is just it," replied her friend, Mrs. Stuart, to whom she was now on a visit, "just my husband's letters exactly. Before we were married, the letters covered two full sheets of large-sized letter paper; now alas! what a falling off—a small-sized sheet is torn in halves, a few lines scribbled somewhat after this fashion:

"My dear wife:—I shall not be able to return home before next week on account of business. I hope you are well, and all the children. I am doing first rate—went out sailing yesterday.

"Yours truly."

"Now isn't it provoking?" said Mrs. Lewis, laughing at her friend's remarks; "but I will write him as good as he sends. Didn't I send him a good long letter, telling him everything I could think of which I thought would interest him, and now see what I have in return, not even a small sheet filled, and the words sprawled out as if to make the most of them."

"That's right, Susy, write a very ceremonious letter, beginning with, 'Dear sir,' saying you are enjoying yourself very much, and think you will not return at present; sign it, 'Yours respectfully—SUSAN LEWIS.'"

"That would be capital, and I am going to do it. I doubt not he is enjoying himself so much that he cannot find time to write to me. 'Out of sight, out of mind.' Surely these men are careless, heedless beings."

"Ah, they little think of our anxious moments and weary hours," rejoined Mrs. Stuart, in a sentimental tone.

"Pshaw!" said Mrs. Lewis, looking at the letter again and posing her pretty lip. "Business eternally—just as if it would have taken him much longer to fill the paper, and tell me what he was doing and many other things I wish so much to know."

"He might at least," said Mrs. Stuart, who seemed to delight in making the matter as bad as she could, "he might have told how he missed you and longed for your return; might have been a little more lover-like, might he not?"

"Just so, ah! the difference between a lover and a husband."

"A world of difference surely. Heigho, and most admirably portrayed by letters. Now a lover's letters are things to be treasured up, and thought of, and kept sacred from prying eyes, but a husband's, at least, my husband's, contain nothing, to repay the trouble of filing them away; and should curious eyes read them, they'd learn nothing but his whereabouts, perhaps, the state of his health, and the probability of his return home."

"I am determined," said Mrs. Lewis, "to write him a letter showing him I can be as cool and as brief as he can be. It will be a capital joke. 'Dear sir! what will he think has come over me? and when he looks at the signature, 'Yours respectfully,' ha, ha!"

So the two friends laughed merrily over the letter that was to be, and then turned the conversation to other subjects.

Mr. Lewis sat in his room before a table filled with papers. Care and anxiety were on his countenance, and he often pressed his hand to his forehead as if in pain.

The door opened, and one of his business friends entered.

"Well, how do you get along, Lewis?"

"Badly enough," said he, gloomily.

"The case is worse than you thought at first?"

"No worse than I feared it might be, though still I hoped it might not be so bad."

"Who would have thought Stafford would have served you such a trick?"

"Ah, we know not with whom we are safe. I have seen the time I would have trusted him with untold sums, and now what is he?"

"But shall you be able to go on with your business?"

"I hope to be able to do so, if my creditors will be willing to wait. I will give them my word that they shall be paid, as indeed they all be, though I should be obliged to work day

and night to do it. However, I am glad for one thing, my wife is not here just now, and will not know of this unhappy affair till it is all settled."

"Still her presence and sympathy might be a comfort to you; you are looking like the shadow of yourself. I should say she is the very person you need."

"But Susy is nervous and excitable, and I fear this affair might prove an injury to her. I wrote to her but the other day, and I suppose she thought the letter cold and hurried, but I felt very miserable, I dared not write what was in my mind, and I could think of nothing else."

A servant entered and gave him a letter. "My wife's handwriting," said he, as he opened it. He read it in a very few moments, for it was very short. Ah! little thought the writer, as in sport she penned that letter, that so sad a face would bend over it, or that those cold, strange words would fall upon such a weary heart.

"What can it mean?" said Herbert Lewis to himself. "How unlike Susy is this letter. I don't understand it."

His friend seeing that something in the letter troubled him, and having too much delicacy to inquire the cause, soon withdrew.

"She says she is enjoying herself, that she has no wish to return, and indeed shall not at present. She seems very cold and strange, quite unlike herself. I cannot at all understand it."

Now there came up to Mr. Lewis's mind the thought, that insanity was hereditary in his wife's family. He was himself nervous just then; having slept but very little for three or four nights, and taken scarcely any food, he was in precisely the state to let such an idea possess him. Yes, his wife was certainly insane; she was of a nervous temperament, something had occurred of an exciting nature, and she had lost or was losing her reason. His gentle, affectionate wife would never have written him such a strange, cold letter, had she been in her right mind. The thought was dreadful to him. What cared he now for the loss of his property, the treachery of his partner! All former griefs were lost in this last overwhelming affliction.

His wife insane! And he had been thinking this day how he wished she would return, for he longed to lay his weary head upon her bosom and tell her all his trouble, he wished her sympathy, her gentle presence and the touch of her cool hand on his burning forehead. And now how could he bear this? The awful idea, vague and uncertain as it at first seemed, the longer it was thought of appeared more probable, till in his weak state it grew to a certainty; and if any

one had asked him that moment concerning his wife, there is no doubt but he would, with tears in his eyes, have informed them of her insanity.

What should he do? He could not go to her at present, and perhaps even if he could, it would not be advisable; he would write to her, taking no notice of her strange letter, and he would also write to her friend, to inquire if she had noticed anything strange in Susy's appearance. No, on second thoughts he would not write to her friend, but he would send his friend, Mr. Jones, whom Susy had never seen, to ascertain personally how she was, and to let him know.

So the next day he spoke to his friend upon the subject, telling him his fears; and his manner was so confident and impressive, that he had not a doubt of the lady's insanity, and promised to do all he wished, to make an excuse to stay two or three days or a week in the town, and to call at Mrs. Stuart's as often as he could.

Mrs. Stuart and her visitor sat in the drawing-room chatting merrily.

"When do you expect to hear from your husband, Susy?"

"I can't say, perhaps he'll be offended and not write at all. Do you know I almost repented writing that letter? Perhaps now he'll feel badly about it."

"O, don't you believe it, it may perhaps excite his curiosity, or he may perhaps write a more agreeable letter the next time, thinking that you were a little offended at his cold epistle."

"I am afraid it was more of a punishment to myself than to him, for I had many things I wanted to tell him which have been troubling me ever since. But I would have liked just to have seen his face when he read 'Dear sir—Respectfully yours—SUSAN LEWIS.'"

And both the ladies laughed. While they were in the midst of their merriment, Mr. Jones was announced. He bowed to both of the ladies; then turning to Mrs. Lewis said: "I am the bearer of a letter from your husband, he wished me to call upon you, and inquire personally concerning your health."

"Had he any particular anxiety in that respect?" said she archly, and glancing meaningly towards her friend.

"O, I don't know," said Mr. Jones, fearful that he might commit himself, "I don't know that he had; he did not say—he merely wished I should call, as I should be in town some days, and as I came directly from your place of residence, he said," and he bowed very politely, "that a call would without doubt be agreeable to you."

Mrs. Lewis returned the bow as in duty bound,

and said she was very much obliged to him for his attention. She then opened the letter, and as she was reading, Mr. Jones watched her narrowly. She did not appear like an insane person certainly; and if left to himself the idea would never have entered his head. After reading the letter, she turned to her friend, and said rather potentially:

"It is about the same as ever, but little improvement as I see," and she tossed the poor, offending message into her work-basket.

Don't be too sure, Mr. Jones, of the fair one's sanity. What could the remark, the action, and also the glance towards her friend, what could they all mean?

"Have you seen Mr. Lewis lately?" said Mrs. Stuart, who saw that Mrs. Lewis was not inclined to talk, and who felt that some one ought to speak.

"Yes, I saw him the day that I left."

"Was he well?"

"I thought him not-looking so well as usual." Mrs. Lewis made a quick, nervous motion of her head. "He has been more than usually engaged in business of late."

Mrs. Stuart asked a few more questions, and a short, and rather forced conversation ensued, in which Mrs. Lewis took no part, but sat perfectly silent and still, saving a quick, nervous motion of her foot upon the carpet.

"She behaves strangely," thought Mr. Jones, and he began to feel more and more sorry for his friend. He now rose to take leave, and Mrs. Stuart, seeing that her friend was determined not to be agreeable, attended Mr. Jones to the door, and politely requested him to call again.

"Carrie," said Mrs. Lewis, when he had gone, "why did you ask him to come again?"

"Why, Susy, common politeness required me to do that."

"I don't care for common politeness," said she, the quick tears coming to her eyes.

"Why, what ails you, Susy? what was there in the letter to affect you thus?"

"There's not much in the letter," said she, "that is certain; but I can see through it all. Herbert is jealous or something of the kind, and has sent this Mr. Jones as a spy upon me."

"O, nonsense, Susy, that is your imagination."

"It is a fact, Carrie. I wish I hadn't written that foolish letter."

"Don't feel so badly about it; what if he is a little jealous? it betokens that the case is hopeful. I should like it all the better, but really I see no reason why you should spite poor Mr. Jones in such a manner?"

"It is not what Herbert says directly in the letter, but I can see, for he is of such an open nature it is impossible for him to keep things to himself; and I can see that he is ill at ease about something, and something which concerns me! and I know that he wishes Mr. Jones to call here as a spy upon my actions. Now I don't like to be watched like a child, or as if I wasn't capable of taking care of myself. Now do you wonder that I did not treat the gentleman very politely?"

"If I were you, I should be tempted to get up a little flirtation with him, just for the sport of the thing."

"It wouldn't be a bad idea, but I have no heart to carry it on."

That evening Mr. Jones wrote to his friend, that he had visited Mrs. Lewis. At first he saw nothing to warrant his fears, but after a little while a few words she let fall, and the strange manner she received his letter, led him to think she might not be just right; still a person wholly unsuspecting would see nothing wrong. He would call again to-morrow.

He did call the next day. The ladies had company, and Mrs. Lewis was the gayest of all. Mr. Jones could but admire her. Then she had rather an excited look about her eyes, and her quick and rapid motions betrayed her nervousness. She treated him more politely than she had done the day before, urged him to stay when she found he was going, and asked him to call again.

The report that evening was that Mrs. Lewis was not a hopeless case, she seemed excited and nervous, nothing more.

The next day Mr. Jones called again and found Mrs. Lewis alone. Away from company and excitement she seemed quiet, although with a little constraint in her manner. She did not converse easily at first, but as the conversation turned from commonplace topics to literature and poetry, he noticed that she grew animated, and the old excitement came to her eyes. Mr. Jones was very agreeable, a lover of poetry and painting, and indeed a good talker on most any subject, and they became engaged in a very pleasant conversation.

He saw that the subjects upon which they were conversing excited her, and he should have avoided them, but he was interested and admired the enthusiasm of her manner, and thought if she was insane, she was a splendid specimen of insanity.

So matters went on, and in the meantime poor Mr. Lewis worried with anxiety, and worried with business, wore himself into a fever. He made out to write to his friend, telling him not



to inform his wife of his illness lest it might make her worse.

Mrs. Lewis wondered that she received no letters from her husband, and attributing it all to poor Mr. Jones, grew cold and distant to him. He felt pained and distressed, though he looked upon the change in her manner as a symptom of her disordered mind.

One day when he met her alone he asked the cause of her treating him so coldly. She was silent. He pressed the question. She answered by abruptly asking him why she had had no news from her husband. He started at the suddenness of the question. She repeated it, and asked at the same time if he had had no letters. He hesitated. She saw her advantage and enjoyed it.

"I understand you, Mr. Jones; it is as I suspected at first."

"Mrs. Lewis, I pray you be calm, do not get so excited."

She laughed aloud. "I am not at all excited, I am perfectly calm, but I see your motive in coming here, and I saw it at first. My husband sent you."

He could not deny it. He put his hand upon her arm, and speaking soothingly again bade her be calm.

She was vexed at his manner, and flung his hand from her.

"What motive he had in sending you I cannot discern, but whatever it was, I have a right to know and must know. Can you tell me, sir?"

Her bright eyes grew brighter as she looked at him. Poor Mr. Jones expected every moment she would go into wild ravings, but she stood there silently waiting his answer.

"Whatever his motive may have been, madam, be assured it was for your good."

"For my good!" said she, scornfully. "Did he think me incapable of taking care of myself, or did he think I was not to be trusted?" And her bright eyes grew moist and liquid in their anger. Mr. Jones wished himself miles away, but he stammered out:

"Be assured he did not distrust you, he only wanted to know—exactly as one seeing you could know—and as he could not come himself on account of pressing business, he sent me."

And here he stopped, for Mrs. Lewis's face was perfectly startling in its scorn and anger. At length she spoke, and her voice was low, but full of passion.

"Wished to know exactly—could not come himself—and so he sent you—a fine mission truly. Business indeed! everything before his wife, even though he feared all was not right."

"Yes, madam," said he, catching at the words, "he feared all was not right."

She brushed away the tears which had been gathering in her eyes, and stood up proud and erect before him.

"He feared it, did he? well it is time then I were at home to prove to him that I am not the miserable being he is so cruel as to think me." And she turned and swept from the room with the air of a queen.

Mr. Jones stood looking after her. "Well, I don't know what will happen now, but she has worked herself into a perfect passion."

The next morning when Mr. Jones with many misgivings called to see Mrs. Lewis, he was told that she started for home the night before.

"Did she go alone?" he inquired.

"She did."

"Was it safe?"

"Why not? She came alone."

"But was she well? I noticed yesterday that she was not so well as usual."

"I saw nothing particular the matter. Her going home was rather sudden to be sure, but she had not heard from her husband for some time, and was rather uneasy concerning him."

Mr. Jones went to his hotel, packed his trunk, and took the next train for home.

"Is Mr. Lewis at home?" inquired Mrs. Lewis of the servant who opened the door for her.

"Sure, I'm glad you are come, marm, for master is very sick."

"Sick," said she, "and why was I not sent for?"

"I can't tell, marm, we wanted you bad enough, but master would not have you sent for, he said it would only worry and excite you."

"'Tis very strange," thought she to herself as she hurried up stairs. The anger which was in her heart when she started for home, all died away at the first news of her husband's illness, and when she went into his room and found him there so pale and sick and feeble, she went up to him, and kissing him affectionately said:

"Herbert, why did you not send for me?"

With his weak hands he lifted her face from his bosom, and gazing at her very fixedly said:

"My poor Sary."

"She looked bewildered. "What do you mean, Herbert?"

"How do you feel, my dear?"

"Perfectly well," said she. "Don't I look well? But how you must have suffered! only to think of your lying here so sick, and I away. Why did you not send for me?"

"I feared you were not well. Have you been perfectly well since you have been gone?"

She looked amazed. "What could have led you to think otherwise?"

He was silent; she did not like to urge the question, though wondering what all this anxiety concerning her health could mean. He lay for a while gazing at her with a wistful, inquiring look, and at last he spoke:

"Susy, why did you write me that letter?"

"Why just for sport, I was sorry afterwards. It was naughty, wasn't it? But I was a little vexed because your letter was so short and hurried, and thought I would repay you in this way. But what did you think?"

"I was very unhappy."

She bowed her head upon his hands and said humbly, "I ask your forgiveness, Herbert."

"You did not mean to make me unhappy it is true; but just then I was worried and perplexed with business, which I must speak of by-and-by. I had not slept for some nights, and was very nervous and imagined dreadful things. Susy, I thought you must be crazy to write me a letter like that, and I was very miserable. To satisfy myself, I sent my friend to ascertain the truth."

"Well, did he not tell you to the contrary?"

"He said you were nervous and excited, but that one unsuspecting of the case would not guess your insanity. Then I was taken sick and wrote to him not to let you know of it, as it might make you worse."

"That explains then, Mr. Jones's hesitation, and singular behaviour. I judged from your letter that you suspected something, I could not think what, and had sent your friend as a spy upon me, and I felt very angry knowing my innocence of aught wrong. When I did not hear from you I grew uneasy, accused Mr. Jones of acting the spy upon me, got angry with him and left him in a towering passion, no doubt fully justifying his suspicions of my insanity. But I am so sorry, Herbert, that all this should have happened just from this foolish letter."

"But I have other things to tell you, Susy. Promise me that you will bear well what I have to say."

"I will do my best."

"It is this. My partner has gone off, taking with him a large sum of money. By the kindness of my creditors I shall be able to keep on in business; but it makes me poor for the present, and straitened in circumstances. This care and anxiety was the cause of my short and hurried letters to you, it was no lack of affection."

"And this wish my hasty letter, was the cause of your sickness. How can I ever forgive myself?"

"I think however, I did wrong, Susy. I should

have been more open and told you the whole trouble. I should have had your sympathy, and you would have had no cause for writing such a letter, but I did not think you would bear trouble so well."

"I never have before had the trial. I can bear a great deal for those I love."

When Mr. Jones arrived, he was quite surprised to find Mrs. Lewis in such a calm and quiet state, watching beside the sick bed of her husband. She greeted him very cordially, saying she hoped he would excuse the impetuosity of her conduct at their last meeting.

He stammered and knew not what to say, not knowing in exactly what light to look upon her. Mr. Lewis took his hand. "My poor fellow," said he, "it was all the effects of my foolish imagination. I am happy to introduce you to my wife, who is I trust, perfectly sane—"

"And," said she, interrupting him, "very sorry for the trouble she has caused her husband and her husband's friend, whom she shall in future respect, and with whom she hopes to enjoy many more agreeable conversations."

It is needless to say that Mr. Lewis's recovery was now very rapid. He found that though one partner had deserted him, he had still one left who would not fail him in the hour of need. A few years re-established him in business, and it is thought he never had cause again to doubt his wife's sanity.

#### A BEAUTIFUL INSCRIPTION.

In Trinity church-yard, there is an inscription on a tomb, so singularly and affectingly beautiful, we cannot forbear to record it, and the emotions it awakened in the bosom of a stranger. It is an oblong pile of masonry surmounted by a slab stone, on which are deeply cut the following words:

"MY MOTHER!

*The trumpet shall sound and the dead shall rise."*

There are no other letters or characters to be found on the slab or pile. If there is one inscription in the thousand languages, that are, or have been, of earth, fitted to retain its sublime meaning through every period of time up to the resurrection morning, it is this. The writer seemed aware that names would be forgotten, and titles fade from the memory of the world. He, therefore, engraved the name by which he first knew her who gave him birth, on the stone—and the dearest of all names, that of MOTHER, shall sound a thrill through the heart of every one who may ever lean over this monumental pile. If any shall wish to know further of her, who had a child to engrave her most endearing name upon a rock, he is sublimely referred to the sounding of the trumpet and the rising of the dead, when he may know all.—*New York Mirror.*

Hope is like a bad clock, forever striking the hour of happiness whether it has come or not.

## TRUST WHEN THE SHADOWS COME.

BY RUTH E. STANTON.

There's many a witching, merry eye,  
That as Old Time's car rolls swiftly by,  
Mirrors the scene of some joyous gleam,  
That lives in the heart like a clear, lost dream.  
There's many a smiling, curving lip  
Life's roses touch with a roguish tip,  
That as pleasure's cup the days hold up,  
Sinks deep the bliss that o'erflows the top.

Dim shades creep over the merry eye,  
Fate throws ill as the gay go by;  
This gathered dust soon breaks joy's crust,  
The moths creep in, and the heart-gems rust;  
Gaze-lines steal round the curving lip,  
And the dimples fair from their niches slip,  
Gloom sleeps on the brow, there's no joy now—  
Trust was a stranger, its fires burned low.

When joys throng around us, and bright glows  
The way, 'tis not hard to remember who strews  
The fair boons we are craving, and guides  
So carefully onward our bark—If He chides,  
If he dim one bright hope our hearts deemed so true,  
Then 'tis hard to remember who sends the ill too.  
'Tis hard these repinings, these sad thoughts to quell,  
To trust when the clouds come and say, "It is well!"

It is hard to believe the dark curtain of care  
Is swayed by the Power that all blessings are!  
We know that fresh showers nature's beauties unfold,  
The' they darken the skies, with their banners unrolled,  
But life's showers, tho' so needful, we scarce look to see  
What they are unfolding, so wonderfully!  
Ah, how blest the full heart, that tho' veiled with dark ill,  
Can trust when the shadows come, and say 'tis God's will.

## THE TRIUMPH OF LOVE.

BY M. M. BRAVNARD.

THE sun was setting in golden splendor, lighting up the village windows and causing the old church spire to flash and sparkle almost as brilliantly as it had done in the days long gone. Bright flashes occasionally gleamed amid the ivy that covered the old stone walls, as the last rays were reflected back from the deep-set, narrow windows, almost hidden by their leafy shroud.

That old church was the pride of every inhabitant of the parish of Hollingwood, the almost sole remaining record of the antiquity of their beautiful village. The old mansions of the few nobility that owned the parish had been kept in repair, and in some instances so modernized that it would have been difficult to decide when they had been built. The old church, alone, had escaped the destroyer's hand, and still rejoiced in its heavy whitewashed arches, stone pavement, tall pulpit and square pews, above which the heads of the congregation were just visible.

On either side of the chancel stood the large monuments of the family of the great man of the parish, great gloomy-looking figures, surrounded by innumerable angel faces, garlands and harpe, all discolored and dusty, but plainly displaying the old-fashioned inscriptions, which told the visitor the name and age of the Dame Judith, or of her father, Sir Norman, and many others of the family which nobody would feel much interest in, as the said Dame Judith and her sister were maids of honor to Queen Elizabeth, and died some two or three hundred years before you or I was thought of, dear reader.

There was no organ in the old church of Hollingwood, and the congregation were allowed to join their voices in praise to their Maker with a strength and devotion that would have astonished the inanimate worshippers of more refined churches. There were many fair faces and sweet voices in that congregation, but fairest and sweetest were the face and voice of Alice Brooks, the adopted daughter of the village blacksmith, the fairest maiden in Hollingwood.

Many were the admiring glances cast toward the high oaken walls of the pew above which that sweet face was visible, in strong contrast to the dark complexion and homely looks of old John Brooks and his wife; but Alice never raised her eyes from her book, unless it was to fix them on the old white-haired minister, so the young men of Hollingwood decided that with all her beauty Alice Brooks had no heart, and very wisely turned their attention to the more sociable if plainer beauties of the village.

But Alice had a heart, and a warm one, too; and if she treated their advances coldly, it was not through any disdain for the honor they would bestow upon her, but simply because she loved with her whole heart one who was the realization of all her maiden dreams of a lover.

Sad hour was it for thee, sweet Alice, when Henry Castleman came home to his father's, and sadder still when he wooed you under the shadow of the old willow, until your heart was no longer your own, and in your ignorance, you rejoiced that it was so, and gave no thought to the future.

The father of young Castleman was the richest farmer in Hollingwood, respected and beloved by his tenants, but feared in his own house and disliked by the neighboring farmers. In his capacity of church warden, he had always been the friend of the poor; and not content with the yearly charitable distributions that were made, he was always proposing some improvement or repairing that gave work to many, and helped to make him popular.

This would have been all very well, had it not attracted the attention of the great man of Hollingwood (every parish in England has its great man), who, pleased at the comfort and cleanliness everywhere apparent among the villagers, felt much satisfaction in showing Mr. Castleman how he appreciated his endeavors to improve Hollingwood, by frequently inviting him to his table, sending for him to give his opinions on any new farming experiment, and, in fact, doing much more than was necessary to insure the ill will of the less fortunate farmers in the neighborhood.

Mr. Castleman was a proud man, and looked with supreme indifference on those who sneered at his intimacy with the Earl of H.; and, in spite of the many predictions that it would soon end, he continued to visit at the Park and dine and walk with his lordship, and also to cherish some ambitious plans that, had they been known, would have made him still more disliked.

His wife, a pale, delicate woman, a sincere Christian, and a most affectionate wife and mother, took no interest or part in the plans of her worldly-minded husband, but strove to bring up her children in the right way as far as she knew how, and submitted with the best grace she could when her husband's opinion differed from her own, which was very often, and he always had his own way.

Henry, their only son, was not quite twenty at the time our story commences; he had come home to spend his college vacation, had met Alice Brooks, had won her heart, and given her his own, and only waited a favorable opportunity to ask his father's consent to receive her as his betrothed. Not a doubt of approval had crossed his mind until he opened his heart to his mother, and even then he could not believe that her fears were well grounded. His father had always been so kind, was so rejoiced at the letters received from those under whose care he had been, was, in fact, so confidential and kind, evidently treating him as a man, and no longer a boy, that with the blindness of young love, Henry could see nothing in the future but happiness and his Alice.

The poor child loved him with a strength and depth far greater than he ever imagined; for, naturally shy and reserved, she was not one to lavish caresses on one she looked up to as her superior in every way, and he, boy-like, though he would have been enraptured at a sisterly kiss or fond caress, was checked by her reserve, and though he almost worshipped her whom he knew was so gentle and good, he doubted, at times, the love that was so timid and shy.

Sixteen years before, Alice, then an infant of a few months old, was left at the door of Mr. and Mrs. Brooks one cold winter's night. No clue to her birth had ever been discovered, and the only explanation of her sudden appearance in Hollingwood was the report of some gipsies having been seen on the outskirts of the parish. The general opinion was that the child had been stolen, a conclusion that the beauty of its dress and the value of a small cross, suspended from its neck, went much to strengthen; but then why did they give her up? and why not have kept the cross? were questions easier asked than answered, and so her birth remained a mystery, and the little foundling was adopted by old John Brooks and his dame, and grew up to be their pride and joy.

The old minister and his wife had been much interested in the little stranger, and had spent much time and pains in instructing her in those things that seemed more fitted for her elevated and intelligent mind, than for the lowly station in which she was placed.

She was passionately fond of music, and Mrs. Lockwood, herself an admirable musician, took deep delight in seeing her favorite master difficulties with a patience that did fair to place her in the highest ranks of musical talent.

The instructions of her kind friends were improved on by Alice, and when she was sixteen, there was not a better educated young lady in the parish, not excepting the daughters of Lord H. They were accomplished and brilliant girls, but it was a false show, and beneath the outward glare of fashion and wit they hid dispositions anything but good. They were not beautiful, and the extraordinary loveliness and grace of the beautiful Alice prevented her to be disliked to a degree that at last prevented their visiting at the rectory, where her praises were sure to be sounded, and where they had frequently met the minister's favorite pupil. Alice had always treated them with the respect her high station demanded; but she shrunk from the sarcastic speeches and disdainful looks of the haughty ladies, and never left their presence without a painful feeling of humiliation at their contemptuous treatment. She was kind and pleasant with every one, but made no associates in the village, and was considered a rather proud girl by those who were the equals of her adopted parents.

The few weeks since her acquaintance with Henry Castleman had seemed like a bright dream, and as the time approached when he must leave her, the heart of poor Alice was filled with sadness at the prospect of lonely hours uncheered by the presence of him who had become so dear.

It was the night before his departure, and they had met for the last time for long, weary months. She had vainly tried to smother her grief, but when the parting came, restraint was useless, and with bitter sobs and tears she clung to him who had so suddenly disturbed the even current of her life.

His kind heart was deeply touched by this evidence of deep feeling in his usually calm and bashful Alice, and with renewed vows of love and faithfulness, a mutual promise to write often, one long embrace, the first and last kiss, trembling and gentle, but thrilling through every nerve, and they parted, parted for years, but with hope rising high in each bosom, and with fond anticipations of a happy meeting not far distant.

Alas for the hopes of youth! How rarely are they fulfilled! How little did they dream, that young man and maiden, that long, weary years would pass before they met, and that trouble and care would come and crush those light hearts, to whom sorrow had hitherto been a thing unknown!

It was with a light heart and step that Henry Castleman sought his father on the morning of his departure from Hollingwood. He had spent an hour in his mother's room, listening to her loving words of advice and motherly caution, and had told her his intention of communicating to his father the new hopes that had risen in his breast, and also ask his consent to receive Alice as the future wife of his son.

She had not entered into his plans with that approval that he expected, but he thought it was quite likely his fond mother felt a trifle hurt that a strange love should so quickly usurp the place she had so long occupied in his heart, and abruptly changing the subject, he strove to do away with the impression that she was second in his thoughts.

Sitting at her feet, with his arm round her waist, and her fingers softly disturbing the dark curls and pushing them back from his forehead, Henry felt how dear his mother was to him, and how much he owed her for all her care and anxiety for his welfare. Again he promised to remember her advice, to shun evil company and exciting pleasures, in fact, to be all she wished him to be; then, with a kiss and a fervent blessing, he left her to seek her closet, and there pour out her full heart and implore the protection of Providence for that dear and only son.

Mr. Castleman received his son with a kindness that augured well for Henry's hopes; but the mood changed when he, with some little hesitation and awkwardness, made known his re-

quest, and with a black frown and lowering look he listened to his story and the history of this, his first love. There was a moment's silence, and then Mr. Castleman, with a flushed face and angry voice, turned to his son and bade him forget all such childish nonsense, and never let him hear a word of it again.

"Is it for this that I have toiled and striven, to have my plans destroyed, my dearest hopes blasted, by an ungrateful boy, who fancies he loves a pretty face, and would sacrifice all his bright prospects to marry a gipsy beggar?"

"Father," and the young man rose up before his angry parent, "father, you know my Alice is no beggar, and for aught we know, may be of better birth than ourselves. I have told you that I love her; I have promised to marry her, and that promise I shall keep, with your consent, if you will give it, but with or without it, I shall certainly marry her."

"Boy, do not provoke me," was the hasty answer. "I have chosen your wife, and as such I insist on your regarding the Lady Harriet H. Forget this boyish passion, and all will be well; persist in it, and I will disown you, and your only inheritance shall be your father's curse."

"Father, father, do not say such bitter words;" and then, as the recollection of the many insults poor Alice had received at the hands of the ladies H. crossed his mind, he exclaimed: "I cannot marry that haughty girl; sooner would I leave home and friends, sooner would I die, than bind myself to such as her."

"Return to your studies, boy, return to your studies; you are not capable of judging what is best for yourself. Think on what I have now told you, and when next you visit your home, come prepared to render that obedience to your father's orders that it is your duty to pay and his right to receive;" and without another word the stern old man left the room, to give orders for the carriage to be got ready for his son.

Stunned and heart sick, poor Henry stood leaning against the window-frame, trying to collect his thoughts and to realize the utter disappointment of all his hopes. "Alice, my poor Alice, how will you bear this?" was the first despairing thought. Then came the humiliating recollection of his father's last words, and Henry roused himself to resist such cruel tyranny. "Never, never will I be made the tool of another's ambition, even if that other is my own father;" and strong in this determination, he left the room with a firm, proud step, kissed and embraced his mother and sisters, who were waiting to bid him "good-by" in the hall, shook hands with the old servants, sprang into

the carriage, and in a few minutes was out of sight.

It was with a bitter pang he looked on the old ivy-covered church, within whose walls he had first been attracted by the beauty and devotion of Alice, and where, Sabbath after Sabbath, he had listened to her sweet voice and joined in the responses so earnestly whispered by those innocent lips, until her seriousness checked him for his want of attention to the sacred duties, and he recalled his wandering thoughts and strove to make amends for his past neglect. The splendid mansion of Lord H. recalled his mind from those pleasant recollections, and as he gazed on its marble pillar and imposing front, he shuddered at the thought of sacrificing his gentle Alice, to wed the high-born lady whose heart was as cold and polished as the marble of her father's mansion, and renewed his determination never to consent to such a marriage, let the consequences be what they might.

After his son's departure, Mr. Castleman immediately set about the removal of Alice Brooks from Hollingwood. To effect this, he gave Mrs. Lockwood permission to tell old Brooks and his wife that a friend who felt interested in Alice had offered to send her to school, at the same time strictly forbidding her to mention his name, and putting a sum of money in her hands more than sufficient to defray all expenses.

His plan worked well, and when, at the end of a week, a letter came for Alice, it was with unmixed satisfaction that he took it from the office and placed it for safe keeping in his own desk. Six weeks after Alice left home, her adopted father was taken ill, and after lingering a few days, to the great satisfaction of Mr. Castleman, died, leaving his wife dependent on the kindness of some distant relations, and poor Alice to make her way in the world as best she might.

She had long wished to be a governess, and now the time was come when her wishes would be gratified. Mrs. Glover, the head of the establishment where she had been placed, felt much interest in her beautiful pupil, and promised to use her best endeavors to procure a situation for her. Mrs. Lockwood also promised to interest herself for her, and in her sorrow for the loss of her parents, Alice yet found comfort. It is true, she was pained and surprised at Henry's silence; and he, unable to account for his unanswered letters, at last ceased writing at all. Neither could account for the broken promise of the other, and coldness and distrust threatened to destroy the warm affection that had once filled their hearts.

Henry would have asked his mother to send

him some explanation, but knowing that his father read all letters, he feared to involve her in any trouble with him, and so made up his mind to endure the uncertainty, until he could clear up the mystery himself. Alice had never told her secret, and she guarded it with scrupulous care as the thought would cross her mind, at times, that her love was thrown away, that Henry's had been a boyish passion, or the amusement of his idle hours.

She was much beloved by her companions, and as the time drew near when she was to part from them, each one strove to show some new kindness to the gentle girl who always listened so patiently to the history of their troubles, explained difficult lessons, was equally successful in caring a head or heart ache, and in fact had made herself so necessary to all hands, that Mrs. Glover offered her very good terms to remain and assist her in her duties; but Alice was weary of the sameness of a school, her heart ached, and she longed for change. It is also possible that another motive might have some influence in inducing her to enter the world, in preference to remaining in seclusion.

Her history was known to all her companions, and they, with the romance that school-girls are so fond of, had always tried to persuade Alice that she would yet prove to be some great man's daughter, a very pleasing fiction founded on the elegant cross she always wore, and which they said clearly proved her respectable origin, setting aside the superbly embroidered robe and shawl in which the little infant had been wrapped. Added to all this, "no one ever saw such long white fingers as Alice had, and as for her foot, it was delicate and beautiful enough to have proved her of Spanish birth."

Mrs. Glover's young ladies were not far wrong when they tried to impress on their companion the fact that she was evidently of no common parentage. Her hands were moulded in the most exquisite form, white, soft and beautiful, her foot matched her hands, and there was an easy grace in all her movements, that was vainly imitated by her young companions.

Alice longed to solve the mystery of her birth, and was happy when the time arrived that freed her from the restraints of the school. She entered the family of Sir James Henry as governess to his little daughters, of the respective ages of eight and ten. Here she was received with kindness and treated with respect and consideration, and soon won the affections of Lady Henry, who learned to love and value her as a dear sister.

In this family, Alice appeared to feel quite at

home, adapting herself to their habits with a facility and ease extraordinary in a girl brought up in a country village, as she had been. Wealth and luxury appeared to be her proper atmosphere, and Lady Henry again and again declared her belief that her beautiful governess was born to occupy a much higher station.

Henry Castleman returned to Hollingwood to find it dreary and dull. He soon learned that Alice had left; and after visiting their favorite walks, listening for her voice in church, walking round the deserted house of poor old Brooks, and performing various other romantic but useless feats, he came to the conclusion that his native place was the most wretched spot on earth, and surprised his father one morning by coolly informing him that he intended to travel. Now, if Mr. Castleman had one antipathy greater than another, it was to foreigners and their habits. That a son of his should visit those hated French, or even worse despised Italians, was something more than he could think of with patience, and he very quickly gave his son to understand that he need not expect consent or assistance from him, in his foreign plans. To put a stop to these wandering fancies, he renewed his old project of a marriage with Lady Harriet H., and taking the moody silence of his disappointed son for consent, he proceeded to lay a proposal before the earl for the hand of his youngest daughter. After some little hesitation, and a great many questions and answers, the old nobleman's consent was obtained, and Mr. Castleman returned home with the pleasing consciousness of having succeeded in the one great purpose of his life.

Henry's feelings may be better imagined than described; his first impulse was to refuse to agree to his father's wishes, but calmer consideration decided him to let matters take their course for the present, and though he sighed bitterly when he thought of Alice, he tried to persuade himself that she was false, and it mattered little what became of him, or whom he married, as long as he had to give up all hope of her.

Lady Harriet received her father's commands with the most admirable composure and refined indifference, much to the surprise of the old earl, who had dismissed a favorite lover of hers some two years previous, a younger son, penniless, and with a very indifferent character, having the reputation of being both a dissipated youth and an expert gambler. Lady Harriet had expressed her determination at that time never to marry any one but Lord Charles S., and it was with much satisfaction that her father listened to her languid assurance that she was quite willing to

receive the addresses of the rich Mr. Castleman's son and heir. She listened with attention to her father's plans, and expressed her approbation of the project uppermost in his mind of getting young Castleman into Parliament, thereby raising herself fifty per cent. in his estimation, and securing his consent to a great deal of extravagance that she meditated displaying on the important occasion that would soon approach.

Lady Harriet was soon the most important person at Hollingwood Park. Weddings were of rare occurrence in the H. family, and of course this was to be celebrated with all due solemnity and pomp; and the bride elect assumed the most consequential air, and was waited on and consulted by her sisters, and admired and flattered by her new French maid, and almost worshipped by old Mr. Castleman, all which offerings she received with the greatest coolness and as her just due.

Poor Henry paid his daily visit, and always left with the conviction that he was of far less consequence, in the eyes of his bride, than the white satin wedding dress, or French bonnet, with its delicate plumes, or any other of the numberless fineries that engrossed her attention, to the utter exclusion of all other objects. He sometimes felt inclined to shake off the indifference that allowed him to be led forward to make engagements that his heart abhorred, but he felt so entangled that he did not know which way to clear himself, and so the months passed on, and Lady Harriet's birthday approached, the day which she had chosen for her wedding also. On that day, she came of age, and Henry, much against his father's wishes, had insisted on having her property settled on herself. He felt bound to marry her, but nothing would induce him to take any control over her property. She, herself, appeared quite indifferent about it, and never took the least notice of the proceedings until the pen was put in her hand, when she hastily signed her name, and hoped "there would soon be an end to such tiresome proceedings."

She showed no such indifference, however, to a paper presented to her by her father on the morning of her marriage. It made her mistress of a large legacy, bequeathed to her on condition that she should marry with her father's consent, and was by far the largest half of her property. She was evidently much pleased to know that it was all her own now, and more than once called Mr. Castleman aside and made him explain it to her, which he did with evident pleasure, rejoicing at this unexpected addition to her fortune of his fair daughter-in-law.

There was some delay, and a great deal of confusion; but at last the carriage started, and Henry Castleman had a vague idea that he was a criminal on his way to execution, and looked very pale and sad for a bridegroom. And Lady Harriet grew very uneasy, and looked frequently out of the carriage windows, and the village girls strewed flowers, and the crowd round the church stared with open mouth and eyes at the gay company that alighted from the different carriages, and they entered the church, and Henry felt that the long dreaded time was come.

There was the bishop, and on either side of him the rector and curate of Hollingwood; and there were others there, quite an addition to the wedding party, in the shape of four young men in handsome military uniform, who were strangers to the assembled company, and who observed Henry Castleman and his friends with some very inquisitive looks. The bride soon made her appearance, leaning on her father's arm, and followed by her train of bridesmaids, with their white satin dresses and wreaths of white roses.

The solemn service commenced that was to join those two young people together, and as the first words fell on his ear, Henry heard his heart beating so loudly that he almost feared the others would hear it too. Slowly and solemnly the old white-headed bishop repeated the opening passages of the service, but when he finished the sentence, "or else hereafter forever hold his peace," there was a quick movement among the strangers, and a loud voice exclaimed, "I can." At the same moment, Lord H. recognised the young nobleman he had so summarily dismissed, in the dashing looking officer now clasping the bride in his arms.

The clergymen closed their books, shocked at such disorderly proceedings, Henry stood stunned and overcome with his excited feelings, the young officer resisted the attempts of her father to take Lady Harriet from him, and with his arm round her, commenced to explain the cause of his sudden appearance.

"Release my daughter!" was the impatient interruption of the excited old man.

"Your daughter is my wedded wife!" was the astounding answer that proclaimed the downfall of all Mr. Castleman's airy structures. On Henry, this speech had an electrical effect; grasping the hand of the young officer, he shook it warmly, then, with admirable coolness, he set about arranging the broken up party. When Lord H. comprehended that his daughter was already married, he raved like a madman; but the persua-

sions of his friends and above all, the composure displayed by Henry, calmed his excited feelings, but he insisted on the service being performed again, which was immediately done, and the party left the church, the bride clinging to her husband's arm, and Henry assisting his mother with the old joyous look on his countenance.

The Castleman family returned to their own house, each one differently affected by the incidents of the morning. The explanation of the mystery was so little to Lady Harriet's credit, that Mr. Castleman congratulated his son on his lucky escape. She had married Lord Charles privately, and had managed with consummate art to get her fortune into her own hands, by making her father believe she intended marrying Henry. There was also a little revenge in the way in which she brought the disclosure about, partly to punish her father for his previous refusal, and partly to annoy old Mr. Castleman, whom she hated for his presumption in attempting to bring about a match between her ladyship and his son. This unlucky affair caused a great deal of talk and no small amusement in the circles in which the parties were known, and various were the comments made on it by the papers that had already announced the "approaching marriage in high life."

Henry underwent much annoyance from all this, and again expressed his wish to travel, a desire that his father no longer opposed. His darling plans destroyed, Mr. Castleman felt too much disappointed to offer opposition to his son's wishes, and even felt some slight touches of remorse when he thought how cruelly he had interfered with Henry's enthusiastic plans of marriage, not even the recollection of Alice's poverty could prevent feeling he had done wrong.

It was now nearly four years since Henry had seen Alice, but since his escape from Lady Harriet, he had thought with renewed love of the fair and gentle girl who had twined herself so closely round his heart, that not even time and suspicion would destroy the impression.

He had completed his preparations for spending several years abroad, and had successfully combated all his mother's fears and all his father's prejudices, when the idea of seeking Alice suddenly occurred to him. He was apt to act on the impulse of the moment, and without stopping to deliberate, he sought the rectory, questioned Mrs. Lockwood (much to that lady's astonishment), learned all she knew about Alice, which was unsatisfactory enough, she having been from home for several months, and knowing nothing of her fate since her engagement with Lady Henry.



She expressed her intention of writing to her, and would be most happy to deliver a message or make any inquiries for Mr. Henry Castleman, but that young gentleman preferred making his own inquiries, and after warmly thanking Mrs. Lockwood for her kindness, took his leave. He did not delay his departure now, and as his time was his own, he resolved to call on Lady Henry and either see Alice or find out where she was. This resolution was immediately acted on, and the second day after his visit to the rectory he was seated in the elegant parlor of Sir James Henry's country-house in deep and earnest conversation with the lady of the mansion.

Her easy kindness soon banished his slight embarrassment, and he stated the object of his visit with such evident anxiety, that her feelings were much interested, and she proceeded to give him the desired information with all possible despatch.

The first and most startling piece of news was that Alice had found her friends, through the constant inquiries and unceasing exertions of Lady Henry and her husband.

She was no longer Alice Brooks, but Emily Blackburn, the only daughter of Colonel Blackburn, who had returned from India with a large fortune, a ruined constitution and a broken heart. Nineteen years before, Captain Blackburn had married the last frail scion of a once noble and stately house, a portionless orphan, whose sad history first attracted his attention, and whose beauty completed the conquest of a heart already half won by her misfortunes.

Their union was one of perfect happiness, and no cloud darkened their bright sky until his wife's failing health alarmed the captain and plainly showed the necessity of her return to England, the trying climate of India, whither he had been obliged to take her soon after their marriage, was evidently killing her, and with the most distressing apprehensions and grief, he forced himself to part from her who had become dear to him as his own life.

The poor young wife never lived to see her home; she died on the passage, leaving a helpless little babe of a few hours old, to the care of her servants. On the arrival of the vessel the nurse took charge of the child and the property of the dead lady. For two months they lived in London, waiting for orders from the father, when all at once the nurse and infant disappeared, together with the money and jewels of Mrs. Blackburn. Where she went, or what was her motive, could never be ascertained, but from her leaving the cross on the infant's neck, it was most probable that she hoped it would be recog-

nized and the child restored to its father, while she had time to escape with her plunder which was of considerable value.

Captain Blackburn had come to England immediately on hearing of the death of his wife, where the sad news of the loss of his child almost drove him to despair, and after three years spent in unavailing search, he left the country, as he believed, forever, but after fifteen years of loneliness and ill health, he once more visited his native land, and Sir James accidentally hearing his sad history, and always interested in any story that might throw light on the mystery of Alice's birth, cautiously made such inquiries as he deemed necessary and then tried the experiment of inviting Colonel Blackburn to his house and leaving it to nature to decide the rest. His plan proved successful beyond expectation; at the first sight of Alice, Colonel Blackburn was so overcome that he almost fainted. Questions were asked and explanations given, and as a last proof the diamond cross was produced, which he recognised with tears as one he had given his wife on the morning of their marriage.

The shock and excitement were too much for his shattered health, and the physicians recommended the air of Italy as the only chance of prolonging the life that had so suddenly become of value in his estimation. Lady Henry had cordially assented to this, as she had noticed that Alice was becoming pale and thin, and she thought the change would be beneficial to her as well as her father. They had been on the continent several months at the time Henry heard all this, and he felt undecided what to do, whether to seek them there, or to write and ask an explanation from Alice. At last he decided to make a confidant of the kind lady who so evidently felt interested in his anxiety, and who could perhaps give him advice as to the best course to pursue in the matter. After hearing his story, Lady Henry admitted that she had long suspected that Miss Blackburn had some secret grief. That it was not alone the anxiety respecting her parents, was clearly proved by her increased sadness after discovering that she was a rich lady, and receiving all the lavish fondness bestowed on her by her delighted father. She also mentioned her having fainted one morning while perusing the morning paper, and though Lady Henry had examined the paper with attention she could never discover the cause of such evident agitation.

She had kept the paper and at Henry's request brought it to him to look at. The secret was explained; there, conspicuously displayed, was one of the unfortunate paragraphs that had so an-

moyed Henry, a flourishing announcement of his intended marriage with the lady Harriet H.

This last discovery decided him in his first intention of immediately leaving England and seeking an explanation with his long lost lady-love. Again and again did he thank his kind informant for her politeness and sympathy, and with her best wishes and a promise not to betray his secret, he once more started on his journey.

In an elegant cottage on the margin of a beautiful little lake, is seated a young and lovely lady. Everything around her bespeaks luxurious comfort, from the delicate silk morning wrapper and tiny, embroidered slippers, to the softly cushioned couch and velvet carpet. Books, birds and flowers adorn and enliven her room, but in vain are all these attractions placed before her eyes. Through the open window she gazes on the still lake where the beautiful blue sky is reflected in all its cloudless purity, and a heavy sigh proclaims the sad fact, that wealth and splendor cannot purchase happiness. The sweet, soft Italian air brings the perfume of the flowers into the room, filling it with fragrance; the birds sing their sweetest songs; everything looks cheerful and happy but the fair young mistress. Her long curls are pushed back carelessly from her face and hang heavy on her shoulders, and are scattered over the back of her chair by the gentle wind. Her eyes look sad and heavy, and the once rounded cheek is thin and pale. Can this be the light-hearted Alice Brooks, who was so cheerful and happy, the beauty and pride of Hollingwood? Great must have been the suffering, to cause a change like this.

Her father's health had improved much since their departure from England, and for his sake she forbore to speak of their return; but she pined to be again in the same country with the loved one, and vainly struggled with her feelings when she knew he must be the husband of another.

Sadly she dreams over the past, and tears fall fast on her thin, white hands that lay so listlessly in her lap. Gently a curtain is raised behind her and with surprise and sorrow Colonel Blackburn beholds the grief-stricken appearance of his child. He had long observed her failing health, but had had no idea that sorrow was the occasion of it. The delicate constitution of his lost Emily was, he thought, bequeathed to her daughter, and it cost him many sad hours, and much anxious care; but he never attributed it to the right cause, and was astonished beyond measure that his darling child on whom he had lavished every luxury that money could procure, whose slight-

est wish he had studied to gratify, whose confidence he had so anxiously sought, should have any painful secrets hidden from him.

Seating himself beside her he drew her head gently to his breast, and with soothing words sought to learn the cause of her tears. It was long before she could summon resolution to tell even her kind father the long hidden trouble that was destroying her life and clouding all her bright prospects. Fearful of ridicule, and with an acute sense of shame at the humiliating revelation of unreturned love that she had made, her distress after opening her heart to her father occasioned him no little trouble to appease; but when once convinced that he felt sympathy and pity for her, she was glad she had told him all, and her mind relieved of its burden of secrecy, she became calmer and more contented than she had been for many months. Long they talked together, that kind father and his gentle daughter, and many were the lost hopes his cheerful anticipations renewed in her bosom. He left her calm and quiet, and sought by exercise to still the painful feelings in his own heart, so forcibly revived by the sorrowful tale of his child's wasted affection.

Through those beautiful flowers he wandered, all unheeding their loveliness, his mind agitated with many different feelings, and in painful uncertainty what course to pursue for the benefit of his daughter. To return to England was worse than useless, to travel further she was not in a fit state, to see her pine away before his eyes was more than he could bear. His only hope was to write to Lady Henry, and make inquiries concerning young Castleman's marriage with Lady Harriet. It might be that when his child knew he was the husband of another, she would strive to overcome her love.

He had determined on doing this immediately, when his meditations were interrupted by the appearance of a young man, who requested to be shown the residence of Colonel Blackburn. The stranger was evidently a gentleman and spoke with the self-possession and ease of a well-bred man. He was English, also, but when the colonel, thinking it was some one from home who had brought him letters, made himself known, and invited him to return with him to his residence, the young man's self-possession failed, and he plainly showed the embarrassment he labored under. After an ineffectual attempt to recover his composure, he stammered out an explanation, the only intelligible part of which was, that his name was Henry Castleman and he wished to see Miss Blackburn.

Explanation soon followed this announcement

and after half an hour's earnest conversation together, they parted, the colonel to pursue his walk, and Henry to seek his lady love.

Alice, or Emily, as her father called her, was sleeping calmly on the couch where he had insisted on her lying to recover from the effects of their painful conversation. Very pale and thin she looked, and Henry tried in vain to keep back the tears as he bent over her pillow and kissed her cheek; then whispering her name he clasped her in his arms, and she woke to find herself pressed to that faithful heart she had so long deemed false.

None can understand the joy of such a meeting but those who have experienced it themselves. The past years were as nothing, the sorrow gone, the mystery at an end, nothing but happiness in the future, the present, a delightful mingling of surprise, pleasure, hope and love. She could scarcely realize the truth that she was once more beside him, answering his questions, and listening to his explanations and joyous self-congratulations that she was once more all his own.

Again and again he pressed her little pale hand to his lips, and drew her closer to his side, and when weary of talking and excitement he made her lean her head against his breast; and so they sat in silent happiness when her father returned.

Our story is done, nor needs there to tell how old Mr. Castleman confessed the cruel part he had played, and sent the long missing letters, the loss of which had been the occasion of so much misery to those two young loving hearts, but which they read together in their beautiful Italian home with heartfelt thankfulness for their present happiness. Emily's health improved rapidly, and under the sunshine of her young husband's care and love, her spirits resumed their elasticity. Her books and her music had double charms when shared by him, and her neglected flowers once more received the attention they had so long missed. Their life was unclouded by a care until the death of her father, which took place two years after their marriage. After this event, they returned to England. Years afterwards they spent some months in Florence, during a summer tour, and met with Lady Harriet, now a heart-broken, forsaken wife, living in retirement and poverty; and Henry could have almost worshipped his beautiful Alice when he saw her comforting and assisting the woman who had always ill-treated her and had been the cause of all her sorrows.

He that has spent much of his time in his study, will seldom be collected enough to think in a crowd, or confident enough to talk in one.

### FANCY.

BY MERVIN DAWSON.

When the heart is buoyant, check it not,  
Forbear the cruel rein  
That mare for aye its upward flight,  
And draws to earth again.

Earth is at best a scene of woe,  
That strikes with chill and gloom  
The youthful heart—in all its scenes  
Fond fancy finds a tomb!

Forbidden not then her happy child  
To turn, whilst his heart beats high,  
From earth, to study the world he has clothed  
In the tints of the evening sky.

Boundlessly wide is fancy's realm,  
With her shadowy horres three,  
The present, the future, the past, in the car  
Of the muses rideeth she!

On him to whom earth is a dreary waste  
She looks with a pitying eye,  
And whirls him away to her cloud-built halls,  
And her bowers amid the sky!

### THE JOURNEY OF A DAY.

BY E. G. BARROWS.

ONE morning in September, about a year ago, I left my caravansera, not, like Obidah, the son of Abensina, to journey over the plains of Hindostan, but to journey from St. Paul to Hudson, a distance of some twenty miles. There was little direct communication between the two places, for they were rather apt to regard each other as rivals, although the growing village of Hudson is on the Wisconsin side of Lake St. Croix, and St. Paul is the capital city of the Territory (pretty soon to be the great State) of Minnesota.

It was a dry, sultry day, and the prospect of a hot, dusty stage ride was not particularly inviting; and as we rode from place to place picking up here and there an additional passenger, till the coach was full inside and out, before and behind—even the driver was constrained to admit that there was not "room for one more inside"—I gradually settled down to the conclusion that we would have a sweltering time of it. There is little chance for choosing seats or companions in a crowded stagecoach, and I found myself squeezed in by the side of a man whose appearance did not prepossess me in his favor. His dress was not over clean, and his "luggitch," like that of Chawls Yellowplush on his foreign "voyitch," was contained "in a very small hank-

ercher." He was a foreigner, but whether French, Dutch, or Irish, I could not tell; and his general appearance is best expressed by the word sneaking. As we were about starting from the stage office, a big stout man, in shirt sleeves and palm leaf hat, came up, puffing, who was recognized by the stage agent as the sheriff.

"Hold on a minute," said he, "I want to look in here;" and came directly towards the corner I occupied, directing his attention, and of course that of the passengers, to myself. I began to feel awkward—I said nothing, but like Paddy when he got kicked down stairs, "kept up a powerful thinking." I had paid my board bill that morning in as good money as the currency averaged—it couldn't be that. I didn't relish the idea of being taken for a rascal, or as a rascal, nor did I care about being searched just then, as I had a snug little handful of gold stowed away in my pockets, with which I was intending to negotiate for one of Uncle Sam's farms. I felt guiltless of any crime—he had evidently "waked the wrong passenger;" but what business had the sheriff of St. Paul in studying my portrait when the stage was in a hurry?

By the time I had got thus far in my thinking, he had concluded his survey of my person and turned to my companion, who sat demurely by my side, looking as innocent as a lamb—at any rate rather sheepish. The sheriff reached over me and touched his arm, and he looked up with a start.

"Come—I want you," said the sheriff, in a grum, decided voice.

"Me!" exclaimed he, in much perturbation.

"Come along!" was the short reply.

He had looked around anxiously—there seemed to be no chance of escape; so he jumped out with his budget in his hand, and the last I saw of him he was sneaking along up Third Street close by the side of the sheriff.

As I settled myself into a comfortable seat, made by putting his and mine together, I tried to feel sorry for the man, but couldn't help feeling glad that I had a better seat; and while endeavoring to pity his unfortunate condition, I selfishly found I was congratulating myself that my own condition was so much improved. "All right?" queried the driver, whip and reins in hand—"all right!" replied the agent, shutting the coach door, and with a crack and a whirl we were off in a cloud of dust.

Most of the passengers inside soon settled themselves to sleep, the only wide awake individual who was up to fun being on the top. He was a stout, red-faced young Michigander, "off

on a time," and contrived to keep the outsiders in a roar of laughter, thus preventing me from napping it with the rest. After a while, for a person may ride a long time for his money on the St. Paul and Stillwater stages, over a road not particularly interesting in scenery, we drove up at the "Half Way House," a small hotel where the "stage took dinner" invariably, and most of the passengers something to drink.

After doing full justice to the excellent dinner provided by mine host, the driver complacently waiting a half hour after the last man had finished eating, the stage rattled off towards Stillwater, and I started on another and more direct road to Hudson. The road was new and little travelled, a mere cartpath through the oak openings, a good part of the way. There were two such roads which came out together near the hotel, looking very much alike, and I thoughtlessly took the one at my right, and rambled on two or three miles, till I was first convinced that sometimes the *right* road is wrong, by coming to a house which I knew did not stand on the road I ought to have gone.

It was a cheap, simple affair, half house, half shanty, and had been inhabited; there were evidences of woman's presence sometime, but it was now empty—the calico curtains were tightly closed, and the wasps buzzed about the cobwebs in the crevices of the locked door. Some twenty rods in the rear was a little picketted enclosure. I well knew what it meant, and curiosity led me to it. It occupied a spot about fifteen feet square on the summit of a grassy mound, in full view of the house. It was a lovely spot, but lonely now—not another human being probably within a distance of miles. Around were scattered bare oaks, beneath which the long grass and many colored flowers were beginning to pale before a September sun, and away in the east sparkled a silvery lake. In the centre of the enclosure was a recently made grave, carefully banked up, and on its top were blooming flowers, beautiful flowers—not like those scattered all around me, but of a different kind, transplanted by the hand of affection from some choice garden—and there they blossomed, opening their rich colors to the sunlight, and pervading the air with their sweet perfume, on a lone grave hidden away in the beautiful wilderness.

I wondered what was the tearful history of that mound, so carefully guarded and as fittingly ornamented—that mound scarce long enough for her. What a story of humble love and wedded happiness; of long journeying to the far distant Northwest, where fortune's smiles are not confined to the favored few, but free to him

of the strong arm and willing heart; of patient toil and perplexing difficulties in their new, half-made home, yet cheerful and happy with hope and each other; and then suddenly the dear, gentle one stricken with disease, the sorrowful watching and assiduous care of him who would but could not arrest the dark shadows of death, soon left alone, young and in the fresh vigor of manhood, to find his plans and hopes all swept away, his heart crushed with grief, and he going forth from the grave of all he loved to commence anew the hard battle of life—what history of a lifetime, of which this prairie grave was the finis, was not known to me, and I walked slowly back to the road.

Just then along came a Dutchman and his "guten frau," laughing and chatting gaily, and seeming as merry and cheerful as the birds, though what they said was "all Dutch" to me. They were riding on a load of their household goods, drawn by two stout horses, and as I gathered from his broken English, they were moving to a better farm and were much delighted with the prospect. I explained as well as I could that I had got on the wrong road, and as soon as the good-natured Dutchman comprehended the case, he readily invited me to find a "goot place" on his wagon, already heavily laden, cracked his long whip and trotted me back to where I could see my path plain before me, refusing my offered compensation with some astonishing Dutch expletives, and seeming all the happier for doing such a positive kindness to a stranger.

I walked on and on for several miles without seeing another human being, over bluffs and across stretches of prairie, occasionally passing along the edge of a lakelet dotted with magnificent lotuses, and sometimes starting up a flock of wild ducks, geese or prairie chickens, till I became weary and thirsty, when I came upon a small unfinished cabin, the only one from one end of my road to the other. Near it was a hearty young Dutch farmer, with his blooming "frau" in a broad-brimmed straw hat, getting up a stock of hay for the coming winter. Mynheer wielded the pitchfork, while his plump, rosy cheeked spouse drove the oxen.

I asked if I could get some water or milk to drink. He shook his head at the milk, and pronounced the water "no goot;" but, "woman give coffee" and so she did. She threw down her whip, ran smiling before me to the unfinished cabin of logs, stilled the dog who growled at the approach of a stranger, prepared me a basin of excellent coffee, and served it in her best cups. Her husband soon came in, appearing as

much pleased as his pleasant wife at the opportunity of showing kindness to a travel-weary stranger. We attempted conversation, but it was like "broken China"—we couldn't make it go. He mastered English enough, with the aid of signs, to inquire if I resided in Hudson; and as I shook my head and said "no—New England," his long drawn "Oh-h-h!" and open-mouthed expression of astonishment was ludicrous enough. I drank heartily of the coffee, and praised it honestly, for it was indeed good; and went on my way rejoicing, thinking it worth an afternoon's walk to meet with two such instances of genuine kindness so cheerfully rendered, as by these two honest young Dutch farmers.

By-and-by I came out upon the bluff which overlooks Lake St. Croix and its fertile shores. Just before me ran a road parallel with the lake and bluff. Inside of the road, in the edge of the oaks, were, at intervals of a half mile or so, a row of neat white cottages or farm houses, with their gardens, yards and outbuildings, nestling under the woody bluff. Across the road, in front of these houses, occupying the second shelf of land from the water, that is, above one bluff and below the other, were the farms—a level stretch of rich mellow land, about a mile wide and several miles long, being one continuous field of heavy ripened corn, and such corn as I had never seen before. I thought of the old Illinois farmers who say "Yer can't raise cawn in Minnesota—it's too cold," and thought that would be a glorious sight for them. Behind the field ran a strip of green prairie, on which were herds of cattle and horses grazing. Beyond all this, and on either side for many miles, the clear blue waters of Lake St. Croix reflected the rays of the setting sun; above, on the opposite there stood the flourishing, New England-like village of Hudson, while the high green bluffs rose in many fantastic shapes, to form a suitable background for this magnificent landscape.

I hastened on down to the ferry, shot smoothly across the lake as the sun shot quietly behind the western bluffs, and as the shades of evening began to fall, sought my hotel and rested from my journey.

THE WORLD.—Though the world is crowded with the scenes of calamity, we look upon the general mass of wretchedness with very little regard, and fix our eyes upon the state of particular persons, whom the eminence of their qualities marks out from the multitude: as, in reading an account of a battle, we seldom reflect on the vulgar heaps of slaughter; but follow the hero with our whole attention, through all the varieties of his fortune without a thought of the thousands that are falling around him.—Johnson.

## A THOUSAND TIMES AND MORE.

BY ANNIE E. HIGBY.

O, a thousand times and more,  
A thousand times and more,  
I've danced beneath the birchen boughs,  
On the mossy, greasy floor.

O, a thousand times and more,  
A thousand times and more,  
I've chased the sheep from the sanded shade,  
Before the cottage door.

O, a thousand times and more,  
A thousand times and more,  
I've heard the song of the noisy brook,  
While straying on the shore.

And over the pebbled shore,  
Over the pebbled shore,  
I've danced to greet the lad I loved,  
Whom I've often strayed before.

And I thought when to his home,  
I thought when to his home,  
He'd carry me o'er the western waves,  
I ne'er would wish to roam.

But a thousand times and more,  
A thousand times and more,  
I've wished to haste to the rustic group  
Left on the cottage floor.

But I ne'er will see them more,  
I ne'er will see them more—  
Father, mother, brothers, all,  
That I left on the cottage floor.

No, I ne'er will see them more,  
I ne'er will see them more,  
Nor the birch, the brook, nor sanded shade,  
Before the cottage door.

## MR. SNICKERS'S MISADVENTURE.

BY JOHN THORNBERRY.

UNCLE ISAAC SNICKERS, citizen of Gossip-pee, a charming little village some ways back in Connecticut, had finally made up his mind that it was high time for him to go to New York. He had been once, when he was a boy in a satin-*et* jacket and bone buttons, and never since. From that day forward to this very important one of his resolution, he had kept himself quite at home, while the great metropolis had gone on growing like a monstrous giant, as it is.

He bade his family a very hearty adieu, and jogged away out of the dooryard with the gray mare, to reach the distant railroad station. Everybody he met he wanted to tell of his projected trip, and at least to half of them he did. The cars took him to the boat,—one of the magnificent steamers that plough the length of the

Sound,—on which he duly embarked not far from ten o'clock at night, prepared, carpet-bag in hand, to undertake a thorough survey of the premises before "turning in."

It is needless to follow him about the decks of the steamer, smiling pleasantly at his efforts to observe all there was worth observing; certainly would it be improper to follow him into the ladies' cabin whither he made a successful sally, in his innocent eagerness to "find out just how the hull connera was managed." We will suffer him to go to bed and get up again, just as he was in the habit of doing at his own quiet home in Gossippees.

Early the next morning he was out of his berth, had washed himself thoroughly, and made his appearance on deck just as the sun began to foreshow signs of its ruddy coming in the east. He looked in the direction of sunrise with one eye shut and a corner of his large mouth elevated to match, and took out his big silver watch to set himself right to begin upon. And then he commenced the proper investigation of matters and things by daylight.

One after another the passengers came from their beds, numb and half-awake, looking as if neither the night's sleep nor the morning's wash had done them any good whatever. Some paced to and fro, passing Uncle Isaac continually. Some gathered in knots at the guards, and talked about the sloops in the stream, the houses on the shore, the white looking fortifications, or the islands. In the distance lay the city, an undistinguishable mass. Mr. Snickers generally kept his eyes fixed there, while his heart was wholly overwhelmed with the strange sense of its greatness.

In time the decks were black with the awakened passengers. Hell Gate was close by, and the shores were very near on either side. All began to crowd now at the guards, eager to see what there was worth their inspection. Few spoke at this juncture, for each one was wrapped in the silence of his own thoughts.

Presently there was a loud cry which startled every one. All looked round to understand the trouble.

"I'm robbed!" shouted a man, with every look of terror depicted on his countenance.

Everybody instantly clapped his hand on his own pocket, to see if his condition was any better. It appearing pretty generally that no one else was in so unfortunate a predicament, all eyes thereupon began a survey of faces of their neighbors. A more suspicious congregation of individuals it would be difficult to find.

"I'm robbed of a pocket-book that contains

seven hundred and fifty dollars!" exclaimed the loser, elevating his voice.

Everybody's attention having been thus momentarily turned again to the unhappy traveller, a well-dressed man in black improved the opportunity to slip a bulky pocket-book that might have held exactly seven hundred and fifty dollars, into the coat skirts of Mr. Isaac Snickers! The most unfortunate gift of money he probably ever had in his life.

The alarm was given to the officers of the boat, and just as she came into the stream and made ready to enter her berth at the dock, her engines were stopped, and a small boat went ashore to bring an officer on board. He came up the gangway, looking grateful for such an opportunity to display his fine qualities at rogue catching.

"Search the passengers!" called out the captain, while the steam blew away at its highest force.

Some remonstrated,—others muttered; but all finally gave in. Of course an honest man would have no fears. Innocence always holds up its head, and looks you straight in the face.

The officer went around, and the passengers severally turned their pockets inside out. As they were one by one disposed of, they were passed over to the other side of the boat, where they awaited the result in anxious silence. During that interval, it is fair to believe that every man's countenance underwent quite as thorough a search as his pockets.

At last the man with the big star on his breast came to Uncle Isaac. There were many behind him, whose turn was yet to come, in case nothing was found upon him.

"O, you may sarch me," said Mr. Snickers, holding out his arms as if he was about to be measured by the tailor, and looking with one eye over at the Jersey shores; "I aint got no money that don't belong to myself,—I can tell ye!" And he could not help laughing with inward delight at the mere thought of the thing. He fancied it would be a good joke to repeat to the folks at home.

"What's that, then?" demanded the officer, holding up the identical pocket-book which he had just picked out of his skirt.

"What's that!" exclaimed Uncle Isaac, thoroughly terrified,—“God knows; I don't!”

"My pocket-book," cried the man who had lost it. "Seven hundred and fifty dollars in it, besides notes and papers! It's mine, for I know it by the outside!"

A hasty examination proved the man's ownership, and his property was duly returned. All

the passengers now began to crowd around the unhappy victim. The officer took him in his charge and the wheels of the steamer began to revolve again. There was a jam of persons, and a confusion of voices. Above them all could be heard the voice of Mr. Snickers,—“I never took that man's pocket-book! You can't say I ever did such a thing! My name's Snickers,—Isaac Snickers; and I live at Gossippee in Connecticut.”

"I can't help what your name is," said the officer, gently trying to work his prisoner off into a corner. "You'd better try and keep a little quiet, my friend."

"I shan't keep quiet, for I'm not the man you take me for. Good Christopher! to think o' my bein' taken for a thief!"—and he tore his hat from his head, and threw it in a mad passion down upon the deck. The spectators laughed. He stamped and cursed a little; though no one heard what he said, for again they set up a roar. "Served the old fellow right," some of them remarked to some others.

"I'm a respect-er-ble man!" he said, extending both hands. "I'm an honest citizen! my name's Isaac Snickers,—as I told you before; and you'll find it in my hat there on the floor!"

Some of them picked it up, and found it was so. Strange that a regular thief should wear his name in his hat: But possibly not his own name. Ah, very likely.

At this juncture, just when wretched Uncle Isaac was thinking of the dear old delights of home, and wishing for his soul he had never thought of leaving it, the boat touched the wharf, and the long plank was thrown to its deck. The passengers made haste to rush over. Among the foremost of them, too, the well-dressed man in black, whose ready ingenuity in an emergency had brought Uncle Isaac into his present misery.

The report of the robbery had of course become spread around, as soon as it was known for what purpose the officer had boarded the boat; and the moment the passengers began to come ashore, there was another officer—a sly detective—in the crowd, unnoticed, but watching every face that passed him.

Suddenly he sprang from his position, and laid his hand on the shoulder of our interesting friend in black. "You're my prisoner," said he.

The rogue fell back, turned pale, and tried to look the detective in the face.

"They've found the money on another fellow," said the villain.

"Who said anything about any money?" retorted the detective. "Let's go and see."

The vigilant detective knew nothing of the

success of the search, and he therefore had a right to conclude that any suspicious person who came ashore might be the guilty party. So he improved his earliest opportunity to reap what handful of harvest was offered him, and grabbed our quiet friend as aforesaid.

A crowd followed. The rogue was carried into the presence of his victim.

"Hullo, Sour!" saluted the other officer, seeing the gentleman in sable before him. "Did you come on in this boat?"

"I did," he answered, with dignity. "What if I did, sir?"

"Then you robbed our friend there," pointing to the owner of the pocket-book; "that's all there is about that. I'm convinced that this man here is the wrong person. You took that money, and slipped it into our friend's pocket, to screen yourself! I only wish I'd seen you when I first came on board!"

The rogue was dumb. He tried to look innocence, but it was nothing but blankness. He shuffled, and bullied, and evaded, and swore; and then he held up his wrists for a pair of steel bracelets, and was led away to the great delight of everybody in general, and Mr. Snickers in particular.

"Take that, then!" said honest Uncle Isaac, stepping up briskly to his turned back and delivering a vigorous kick with his new cowhides. "Next time, learn to let an honest citizen alone!"

The policemen interfered, and the crowd cheered. And Uncle Isaac, gathering up such "duds" as he had supplied himself with for his long contemplated trip, stepped with a light heart off the boat, and placed himself on board the early train from the foot of Canal Street for home; shaking off the very dust of his feet against the town, and hurrying back to old Connecticut again with all the speed of which steam is capable.

He declared that Gossippoe is just the quietest and pleasantest village in the created world; and advises all his friends to avoid New York as they would — well, the old fellow who never stops to leave his card among his gentlemen acquaintance. New York will never see Mr. Isaac Snickers again.

The passions of men, when directed by their reason, are the sources of the most ennobling virtues, as well as the means of the greatest enjoyment; but if they are permitted to become the masters instead of the ministers of human conduct, they are the suicidal destroyers of happiness.

## MY OLD HAT'S STORY.

BY JOHN K. THOMAS.

O stay thy foot, ungentle youth,  
Have pity on my worn-out age;  
Canst ever thou forget the truth  
I screened thee from the weather's rage?

Art thou possessed of gratitude?  
Or dost thou lack that quality,  
That thou shouldst in an angry mood,  
Spurn me with such a cruelty?

Know, proud man, if you force the tale,  
I've been where you can never be,  
I've gazed on diamonds in my trail,  
So brilliant, they would dazzle thee.

Ay, once was I called graceful, fair,  
When roaming through my native dales;  
Then was I happy, free, and there  
I fearless walked in flowery vales.

But ah, alas how changed those scenes,  
Nought lives but my remembrances now,  
Too dim to mirror such bright beams,  
Reflected from the landscape's brow.

'Twas on a gentle summer's day,  
The bright, unclouded sun broke forth  
Among the trees, whose thick array  
Studded the green, unbroken earth.

Unconscious as I lay beside  
A murmuring, mossy, forest stream,  
Recalling happy days, with pride—  
A yell awoke me from my dream.

Emphatically I fled away,  
With hurried footsteps urged by fear,  
And hiding, in a covert lay,  
Till soon I found my foes were near.

Then quicker than before I fled,  
With all my speed the dreadful spot,  
But quicker, with its poisoned head,  
An arrow to my heart was shot.

And now I've little more to add,  
Except to ask thee once again,  
To give me to some helpless lad,  
And thus add lustre to thy name.

For generous deeds will last for aye,  
In bold relief on memory's page,  
They'll cast their sunbeams in our way,  
To warm us in our wintry age.

## USE MINUTES.

If asked, says Channing, how can the laboring man find time for self-culture? I answer, that an earnest purpose finds time or makes time. It seizes on spare moments, and turns fragments to golden account. A man who follows his calling with industry and spirit, and sees his earnings economically, will always have some portion of the day at command. It has often been observed that those who have the most time at their disposal profit by it the least.



## A FISH STORY.

BY SALMON FINN FRY.

There was never a more honest heart in all the "Old Bay State" than that which beat for sixty years beneath the homespun frock of Deacon —. A general confidence was reposed in his integrity, as was manifested by the various offices of trust he had been called upon to fill, not only in town and church affairs, but he had several times enjoyed all the "honors and emoluments" pertaining to some petty positions which he had been permitted to occupy through the favor of old Governor G.

The deacon was by no means a man possessed of an *undue* amount of *pride*; he "bore his honors meekly;" yet he was especially conscious of these gubernatorial benefits and was very desirous of expressing his appreciation of the governor's kindness. In fact, the deacon grew nervous as year after year slipped by without an "available" opportunity presenting itself for accomplishing his desire in this respect, for he was a man of but moderate worldly endowments, and was well aware that unless his testimonial should be in accordance with his means, the governor who was a practical economist would regard it as inappropriate.

One morning in autumn the deacon had completed his category of domestic duties, and was engaged in securing his winter's supply of fish from the waters of the "Merrimack," on the borders of which lay his farm, when the "trap," which had so long been set, was sprung, and he "caught a sunbeam," in the shape of the finest salmon that had for years been taken from that beautiful river. This fish, rare and then considered a great luxury, was to the deacon an undeniable god send, and the first thought that popped into his exulting cranium, was, that this should be the medium of his acknowledgement to the governor. But little time was lost in apprising his delighted spouse of his good fortune and of his determination; and her cheerful smile beamed an acquiescent approval of his happy thought.

As at that time no railroad had been introduced into New England, his mode of procedure was plain, the deacon was to be his own "master of transportation," and was to devote his "express" attention to the matter of its safe presentation to the governor. While the deacon was having an eye to his personal deportment, in the way of performing sundry evolutions with his Sunday wardrobe, his better half had the salmon snugly ensconced in a napkin, then carefully de-

posited in a neat box, while their only son, John, was endeavoring to illustrate the "fitness of things," by adjusting a jaded old mare to an ancient green wagon, whose *greatest* days had long since passed away.

It is nearly noon when the deacon is ready and off. In due course of time we find him bringing up and alighting at the half way house in the little village of —. He enters the tavern to enjoy a quiet custom of those days, in which he finds himself not alone. He soon becomes communicative, gives an inward chuckle, then the whole story, of the capture and destination of his prize, to three jolly looking listeners whose curved line of conduct, and highly colored countenances ought to have assured him that the spirit they were so much enjoying, was *not* the spirit of his recital, and that they were utterly incapable of appreciating the beauty of the complimentary service upon which he was engaged.

One of the company rose from his chair, gave a significant wink and walked to the door, "here," said he, "is a subject!"

Having that day bought a small, lank, bony pollock, he raised it from the grass where it had been quietly reposing, went to the deacon's wagon, removed the salmon from its box, and carefully substituted the pollock.

The deacon's pipe and story being concluded, out he walks from the tavern and in all his blissful unconsciousness remounts his wagon, "bound," as he says, "for the governor's."

Upon reaching B. he drove directly to the governor's house, dismounted, ascended the steps, rang the bell and requested to be permitted to see his excellency.

The governor received him with his usual urbanity and the deacon was "all right." After disposing of the customary preliminaries in such cases made and provided, the deacon commenced a set speech, in which he enumerated the various kindnesses he had received at the hands of the governor, of the consciousness of his own obligations therefor, and of his long desire to in some manner make known to him his appreciation.

"I have brought for you, sir," said he, "the finest fish that has been caught in our noble river these ten years. I have brought it myself, sir, fresh from the water this morning."

The governor duly thanked him for his "very agreeable but unnecessary" attention, and immediately requested the servant to bring the box from the wagon. It was soon opened, and lo! in lieu of the extraordinary salmon that had been represented as occupying that snug apartment, what should be unfolded to view but the "lone, lorn" pollock!

"What," said the governor, "do you mean to insult me, sir? Are you not aware, sir, that this is a *pollock*? the meanest fish that ever swam!" Then addressing his servant, "remove the thing immediately!"

The poor deacon whose eyes upon first beholding the metamorphosis, had become distended to such a degree that they would have done capital service as hat-pegs, stood perfectly dumbfounded, then taking his box he quietly backed out, jumped into his wagon, turned his horse's head and started for home. When he reached the "half way house," his sad and woeful countenance revealed to his three listening friends, who were awaiting his return, the effects of his misfortune. They welcomed him, and inquired into the particulars of his visit. At first he was disposed to evade their questioning, but as they insisted upon knowing how he had been received by the governor, there was no alternative, and he related all that had happened. The fact was declared to be most extraordinary, and the commiseration apparently excited in his behalf seemed but to render the deacon the more sore. A favorable opportunity presenting itself, again was the box opened, the pollock was removed and the salmon replaced.

The deacon soon started for home. The shades of evening had already fallen, and it was not until the sounding of the "nine o'clock bell" that the deacon returned to his waiting spouse.

"Sally," he shouted at the top of his voice, "see what you've done! look in that box! Why did you put in that—" (here, the deacon hesitated, not having indulged in expressions of profanity since he had become a "better man," but swelling with rage soon the check rein of his patience broke loose, and out he belched), d—d old pollock!"

"What!" shrieked poor Sally, in a tone of voice containing a mixture of mortification, surprise, indignation and other ingredients that would require the undivided attention of an alchymist for an indefinite period to satisfactorily analyze, "what do you mean!"

Again he gave his order, and Sally tremblingly obeyed, for her "heart was not of stone." (Lucy?) She opened the box and raised up—the salmon.

Again was the deacon transfixed. An expressively quiet deliberation ensued, when, he, walking towards the box, raised the fish by the tail, (and simultaneously his boot), made a short pause, and shouted:

"D—n you! I'll teach ye (illustrating his remark with his foot), I'll teach ye to be a salmon in —, and a pollock in Boston!"

## THE SIEGE OF BADAJOZ.

On more than one memorable occasion in his career in the Peninsula, the Duke of Wellington employed similar means, and staked the fate of his army on their success, and especially on the third siege of Badajoz, in 1812. Contrary to all calculation, the Picurina, an outwork of the town somewhat resembling by its position the Mamelon or Kamtschatka Redoubt before Sebastopol, was forced without being battered, and Badajoz itself was carried by storm before the counter-scarp was blown in or the fire of the place silenced. No man who has ever read it can have forgotten the language in which the historian of that great contest relates the most terrible action of the war. The ramparts, crowded with dark figures and glittering arms, just illuminated by the glare of flames from below; the red columns of the British, deep and broad, coming on like streams of burning lava; the sudden arrival of the Light Division and the Fourth Division on the brink of the yawning chasm, into which they dashed with incredible fury, some to be smothered in the wet ditch beneath, some to be dashed by the shot against the strong palisade, some to be torn upon the jagged range of sword-blades fixed in ponderous beams which defended the top of the breach. For two hours did our men persevere with indomitable courage in the attempt to force their way through this scene of slaughter, and it was not until hundreds of the boldest and bravest had perished that they were compelled to acknowledge that the breach of the Trinidad was impregnable. It was past midnight, and 2000 men had already fallen, when the Duke of Wellington ordered the remainder to retire and reform for a second assault. Even that order was executed with difficulty, and the fate of Badajoz might have been undecided that night if other portions of the troops had not found means to scale the castle and to carry a bastion, and enter the town at a different point. Out of the Anglo-Portuguese army of 22,000 men, no less than 5000 fell at the siege of Badajoz, and 3750 at the assault alone.—*London Times*.

## HINTS ON HOUSEHOLD MANAGEMENT.

Have you ever observed what a dislike servants have to anything cheap? They hate saving their master's money. I tried this experiment with great success the other day. Finding we consumed a vast deal of soap, I sat down in my thinking chair, and took the soap question into consideration, having reason to suspect we were using a rather expensive article, where a much cheaper one would serve the purpose better. I ordered half-a-dozen pounds of both sorts, but took the precaution of changing the papers on which the prices were marked before giving them into the hands of Betty.

"Well, Betty which soap do you find washes best?"

"O, please, sir, the dearest in the blue paper, it makes the lather as well again as the other."

"Well, Betty, you shall always have it then."

And thus the unsuspecting Betty saved me some pounds a year, and washed the clothes better.—*Rev. Sydney Smith*.

## LEONORE.

BY MRS. SARAH E. DAWNE.

She sat like a statue calm and white,  
In the dear old seat of old,  
Where oft they sat in the clear moonlight,  
When his deep, fond love he told.

The teardrops dimmed her lustrous eyes,  
Those orbs of midnight hue,  
And oft there burst low, stifled sighs,  
From out her heart so true.

"He's gone! and O 'tis over now,  
The cruel words are spoken;  
I've heard my doom, and I must bow—  
The ties of love are broken.

"He ne'er shall know the crushing woe  
That fell upon my heart,  
When he bade me from his presence go,  
And said that we must part.

"Ay, let him seek the halls of pride,  
Where fashion holds her sway,  
And choose him there a nobler bride,  
Than her he's spurned to-day.

"O why did he seek our humble cot,  
And win my virgin heart,  
And vow in this dear, sacred spot,  
That nought our souls should part.

"Henceforth alone the life-path here  
With prouder step I'll tread,  
And none shall know the gloom so drear,  
My heart hath overspread.

"I'll teach my face to wear a smile,  
I'll be so wildly gay,  
Although my heart is wrung the while  
With grief I ne'er may say."

They found her sitting there at morn,  
Like a statue calm and white;  
For her soul had sped ere the early dawn,  
To the realm that knows no blight.

## CATCHING A BOOBY.

BY EDGAR S. FARNSWORTH.

VESSELS cruising on the Pacific coast, anywhere from Cape Horn to California, frequently fall in with a species of bird known among the sailors by the certainly not very poetical name of booby. These birds sometimes follow a ship several days in succession, and frequently alight on the rigging, where they may easily be taken by hand. They are a large, black bird, and as stupid as they are black—for they will most generally allow themselves to be caught rather than fly away; and to this fact, I suppose, they are indebted for their name.

At the time my story opens, I was before the

mast, in the good ship *Carlota*, bound up to Acapulco. We were then on the Chilian coast, and for several days our youngsters had been having fine sport catching boobies, which had come aboard in great numbers, but that afternoon they had all disappeared.

After everything had been made-sung for the night, our men collected, as usual, on the top-gallant fore-castle, to smoke their pipes, and spin their yarns to while away the time till eight bells.

One of our number had just commenced "a stretcher," when he was interrupted by one Joe Driscoll—said Joe, by the way, was a great practical joker, and was always ready to play a trick upon a shipmate, whenever an opportunity offered.

"Hark! boys, I believe I hear a booby screeching!"

We all listened attentively, and heard a sort of screeching noise aloft, similar to that made by one of the aforesaid boobies; nothing could be seen of one, however. As the noise still continued, I approached the foremast, and after listening attentively for a few moments, I ascertained that the noise was occasioned by the starboard fore-topsail sheet grating in the sheave-hole, at the end of the foreyard. I reported the result of my investigation to the men on the fore-castle, and the man was about resuming his yarn, when Joe Driscoll again spoke.

"I tell you what, shipmates, if you'll only keep mum, when the boy Jim comes from the wheel we'll have some fun. I'll make him think there's a booby aloft, and he'll go right straight up after him; when he gets up there, though, and finds there's no booby there but himself, won't he blow, though? It's as good as a month's wages any time, to hear Jim sputter when he gets a little riled."

If Joe Driscoll could only have known how the joke would in the long run be turned upon himself, we fancy he would not have been in quite so much haste about it; for, although he got the laugh upon Jim at the time, years afterwards, Jim turned the tables upon him in handsome style, as our story will soon show.

Joe had hardly ceased speaking, when four bells struck, and in a moment more, Jim came from the wheel. When he was abreast the fore-rigging, Joe hailed him, thus:

"I say, Jim, there's a booby somewhere aloft there for'ard."

"Where is he?" said Jim, all excitement. "Just show him to me, and I'll be up after him quicker 'n ever I went up to furl a royal."

At that instant, the screeching noise was again heard.

"By Jupiter!" said Jim, "there is one up there; just hear him!" and before Joe could say more, he was half-way up the lower rigging. He paused a moment at the foretop, and looked about, but seeing nothing in the shape of a booby, he was about descending to the deck, when Joe again hailed him.

"I say, Jim, I've got my eye on him now; there he sits, on the fore-topgallant yard."

Jim looked up, and sure enough, there was something on the yard, that now it was nearly dark, looked like the identical bird; though it was nothing more nor less than a grummitt (a piece of rope in the form of a loop), that belonged on the yard—but it stood erect—which gave it very much the appearance of a large bird, sitting on the yard.

Jim crept cautiously up the topmast, and topgallant rigging, and stopped a moment at the cross-trees before going on to the yard, so as not to frighten the bird away by a too sudden approach; then laying slowly out on to the yard until he was within a foot of the so-supposed booby, he made a desperate grasp at the critter's legs, and caught hold of the aforesaid grummitt!

As Jim started to come down, Driscoll sung out:

"I say, Jim, don't come down without that booby; there he is, on the fore-topgallant yard; catch him quick, or he'll be gone."

Joe had had a hard matter before him to keep from laughing, all the while Jim was in the rigging; but now that Jim had discovered how he had been sold, there was no longer any cause for keeping *mum* (as he called it), so he burst into a loud laugh, and all hands on the fore-castle followed suit.

The boy Jim did not appear at all vexed by the joke that had been played upon him, but although we were seven months longer on the voyage, he did not speak to Joe Driscoll in all that time.

Years after the events recorded above, Joe Driscoll, now Captain Driscoll, arrived in Boston from China, in command of a fine brig. As it would be a considerable length of time before his brig would again be ready for sea, not wishing to remain idle so long, he began to look about him for something to do, in the meantime. A few mornings after his arrival, he saw the following advertisement in a New York paper:

"WANTED—A master for the ship *Stormy Petrel*, for a short cruise only. Apply to the owner at the Astor House.

"JAMES D. REYNOLDS."

The next day, when Captain Driscoll called on Mr. Reynolds, to offer his services as master

of the *Stormy Petrel*, little did he dream that Reynolds, the ship owner, was once the "boy Jim," on board the ship *Carlocca*—but it was even so.

"Did you wish to engage a master for your vessel, sir?" said Driscoll.

"Yes, sir," said Mr. Reynolds. "I advertised to that effect. I have had a number of applicants for the berth, but none that suited me; the present captain of my vessel is just recovering from a dangerous illness; it will be some little time, however, before he will be able to take command of the ship, and I thought that while the ship was waiting for him, I might as well, provided I could get a suitable man, take a cargo of something round to Boston."

In a short time, a bargain was struck up between the two. Captain Driscoll agreeing to take the *Stormy Petrel* to Boston, for a certain sum of money. The day came for sailing, and Captain Driscoll upon going on board, was surprised, by not finding a living soul on board the ship—and no signs of a crew. Ten o'clock was the hour to start. Ten o'clock came, but no seamen with it.

"Confound it all," said Driscoll; "here 'tis time that anchor was up, and not a man aboard yet. I'll work 'em up, though, to pay for this, when they do get aboard, the lazy beggars!"

Captain Driscoll did not dream in all this time but what Mr. Reynolds had engaged a crew for his ship; but such was not the case, however, as the reader will shortly see.

Just as the ship's clock struck the hour of eleven, Mr. Reynolds stepped over the gangway of his vessel, and accosted Captain Driscoll.

"How's this, sir?" said he; "I thought you were to be off at ten o'clock!"

"So I was," said Driscoll, "but the crew have not come aboard yet."

"What's that to you, sir?" said Reynolds. Did you not agree to take my ship round to Boston?"

"Most certainly, sir; but how am I to do it without a crew?"

"That's not my lookout! you agreed to take this vessel to Boston—you said you could take her round quicker than any other man—now, sir, I want to see you take her round."

"There must be some mistake, here, Mr. Reynolds."

"None at all, I assure you, sir; it is all perfectly plain. You said you could take my ship to Boston, and I engaged you accordingly; and now, sir, will you take her round, or will you forfeit your agreement? one or the other, sir, I wish you to do immediately."

"Mr. Reynolds, I demand an explanation."

"That you shall certainly have."

"Joe Driscoll," said Mr. Reynolds, straitening himself up, and looking him full in the face. "Do you recollect, a good many years ago, of having sailed in the ship *Carloca*?"

"I do," said Driscoll.

"And do you recollect sending the 'boy Jim,' aloft to catch a booby?"

"I do," said Driscoll; "but what has that to do with you and me?"

"I will tell you, in a very few words, and then, sir, I wish you to rid my deck of your presence, as soon as possible. I am the boy, Jim—you sent me aloft to catch a booby. I found none, consequently I caught none. But I have at last, both found and caught a booby! When I went on to that yard, and found there was no booby there, I inwardly resolved never to lose sight of you, until I had paid you off in your own coin. I knew you the moment you called on me at the Astor House, and acted accordingly. I have now no further need of your services, for you have forfeited your contract, and I have caught the booby!"

#### THE LATE EMPEROR NICHOLAS.

We read in the *Abeille du Nord* the following: In the month of July, 1853, the Emperor Nicholas was passing along the English quay, when he noticed a hearse traversing the road, followed only by one person, an official from the hospitals. Surprised at seeing neither the parents nor friends of the deceased following the remains to their last home, the emperor stopped his carriage and asked who it was to be buried.

'A poor employee of the hospital,' said the man.

At these words, the emperor left the carriage, removed his helmet, made the sign of the cross, and followed the hearse, his head uncovered. A crowd of people, including some distinguished personages, hastened to follow his example, and it was not long before the cortege became most imposing. Then, turning to the crowd, the emperor said, in a loud voice:

'Now, gentlemen, I hope that you will render the last duties of a Christian to this poor deceased, and that you will accompany the body to the tomb.'

#### RUSSIAN MECHANICS.

The manual dexterity of the Russian mechanics is said to be almost marvellous. The favorite implement of all workers in wood is an axe with a broad blade and short handle. The workman wields it with one hand, and he will smooth a board with it as well as with a plane, or make a joint that defies the closest scrutiny to detect it. Though as yet no great work of art, no wonderful creation of genius, no striking discovery in science or invention in mechanics, has been produced by a Russian, yet in everything that requires accuracy of eye, delicacy of touch, and minute imitation, he is unsurpassed.

#### THE VARNISH TREE.

The very best Japan varnish is prepared from the *rhus vernicifera* of Japan, which grows in great abundance in many parts of that country, and is likewise cultivated in many places on account of the great advantages derived from it. This varnish, which oozes out of the tree on being wounded, is procured from stems that are three years old, and is received in some proper vessel. At first it is of a lightish color, and of the consistence of cream, but grows thicker and black on being exposed to the air. It is so transparent when laid pure and unmixed upon boxes or furniture, that every vein of the wood may be seen. For the most part a dark ground is spread underneath it, which causes it to reflect like a mirror; and for this purpose recourse is frequently had to the fine sludge, which is got in the trough under a grindstone, or to ground charcoal; occasionally a red substance is mixed with the varnish, and sometimes gold leaf ground very fine.

This varnish hardens very much, but will not endure any blows, cracking and flying almost like glass though it can stand boiling water without any damage. With this the Japanese varnish over the posts of their doors, and most articles of furniture which are made of wood. It far exceeds the Chinese and Siamese varnish, and the best is collected about the town of Jassino. It is cleared from impurities by wringing it through very fine paper; then about a hundredth part of an oil called *toi*, which is expressed from the fruit of *bignonia tomentosa*, is added to it, and being put into wooden vessels, either alone or mixed with native cinnabar, or some black substance, it is sold all over Japan. The expressed oil of the seeds serves for candles. The tree is said to be equally poisonous as the *rhus venenata*, or American poison tree, commonly called swamp sumach.—*Agricultural Division of the Patent Office.*

#### AN ACCOMPLISHED BLIND MAN.

The Journal of Chartres gives an account of a water-mill, in the hamlet of Oislemé, near Chartres, built entirely by a blind man, without either assistance or advice from any one. The masonry, carpenter's work, roofing, stairs, paddle-wheel, cogs, in a word, all the machinery pertaining to the mill, has been made, put up, and set in motion by him alone. He has also, the above journal asserts, made his own furniture. When the water is low, and the mill does not work, our blind miller becomes a joiner and also a turner, on a lathe of his own invention, and so he makes all manner of utensils, and pretty toy wind-mills for the juveniles. He lives quite alone, sweeps his own room; his mother, who has fifteen children to care for, lives a mile off, and does not trouble her head about "her blind boy," for "he earns his bread now," she says, "and does not want her." In 1852 this blind miller was rewarded with a medal by the agricultural society of the arrondissement, for a machine serving the double purpose of winnowing corn and separating the best grains from the common sort.

Perseverance fails nineteen times, but succeeds the twentieth. Never give up.

TO AN ABSENT ONE.

BY MOORE APTON.

Far away from the heart that is true to thee,  
Wilt thou, my love, be as true to me?  
In thy lonely watch at the dead of night,  
Does my image come in the calm starlight,  
To soothe thee with memories of the past,  
And with hopes of joys that may come at last?

I have waited and watched for thy coming long,  
Till my heart grows sad at the sea waves' song;  
O soon may it be that I'll watch no more,  
And we wander together o'er this bright shore;  
For then will my doubts and my trials end,  
When our spirits in holy communion blend.

Oft I list to the storm-fleets howling around,  
As he wakes the broad billows' lonely sound;  
Then my heart is wrung by many fears,  
And thy safety prayed with the prayer of tears—  
Save thou, O God, that fragile bark!  
Be thou its shield in the tempest dark!

But if grief should come with a darkening cloud,  
To throw o'er my heart its gloomy shroud,  
And chase from my life those visions bright,  
Leaving it silent and dark as night—  
Ah no! hope whispers it cannot be,  
And I may still fondly dream of thee.

When the tempest is wandering all abroad,  
I will give thee up to the care of thy God;  
For he who wisely rules above,  
Can keep and protect the life I love;  
And a white-robed angel cometh to tell,  
Thy God and thy Maker doeth all things well.

TEMPTATION OF CARL VON LAGERBIER.

BY FREDERICK S. WARREN.

THE setting sun, whose level beams shone warm and glowing through the soft haze of a summer afternoon, gilding with dazling brightness the palaces and spires of the royal city of Berlin, fell with an equal blaze of glory upon the high attic-window of an unpretending house in an obscure quarter of the metropolis, lighting up with an unwonted splendor the mean apartment to which the window belonged.

The interior of the room—like most students' apartments—contained nothing but a couple of chairs, a table, several large sized and well-smoked pipes, a bed, and a pair of *schlagers*, or duelling-swords. I have said this was all the room contained, but upon closer examination, an easel, brushes, colors, and the paraphernalia of an artist, would have been seen huddled together in a corner, as if they had been kicked there by their irritable proprietor in some ebullition of passion or disgust, as in reality was the case.

Striding from end to end of the little room,

with all the calm and quiet resignation you would naturally look for in a newly caged lioness, was a young man, of strikingly prepossessing appearance, who seemed to be laboring under an excess of emotion, which, to judge from the expression of his countenance, and the energy with which he kicked out of his way everything that interrupted his progress, was far from being pleasant. Suddenly checking himself in his rapid walk, and kicking one of the before-mentioned pipes violently through the window, he broke forth:

"Well, this is delightful, certainly! well worth living and striving for! Here am I, Carl Von Lagerbier, without a guider to bless myself withal; and what is worse, have been insulted, kicked, yes, kicked, and that, too, in the presence of Marie, without being able to obtain redress, for her own father committed the assault. What am I to do? yes, truly, what am I to do? That kick not only lowered me in the eyes of Marie, but at the same time deprived me of the means of existence. Let me review my life for the past two or three months, for I have been living in such a state of excitement and bewilderment, for that period, that, to say the truth, I hardly know what has taken place.

"Let me see. In the first place, then, up to three months ago, I had lived along in this attic, painting my pictures in contentment, and selling them, for little enough, Heaven knows, but still sufficient to enable me to rub and go; when, in an evil hour—yes, it was an evil hour, for how, how can I ever hope to aspire to the hand of Marie?—the Count Von Comigberg comes to me with a proposal to instruct his daughter in drawing and painting, for which he was to pay a liberal salary. I, of course, accepted at once—fool if I didn't—went to the count's palace, and was shown for my pupil a seraph, an angel, a—in short, Marie Von Comigberg. Heaven knows how I ever succeeded in teaching her anything, for I was over head and ears in love with her from the first minute, and—undeserving dog that I am—she, in a short time, began to experience similar feelings toward me. Each knew and felt the sentiments of the other's heart, but committed not our thoughts to words, until this most accursed day, when, fancying ourselves alone, I precipitated myself at her feet, and poured forth my tale of love. She, poor flitting, trembling dove, threw herself sobbing into my arms, vowing to be mine, and only mine. For a blissful moment, I pressed her to my heart; when that diabolical count, her father, rushed into the room, and overwhelmed me with a

torrent of abuse, calling me a villain, thief and robber.

"Well, well, it is all folly, this thinking of the past; the present has stronger claims to my attention. What the deuce am I to do? I ask again. I've no money, not a dot; for, although the count, to do him justice, paid me promptly and liberally, yet, fool that I was, I laid out every silver so soon as I touched it, in clothes and adornments for my—rather prepossessing, I flatter myself—person, so that now I am penniless. I would go on painting, but before I can finish a picture and sell it, I shall starve, to a dead certainty. What an idiot I have been, not to improve the opportunity this past three months, when I might have painted half a dozen pictures, at least, the sale of which would now place me in a decidedly comfortable position; but then I need not reproach myself with idleness. How could I paint? Didn't I try? With Marie continually in my mind, it was impossible to paint anything but her sweet face, and I'd sooner cut off my right hand than paint her portrait for any blockhead that chose to buy it.

"O, Marie, Marie, were it not for breaking thy dear little heart, I would precipitate myself from the heights of the Brocken; but that would involve the expense of travel, and is consequently impossible. Shoot myself; that would require a pistol, equally unattainable. O, the miseries of poverty; too poor to commit suicide in a gentlemanly manner. By all that's miserable and unlucky, I could find it in my heart to sell myself to the adversary, as churchmen call him. Better men than myself have done as much, according to all accounts."

A low, ringing laugh resounded through the room, as Carl pronounced the last words.

"What the deuce is that?" said he, starting suddenly, and gazing in every direction; but as nothing beside the bare walls met his gaze, he resumed his walk, and his soliloquy.

"Well, it is folly repining. Something must be done, and that speedily. So far as I can see, there is but one thing I can do; go to the museum and study the pictures until I can get something into my head besides Marie, then return and paint incessantly, and trust to fortune to finish a picture before I quite starve. Gad, there is half an hour of daylight yet; I'll go at once."

With these words, he left the room, descended eight or nine flights of stairs, and took his way toward the Royal Museum. It was quite late when he entered the picture gallery, and but a few loiterers remained of the crowds that had thronged the place through the day. Passing to

the farthest extremity of the hall, he was soon completely absorbed, apparently in the contemplation of an Albert Durer, before which he stationed himself, though in reality his thoughts were with the fraulein, Marie Von Conigsberg.

A long time he stood motionless before the picture, in such a state of abstraction as to be wholly unconscious of the lapse of time. The moon, which was at its full, rose bright and glorious, pouring its silvery flood through the great windows of the gallery, giving a strange, fantastic aspect to the forms and faces that looked out at him from the numberless paintings that adorned the walls of that abode of art. A couple of hours, it may be, he stood thus still and statue like, while in thought he was living over again the hours he had passed in teaching his beloved Marie to draw and paint, and something more, when, having reviewed in regular order every scene of which he formed a part, from the commencement of their acquaintance, he arrived in due course at the point of time in which that most unfortunate kick had been administered. The degrading recollection roused him from his reverie, and starting suddenly, he cast a look around, and for the first time became aware of the lateness of the hour. Muttering to himself, in an uncommonly energetic manner, a few words, the purport of which I could not exactly make out, he turned on his heel and strode rapidly toward the door.

The hall was completely deserted; the last straggler had long since taken his departure, and our hero's footsteps, as he hurriedly paced the dim gallery, sounded singularly loud and distinct, awakening strange echoes, which reverberated along the high arched roof, and among the lofty pillars, until they died away in the distant aisles with a sound like low, mocking laughter.

"*Sacrament!*" muttered he, when, upon reaching the entrance, he found the ponderous doors closed for the night. "Was there ever such an unlucky dog born into this detestable, disgusting world? By all the infernal powers, I verily believe the fiend himself is enlisted against me, and takes pleasure in making me miserable. Now if it were only the reverse, if I could only enlist his sulphureous highness in my favor, wouldn't it be glorious? It's no such dreadful thing, after all. I can't be much worse off than I am at present, and, as I said before, better men than myself have done as much. There was Faust, and what's name, and the Count de Saint Germain, and what-d'ye call him, and a host of others, only I can't think of their names, all of them men by no means to be sneezed at, who bettered their worldly condition very much—

rially by a little business transaction with old square toes. By Jupiter, I wish I knew how the thing was done."

The same low, ringing laugh that he had heard in his attic, a few hours before, sounded through the deserted hall, very low and soft, but distinct and prolonged, as if caught up and echoed by a thousand mocking voices.

"Eh? Hallo, who's that?" called our hero, looking around in every direction. "Imagination, I suppose, or an echo, or something;" and he retraced his steps towards the window where he had first stationed himself.

As he approached the spot, he observed, pacing slowly along in the moonlight, a tall figure, enveloped in a long black military cloak, and with a slouched hat, ornamented with a long, jet black plume—set jauntily upon his head, after the manner of those gallants who think no small things of themselves.

"Hallo, here's another unfortunate individual fastened in for the night," thought Carl; "he doubtless is the unmannerly scoundrel who saw fit to laugh at my remarks, but a moment since. By Jove, he'd better not repeat the experiment, for I feel savage as a hyena to-night, and would like nothing better than to give somebody a good serviceable thrashing. I wonder who the deuce he is, and why I haven't seen him before? But what do I care who he is? I don't care for him; I don't care for anybody, not I—except Marie, dear little Marie. Impertinent scoundrel, what business has he to intrude upon my privacy? I selected this place to walk in myself, and I want to be alone, I do, and I'm going to be alone. Confound the fellow, he's been trying to light his cigar here, too; there's a diabolical smell of brimstone. If I catch him smoking, I'll cram the cigar down his throat."

With these, and similar belligerent thoughts, chasing one another through his brain, he continued to walk toward the window. The stranger, being somewhat in advance, reached the wall first, and turning, passed our hero, midway the aisle, but without speaking. This was repeated several times, Carl, all the while, working himself into a furious passion, until, in passing the fourth time, he could contain himself no longer. Accordingly, confronting the stranger, and assuming a look and manner intended to annihilate him upon the spot, he addressed him:

"I say, who the deuce are you? Is the building so small, that you can find no other place to walk but this? I wish to be alone! d'ye understand? *alone*. Your society is far from being enchanting, and you'll accommodate me by taking yourself out of this, as soon as you can, possibly make it convenient."

"Why, really, this is very unhandsome treatment, I must say," returned the stranger, in a courteous manner. "I assure you, I should not have intruded upon your solitude, except upon the repeated and pressing invitation from yourself."

"Invitation from me? What, in the name of Beelzebub, do you mean? The fellow is insane, clearly."

"Not at all. If you will have the kindness to remember, you have twice, to-night, intimated your desire to make a transfer of a trifling piece of property, upon which you would find it extremely difficult to effect a loan from any pawn-broker, but which, in the benevolence of my heart, I am willing to purchase at a truly magnificent figure. You understand me?"

Carl was a brave fellow, and not easily frightened; but it must be confessed, he was not a little startled at discovering who was his companion. The stranger, during the conversation, had stepped back into the moonlight in such a position that it fell upon his face, thereby disclosing a set of remarkably fine, not to say pleasing features, and had his dark eye been a little less piercing, no one would have hesitated to pronounce him the handsomer man of the two.

"Hem, yes. I understand," replied Carl, who had taken a good look at the stranger, and somewhat recovered himself. "In plain language, then, you are the ——" and Carl executed a series of downward motions with his thumb.

"Why, really, my friend, you flatter me," replied the stranger, evidently pleased with the compliment. "No, to tell you the truth, I am not the ——" and he hesitated, imitating at the same time, Carl's thumb language. "I am not the —, I am simply a —."

"O, ah, yes, I see, you are simply a —. Well, simply a —, I suppose, from what you heard me say to-night, you expect I will sell you my soul at the first offer. 'Tis no great shaken of a soul, to be sure, and never has been of much benefit to me, that I know of; but, poor as it is, I assure you, most solemnly, you won't get it. That, I believe, terminates our business for to-night. Now, sir, I have the honor to wish you a very good evening, and you will accommodate me by going right straight to—any place you choose."

"Quite the contrary, my friend. Our business, so far from being concluded, has not yet commenced," returned the stranger, with a bland smile, at the same time drawing from the rear inside pocket of his coat, a long, smooth,



candal-appentage, terminating in a peculiar harpoon-shaped conformation at the extremity, which Carl had not before observed that he was provided with, so snugly was it coiled away; when expedient that it should be kept out of sight; and which the stranger, holding the light in his hand, flourished gracefully, as any less gifted individual would a cane, occasionally tapping his boot with the end, to give force to his remarks, or switching at some rakish fly, returning to his quarters at that late hour, and whose loud and irregular buzzing denoted that it was no good that kept him out till that time of night. "Quite the contrary. If you will listen to me, for a few minutes, I think I can convince you that our business has by no means been brought to a close. In the first place, then, Carl Von Lagerberg, you are poor, very poor."

Carl nodded affirmatively.

"And for my part, I can't see how you are to better your condition. In the next place, you are up to your ears in love with Marie Von Conigsberg, and she with you."

"You are an impertinent scoundrel."

"Possibly—and she with you. Now then, Carl, I will talk to you like a brother. O, don't start; like an uncle, then, if that suits you better. Yes, uncle, nothing could be more proper; for, as I expect to grant you a loan on collateral security, I most certainly have as good claim to be called 'uncle' as any mortal pawn-broker in existence;" and the stranger chuckled gleefully at the conceit. "Well, then, the case is just here. On the one hand, we have a life of poverty, misery, and disappointed affection, not only for yourself, but for Marie; don't you think she'll suffer, too? I happen to know that she does suffer, and that, under the present circumstances, you will never see her more. On the other hand, there is boundless wealth, and a title, too, if you like it, Marie for your wife, and a long life of happiness."

"For all of which, you merely ask my eternal misery? cheap, certainly. It's of no use, I tell you; you only waste your time, if that's of any value."

"Peace, my impetuous young friend; my tale is not yet half told. I do not ask a fraction of the price you seem to take for granted. The fact is, I have taken a fancy to you, and am disposed to give you a fortune, dog cheap. Now, listen to me, I say, and I will inform you as to the price I do in reality ask. To give you a proper understanding, then, you must know that business has been dull with us, I may say very dull, for the last hundred and fifty, or two hundred years. The resident assistants have had

nothing to do but to grow fat and lazy, while the travelling agents have worked themselves to a shadow, without accomplishing much of anything. Now, as previous to the period I have named, business had been brisk, as it is now the reverse, we came to the conclusion, after much deliberation, that our terms were too hard, and that people had become alarmed at the harsh manner in which we treated our patrons, on their exit; as, for instance, that deplorable affair of Faust's, what could have been more impolitic or unbusiness-like, than for the agent, who had Faust in charge, to souse him into the crater of Vesuvius, when his time had expired? That circumstance we have never ceased to deplore; though, to do ourselves justice, the agent in question had never been entrusted with any business of a like character before, and was consequently perfectly green, which accounts for the unfortunate occurrence.

"For these reasons, I say, we have effected a thorough reform in that department whose business it is to negotiate with living mortals. Not only have the prices been reduced, but, in certain cases, a substitute will be allowed. You will see, by this tariff of prices, that your humble wants can be supplied upon very reasonable terms;" and the stranger, taking a neatly printed card from his vest-pocket, and tucking his tail under his arm, began running his fore finger down a column of figures.

"Hum—yes, your wants, which are moderate, can be supplied at a very low figure indeed. Now, if it was revenge you wanted—to take life, or anything of that kind, then, indeed, there would be some reason to find fault with the terms; but as it is, bah! 'tis a mere nothing. Let me see, I think I know your wants. You will require a considerable sum of money, say a million—no, two; yes, a young fellow, with your talent for spending money, will require two. Then you want to wed Marie Von Conigsberg, of course; and you'll want a title, perhaps? No? then it will come cheaper still. Then we'll say thirty years to enjoy yourself; thirty will answer, won't it? Well, then, we'll say forty, I'm not disposed to be hard with you, forty it is; and all that you can have—wealth, station, the woman of your choice, and forty years of happiness—for what? I'll bet a hat, you'll be surprised at the low price I'll name; and all this you can have by merely signing a bond for the truly insignificant term of twenty thousand years in purgatory."

"Purgatory, eh?—then it's not eternal?"

"O, by no means; that is to say, you will have to answer for your own acts, in the same

manner as if this bargain had never been made; which will be over and above the term due me; but being rich, you can easily get a dispensation from the pope, relieving you from everything except this one debt, which—being a man of honor—you, of course, will not attempt to shirk, unless,—as I will provide for in the bond—you furnish me a substitute."

"Twenty thousand years, eh—? only twenty thousand?—a trifle, truly, a mere nothing—"

"You are right," muttered the stranger, a shade of melancholy flitting for a moment over his fine features—"comparatively speaking, it is nothing; it is less than nothing. But come," he continued, cheerfully, "time is passing, what say you, shall we complete the bargain at once? here is the bond already drawn up, and only requires your signature."

"What if I refused?"

"Then you may starve, or at best drag out a precarious existence; vegetate in your garret; while some bolder and more manly spirit supplants you in the affections of the woman you are afraid to win. By Jove, but she is a splendid creature," continued the stranger, placing his glass to his eye, and regarding with the air of a connoisseur, a picture which stood but a few feet from them.

"Marie's portrait here!" exclaimed Carl, in astonishment; gazing enraptured at the glorious beauty of the fair being there depicted. "O Marie, Marie, what will I not do for thy sake?"

"Will you sign the bond, if you please?" asked the stranger in a winning tone, at the same time presenting a small parchment with one hand, while with the other he held an ink horn and pen.

"Give me the bond," muttered our hero, with a determined air, bending over the parchment and dipping his pen into the ink. "But hold, what am I about to do? sign a compact with the devil; no, I'll not sign it," and he dashed the pen to the floor.

"O, just as you please, just as you please; I don't wish to have it said that I overpersuaded you. Sweet creature, sweet creature," continued the stranger, again fixing his gaze upon the portrait. "I wonder at you, Carl, I do, 'pon my honor. How any man can be so chicken-hearted, with such a divinity to urge him on, is beyond my comprehension. However, perhaps, it is quite as well that our business should not be hurried too fast. I will give you another day to consider my proposition. To-morrow night I will see you again, when I am inclined to think you will be disposed to accede to my terms."

"I think not; but where will you see me?"

"O, wherever you are, it matters little to me; but it is a good sign that you inquire, you will come to your senses after passing another twenty-four hours in your attic. Now then," he continued, folding up the bond, which he placed, with a number of others, in his pocket-book, and began carefully coiling his tail into the inside pocket of his coat. "I suppose you would like to leave this place, and return home?"

"I should, most decidedly, but how the deuce is the thing to be effected? we are fastened in as tight as a beer barrel."

"O never question as to the means of accomplishing a desirable object, the end is everything. Just grasp my arm firmly,—so—and be careful you don't let go, or I cannot be answerable for the consequences."

Carl complied with his directions, there was a whiz; a sensation similar to that experienced in falling; a sudden rush of air; and lo—he stood at the door of his own lodgings.

"Till we meet again," said the stranger, bowing politely, but, before Carl could answer he had disappeared.

"Queer fellow that; I may be permitted to say, devilish queer," muttered Carl to himself, as he stumbled up the eight or nine flights of stairs that led to his room. "What a temptation I have had; shall I sign his infernal bond, or not? However, I'm sleepy now, and there'll be time enough to decide to-morrow."

So saying he tumbled into bed, and in a moment was fast asleep.

The fraulein Marie Von Conigsberg—of whom we have heard something in the preceding chapter—was in tears, and in her room, with her beautiful Madonna countenance buried in the soft cushions of the window seat, and her soft golden hair flowing in unrestrained luxuriance over her snowy shoulders; she was sobbing convulsively. More than twenty-four hours had elapsed since the only man whose look and voice ever caused her foolish little heart to accelerate its pulsations by a single beat, had been ignominiously kicked before her eyes, and violently expelled from the house. Nor was this all, her father, who was never kind, and often harsh, had visited her with the most fierce and cruel displeasure; venting his rage upon her defenceless head, and overwhelming her with a torrent of opprobrious epithets, such as no father should use towards a daughter. And more, he had threatened terrible vengeance against Carl, only the more terrible to her, that she was left in doubt as to what that vengeance would be.

All her own wrongs and insults were forgot-

ten in her anxiety for her lover. A dozen times since the—to her—terrible event of Carl's expulsion, and her father's explosion, had she made up her mind to seek the stern tyrant, and without asking anything for herself, to plead for her lover; for knowing the power and unforgiving disposition of her father, she imagined that nothing less than a dreadful death would satisfy his wounded pride. But to her dismay he had been absent the whole day, and now the second night had come, what could have happened to him?

But hark! a carriage enters the court yard, and her father's well known voice is heard blaspheming at a furious rate, because one of the carriage lamps happened to burn a little higher than the other, or some equally important matter. He was evidently in a savage temper, but that very circumstance gave her hope; for—she thought—had he succeeded in exterminating and blotting from the face of the earth her adored Carl, surely he would be in a pleasanter mood.

Notwithstanding the ugly reception she was sure to meet with, the brave girl determined to at once put her plan in execution. Accordingly making a hurried toilet, she descended with a half eager, half frightened step, the broad staircase that led to the hall of the palace, where she felt certain of finding her father, for he invariably passed his evenings there, and of late the greater part of the night. Arriving at one of the side entrances, she hesitated a moment, to strengthen her wavering resolution, and frame an address that should meet with favor from her dreaded father. Peeping between the folds of tapestry which closed the entrance, she was surprised and shocked at the change that had come over the count since their last meeting. His face was deadly pale, almost livid, as with a rapid and irregular step he strode from end to end of the apartment, occasionally giving vent to some incoherent exclamation or grinding his teeth violently together.

This unexpected scene put to flight the little remaining courage Marie had until that moment kept up; but for some time she could not explain, her limbs refused to bear her away from the spot, and she stood as if spell bound, with her eyes fixed upon her father, who was evidently expecting some one, as he ever and anon threw an anxious, inquiring glance around the vast apartment.

Suddenly, and without appearing to have entered by any of the usual passages, there stood in the centre of the floor, a tall figure enveloped in a black cloak, and holding in his hand a hat

and plume of the same sombre hue. His features were noble and eminently handsome, yet from some undefined cause a thrill of horror ran through her frame as she gazed upon him, and instinctively leaning forward she listened attentively to the conversation that ensued.

"Well," said the stranger, confronting the count, "I have come punctually."

"I see you have," returned the count, apparently not in the least surprised at his sudden appearance.

"Have you succeeded with the substitute you spoke of?"

"I have not; but is there no possibility of obtaining an extension for a short period?"

"Without the substitute is forthcoming, there cannot be the minutest fraction of a second granted further; for, to say the truth, count, you have already had so many extensions that your credit is getting decidedly below par, and it is high time something more tangible than bonds and promises should be given. Just consider, if you please, it is now one hundred and sixty years since our first interview; at that time we bargained for forty years, for which you was to give the usual term of twenty thousand; and very cheap it was too at the time. When that period expired, we made a new bargain extending over a series of years; that too expired; and since that time there has been nothing but extensions, you all the while putting off with promises of substitutes; which promises, it is needless for me to say, have not been fulfilled; until now you are in debt for various items to the extent of a million and a half of years. I regret to say it, but permit me to observe, count, I rather doubt your having tried to obtain a substitute. There, for instance, is the young lady whom you have brought up as your daughter, and who is not your daughter; it appears to me you might have made something out of her attractions. It is not your affection that has prevented, I'm certain; but you failed to make the attempt; besides there are numerous other instances in which I am inclined to think you might have succeeded, had you been disposed to try."

"Granting all that to be true, you know there is yet another chance. If we succeed to-night in persuading Carl Von Lagerbier to sign the bond you proposed to him yesterday,—in that case I shall have a further extension of forty years."

"So the bond reads."

"And if we fail?"

"In that case you must be content to go with me, when the last stroke of twelve sounds to-night. And permit me to say, count, I think

you should be perfectly willing to accompany me, considering the immunity you have had. With the exception of the Count de Saint Germain, I never granted so long a period to mortal before."

"Notwithstanding which, I have a decided aversion to leaving just at this time. I have arranged none of my affairs; in fact, made no preparation whatever, for such a sudden departure."

"And yet you knew the time expired to-night."

"True, but I had, and still have great hope of young Lagerbier. The overwhelming love he bears to the young woman I call my daughter, can, I think, be turned to good account, to say nothing of the wealth I will offer him."

"I'm not so sure of your succeeding," returned the stranger. "I offered him last night precisely what you will offer, and he refused peremptorily. The fact is, he has some confounded notions in his head concerning the propriety of having any dealings with me, whatever. And as for the young woman, I think you have overshot the mark. The love sort of affection he entertains for her is peculiar, so pure, in fact, that he would think himself unworthy of her, did he gain her by any such means. Could we get her to persuade him to it,—then indeed; but that is out of the question entirely, she would sooner persuade him the other way; indeed the very presence of a wholly innocent being like her, would mar the whole proceedings and prevent my operating at all. The fact is, count, you should have begun sooner with young Lagerbier, and have worked his mind up to the point before this. I fear you are now too late. By the way, how soon before you shall expect him here?"

"Ten minutes from this time was the hour appointed. But why, let me ask, are you so much more anxious to get him into your power, with only twenty thousand years to serve, than myself with a million and a half?"

"O, the reason is obvious; it is but natural that we should prefer a young impulsive spirit like his, to a tough, weather-beaten, old soul like yours; beside, we are sure of you, and we are, by no means, sure of him; in fact, if he resists to-night, I am middling certain we never shall get him. I think, upon the whole, count, it would be quite as well for you to see the young fellow alone, and try your powers at persuasion. I will be back in time to execute the deed, should he consent, or to accompany you, should he refuse. In the meantime, I have several little matters on hand that require my attention.

Let me see; I'll run over to Sebastopol, and take a look at our affairs there; have a word or two with Louis Napoleon, in passing; then slip across to America, and see that the steam fire engine is prevented from being put into operation at Boston; and some other little matters therewith, all of which I can accomplish in season to attend to our business here."

So saying, the stranger bowed politely to the count, set his hat jauntily upon his head, and lo —he was not—

Poor little Marie was almost frozen with horror at the very peculiar style of conversation adopted by the two worthies, and the diabolical plot to swindle her lover out of the immortal part of himself. What was she to do? Rush into the room so soon as Carl made his appearance, and inform him of his danger? No, that would only save him, and in the expansive love of her heart, she wished to save the count also, although he was not her father, and had always been harsh to her.

What could she do? alarm the house? But of what avail would be any amount of force with a gentleman who possessed the peculiar faculty of rendering himself invisible at any moment, and could travel from Berlin to Boston, and back in five minutes? A dozen different projects presented themselves and were as speedily banished. What could she do? She was almost in despair, when a brilliant thought entered her pretty, foolish, little head. Leaving her station at the door, she rushed up stairs to her room and armed herself with a large crucifix, to which was appended a relic of marvellous virtue, and with this spiritual weapon, she quickly returned to her post at the door.

She had been at her station scarcely a minute, when a servant announced Carl Von Lagerbier. How her heart fluttered as he entered the room, looking—she thought—handsomer than ever; and with what eagerness she bent forward to listen, drinking in every word that was uttered.

"I have sent for you at this hour, young man, because we have some business to transact that cannot be so well done at any other time," began the count, when Carl stood before him. "You probably know to what I allude; as there is no time to spare, we may as well proceed at once, without any circumlocution. To be brief, then, you love my daughter?"

"Passionately, devotedly."

"She shall be thine. You would be rich?"

"Yes, that Marie may have no want gratified."

"You shall have two millions—do you hear, young man? two millions, and a title. You

shall be my heir; but only upon one condition, that you sign the bond my friend presented you last night. You understand? If you refuse this liberal offer, poverty and wretchedness shall be your lot, and my vengeance shall pursue you to the ends of the earth."

"It is in vain, count," replied Carl, suddenly, but firmly. "I have thought well of this matter, have repented sincerely the rash and foolish words of last night, when for a moment I dared harbor the fearful thought of risking my eternal welfare. No, I will live and die in poverty and wretchedness. Will even give up Marie, and could she hear my words, she would approve them—but never, never, will I sign a compact with the devil."

"No, not sign?" gasped the count, growing deadly pale, while his eye wandered towards the clock, the hands of which were fearfully near the hour of twelve. "You must; you shall sign," he continued fiercely.

"Never," replied Carl, firmly.

"You can procure a substitute before the time expires."

Carl shook his head.

"By all the infernal powers, you shall sign that paper, or never leave this spot alive," roared the count, drawing his sword and rushing upon him. As he spoke, the person we have thus far called the stranger, but whom we will henceforth call the demon, stood before them. "Hold," he cried, "there must be no compulsion; either he signs the paper of his own free will and accord, or it is of no effect. Prepare yourself, Count Von Conigsberg," he continued, in a terrible voice, fire flashing from his eyes. "The hour draws near, in one minute more, the clock now strikes."

"O, spare me, spare me!" faltered the miserable man, sinking helpless into a chair.

"There is the bond, the bond," continued the demon, with a fiendish laugh, as he laid the parchment on the table, and strode across to where the count was sitting.

The clock began striking the hour of midnight. "One" clanged forth from the bell's brazen throat.

"Are you ready, Count Von Conigsberg? Ho, ho, only a million and a half," roared the demon.

"O mercy, mercy!"

Two—the words of the bond which lay upon the table, flashed out brighter and brighter as the clock struck, until every letter seemed a flame, while the count's signature was the color of blood.

Four—with the rapid motion of a started

fawn, Marie, seeming like a very angel in that presence, darted from her hiding-place, and flying with the speed of light across the hall, laid the precious crucifix upon the very centre of the parchment. The demon shuddered from head to foot.

"Where now is your claim upon the count, foul fiend?" cried Marie, exultantly. "Lay your impious hand upon that sacred emblem if you dare."

The letters of fire faded from the bond immediately as the cross touched the parchment, leaving it a perfectly blank sheet, except where the count's signature was written; that still remained, but no longer the color of blood.

The demon gazed as if bewildered, at the holy symbol, until the last stroke of twelve had sounded, then with a fearful imprecation, that shook the building to its foundation, he disappeared through the roof. The fatal hour was passed. Marie lifted the cross from the parchment, when spontaneously igniting, it was soon consumed.

"Count, father," said Marie, laying her hand upon his arm, "the hour is passed, and you are saved from the consequences of your error."

"Is it indeed so? is it possible there is hope even for me?"

"There is hope for all men, count," said Carl, approaching and taking his hand.

"Heaven bless you, my child!" said the count, laying his hand upon Marie's head. "And for you, Carl," he continued, turning to him, "you have proved yourself strong enough to resist the temptation to which I fell; take this child, therefore, protect her, for she is an orphan, and may you be happy. For my title and estates, I leave you my heir; to-morrow I shall quit the world and enter a monastery, where amid prayer and fasting, and in the communion of holy men, I will endeavor to atone, in some measure, for my misdeeds." So saying, he left the room, while Marie, folded in Carl's embrace, wept for joy upon his bosom; and here we'll leave them, as indeed we should do, for it always makes me terribly provoked to have any one spying round when I am in a like situation.

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CONTENTMENT.—Fit objects to employ the intervals of life are among the greatest aids to contentment a man can possess. The lives of many persons are an alternation of one engrossing pursuit, and a sort of listless apathy. They are either grinding, or doing nothing. To those who are half their lives fiercely busy, the remaining half is often torpid without quiescence. A man should have some pursuit always in his power, to which he may turn gladly in his hours of recreation.—*Helps.*

## THE LAST APPEAL.

BY BERNSTINE.

When you, beside the bed of death,  
Shalt stand, and see my eyelids close,  
Shall watch depart my latest breath,  
My weary frame sink to repose,  
Bow not in grief,  
'Neath the heavy stroke so early given,  
But turn to Him who reigns in heaven,  
And seek relief.

When 'neath the ground you've seen me laid,  
And home return, in grief profound;  
No voice to hear, no smile to meet,  
Alone to wander up and down—  
Not hopeless he,  
Nor let escape those bitter tears and sighs,  
But hope with me to spend, beyond the skies,  
Eternity.

When you shall wake at early morn,  
And seek in vain my form to clasp,  
And gaze around the room forlorn,  
No smile to meet, no hand to grasp—  
Not heartick mean,  
As your sore affliction comes to mind,  
Nor think none worthy you can find,  
To call your own.

When many lonely days have passed,  
And you another heart have gained—  
Another form your arms have clasped—  
The cypress for the orange changed,  
Not quite forget:  
Though your love for her most true shall be,  
Let memory live, and your love for me  
Keep sacred yet.

## THE BANISHED SAILOR.

BY AUSTIN C. BUDICK.

CAPTAIN ROBBINS told us the next story. He was a stout, powerfully built man, and had been a ship-master over twenty years.

"Well, boys," he commenced, "my story has but little of the thrill to it, but it has a curious sort of a winding up, as you shall hear. Some ten years ago—I had command then of the same ship which I now own—I cleared at Boston for Calcutta. About half of my crew were furnished by a shipping-agent, and they were certainly good-looking men. I had no reason to complain of them on the score of seamanship, for they were good seamen and understood their profession. For a week all went on well, and I had begun to flatter myself that we should have no trouble on the voyage, when one of the men commenced to exhibit traits of character which I did not much fancy.

His name was Mark Lofton. He was a stout,

broad-chested fellow, strong as an ox, and with a set of limbs which looked as though they were made of twisted ropes. His first exhibitions of evil were among the men, where he seemed inclined to provoke quarrel and fighting. I called him aft and bade him let me see no more of his mischief. He made me no reply, and went forward with a sullen, dogged look.

"Matters passed on for a week longer, and at the end of that time, as I came on deck one morning, I found a row going on upon the fore-castle. I hurried forward, and found that Lofton had been kicking up a muss as usual. I inquired what had caused the disturbance, but received no answer, so I turned to a foretopman named Anderson, and ordered him to explain to me what had happened.

"'Why, sir,' said he, casting a kind of fearful glance towards the evil man, 'Lofton came up a little while ago, and found Bill settin' on his ditty-bag, an' he shoved him off. Bill told him not to do that again, an' at that Lofton up and hits him a kick, and was goin' to pitch into him, when me an' Tom interfered. Lofton swore 'at he'd murder us if we didn't let go of him, but we swore 'at he shouldn't harm Bill, for Bill was only a boy compared with him. That's where we was, sir, when you came.'

"'It's a lie!' said Lofton, with his fists doubled up.

"'Be careful,' said I, looking him sharply in the eye. I suppose he hated to have the men see him cowed, so he thought he'd show me a little of his spunk. At any rate, he turned full upon me, and said—and he looked savage, too, when he spoke:

"'Don't think I'm afraid of you.'

"That startled me. 'Look out,' I said, 'or you'll find yourself in rather rough hands.'

"At that he shook his fist in my face. I wasn't a very weak man then. I was taller than Lofton, and not so stiff, and my fist was heavy. With a movement so quick that he couldn't avoid it I gave him a blow upon the side of the head, just below the ear, that felled him to the deck as though he'd been struck with a cannon ball. At first I thought he was dead, but he soon began to move, and ere long he got upon his feet. The first word that escaped from his mouth was an oath, and directed to me. I struck him again, in the same place, but heavier than before, and he fell again like lead. When he next got up he seemed inclined to fear me, and he kept his tongue to himself.

"'Lofton,' I said to him—and I spoke rather more kindly than I would have believed it possible for me to have spoken—'there is no need of

my saying much, for you are sensible enough to know what order and subordination must be on board a ship. It gives me more pain to punish you than it can possibly give you to receive it. I want you to understand this. Now why can't you behave as you should? you know what your duty is, and you know how much happier you will be if you make yourself pleasant.' I went on in this way some time, and when I went aft again I left him with his head down. I made no threat of any kind, but I talked just as though I didn't believe that he would act so any more.

"After this I fairly thought that Lofton would behave himself. He was sober and regular at his duty, but he had little to say to the rest of the crew. He was sullen most of the time, and I don't think he spoke a dozen words a day, that he wasn't obliged to speak. His peculiarities attracted my attention, and once I tried to get at the secret of his strange behaviour. One night, when he had the wheel, I stood by his side and asked him how long he had followed the sea. He told me, ever since he could remember, save at intervals which he had spent on shore. I next asked him if either of his parents was living. He said, no. I was then going to ask another question, when he looked me in the face, and said he:

"'There, capt'n, you'd better stop where you are. I see your drift, and I a'n't fond of telling my own affairs.'

"'But you are a strange man, and I cannot see through you at all,' said I.

"'Well, an' what's the need of yer seein' through me?' he growled, giving the wheel an extra spoke a port, and heaving it back again.

"I said no more to him, but went about my own business, satisfied that he would do best to be left alone.

"We had reached the Cape of Good Hope, and thus far Lofton had maintained a dogged, sullen subordination since the scene to which I have referred; but after we had doubled the cape, he commenced once more to show his evil pranks. One night he knocked Bill Cookson down, and kicked up a general row. I hurried forward and put a stop to it as soon as possible; but this did not stop it, for the next day he had another fight. I told him if he did so again I would put him in irons, but he took no notice of my threat. He seemed to have become utterly reckless of all consequences, and at enmity with the whole crew. In fact, he appeared to take a sort of fiendish delight in feeling that we all hated him. We had now got so that there was no safety with him, and I carried my threat into

execution. I put him in irons, but I had to knock him down first. I kept him confined a week, and then I let him free, but after that I went armed, for I knew not what he might do.

"But even this seemed to have no influence but to make him more ugly. The men all feared him, for he was powerful; and more than that, they feared that he would not hesitate to use a knife if provoked to it. At length I got out of patience, and I found that the peace of the crew was destroyed while he remained on board. I tried to reason with the fellow, but he would only snarl and scowl at my persuasions. I was puzzled, I had tried every sort of means, and yet not a particle of impression could I have upon him. I had urged him with all the power of which I was capable. I had pointed out to him in every conceivable form the real joys of life he was throwing away. In short, no father ever talked more kindly and feelingly to a child than I did to him.

"But finally I gave up. One day Lofton had been worse than usual, and as he gave me a threatening answer, I simply said: 'Now, Mark, I've come to the last resort. Let me see one other act of evil from you, and I will set you ashore upon the first land we see! I will do it as true as there is a God in heaven!'

"He looked at me sharply as I spoke, but I could not see that it affected him any. However I let him rest at that. On the very next day the men were sent aloft to shake the reefs out of the topsails. I heard an oath from the main topsail yard, and on looking up I saw that Lofton was having a spat with Bill Cookson again. Lofton was on the Flemish horse casting loose the earing, and Cookson was next to him. 'Let me alone,' I heard Cookson say, 'I want to do my duty.' On the next instant I saw Lofton spring in and give the youngster a blow that knocked him from the yard. Quick as I could I ordered the men in from the yard, and hove the ship to. Bill was picked up though 'twas a narrow chance, for the blow he had received had almost stunned him. As soon as the men had come down, I went forward with some irons and ordered Lofton to give me his hands, but he refused. I called on my men to help me, when the fellow drew his knife, and swore he'd run the first man through who placed a hand on him. The words were hardly from his mouth when my mate struck him down with a belaying pin, and in a few moments more we had him ironed. I spoke not a word, but confined him under the top-gallant forecastle.

"Three days from that time one of the look-outs reported land on the larboard bow. We

steered for it at once, and found it to be a small island, not more than three or four miles in diameter, and well wooded. I ordered the boat to be lowered, and then put Lofton into it. It seemed hard to leave a human being in such a place, and I made up my mind that if he would only beg for mercy, and promise to behave himself, I would recant. But he did no such thing. I went to the shore with him, and he was sullen and silent, and even after we had landed him he spoke not a word until I had spoken first.

"You won't repent, will you?" I said.

"His answer was only a volley of oaths, and I came off and left him, and ere long afterwards my ship was on her way again. I turned to look back upon the island and saw Lofton standing nearly where I had left him. He was gazing after us, and then I determined that if he would only make the least sign towards the ship I would go about and get him. But as soon as he saw that I was looking at him, he plunged into the wood. We stood on, but I must confess that the face of that lonely man haunted me. The run to Calcutta was made in safety, and on the way back I meant to stop at the island and see if Lofton was still alive, but I could not find it again. I did not know its name, though of course I had its latitude and longitude, but when within a few days' sail of the island a storm came upon us, and we lost the place, so I saw him not.

"But many a time did I wish that I had not left Mark Lofton on that lone island. Yet how could I have helped it? I could not have kept him under guard all the time, and had he been loose, there was danger of his killing good men. Thus I argued with myself, and gradually the thing ceased to trouble me.

"Time passed on, and nine years rolled away. Once afterwards I found the little island—it was nearly on the southern tropic—and went all over it. It was five years after I had left Lofton. I found a hut made of boughs, and other signs of humankind, but there was no human being there. I forgot to tell you that after we had set Lofton on shore, I put after him a package containing a gun, a knife, and some powder and ball. In the hut there was a rude fire-place, and the ashes and coals were still there, though caked down by the rains which could now come through the broken roof. As I could find no further traces, I of course supposed the man must have found some means of leaving the island.

"Last November I anchored my ship in Port Philip, at Australia. I went there to take out provisions and clothing for the miners, and also to carry passengers. I remained at Melbourne

a month. One day, after I had got all loaded up for my return voyage, and was only waiting for some passengers to come down from the mountains, I received a message requesting me to call at the hotel and see a sick man. I went up at once, and the clerk of the house, who knew me, and knew what I had come for, conducted me up stairs, and showed me into one of the best rooms in the establishment. There sat a middle-aged gentleman, who arose as I entered and asked if I was Captain Robbins. I told him I was, and then he turned towards a heavy curtain which formed a complete partition, and motioned for me to follow him. In there I found a bed, and upon it was a man whom I soon recognized as one I had seen before. His features were sunken and death-like, and the skin as dark as an Indian's. The hair was gray; but 'twas the great black eye I recognised.

"Ah, captain," he uttered, trying to raise himself up, but failing, 'don't you remember John Wallace?"

"I was upon the point of replying that I had forgotten the name, when he made a sign for the physician to leave. As soon as the man of medicine was gone, a strange light shot athwart the sick man's features, and in a low tone he said:

"But you haven't forgotten Mark Lofton?"

"You may believe I started. I recognized him in an instant, but how fallen and faded. He extended his hand, and I took it.

"Mark," said I, 'I am glad to see you once more, but sorry to see you so. But you've caused me many unhappy moments.'

"How so?" he asked quietly.

"In wishing that I had not left you on that island."

"Tut, tut, say no more about that. 'Twas the making of me. But you mustn't expect to talk much, for I've but precious little life in me, and must say what I've got to say first. Yes, you made me, and I've sent for you now to see you, and tell you. I knew when you first came into port, and then I hoped I should get well enough to go to the States with you."

"I told him that he might get well as it was, and that I would wait for him, even though I was now ready to sail.

"But suppose I couldn't pay you?" he said.

"I told him he shouldn't pay me if he could.

"Well, well," he uttered in a hollow tone, 'you won't be burdened with me. But listen: I say leaving me on that island was the making of me. For the first week of my being there I only prayed that I might at some future time get near enough to you to murder you, and dur-



ing that time I lived on berries and roots. After that I began to feel lonesome, and my anger cooled down. Then I resolved to open the bundle you had done up for me, and when I found the gun, and ball, and powder, the first feeling of gratitude that I had experienced for years came to my soul. You may now know what I never would tell you before. When I was young I loved a gentle girl, and she was snatched from me—ruined—by another. I met her seducer, and I shot him. I was taken up and broke jail, and from that time I allowed my heart to sink into a hatred of everything. My parents were both dead, and I knew of no relative on the face of the earth. Ugliness became a disease, and my baser passions I ever nursed. So had I lived for many years when you first knew me. But new feelings came to me in my banishment. When I had no human being to converse with, then I began to realize how necessary companionship was to even life itself. As I became more and more lonesome I remembered the good lessons you tried to teach me, and when I began, too, to acknowledge to myself that you had been forbearing and kind, even beyond my deserts.

"And so a year passed away, and at the end of that time I had actually learned all your lessons word for word, and had now come to wish continually that I had profited by them. Prayer followed next, and then came the resolution that if I ever could get free from the island I would be a better man. You may think it strange, but I had now come to look back upon you as the only guide to my reformed life. Your lips were the only lips that had ever, since my boyhood, spoken one kind word of counsel and advice, and upon your sayings my whole superstructure of character was founded. If I ever for one moment blamed you for leaving me there, the thought of how you bore with me, and how I trampled upon your kindness, drove such thoughts away. Ah, you have little idea what thoughts will come to a man in such loneliness.

"Four years passed away, and during that time I lived on fowl's eggs and fruit, and in a hut which I built of boughs. At length a brig was becalmed off the island, and I got on board. I gave my name as John Wallace, and professed to have been cast away four years before. That brig came here, and I at once made my way to the mines, which were then just opened. I followed up my resolution, and have been fortunate. But I've met one enemy now that can't be overcome. Yet, what is that? He spoke this in a loud voice, and fairly sprang up to a sitting posture. 'What is that?' he repeated, while a

bright fire burned in his eye. 'But for you I should have died a miserable, degraded being, but now I am happy and contented. The lesson has been a hard one, but nothing else could have turned a heart like mine. I have seen my God, and in my soul I know all my sins are forgiven; washed away by the blood of the Lamb!'

"He fell back exhausted, and at that moment the doctor came in. Lofton tried to speak again but he was too weak. The physician told me to come again in the morning. I returned to my ship, and on the next morning I went back to the hotel. I met the doctor, and he told me my friend was dead. I went up to look at him, and those dark, sunburnt features did wear a smile in their last, silent repose.

"'He was a noble, good man,' uttered the doctor, as we stood looking at the sleeper.

"'He was,' I returned.

"'And yet a strange man,' the doctor added. He had told me all, and his attachment to you is surely a singular one, or, at least, fostered under singular circumstances.'

"So we conversed some time on the strange subject, and at length, as I announced that I must return, the doctor took me to the adjoining apartment, where there was a large trunk with my name on it.

"'There,' he said, 'that trunk is yours. And there is a letter, which, you will observe, was signed in the presence of a justice and three witnesses.'

"I opened the letter, it was quite long, and had been written by his attorney, at Lofton's dictation. It iterated the thanks he had already bestowed upon me, and informed me that the trunk, and all that was in it, save one small package, was mine; and that upon that package I should find directions for its disposition. And last, I was forbidden to open the trunk until I had passed the Cape of Good Hope. I waited to follow Mark Lofton's remains to the grave, and then I set sail.

"I have been many times anxious to leave the Cape behind me, but never so anxious as then. But the time at length came, and on the morning that my ship struck the Atlantic, I opened the trunk. I found a lot of old papers at the top, and below them I came to a Bible. Next I came to a lot of canvass bags, and—they were filled with gold! At the bottom was an iron-bound box, and upon it was a letter directed to me. I took it up, and saw, upon the top of the box, written, the name of 'WILLIAM COOKSON.' Bill was at that moment within three feet of me, my first mate! We read the letters together—one for him, and one more for me—and in them

Lofton hoped that the remembrancer here bestowed, might at least be some little sign of his well wishes for an honest man whom he had once so deeply wronged. In my letter I was desirous to get the box to Cookson if he was living, and if he was dead I was to divide it among such of the crew of the old ship as were known to me.

"I will only add, that Mark Lofton had left me forty-seven thousand dollars, and to Bill, twelve thousand. My mate and I had some strange feelings at that moment, and when we spoke the name of him who had thus enriched us our hands involuntarily met in a tremulous embrace, and warm tears trembled upon our lids.

"You now know why I have given up going to sea any more. You can see, too, how natural it was that Cookson and I should enter into partnership in the shipping business; and you also will understand why we have called our new ship the 'MARK LOFTON.'"

#### "ALL ALONE, DARLING."

So said an agonized mother to her infant, that lay on her lap dying. Sadly and tenderly she gazed on its pale face. O, how thin and pale disease had made it! And when the little wasted hands would be feebly reached towards her, and the sharp pain would distort the lovely features, and the dear eyes would look up to her so imploringly, the mother's heart bled as none but a mother's heart can. It was not only the dying agonies of her child that she dreaded; after a few more hours of suffering, a few more struggles for breath, a few more looks of love and pain, its eyes would see her no more. It would pass away from her sight. The timid babe must go from all that it knew, all that it had seen, into a world where all would be strangers.

"All alone, darling; you must go *all alone*." That was the bitter thought to that tender mother. But that was the voice of nature. Soon faith whispered, "He who prepared your heart to welcome the little one so loving when it came a stranger into this world, cannot he endow some fair and gentle spirit with love and skill to meet the little stranger as it enters that world, to embrace it tenderly, and gently introduce it to the happy scenes of its new existence?"

"Your Saviour is there; he who said, 'Suffer little children to come unto me.' You have trusted his grace for your child's redemption, can you not trust your child in his care? 'He shall gather the lambs with his arms, and carry them in his bosom.' Your little one will be safe in that bosom, and 'quiet from fear of evil; more safe, more quiet, more happy than in your own.' Faith allayed the anxiety, and soothed the anguish of nature. The weeping mother believed and was comforted.—*American Messenger*.

He whose wishes, respecting the possessions of this world, are the most reasonable and bounded, is likely to lead the safest, and for that reason, the most desirable life.

#### TO CARRIE D. H.—

BY H. EDWIN RAYDEN.

Remember me.

Not—I entreat—at the festal board, while all around thee,  
The light sounds of joyous mirth, in pleasant thoughts  
have bound thee;

Not the gay and lively dance, where busy feet are prancing,  
Nor in fashion's brilliant bowers, where happy eyes are  
glaucing—

But at twilight, when the stars are shining bright above—  
And all is still and lone—if no other tho't then move thee,  
Remember me.

Remember me.

Not in the busy mass of life where all is bright and glad;  
Not in the silent gloom of night, when all is dark and sad;  
Not in the brilliant circle, where light wit and mirth  
abound,

Nor yet in homelier circles, where sweet tones of music  
sound,

But in thine own lone chamber, when from worldly cares  
thou'rt free,

And, dearest, when thou offer'st up thy prayers on bedded  
Remember me.

#### THE INHABITANTS OF THE WRECK.

BY CHARLES CASTLETON.

OUR ship, the old Delaware (line of battle), was homeward bound. We were twenty days from Gibraltar, and had thus far had quite respectable weather. On the morning of February 15th, 1844, we discovered what appeared to be a wreck on our weather bow. Word was sent to the captain, and he issued orders at once to tack and stand for it. Accordingly the ship was put about, and as we neared it we found it to be a small craft with the mainmast standing, and the foremast sawed off within about four feet of the deck. The main shrouds were standing, while the mainstay had been secured to the stump of the foremast. In addition to this a stay was run from the mainmast head to the end of the bowsprit. This was all the standing rigging in sight from our ship. A boat was lowered, and I was called to go in it with one of the lieutenants. The wreck lay with her starboard rail at the water's edge, while the larboard side was well out, and the sea was breaking over her continually.

We passed around under the stern, and there we stopped a few moments to make out her name as she rose from the water. We had no difficulty in doing this, for the name was plainly painted: the "HALIFAX, of Halifax." Then we hauled up under the quarter rail, and three of us boarded her. Her deck was swept clean, save of such rigging and standing stuff as was securely made

fast—the hatches were gone, and part of the bulwarks on the starboard side carried away. One life-line was still rove, leading from the taffrail to the windlass. We went to the main hatchway and looked down, and we found her to be loaded with shingles and staves—probably bound for the West Indies.

Of course we first searched for any living thing that might have been left upon the wreck, but we could see no signs of such.

"Guess they got off somehow," said the lieutenant.

"If any ship had picked them up," I returned, "I should have thought they would have taken some of this rigging, for surely it is worth saving."

"But it may have blowed too hard," suggested the officer.

I was about to reply, when one of the men, who had made his way forward, suddenly uttered a cry of alarm.

"What is it?" the lieutenant asked.

"I heard somebody groan down here, just as sure as you're alive," the man returned.

We hastened forward, and found that the hatch of the fore-castle companionway was on, and that it was held in its place by a line made fast to a bolt on the outside, and then passing in, between the hatch and the combings, as though some one had pulled it down after them.

"Hallo! Anybody there?" shouted the lieutenant.

We listened, and I distinctly heard a groan. Quick as thought we tore the hatch from its place, but at first we could see nothing but wood and water. The hulk lay with her stern down, and the bows were so high out of water that the two forward upper berths were clear of the flood. The water was up above the lower bunks, but these two were clear, and these alone. The ladder was in its place, and I went down. I looked into the bunk upon the starboard side, and there I saw a human being. It was a man, seeming stark and stiff, for he noticed me not. A groan from behind me startled me, and in the opposite berth I saw another man. I called at once to those on deck, and two of them came down. As soon as we could fairly collect our reason we called for a rope's end, and by this means we succeeded in getting the men on deck. The one who had uttered the groans was able to sit up, though he looked more like a thing of the grave than like a living man. His face was all sunk away till the bones seemed almost in sight, and his eyes had the cold, glassy stare of a frozen man. The other was senseless and inanimate, but there was not only warmth about the region

of the heart, but I was sure I could feel its pulsations with my ear. I had a small pocket-mirror with me—one of those circular things set in a little brass case—and this I opened and held to his lips. I watched it narrowly, and I saw moisture gather upon it.

"There's life there," I said.

"Yes," returned the other—the one who had attracted us by his groans, speaking in a forced whisper; "he spoke to me sometime in the night."

We at once commenced to chafe the fellow's breast and brow and temples, and ere long his eyes were partly opened. But we knew that the sooner we could get him into the hands of the surgeon the better it would be for him, so we wrapped him up as warmly as we could, and then got them both into the boat, and having made sure that there was no other living thing on board, we put off. In twenty minutes from that time both the men were in charge of our surgeon, and by the help of such restoratives as he knew well how to apply, they were brought back to active life, though it was some days before the weakest one could even sit up.

Five days afterwards I asked the stoutest of the saved men to tell me the particulars of the wreck.

"Ah," said he, with a dubious shake of the head, "it's a curious story. My name is John Lamper, and my mate's name is Philip Worthen. We belong in Lunenburg, which is on King's Bay, just to the southward of Halifax. Five of us owned a small schooner, and came out on the Banks after codfish. About a fortnight before you found us we got caught in a northwester. We tried to put back, but we couldn't do it—nor could we lay to. We found that we must scud or sink, one of the two, and we chose to scud. Away we went for two days like a frightened dolphin. Our craft was an old one—an old coaster we had bought cheap—and she couldn't stand such knocks; so on the third day, just as the blow was over, she sprang a leak. We manned the pumps, but 'twas no use. A dozen seams were open, and the water came in like mad. We found that the old thing must go, and we got our boat out, and as quickly as possible dumped in what provisions we could get at. We had just got in one beaker of water, when we found the schooner was going, and we made a rush for the boat. We had all got in, but when we came to the shoving off we had no oars. I jumped back after them, and had just got into the boat again, when the schooner gave a heave ahead and went down. Of course she made a whirlpool where the sea closed over her, and the boat went into it, and down we all went together.

"For awhile I was struggling under water, but I came up after a spell, and had sense enough to make for the first thing I saw afloat. It proved to be the main-hatch. As soon as I had secured it, I looked about me. The water was covered with the stuff that had been on the schooner's deck, and it was floating about in all directions. Of course I looked first for my companions, and by-and-by I saw Phil Worthen clinging to the henceop—for we brought out a lot of hems with us. But we two were all that ever came up alive! We looked for the boat, but it was not to be found.

"Phil and me got close together, and we soon had sense enough to try and find some provisions. We did find one bag of bread floating on the water, and this we secured. That was all we could find. This we secured to the henceop, and then we began to think of making a raft. We found some rigging floating about, and after a hard siege of mere 'n three hours, all the time swimming about—we got the hatch, the henceop, the binnacle and a part of the caboose, all lashed together, and on this we took our stations. We picked up a wooden kid after this, and of course secured it, and also one oar. We picked up all the old tarpaulins we could find, and these we wrapped around the bread-bag to keep the salt water out.

"Night soon came, and, as luck would have it, it commenced to rain. We pulled off all our clothes, and as soon as we had got them rinsed clear of salt we began to gather fresh water. We let 'm soak, and then squeezed the water into the kid, and before morning we had it full. Two days we were on that raft, and on the next we fell in with the wreck on which you found us. We found no living thing on it, but we resolved to board it. So we put our kid and bread-bag on board, and then secured the raft to her stern. But on the next night the raft got away somehow. That noon our water was gone, and we had only ten biscuit left. On the next day our bread was gone, and we were parching with thirst. In our agony of thirst we drank salt water, and it made us sick. That night we watched for a sail as long as we could see, and then we crawled into the fore-castle, and having hauled the hatch down after us, we crept into the only two bunks that were clear of water. Phil was weaker than I was, for I had to help him into his bunk. But when I had laid down it didn't seem as though I could ever get up again.

"I went to sleep—or, rather, sort of fainted away—and sometime in the night I was started by hearing Phil groan. I asked him what was the matter—and he said he was dying. I tried

to get up, but I couldn't move. A sort of stupor came over me from my efforts, and I fell away again. The next thing I remember was hearing you on deck. I tried to cry out, but could only groan. I at length made out to groan pretty loud, and I knew when you heard me. Of course you know the rest. I don't think I could have lived till noon if you hadn't found us as you did."

"Then you know nothing of the former crew of the wreck?" I said.

"No," he answered. "I knew the craft. She was a morphy'dite brig, and belonged in Halifax; but I don't know who was in her, nor what became of 'em."

Three days after that we spoke an English barque bound for Halifax, and as the two saved men wished it, they were put on board. They shed tears of gratitude as they went over the side, and even after they had reached the Englishman's boat they uttered their thanks for the service we had rendered them.

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#### BURIED ALIVE.

Pliny mentions the case of a young man of high rank, who having expired sometime, as it was thought, was placed upon the funeral pile. The heat of the flames revived him, but he perished before his friends could rescue him. The great anatomist, Vesalius, had the unspeakable misfortune to commence the dissection of a living body, apparently dead. Less unhappy was the case of the Abbe Prevost, who fell into an apopleptic fit, but recovered his consciousness—too late—under the scalpel. Preparations were made to embalm the body of Cardinal Somaglia. The operator had scarcely penetrated into the chest when the heart was seen to beat. Returning partially to his senses, he had sufficient strength to push away the knife; but the lung was mortally wounded. In one of our journals is recorded the strangely interesting case of the Rev. Mr. Tennant, of New Jersey, who lay three days in his shroud, and was saved in almost a miracle. We find a collection by Bruhier, of no less than fifty-two cases of persons buried alive; four dissected prematurely; fifty-three who recovered after being coffined; and seventy-two falsely considered dead.—*Saturday Eve. Gazette.*

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#### A GENEROUS BELLE.

At a festival recently held in Newark, N. J., a lady came up to a table on which was every delicacy in the way of fruits, candy, or cake, and intimated her desire to purchase something.

"Mr. R." said she to the young lady in attendance, "paid for my coming in, and also treated me to ice-cream, and I'm determined to buy something now I'm here."

She took her purse from her pocket, and whilst seeking with her fingers in its recesses, ran her eyes over the table, and settling them upon some almonds, inquired:

"How many do you give for a cent?"

"Four," was the reply.

"Then give me two cents' worth, for I am determined to buy something."—*New York Pic.*

## EDITOR'S TABLE.

MATURIN M. BALLOU, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

### THE NEW YEAR.

In the present number of Ballou's Dollar Monthly, we come before the reader with number one of volume third. It will be seen that we appear upon nicer paper than heretofore, and that we present the same abundant feast of intellectual food for our vast list of subscribers. We have added, for the coming year, to our already extensive list of contributors, and can promise the readers of our Dollar Magazine much gratification in the perusal of its numbers for the year before us.

To secure the work complete, it is all-important to subscribe at once, as we can only print up to the demand, and it will be remembered how many we were obliged to disappoint last year, who were late in sending in their subscriptions, the demand being so great as not to leave a single back number to send to those who desired unbroken sets.

We shall continue to make each number complete in itself, and to fill the *hundred pages* which we send out each month with such pleasant and readable tales, sketches, miscellany, and poems, with records of all that is new and curious, as to make the Dollar Monthly a charming and acceptable visitor, and still prove it to be, what it really is, *the cheapest magazine in the world.*

**AMPLE ROOM.**—The largest reading-room in the world is now nearly completed in the British Museum. It is circular, 140 feet in diameter, and 106 in height. The tables will accommodate nearly four hundred readers. The wrought iron book-cases will contain 102,000 volumes. The cost of the room will be about \$500,000.

**BINDING OUR DOLLAR MONTHLY.**—We are prepared to bind up neatly in cloth covers the last year's numbers of our Magazine, for all persons who will bring them into our office, and return them in one week, at a charge of *thirty-seven cents.*

**A NEW READING.**—The eleventh commandment is read by defaulters: "Thou shalt not be found out." This was the Spartan, but should not be the Christian version of the law of *menum and tæum.*

### A BOLD DANCER.

It appears that an English danseuse—a Miss Thompson—has been acting with great audacity to the Austrian authorities in Hungary. We have heard of this affair before, but the correspondent of the New York Herald furnishes full and authentic particulars: "While in Pesth she made herself mistress of the 'Csardas,' the national dance of Hungary; and, wishing to pay a proper deference to the feelings of the country in which she danced, gave orders that a dress should be prepared displaying the national colors. The tailor, however (for in these regions the *modistins* are represented by men), informed her that he dare not make such a dress, as it was strictly forbidden by law. Accordingly it was decided that the green should be left out, and Miss Thompson appeared in white and red. She determined, however, not to be beaten; and upon her arrival in Temesvar she donned a green sash, which she had provided on purpose. With this she appeared in a true woman's spirit, in spite of the remonstrances of the police. On her return to Pesth, a gendarme was appointed expressly to watch her on the stage, who, after remonstrating in vain with Thompson (who pretended that she did not understand German), threatened to remove her by force. As the menace would actually have been carried into effect, Miss Thompson was forced to take off her sash, but carried in its stead, to the disgust of the officials, a bouquet, whose predominant color was green, thus exhibiting to the audience their much loved national colors—white, green and red."

**KIDNAPPING CHINESE.**—The Chinese Governor-General of Fuh keen and Chekiang has issued a proclamation in which he says that it has come to his knowledge that female children had been bought at Ningpo for the purpose of being shipped to foreign countries, supposed to Cuba.

**BALLOU'S PICTORIAL.**—Any of our Magazine subscribers who are not acquainted with Ballou's Pictorial, will have a copy forwarded to them as a sample, by sending us a line requesting the same.

## WANTED—A SUBJECT.

How many a writer, with a head full of general information, with no lack of humor, wit and eloquence, with a determination to immortalise himself, has been arrested on the threshold of his effort by the want of a theme! In vain he gazes moonstruck on the ceiling—in vain plunges the steel into the bottom of his ink-stand, as if he would "pluck up drowned subjects by the locks;" for though he may "call spirits from the vasty deep," they will not answer him. Yet let but the key-note, the word, the idea suggest itself, and his faculties flow forth in their bright play, like a stream when the dam has been removed. The want of a subject is a frequent complaint of professional scribes, and yet wits, starting without any solid foundation, or writing on the absurdest themes, have been generally most successful. Rochester's happiest poem is "On Nothing," and nothing can very well be better. Jules Janin's "Dead Donkey" is one of his most felicitous works.

Alexander Selkirk, on his desolate island, was "monarch of all he surveyed;" but he had no subjects. Many a poor penny-a liner has been in the same predicament. To the Grubstreet scribbler, who is paid by the job, the want of a subject is a direful calamity; it is bread out of his mouth. And here let us relate an actual adventure that chanced to one of the scribbling fraternity, and let us call the hero Gabriel Crowquill, lest, peradventure, should he be living, his feelings might be wounded at the recital.

Gabriel was a ready writer when his subject was furnished him, but was very slow to originate themes. He made no secret of this deficiency, and once, in the public room of a hotel, declared to a group of his brethren of the quill, that he would give fifteen dollars for a "good fresh subject." The offer created a laugh, and soon passed from the memory of his immediate auditors, though one man, a stranger, dressed in rusty black, and smoking a cheroot, was wonderfully struck by it.

That night, as Gabriel Crowquill was seated with a blank look before a blank quire of paper, gnawing the feather of an inkless quill, there was a knock at his door.

"Come in!"

The invitation was obeyed. A grim-looking individual, in rusty black, with a red nose, and a dingy white felt hat, with a wisp of crape round it, entered, and carefully closed the door behind him.

"Honor bright?" said the doubtful visitor.

"Of course," answered Gabriel, in a very foggy way.

"You're in want of a subject?"

"Terribly."

"And you offered fifteen dollars for one this morning?"

"I did," said the desperate editor.

"Make it twenty."

"I will."

"It's a bargain," said the red-nosed man. "Where will you have it?"

"Here."

"When?"

"Now."

"All right, squire," said the man; "I'll be back in five minutes. You've got a bargain. The medical college would give me twenty-five."

"Stay!" cried the author, a sudden light flashing on his mind; "what's your business?"

"Body snatching!" answered the professional, in a hoarse whisper. "I've got sick a prime subject!"

"Avaunt!" shouted the author. "Thy bones are marrowless!"

"Aint you a doctor?"

"Not a bit of it."

"Don't you cut folks up?"

"Yes; but only in the newspapers; figuratively—not physically."

"It's all a mistake, then. But you wouldn't betray an honest fellow that has a family to support?" said the Ghoul, with a piteous whine.

"No, no!—only begone. I'm busy."

The spectre vanished.

"Eureka!" shouted the scribe, as he dashed his pen into the ink. "I have found a subject!" And forthwith he produced that brilliant essay on "Violations of the Grave," which made such a tremendous sensation in the columns of the "Columbian Globe," ten years ago, and won for Gabriel the applause of the public, and the hatred of the surgeons.

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UNCLE SAM.—Our respected uncle's money-box is full to overflowing. He has a couple of scores of millions of loose change. Don't little Vic. and the Emperor Nap. wish they had it? Of course not.

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COCHINEAL.—The cochineal insect, from which a beautiful scarlet dye is obtained, is imported into Great Britain to the extent of 1090 tons annually, valued at £140,000.

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PEARL BUTTONS.—Great Britain imports 1090 tons of pearl shells, the whole of which are manufactured into buttons and studs.

## ORIGIN OF THE FAN.

A Chinese legend relates that the beautiful Kenzi, daughter of a mandarin, during the Feast of the Lanterns, finding herself overcome by the heat, took off her mask, and while protecting her face, agitated it in such a way as to precipitate the undulations of the air. The ladies were so struck by the grace of this proceeding that many of them dropped their masks and imitated the bewitching Kenzi. We suppose this account of the origin of the fan is about as authentic as Charles Lamb's story of the discovery of the delicacy of roast pork by the Chinese. But the fan is undoubtedly of great antiquity. Its use was allied to the religious practices of the ancient Egyptians. Euripides, Longinus, Lucian, and many other Greek and Latin authors, make mention of the fan. We even see it represented on some of the old Etruscan vases. It is difficult to tell at what period the fan was introduced into the west of Europe. The Crusaders, on their return from Palestine, introduced it extensively among the French ladies. In the commencement of the sixteenth century it became general in Europe. The materials employed in the manufacture were commonly gold, silver, ivory, ostrich and peacock feathers.

The fan makers of Paris formed a distinct corporation before the time of Louis XIV., in whose reign the revocation of the Edict of Nantes drove many fan-makers to Great Britain. Paris is now the great centre of the business, and French fans are exported in large quantities to Buenos Ayres, Montevideo, the Antilles, Rio, St. Thomas, New York, Baltimore, New Orleans, Porto Rico, Havana, Constantinople, the East Indies, Smyrna, Persia, and Spain. But if the French make the finest fans in the world, it requires Spanish ladies to use them as no others can do. In the fair hands of a belle of Madrid or Havana, the fan becomes eloquent—as eloquent as the bright eyes that give emphasis to its language, or the coral lips that murmur the most musical of tongues. The fan can be made to express encouragement, aversion, love, hate, and all the nicer shades of sentiment. A Spanish coquette would be completely disarmed if she lost her fan. No wonder that the French manufacturers do a great business.

**SPECULATIVE.**—Sir Humphrey Davy said he had often heard of a flight of steps, but had never been able to discover whither they migrated.

**TRUE.**—Dress and devotion go together. "A love of a bonnet" must be seen at church.

## WAR-DATES.

The following dates of the various operations in the Crimea will be found worthy of preservation:

Sept. 4, 1854... Embarkation of the French army (25,000 men) and the Turkish army (8000 men) at Varna.

Sept. 9... The fleet carrying the British army (25,000 men) joins the Turko-French fleet at the Isle of Serpents.

Sept. 14... Debarcation of the allied armies at Eupatoria, near the old fort. This operation is not interrupted by the Russians, and lasts six hours.

Sept. 20... Battle of the Alma.

Sept. 27... The allied army, after having crossed the Alma, the Balbeck, and several other streams, reaches the heights of Balaklava by a flank march. The English take possession of the town, and make it the base of their operations.

Sept. 29... Reconnoissance of Sebastopol.

Oct. 9... Opening of the trench at 2100 yards from the place.

Oct. 17... Opening of the fire against the place. The combined fleets take part in it.

Oct. 25... Battle of Balaklava.

Nov. 6... Battle of Inkermann.

May 23, 1855... Taking of the cemetery.

May 24... Expedition to Sea of Azoff completely successful.

May 25... The allied army occupies the line of the Tchernaya.

June 7... Taking of the Mamelon Vert.

June 18... Unsuccessful assault on the Malakoff.

August 16... Battle of the Tchernaya.

Sept. 8... Capture of the Malakoff.

Sept. 9... The enemy evacuates the south part of the city and retires to the north.

Sebastopol was bombarded and cannonaded for 322 days.

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**NEW STEAMER.**—The steamship *Adriatic*, now being built for the Collins line of steamers, will be, when completed, the largest and most magnificent vessel afloat. She will measure five thousand six hundred tons; her length will be three hundred and forty-five feet on the broad line; depth of hold, thirty-three feet; breadth of beam, fifty feet.

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**QUEER FESTIVITY.**—A Scotch paper says: "Some whiskey having been procured, the 'brave armies of the Crimea' were drunk." They have been in that condition, but is it right to boast of it?

# WAYS AND MEANS.

Almost every one can manage to pick up a living, and even to get rich, if he sets out with a determination to do so; to be cast down by no discouragement, and daunted by no failure. A man who would get along, must be no stickler for a particular calling or line of business. How few successful men are prosperous in their chosen pursuit! Most men have to bend to circumstances, for it is only really great men who can make circumstances bend to them.

When Grant Thorburn, who came to this country as a nail maker, was without a resource, passing a flower-stand one day, he rubbed his fingers carefully over the leaves of a shrub, and was pleased with the fragrance they emitted. This trifling occurrence led him to entertain the idea of selling plants, and he soon became the leading seedsman and florist of the United States, possessor of a vast establishment, and on the road to fortune. We do not mean to hint that it is judicious for men to be constantly making experiments, abandoning one pursuit for another—by no means; but that no one should despair when one string fails. When one plank has fairly sunk from under you, then it is time to look out for another, and that instantly, if you would keep your head above water.

*Nil desperandum* should be every true man's motto. "Hangin's vulgar," as old Weller says. To the man who is true to himself, "something will turn up," as Mr. Micawber says. Every man, though not necessarily a "Jack-of-all-trades," should know how to do more things than one. It is this universality, this general aptitude, so characteristic of that type of the Anglo Saxon race, nurtured on this shore of the Atlantic, which has given the great Yankee nation its unexampled success, and rendered destitution and pauperism so rare a thing among us. That universality of ability, which in the old world has characterized only a few great men, who stand like beacon-lights along the line of centuries, is here the characteristic feature of the people. There are few successful men among us who have not "in their time played many parts." We have scores of admirable Crichtons.

As an instance of Yankee ingenuity that occurs to us at this moment, we may mention (though we do not hold him up as an example) our friend, Mr. Neutrums Tink, the portrait painter. He was something more than a dabbler, but he found that his profession here, in Boston, would not support him and his large family, and he accordingly moved to New York. The last time we visited that city, we noticed a very elegant private carriage in Broadway, and on

asking who owned so splendid an establishment, were informed that it belonged to Mr. Neutrums Tink, the artist. Chancing to meet Neutrums Tink shortly afterwards, we asked him the secret of his success. He told us in confidence.

"My dear sir," said he, "it's all owing to an idea I hit upon. I live by manufacturing ancestors for parvenus."

"Manufacturing ancestors!"

"Exactly so. Only to-day I received an order from Mr. Serdidi Pelf, who has just built a palace up-town, for a whole family gallery—you are aware he was a foundling. We trace back to Sir Wynkin de Pelf, who came over to England with the Norman conquest. I have just dead-colored him—a fine, brown rascal in armor, receiving knighthood from the hands of William. But this is in confidence. But you must excuse me now, for I have half a dozen great-grandfathers and great-grandmothers in my smoke-house—original Vandykes—who will be done a little too brown if I don't make haste to air them." Neutrums Tink will probably die a millionaire.

**A FORMIDABLE WORK.**—An immense unpublished MS. of Rev. Dr. Mather, the eccentric Puritan divine, embodying his "Illustrations of the Sacred Scriptures," is stored in the library of the Massachusetts Historical Society, where it is shown in six volumes folio, of rough-edged, white-brown foolscap, written in the author's round, exact hand, in double columns; its magnitude and forgotten theology bidding defiance to the enterprise of editors and publishers.

**BALLOU'S PICTORIAL.**—The rapidity with which this illustrated weekly journal has grown into public favor, and the immense circulation it enjoys, in the homes of the wealthy and refined, as well as in the humblest backwood settlement, illustrates the fact that it is a paper for the people, calculated to gladden each and every fireside. Ballou's Pictorial wields a powerful influence for good in the pure morality of its pleasing contents.—*Christian Freeman, Boston.*

**FATAL FOLLY.**—In New Haven, an Irishman, named Eagan, "died as the fool dieth," in consequence of drinking a quart of spirits, on a wager. Men who will be guilty of such folly, ought to die.

**CHURCH CHOIRS.**—Several of our Boston churches pay from \$1500 to \$2000 a year for their music, and many other parishes appropriate from \$1000 to \$1500 for the same purpose.

**A TRIBUTE.**—Napoleon said a handsome woman was a jewel; a good one a treasure.



## HOAXES.

These sort of practical white lies have been current from time immemorial. The pleasure that mankind experience in being cheated always incites individuals to cheat them. The morality of deceiving people, even in fun, is questionable; and yet some successful hoaxes are so stupendous, such "gigantic jokes," that even stern moralists forgive them for their magnitude. Such was Richard Adams Locke's famous moon hoax, wherein he deceived thousands of persons by a narrative coined from the imagination, but dressed up with all the minutiae of accurate science. Of similar magnitude was Theodore Hook's imposition on the London tradesmen, to some hundreds of whom he wrote orders for large quantities of the articles they dealt in to be sent to a certain house in Tottenham Court Road. Never was such a throng congregated, even in London, for all the goods were ordered at the same hour of the afternoon. But this hoax wanted the redeeming quality of good nature, for it involved great expense, injury, and severe disappointment to the victims.

Another gigantic hoax always struck us as the neatest and most inoffensive of its kind. It is the well known story of the invalid who was to fire the twenty-second gun at Paris announcing the birth of the king of Rome. Twenty-one guns, fired at intervals of a few seconds, signified a daughter—twenty two, a son born to Napoleon. The old soldier suffered a long interval to elapse after the twenty-first gun; the vast crowd began to disperse in disappointment; then, when these were completely "sold," the veteran applied his match, and in a flash the murmurings were changed to rejoicings.

In Addison's time, hoaxes were called "bites," and the inferior sort of wits practised them as extensively as they are practised now-a-days. One of them is recorded in the *Spectator*, and serves as a specimen of its class. A criminal sentenced at the old Bailey to be hanged, sells his body to a surgeon, for five guineas, payable in advance. The moment he has the money in his hands, he exclaims to the discomfited man of science: "A bite! I'm to be hanged in chains." The Yankees are fond of hoaxes, and are adepts in conducting them. They are perpetrated with a "total disregard to expense." Witness the ovations to Shales, the "great American tragedian," to Mellen and to Pratt. The cleverness of hoaxing a sharp wit, or the public at large, palliates its immorality; but there is little credit over half witted victims, and such are most generally selected as butts.

Garrick, the great English actor, was con-

stantly quizzing and hoaxing people. An intimate friend of his, Dr. Monsey, gave Tom Taylor a great many instances of this mischievous propensity. One day, when Garrick was with Monsey, at the joyful sound of twelve at noon, a great many boys poured out of school. Garrick selected one, whom he accused of having treated another cruelly, who stood near him. The boy declared that he had not been ill-treated; and Garrick then scolded the other still more, affecting to think how little he deserved the generosity of the boy who sought to excuse him by a falsehood. The boys were left in a state of consternation by Garrick's terrific demeanor and piercing eye; and he told Monsey that he derived much advantage from observing their various emotions.

While he was walking with Monsey, on another occasion, he saw a ticket-porter going before them at a brisk pace, and humming a tune. They were then at old Somerset House. "I'll get a crowd around that man," said Garrick, "before he reaches Temple Bar." He then advanced before the man, turned his head, and gave him a piercing look. The man's gayety was checked in a moment; he kept his eye on Garrick, who stopped at an apple-stall till the man came near, then gave him another penetrating glance, and went immediately on. The man began to look if there was anything strange about him that attracted the gentleman's notice, and, as Garrick repeated the same expedient, turned himself in all directions, and pulled off his wig, to see if anything ridiculous was attached to him. By this time, the restless anxiety of the man excited the notice of the passengers, and Garrick effected his purpose of gathering a crowd round the porter before he reached Temple Bar. Such jokes as these we consider quite unworthy of a man, and wags who are perpetually practising them, deserve to be indicted as public nuisances.

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CHINA.—When clay is mixed with flinty earth, and afterwards baked, it forms a semi-transparent mass; and as this compound was first known in China, and imported from that country into England, the ware thus made received its name.

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SEVERE OPINION.—Lord Chatham, speaking of a statesman of his time who was in place, said: "That man would not be honest if he could, and could not if he would."

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THE FRENCH IN TURKEY.—A French theatre is to be started at Constantinople, and is to perform comic opera, vaudeville, and ballet.

## SPARRING OF WITS.

Outsiders are not aware how little actual feecy there is in the public squabbles of editors and other professional men. Prentiss, of the Louisville Journal, and the editor of the Louisville Democrat, used to abuse each other like pickpockets in their daily papers, and yet they would sup together at night with all the cordiality of Damon and Pythias.

In London, it used to be the custom for actors and literary men to walk in the piazzas of Covent Garden in the middle of the day, and then adjourn to dinner at one of the neighboring coffee-houses. Murphy, the author, told Tom Taylor that he was one day witness of the following scene: Foote, the wit and actor, was walking with one party of friends, and Macklin (the "Jew that Shakspeare drew"), with another. Foote diverted his friends at the expense of Macklin, whom he not only turned into ridicule, but whose character he attacked at all points. Macklin was as active in abusing Foote. The reciprocal attacks seemed to receive an additional stimulus as they passed each other. At length, all the friends of both parties went away, and Foote and Macklin were left masters of the field; but Murphy lingered, after he had taken leave of Foote, merely to see how the combatants would treat each other. To his surprise, Foote advanced to Macklin, and said, in an amicable manner: "Macklin, as we are left alone, suppose we take a beefsteak together." "With all my heart," said Macklin; and they adjourned to the Bedford, as if they had been the best of friends. Both gave public readings, in which they abused each other without stint. On one occasion, Foote expressed his surprise that Macklin should have had a Latin quotation in his advertisement. "But I have it," he added. "When he was footman to a wild, extravagant student at the university, and carried his master's books to the pawnbroker's, he probably picked up the quotation on the way." After a pause, Foote added: "No, that could not be, for the fellow could not read at that time." It need hardly be said that Macklin never served in such a capacity.

Quin said of him: "If God writes a legible hand, that fellow is a villain." And at another time, he had the audacity to say to Macklin himself: "Mr. Macklin, by the lines—I beg your pardon, sir—by the cordage of your face, you should be hanged."

**SHOOTING BULLETS.**—The amount of metal thrown into Sebastopol by the allies during the last of the siege, was full 9,000,000 pounds.

## COURAGE.

Courage is generally a resolution to face dangers with the extent and character of which we are acquainted. "All men are cowards in the dark." A gallant sailor will show fear, the first time he mounts a horse; and a cavalry officer would be likely to show the white feather in a naval engagement. The readiness with which a man will face danger and death in one form and shrink from it in another, was strikingly exemplified in Junot, one of Bonaparte's generals, who won promotion by his coolness at the siege of Toulon. He was writing a despatch, by order of Bonaparte, when a bombshell burst near him. He promptly observed that he wanted sand, and it came just in time. Yet Sir Sydney Smith said that when Junot came on board his flag-ship, the Tigre, he was so frightened in mounting the ladder, that it was found necessary to hoist him on board through one of the port-holes.

## A NOVEL VERSION.

John Kemble used to relate many whimsical anecdotes of provincial actors, whom he knew in the early part of his life. He said that an actor who was to perform the character of Kent, in the play of "King Lear," had dressed himself like a doctor, with a large grizzle wig, having a walking-stick, which he held up to his nose, and a box under his arm. Being asked why he dressed the Earl of Kent in that manner, he said: "People mistake the character; he was not an Earl, but a doctor. Does not Kent say, when the king draws his sword on him for speaking in favor of Cordelia, 'Do kill thy physician, Lear?' and when the king tells him to take his 'hated trunk from his dominions,' and Kent says, 'Now to new climates my old trunk I'll bear,' what could he mean but his *medicine-chest*, to practise in another country?"

**CURIOUS CHURCH.**—Dr. Bellows's church, New York, is built in alternate layers of red and yellow brick, which gives it a resemblance to mutton chops, or raw pork, says the New York Mirror. Some of the finest churches in Italy are built in this manner.

**ROUTE TO THE PACIFIC.**—The survey of the Mesilla valley secures to the United States both passes to the Pacific, and the new territory abounds in precious metals. Really, Uncle Sam is growing rich.

**BRIGHT.**—A chap in at Phillips & Sampson's said he thought Shakspeare "poety good."

## Foreign Miscellany.

The restrictions on the importation of salt into Russia have been abolished.

The Anglo-French contingent will go to Trebizond, and be placed under the command of Omar Pacha.

The London Illustrated News has a genealogical sketch, proving that Louis Napoleon is a cousin of Queen Victoria.

The Russian treasury has received large sums of money through Berlin. English war material was constantly passing through Prussia for the army.

The London Times quotes several of the New York Tribune's theatrical criticisms, at full length, under the head of "Splendid Writing in America."

A return was recently issued, which represents that on the first of January, 1855, the number of registered steam vessels in Great Britain was 1480.

Louis Napoleon is about to enter upon the same measures of free trade which have contributed so much to strengthen the commercial position of England.

Prince Frederick of Prussia, it is said, is really betrothed to the eldest daughter of Victoria and Albert, but the wedding is postponed, as she is considered to be "o'er young to marry yet."

One of the superstitions of France is that a fire kindled by lightning cannot be extinguished, and that he who attempts to extinguish it will die within the year.

Queen Victoria, in her visit to France, did not escape the petitioning fraternity, for it is asserted that no fewer than 100,000 petitions or begging letters were forwarded to her.

It would be a curious chapter in history if the present Murat should become king of Naples. During the reign of Louis Philippe this individual kept a boarding-house in the United States.

David Solomons, a Jew, being senior Alderman below the chair, will be Lord Mayor for London next year. No opposition is expected. He will be the first Jew who has ever filled that office.

M. Pouillet, of the Academy at Paris, has an apparatus determining the height of clouds by the aid of photography; and at St. Petersburg, the camera has been made to do good service in the reduction and reproduction of large topographical maps.

New companies have been formed for increasing the amount of the French merchant navy. All the ship-builders at Marseilles, Bayonne, Nantes, and Saint Malo, have received orders for building ships that will take more than two years to complete.

In Australia, New Zealand, the Friendly and Feejee Islands, there are 46 Wesleyan ministers, besides a number of native assistant missionaries. There are 19,897 members, of whom 7190 are Europeans, and the rest native converts. There are 481 chapels, 80,000 hearers, and 35,576 Sabbath and day scholars.

There are fifty cotton mills in Russia, employing, altogether, six hundred thousand shuttles.

Alexander Dumas is writing a series of articles entitled, "Great men in their dressing gowns."

Moscow advices state that 193,000 men have been added to the military force of Russia.

A letter from Revel estimates the Russian marine forces in that part of the Baltic at 40,000 tons.

The Espana announces the death of Donna Isabella Maria, who was Regent of Portugal from 1826 to 1828.

Pelissier, it is stated, will, in addition to his marshal's baton, be rewarded with the title of Duke of Sebastopol.

The loss of life from snake-bites in Scinde has become so serious, that Government has taken measures for the destruction of these reptiles.

The revenue returns of Great Britain show an increase of nearly eight and one-half millions sterling, owing chiefly to the additional income tax.

Mlle. Bosio, Lablache, and Tamberlik have quitted Paris, *en route* for St. Petersburg, where the grave events of the war are not allowed to interfere with the public amusements.

Baron Alexander de Humboldt recently celebrated the 86th anniversary of his birthday, but notwithstanding his age, he unremittingly continues his important labors.

Mr. Bates, the late town clerk of Belfast, has died of a broken heart, it is stated, in consequence of the law proceedings carried on against the bankrupt corporation of that town.

English papers express the opinion, founded on careful examination, that Great Britain will only require an importation of 20,000,000 bushels of wheat, to supply every possible deficiency.

In some places on the Austrian military frontiers one-fifth of the entire population has been carried off by the cholera. In the village of Lukovdov one-third of the inhabitants fell victims.

The Pope is suffering from an incurable disease, and it is said Louis Napoleon has his eye upon the Papal chair, for his cousin, Lucien Bonaparte, son of Charles Louis Bonaparte, who is to be made a cardinal.

General Canrobert was offered the dignity of Marshal of France, when that rank was bestowed on General Pelissier, but declined to accept it, that he might not detract from the lustre of the achievements of his brother officer.

The returns of the Registrar-General of Agricultural statistics for Ireland shows that there has been, this year, an increase of 87,293 acres on cereal crops, of 25,513 on green crops, and of 53,873 on meadow and clover, whilst there was a decrease of 54,297 on flax.

The British government is just now seriously engaged with the question of a new national gallery. Ministers feel that the present mode of exhibiting the national pictures—at Windsor, Hampton Court, the British Museum, the National Gallery, and Marlborough House—is eminently unsatisfactory. Plans are before them for consolidating these galleries.

## Record of the Times.

A cattle-train, five eighths of a mile long, lately came over the Boston and Montreal Railroad.

Wickliffe, Bishop Taylor, Bishop South and John Knox all wore mustachios.

In 1793, Capt. Seymour arrived at New York from Holland in nine weeks, a quick voyage then.

In the last century, the news used to fly from Boston to Philadelphia in ten days.

The Grand Duke Constantine has written a complimentary autograph letter to Lieut. Maury.

A Mr. Joseph Post was lately married to Miss Martha Rails. Strange, but true.

E. Merriam, the Brooklyn meteorologist, says the Arctic zone is full of coal.

A Maltese protested he was an English subject because he drank and swore.

A poet, who wrote very strong lines, was required to furnish one to catch a shark with.

A splendid pair of chandeliers have been sent to the Japan emperor as a present from the U. S.

The Chicago Times says that the First Presbyterian Church in that city has been sold to a gentleman who intends to convert it into a theatre.

A manufacturer in Plainfield, Conn., has been fined \$20 and costs, for employing a boy under 12 years of age, for 12 1-2 hours a day, in the Union Cotton Mill.

In Dr. Alexander's church, Fifth avenue, New York, the choir has been dismissed, the fine organ has been removed so as to face the people, and the singing is performed by the congregation.

The Board of Education in New York city, estimates the sum which will be required for school purposes the coming year, at \$1,023,354 36. The number of pupils last year was 128,608.

A wedding lately came off at Memphis, Tennessee, which was the ninth occasion on which the bride had been made happy by matrimony, reminding classical readers of the story of the Turkish princess.

A fine boy named Frazer, fell upon his knife while running a race with other boys at Bigbee Valley Mississippi; the blade entered his heart, and he died before his father, who was one of the umpires, could reach him.

The Troy Times says Mrs. Robinson is behaving badly at Sing Sing. She conducted herself properly for some time, but latterly she has become as frantic and as ungovernable as ever, so that the matron has been obliged to confine her in a cell.

The forthcoming work of Agassiz contains interesting comparisons of the geological condition of America with that of the Old World, illustrated in a remarkable manner by the existing species of living animals in our country. Mr. Agassiz is greatly encouraged by his success.

A nervous gentleman whose regard for personal comfort is paramount to his sense of national honor, and the importance of the Arctic researches upon commercial affairs, says: "After all, the grand achievement of Dr. Kane was in finding a place where mosquitoes have never been seen."

Some farms in Vermont are so steep that they require ploughmen with one short leg.

A poor pianiste makes a dead march of every one she plays—she murders 'em.

People "of a certain age" will be sorry to hear that they are growing dates in Georgia.

Parson Etting, in speaking of a churchyard, said he wouldn't be buried there as long as he lived.

"Poor rule that wont work both ways," as the boy said when he threw the rule back at his master.

Why is a New York omnibus like the heart of a flirt? Because there is always room for one more to be taken in.

Within six months, it is said, eleven postmasters have been arrested in Ohio for robbing the mails.

The average duration of human life throughout the world is 33 years. One-quarter die previous to the age of 7 years—one-half before reaching 17.

The youth who left his home because his mother would not allow him to wear a standing collar, is now acting as corresponding secretary to a caravan.

Here is a fine specimen of New York criticism: "Rachel rose last night to the full height of her talent. She clasped the star of her genius, and placed it, in all its splendor, on her brows."

Punch says one of the assistants in the reading-room of the British Museum has published a pair of new boots that are making a deal of noise, just at present, in the literary world.

The Hartford Courant is informed by several correspondents, that there are no less than twenty faro banks in full operation in that city, and that there is more gambling carried on there than in any city of its size in the Union.

Immense beds of soapstones have been discovered within a few years past in Walcottville, Conn., on the Naugatuck railroad. A company has been formed for the purpose of carrying on the quarrying business.

Nathaniel Cummings, who runs the accommodation train between Waukegan and Chicago, Illinois, is said to be the oldest engineer in the United States, having driven the first locomotive placed on a railroad in this country.

It is said that the executors of the estate of Mrs. Emily C. Judson, have made arrangements with the Rev. Rufus W. Griswold, D. D., to prepare a memoir of her life and letters. It is expected the book will be published next spring.

The Philadelphia Ledger says that the umbrella men in New York have been compelled to fit out a dozen whalers for the purpose of getting whalebone enough to keep up their business. The ladies have put the whole stock on hand into their petticoats.

The manufacture of paper from numerous kinds of grasses, straw and wood, is by no means a new thing. Jacob Christian Scaffers, a German theologian, printed a book in 1772, on sixty specimens of paper, made from as many substances, such as straw, wood of various kinds, willow, beach, etc., and a number of grasses.

## Merry Making.

Capillary attraction—the moustache.

He who writes what is wrong, wrongs what is right.

Wanted—to hear a piece of music executed by a quire of bank notes.

When Louis Napoleon muzzles the press, can the act be called a sample of *paper muslin*?

An English paper thinks it is the first duty of tototallers to get the duty off from tea totally.

A brother lawyer once told John G. Saxe that a beard was unprofessional. "Right," said Saxe, "a lawyer cannot be too *barefaced*."

On a child being told, the other day, that he must be broken of a bad habit, he actually replied: "Pa, hadn't I better be mended?"

A lady advertises in the Glasgow Herald that she wants a gentleman for breakfast and tea. The cannibal!

A California jury in a suicide case lately found the following verdict: "We, the jury, find that the deceased was a fool."

The Geneva Fireman's Journal has for its motto: "Out with the masheen." Wouldn't "Out with the fire" be a little more appropriate?

"Truth is stranger than fiction," said the man, when told that his daughter had eloped with a negro beau.

Astonishing what a difference in looks a suit of clothes or a coat of paint will make—but neither will increase the worth of what they cover.

*Contrasted Proverbs*—"In a multitude of councillors there is wisdom.—*Solomon*. In a multitude of councilmen there is folly.—*Picayune*."

They have got a pig in Ohio so thoroughly educated that he has taken to music. They regulate his tune by twisting his tail; the greater the twist, the higher the notes.

If the Queen of England were obliged to support her eldest son, in what respect would she resemble a well flogged urchin? Ans.—She would have the Prince (prints) of *Wales* on her hands.

An Irishman being asked why he fled from his colors, said his heart was as good as any man's in the regiment, but he protested his cowardly legs would run away with him, whatever he could do.

A lawyer, being sick, made his last will and testament, and gave all his estate to fools and madmen! Being asked the reason for so doing, he said: "From such I got it, and to such I return it again."

Boughton painted a dog, the other day, with such perfection that, on the passage of a sausage wagon up Broadway, he broke his chain, and rushed down Maiden Lane as if he had been pursued by four pie pans and a policeman.

"I find, Dick, that you are in the habit of taking my best jokes and passing them off as your own? Do you call that gentlemanly conduct?" "To be sure I do, Tom. A true gentleman will take a joke from a friend."

A contemporary thinks Barnum ought to offer a prize to the homeliest woman.

Why is Sebastopol like money paid? Because it has been shelled out.

When is the weather favorable to hay making? When it "rains pitchforks."

When are writers like cattle? When they are absolutely driven to the pen.

Do fish ever sleep—and if not, what was the use of making a bed in the sea?

"Sea serpent oil" is said to be a sure cure for consumption.

A bad thought and corrupt molar are alike in this respect—the sooner both are out of your head the better.

The Rochester American thinks young ladies should never object to being kissed by editors; they should make every allowance for the *freedom of the press*.

"Well, Jemmy didn't quite kill you with a brick-bat, did he, Pat?" "No. By the piper, I wish he had." "What for?" "So I could have seen him hung, the veil-yain."

"It is not proper for you to play school, my dear, to day, for it's Sunday." "I know it, mother," replied the little girl, "but it is Sunday-school that I am playing."

A remarkably hard drinker, who was expiring, begged one of his friends to bring him a goblet of water; telling him, "On our death-beds we must be reconciled to our enemies."

A certain sign-board has the following classical inscription: "All persons what are found fyghtening or trespassing on this ground will be executed wid the utmost wigger of the lawr."

An old sea captain used to say he didn't care how he dressed when abroad, "because nobody knew him." And he didn't care how he dressed when at home, "because everybody knew him."

The following is an exact copy of a note handed a few days since by a little French boy to his school mistress, as an excuse for absence from school: "Adolph he couldn com becose he didn flet vel."

At Springfield lately, Frederick Dwight, who had inspired a large amount of poetry on Miss Eunice E. Culver, of Blandford, and threatened to marry her, was mulcted in \$2500 for marrying another woman.

Mrs. W., walking on one of the wharves in New York, jocosely asked a sailor why a ship was always called "she." "O, faith," says the son of Neptune, "because the rigging costs more than the hull."

A Mr. Bachelor, of Upton, Mass., advertises for a wife of "forty-five or fifty." Mr. B. is a widower in good condition, though a bachelor by name; he has some property, but his best recommendation as a husband is that he is stone blind.

An ignorant candidate for medical honors, having thrown himself almost into a fever from his incapability of answering the questions, was asked by one of the censors how he would sweat a patient for the rheumatism? He answered, "I would send him here to be examined!"

# BALLOU'S DOLLAR MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

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WHOLE No. 14.

## A ROMANCE OF THE NOTCH.

BY MAURICE SILINGSBY.

AFTER visiting all the watering places of note, and becoming alike disgusted with each (Newport was tedious, Cape May was monotonous, and Saratoga, with all its perplexing incongruities, was just a trifle too artificial and calculating for a poetical temperament), Diedenbache formed the romantic determination of taking a "trip" to the White Hills, where he might have a quiet opportunity of enjoying Nature, unmolested, not omitting the "Old Man of the Mountain," that guardian genius of the solitude, to whom he would pay his *devoirs* immediately on arriving.

He started in company with a friend, who was to serve him both as compass and chart during his wanderings; he having first drawn breath just at the eastern extremity of the Notch, and the old stone face, as it had stood there for so many ages, frowning down upon the pass; or perchance the solitary traveller, who looks up curiously into those immovable features, where the storm-cloud often gathers, and not unfrequently the forked lightning is seen to play around his shaggy and contracted brows, was numbered among the very earliest of his early recollections.

On arriving at the quiet farm-house, which smelt strongly of clover, sage—and here I cannot help introducing that pertinent query of Pope's: "Why dies the man whose garden sage affords?"—and of deliciously immatured cheese curd, Diedenbache found himself, through the mediation of his friend, undergoing a very

spirited introduction to three blooming, grown-up sisters of the latter, ranging from sixteen to nineteen, who forcibly reminded him by their blushing cheeks, of so many luscious peaches, growing on the same bough, and ripening all together.

Diedenbache was in raptures—nay, if we may so speak, he was from the first moment he set eyes on them, completely intoxicated with their overpowering loveliness.

That evening, while Diedenbache amused himself in playing whist with the three sisters at a small table, he could not resist the temptation of likening himself to some eastern prince in the midst of his seraglio. He had studied "the female face divine," both at Newport and Saratoga, and the fashionable bazaar in town, but never was he so completely enthralled. He was in the midst of nature, uncontaminated by art; not a shadow of conventionalism had ever crept into that quiet household. Every look, every movement of their little bodies were equally unstudied. He fancied they needed no glittering mask; the face was an index of their thoughts; and he saw no deformities to be covered up.

And yet Diedenbach, like every one else, had his preference. He preferred Sophia, the eldest of the sisters. He thought her even more lovely than the rest, and decidedly more queenly in her step and gestures; but to his great disappointment, he very soon discovered that she was the object of another's regards. He thought of Werter and Charlotte, and, although he imag-

ined his own situation as very similar to the former, he could not but admit that he had always entertained a natural horror of suicide, and could not think of sacrificing himself in any such tragical way, after having passed safely through so many trials in the court of Cupid.

Diedenbache was sensible, before retiring to rest that night, that, in spite of any former contracts or betrothals between herself and her boorish lover, that his image (Diedenbache's) had left a most decided, unerasable impression on Sophia's heart, if, fortunately, the younger, and remaining two, had escaped his fascinations unscathed, which he doubted.

The next morning Diedenbache enjoyed an animated romp in the orchard with the girls, and later a romantic ramble with Sophia through an adjoining clover field. On returning to the house the young lady was horror-struck by the bodily appearance of Mr. Peleg Brown, her affianced husband, a gigantic, mastiff-headed fellow, in loose homespun, with long, yellow locks dangling about his shoulders. Diedenbache drew his white beaver jauntily on one side, and with a devil-me-care air, strolled leisurely forward in the direction of Mr. Brown.

Mr. Brown bristled up like an overgrown hedgehog, and glancing ferociously down on the delinquents, gave vent to his pent-up emotions in a prolonged grunt. Sophia endeavored to pacify him, but Mr. Peleg Brown was not the man to be so easily pacified.

"He had seen the world, he had, and wasn't to be hoodwinked in any such way. He knew vint human natur was, he did, and 'twan't no one talkin' soft!"

Sophia expostulated; Diedenbache was her brother's friend, a great traveller and scholar, a scholar after the curious in nature and art, and consequently too elevated in his ideas of perfection (that is female perfection), to be considered as all dangerous.

But Mr. Brown was inexorable! He snuffed the air like a war-horse, and favoring them with a repetition of the detestable grunt, cleared the intervening space with a bound, and the next moment was far away in the clover field, crushing under his bage feet, at every step, whole legions of blossoms.

"Pleg is a strange fellow," said Sophia's brother. "He was always an odd fish; one of the 'unaccountables,' so to speak; but he is rich."

Diedenbache drew a long breath, and mopped his forehead with a gay bandanna.

"A perfect bear! a human rhinoceros! For heaven sake, who ever saw such a specimen!"

cried Diedenbache, rolling up his eyes in astonishment. "It would be a blessing to the world to acquaint Barnum of his whereabouts. He wouldn't be over three minutes in electrifying Gotham and the principal cities of the Union with an elaborate account of the most wonderful, the most remarkable zoological curiosity ever discovered; a *rara avis*, more marvellous, indeed, than Joice Heath, the woolly horse, buffaloes, sea-serpents, miniature Niagaras, pollywogs, and prize baby shows; not excepting the pompous little 'general,' himself, who has always exhibited, like the fore-mentioned *nondescript*, a decided preference for pretty women!"

Here Diedenbache glanced wickedly at Sophia, who laughed at first, and then blushed when she perceived the allusion. The brother and sisters ruled that Peleg should henceforth be known only as Sophia's Bear, and so after much merriment at the expense of the absent bruin, they retired into the kitchen, and sat down to a plentiful luncheon of sweet apples and milk.

The night before they had planned for the afternoon's amusement an excursion to the other side of the Notch, where resided several cousins of the family, and one or two uncles and aunts. Accordingly, after dinner, Diedenbache, in company with his friend, and the three sisters, the girls occupying the hind seat of the wagon, and himself and friend the front, started on their expedition through that world-renowned pass, rendered famous long ago by the great stone face, over whose rugged brow the gray-shod centuries have left no trail, though the crisp moss may have grown thicker, within the memory of men, around its massive temples. It was one of those lovely afternoons in autumn (early autumn, I should have said), when all nature is bursting into mellow ripeness, and peach, and apricot, and golden pippin, turn up their round cheeks to the sun, or, peradventure, shrink blushing behind the sheltering leaves, that the little party sallied forth, drawn by a staid old mare, named "Debby," which had gladdened her master's eyes with many a promising filly, that ultimately became a great traveller.

Their road lay directly past the residence of Mr. Brown, and when they came in sight of the house they discovered the bear seated grimly on the wall of the roadside. He turned up his disconsolate eyes when they came opposite his fair, and gave expression to a low growl of discontent. Sophia bestowed on him a friendly nod of recognition, but bruin only displayed his huge masticators, and contracted his shaggy brows till they exhibited a most ferocious aspect.

Old Mrs. Brown, a masculine-looking old lady, attired in a linesey-woolsey gown, with a blue handkerchief around her neck, crossed neatly in front and pinned, a checked apron, iron-bowed spectacles and antiquated mob cap, stood erect in the door-way, and sufficiently formidable in her size and general appearance to have served every purpose of a giantess.

As the little party moved past, she shaded her eyes with her hand, and peering down curiously into the road, gave vent, through an amusing combination of base and treble, to the following quaint observations and queries :

"Lor sakes, Pleg, if there aint Moll, and Meg, and Tim, and your Sophia; an' 'strue's I'm alive, there's that white livered chap what you jest tell'd on, on the farder side, with a basket atween his legs. Lor sakes, now, what is that he's holdin' up to his eye?" [Diedenbache had just taken the liberty to quiz the old lady through his eye-glass.] "If he is larned, then, he's a mean, sassy pup!—I don't care who says it—to stare in sich an onchristian, impudent, disrespectful sort o' way at an old buddy like me!"

Bruin, from his perch, uttered a low, muttered growl of impatience.

"Lor sakes, Pleg, where you s'pose they're gwain for to go?" cried the old lady, in a disappointed tone, as the party drove safely past. "It's all your fault, now, that they aint a gwain to stop!"

The bear turned his gloomy eyes full on his dam, exhibited two rows of massive ivory, and gave utterance to a sharp, querulous snarl, which betokened that he had suffered nearly to the extent of brute endurance, and that bearish self-government must necessarily soon desert him.

After a couple of miles, the little party entered the pass, and Diedenbache was surprised at the sudden change of temperature which pervaded it. He saw before him a deep chasm, which extended quite through the mountain, on a level with its base, and faced on either side with stupendous ledges of solid granite, towering one above the other, till they seemed to prop up the very heavens, shutting out the sun, moon, and stars, and favoring them through the moonday heat with a delicious, uninterrupted twilight. But to Diedenbache, the old stone face seemed to loom up like some vast giant of a mythical era, the most wonderful of all created things.

At length the gorge was passed, and they came out among pleasant farms, and soon drew up to a pea-green house, with two spacious elms

in front, a cluster of lilacs, and a goodly quantity of columbine creeping over the ample porch. At the door they were met by a troop of romping cousins, who dragged them into the presence of their aunt and grandmother—a venerable and benevolent looking old lady, with silver-bowed spectacles and frilled cap-borders. Debby was quietly taken out of the fills, and led into the best stall to receive her complimentary peck of oats (double the usual quantity being given her in consideration of her age and the decayed state of her grinders), and precociously left by herself to do all the honors of so sumptuous a feast.

The general bustle and hilarity which now ensued, the romplings back and forth, and the pleasant confusion of a dozen happy voices, all blended together, gave Diedenbache a most excellent opportunity of rendering himself agreeable to Sophia; and by turning his whole attention that way, he soon had the satisfaction of knowing that his talents were at least fully appreciated by that young lady; he flattered himself that he stood deservedly popular with all the rest; but he was positively sure of Sophia. He knew that his image, surrounded by the purest lustres of regard, lay softly ensconced in her heart. He compared it to some precious ruby, or diamond, richly imbedded in mother-of-pearl, and evermore to be regarded as the choicest of Cupid's impressions.

Diedenbache amused himself by talking largely of the beauties of nature, poetry, sculpture, religion, and railroad stocks, not omitting to mention the anticipated value of certain shares which he held in a certain coal mine, which had sunk more capital for the stock-holders than the most sanguine of their number had ever dreamed of sinking shafts. Sophia was enthusiastic in her veneration of religion, nature, poetry and sculpture, but the fluctuations of stocks she was not so familiar with; indeed, she knew but little of such things.

Diedenbache admitted that stocks were indeed of secondary importance when compared to nature. Poets had never been prevented from scaling Parnassus's heights by the weight of any such earthly inconvenience, and why should he? Poets were the purest and most elevated of mortals; the prophets and interpreters of nature. They possessed but few of the grosser propensities of the plodding herd; their fingers were rarely, if ever, contaminated by the touch of gold. The poet, or the lover of nature, would behold the Old Man of the Mountain, for instance, with a feeling of sublime awe, while the grosser-minded mortal would only calculate



how many granite palaces, or stupendous warehouses of trade, could be dug from his huge ribs, and how much it would cost for the transportation of the same.

Sophia hinted that there was something about the old man too formidable for her taste. It always seemed as though he was preparing to leap into the pass, and demolish everything before him. She preferred the fountain and cascade; the scenery was less grand, but more varied and beautiful.

Diedenbache was overwhelmed with the force of her description, and readily admitted that such a sight would be worth a day's pilgrimage to witness; and Sophia, who well knew that he might be gratified by half an hour's brisk walking, could do no less than offer herself as a guide to this interesting feature of the picturesque. Accordingly, with the addition of Tottie Meg, a juvenile miss of ten years, the little party sallied off across the fields, in the direction of the "gorge," and soon after entered one of those dark, wild ravines which force themselves deep into the sanctuary of the hills.

As they advanced the scenery grew grander, and more terrifically picturesque as it narrowed or expanded before the eye. Huge rocks, heaped one above the other, or hanging in shelving formations, as though they had been soberly preparing for centuries to slide down into the ravine. Amid all this, a deep, cool fountain, apparently scooped from the solid rock, threw up its crystalline shower, and then went leaping from rock to rock with splurge, and gurgle, and tinkling sound, and was presently lost to view in some hollow cavern of the earth.

Forty feet above the surface of the fountain, rested an enormous table-rock, occupying an area of several yards, and covered with thick green moss and dwarf firs. Diedenbache and Sophia, with each a chubby hand of Tottie Meg's clasped in their own, stood thoughtfully silent in the midst of this wild scene of nature, each with thoughts too big for utterance.

Diedenbache, in the meantime, had indulged some poetical reveries, and was just preparing to dislodge some highly accomplished metaphor, which the hour and scene had given rise to, when they were all three suddenly electrified by a sound overhead, resembling the sharp growl of some strange animal, and on looking up they beheld Mr. Peleg Brown, the bear, seated on a loose, overhanging rock, with his sturdy legs dangling down the side of the precipice, as though preparing to spring upon his prey.

Sophia gave a short exclamation of surprise, and then motioned Bruin to descend; but she

bear only responded with a malignant grin, that ended in a chuckle of mingled rage and malice. Presently he arose, shook his brawny sides, and broke off through the upper ravine with the force and speed of a buffalo. This scene, so quaintly ridiculous, changed the whole tenor of their thoughts, and the little party retraced their steps to the gorge in silence.

On arriving at the house, they found supper awaiting them, and Debby, who had already been harnessed, was quietly cropping the grass by the fence. After supper, and the usual compliment of farewells, the little party started on their way home. An hour's sharp driving distanced the pass, and brought them to the residence of Mr. Peleg Brown, but nowhere was the bear to be seen.

When the little party reached home, the girls had their allotted tasks to fulfil, which consisted in feeding the pigs, milking the cows, and turning Debby out to pasture. The pasture lay about a quarter of a mile from the house, and the path conducting to it ran through an extensive grove of sugar maples, which crowned the summit of an intervening hill; and Sophia, being the eldest and most daring of the girls, was selected to chaperone old Debby a-field.

Diedenbache proffered himself as an escort on the occasion, and proposed attaching a pillion to old Debby that Sophia might ride, while he should walk by her side after the fashion of Arcadian peasants. When they entered the little bridle-path, the shrubbery became so dense on either hand that Diedenbache was often obliged to stoop, or thrust aside an intrusive bough, in order to preserve his host from dislodgement, or premature destruction.

At length, without meeting with any decided adventure farther, they at last reached the field where the staid Debby was accustomed to be tethered in her younger days, when she was far more mischievous than now, and before sober age had brought that degree of reflection which was necessary to ensure repentance of her evil ways.

On reaching the fence, Diedenbache let down the bars, assisted Sophia to alight, and removing the pillion and bridle from Debby, turned her adrift without any further regard to her physical wants. After replacing the bars, and complimenting Sophia on her skill in horsemanship, they started on their way home, Diedenbache being entrusted with the pillion, while Sophia carried the bridle.

When they reached the arbor, Diedenbache was necessarily somewhat exhausted, and begged Sophia to be seated a while, as the pillion was an awkward thing to carry, and his arm, though

by no means deficient in muscular power, was nevertheless grown somewhat disabled by the exercise. Accordingly, after some timid show of hesitation on the part of Sophia, they at length seated themselves in the arbor, and Diedenbache threw the pillion on the grass at his feet. The moonlight was streaming down through the tree-tops, tipping with silver the crimson leaves of the maple, and lighting up the open space in front with a ghost-like indistinctness. The hour was auspicious, and the situation was certainly one of romantic interest, and the moment they were fairly seated, Diedenbache felt a sensation creeping over him more overpowering than anything which had yet been recorded in the history of Platonic attachments.

Diedenbache glanced tenderly at Sophia, and broke the silence by a timely allusion to night. "I look up," said he, "and behold myriads of stars peering down from those far-off regions of space, and throwing us their unbought wealth of twinkling light. The sun, when he brushes aside the mists of morning, or rises in the full strength of his meridian splendor, looks down on mother earth, and we recognize in his smile the light of her existence. The moon is nearer, and is content to watch over her for the night, with the sober affection of a sister. Yes," cried Diedenbache, soaring into the ecstasy of enthusiasm, "everything in our little world and out of it, is governed by the same unalterable laws of sympathy and love. It is all love! The world is filled with it to overflowing. It is in me; it is in you; it is everywhere.

"Yes, it is here!" cried Diedenbache, tapping his forehead with poetic frenzy; and then recollecting himself, and that the divine sensation, instead of the head, is supposed to originate in the heart (a slight mistake, which has often happened in matrimonial alliances), he clapt his remaining hand against that part of his elegant person, where the susceptible organ is said to be located, and sighed in a most furnace-like and persuasive manner.

Sophia, who had become wrought up to the highest pitch of excitement by this extravagant dash of bombast, sighed too; which was no sooner observed by Diedenbache, than he fell on his knees before her in the most perfect and love-like attitude, and seizing her hand in a frenzy of rapture, devoured it almost instantly with kisses. At first she attempted to withdraw it, but observing, with that intuitive perception granted only to the fair, the suicidal expression which stalked into his hitherto radiant countenance, her self-sacrificing consideration prevailed; and she suffered it to remain; the little thrilling,

delicate prisoner, which so often acts as a mediator between Cupid and the heart, throwing open the doors of the citadel at some unguarded moment, and brushing conscience quite aside.

"Dear, dearest Sophia!" cried Diedenbache, with increasing raptures, "this is a bliss which angels might well envy! Compared with its stocks, princely revenues, and every species of earthly fame must shrink into utter insignificance. It sweeps down upon the heart like an avalanche of 'wondering sweets, and we find ourselves feebly struggling against the tides of 'this mighty sea of love.' Never, dearest Sophia, never, in my wildest imaginings, did I ever expect to enjoy a moment of such holy, uninterrupted love!"

Here he was rather unceremoniously cut short in the middle of what he intended to say, by a sound somewhat resembling the snort of a wild horse, when suddenly surprised by danger, causing the prostrate lover to bound to his feet, as though no such thing as the "tender passion" had ever agitated him.

The next moment a heavy step was heard on the outside of the arbor, and the massive form of Mr. Peleg Brown was next seen to tower up before him like some threatening genius of evil. Sophia gave a short shriek of alarm. Diedenbache threw himself on the defensive, and awaited the onset of the bear.

"What's the fuss?" he at length demanded, in a hoarse whisper; and folding his brawny arms across his breast, he contemplated, for a moment the subject of his wrath. Had he been clothed in the proper costume, he would have looked the genius of tragedy. "Are you dumb?" he at length cried, stamping his huge boot-heel quite through the green sward, and working it as though he had his victim there, and was slowly grinding the life out of him.

"I am dumb to such as you!" cried Diedenbache, tossing his head defiantly. "I wouldn't be guilty of bestowing my patronage on so gross a madman for the world!"

The bear responded with a low growl of contempt, and then turning to Sophia, who had already abandoned her seat in the arbor, and was standing tremblingly in the path, where the moonlight, flooding her, gave to her pallid face almost an ethereal look, said:

"You agreed to be my wife; can you deny it? And arn't you in the sight of Heaven the same as if you was? If this new chap you've got dars contradict me, and say you aint, I'll kill him before your eyes, and then kill myself!"

There was a resolute straight-forwardness in Mr. Brown's despair, which caused Diedenbache, in spite of his forced bravado, to feel a little

shaky in the region of the knees, while contemplating, as was quite natural, his present insecurity, with an itching inclination to be out of the bear's way as speedily as possible.

Sophia was frightened by his sanguinary look, and insisted on going immediately home; and actually started on alone, so great was her agitation and fright. Diedenbache, who was greatly charmed with this discretionary movement (feeling that it might be the only means of insuring his own safety), caught up the pillion, partly as a shield, and partly as a weapon of defence, should the urgency of the case demand it, and started in hot pursuit after the fair fugitive, leaving the valorous Mr. Brown undisputed master of the field, though by no means so of the young lady's affections.

The remainder of the evening, on reaching home, was employed by Diedenbache and his friend in making preparations for a grand fishing excursion on the morrow, which was to consume the greater part of the day.

"Did you encounter the bear anywhere on your travels?" demanded Tim, looking up from his work, and glancing at Sophia, who was sitting very quietly near the window.

"Yes," answered Diedenbache, laughing, "we were gratified with a most excellent view of this Sir Bruin, or the bear, as you call him, just after parting with old Debby, on our return."

Just at this moment Sophia gave a quick start and pointed in the direction of the window.

Old Mr. Nightingale, who was quietly smoking his pipe in the corner, sprang to his feet and rushed towards the door, hotly pursued by every member of his little family. Nothing, however, was visible, worthy of creating so much alarm.

"What did you see?" cried all of them, at once appealing to Sophia for an explanation.

Sophia, who stood trembling all over from head to foot, assured them that she had been frightened by something which had suddenly risen up and darkened the window; she could not tell what it was, it disappeared so quick from the time she first saw it.

"I'll bet you a peg," growled old Mr. Nightingale (this was the highest the old gentleman was ever known to bet), "if the truth was known, it was nobody after all but Peleg. He has acted like a precious fool ever since Mr. Diedenbache has been here!"

"I'll bet you more than a peg," cried Tim, "that if it was Peg whom Sophia saw, that you'll find him now secreted behind the old button-wood tree yonder. I've half a mind to go and look."

Just then the sound of hastily retreating steps

was heard in a direct line with the tree, and when the wall was reached, they were also amused by a still more substantial proof of the existence of a nocturnal visitor, from the fact that some portion of it was heard to tumble around him with the utmost profusion.

The next morning, even before the sun had brushed the dew from the earth, Diedenbache and his friend started on their trouting expedition. The stream which they proposed following, flowed through a dark wooded valley at some distance from the house, having its rise among the hills. A little before noon, having had but indifferent success, they arrived at an abrupt fork in the stream, where it became nicely divided at the foot of a little promontory, a portion of it passing around the base of the hill on either side, and so bearing tunelessly away, for a distance of two miles, before the burthen of its song became again united.

At this particular point it was arranged that the anglers should separate, each taking a stream, and so fish round the entire promontory. After parting company with his friend, Diedenbache kept on for some distance through belts of woodland, with here and there an open space, where the warm sun was at liberty to pour in his golden radiance for a few hours each day, when he was startled in the very midst of one of those dreamy air-castle frescoings, the illusive mirages of our ill-regulated fancy, in which Sophia was made to figure in a very conspicuous manner, by the sound of approaching steps, and an attempt on the part of the intruder to force an opening through the bushes.

Hastily wheeling about, though at the cost of a fine trout, which had just made a hasty lunge at the hook as it rose temptingly above his reach, he beheld the huge head of Mr. Peleg Brown overtopping the bushes, and glaring down on him in a manner not calculated to add greatly to his stock of courage.

"Well, now," growled Mr. Brown, "what do you think of yourself? Come, talk now, for you've got ter, and no mistake. I don't watch a feller like you for two whole days and nights, for nothin', I can tell yer. I aint no such kind of chap as that, I aint, as you'll soon find to yer cost, unless you're the strongest, which I don't think yer be!"

"Come, now, I know it's natur' for a gal to love fine close, and everything that's in 'em, no matter how darn'd mean they be, or whether they aint worth a cent to their backs or not; that don't make no odds, not a bit! Gals are fools, that's what they be, an' they may think what they like on't—I don't care! I say they

can't tell the difference 'twixt that that's generwine an' that that aint, an' I'll stick ter that sentiment like a tick; yes, yer white livered pup, it's my own idee a thing that you never'll have, I can tell yer, an' I shall stand to't, an' hug to't, like a bear!"

Here the bear forced an entrance through the brush-wood, and now stood face to face with his adversary. In his hand he carried an ugly-looking cowhide of most formidable length.

"Now," cried Mr. Brown, drawing an ancient and venerable looking "ball's-eye" from his pocket (by the way, an heirloom in that gentleman's family, it having descended to his father from his grandfather, and so on), "I've got just one thing to say to yer, an' that's flat!" [Here he observed Diedenbache looking suspiciously at the raw hide.] "This aint no walkin' stick, this aint, now I can tell yer! This is the ra'al stuff, now, this is, an' will fetch the skin every time, I'll warrant ye," added Mr. Brown, doubling it up in his hand, and letting it flap back again. "Now I'm just gwine to give ye yer choice, and just three minutes to cry-baby in, as I know yer will; an' that is, yer must either have them store close cut clean off on ye, and every inch of hide inter the bargain—an' I'm woth enough to pay the bill if I don't quite kill yer—or else leave the house of Squire Nightingale 'fore to-morrow noon, and quit this part of the country! Now take yer choice!"

"My dear friend," cried Diedenbache, making a tremendous effort to look unconcerned, "I think you are a little hasty, I do; now, don't you, yourself?"

The bear gave a surly growl, and kept his eyes fixed steadily on the watch.

"I don't think there is any need of me, or any one else, standing in your light, if you only just stop where you are, like a reasonable being," (he came very near saying *bear*, through mistake), "and consider. If you do you will see—"

"That's just what I mean. I don't want ye in my way. One minute!"

"Your proposition," cried our hero, tremulously, "places me, if I may so speak, in a rather delicate situation in respect to my engagements with the son of this same family to which you have alluded. There is no need, I think, of all this 'rant and fustian.' I think we may safely compromise the matter, and you will soon find—"

"Two minutes!" growled the bear with increasing impatience. "One minute more, and then—" An awful nod concluded the remark.

Diedenbache seemed to feel the narrow con-

gealing in his bones. The perspiration oozed out, and stood in great drops on his forehead. His knees knocked together, and he showed some symptoms of not being able to bear up under so severe a castigation as Mr. Brown had generously promised him.

"Three minutes—all told!" said Mr. Brown, replacing his watch in his waistcoat pocket, and then looking sternly down on the romantic little champion of the night before, expressed himself in two words: "Your choice!"

"If nothing else will answer your turn," cried Diedenbache, feebly, "I will agree to leave before the expiration of the time you mentioned, on one consideration."

"What's that?" demanded Mr. Brown, looming up before him like some fabled ogre, and shutting his teeth with a strong snap, like a jack-knife.

"It is simply," answered Diedenbache, "that you keep this meeting to yourself; never reveal it to anybody, and especially to the Nightingale family."

"An' will you stick to't, and not play the sneak when you get out of my reach, and safe among the gals?"

"Most certainly; you may rely on me. I promise you upon my honor."

"Wal, then, I'll do it; dang me if I don't; it's a bargain, an' no flummux!" And with this poetical expression, Mr. Peleg Brown cleared the bushes at a whoop and a bound, leaving our unfortunate friend, Diedenbache, more excited than hurt.

That evening Diedenbache informed the family that some business of importance, which had not occurred to him at starting, would necessarily call him away on the following morning; and accordingly the next morning he went, in pursuance of the call, as fast as a respectable sized locomotive would carry him.

When his friend returned a fortnight afterwards (Diedenbache had intended to have stopped as long), he informed him that Sophia and the bear had adjusted their differences and were published the Sunday before, and were to be married, as near as he could find out, as soon as the term of publishment had expired.

As to Diedenbache, the last time we conversed with him, we thought he was in a fair way to recover from the shock of disappointment, for he laughed quite heartily several times, while repeating his exploits, and finally ended by admitting, in a most spirited and manly way, that Peleg Brown was a "trump."

Beauty, unaccompanied by virtue, is as a flower without perfume.

## THE DISTANT LAND.

BY KIT CARLYLE.

There the wicked cease from troubling, and there the weary are at rest.—*Jos 3 : 17.*

Tossed on the surging billows,  
Wearied in the storms of life;  
Harassed by the world's commotions—  
Earthly struggles—earthly strife;  
With throbbing hearts we turn our gaze  
Towards the regions of the blast,  
Where the wicked cease from troubling,  
And the weary are at rest.

Fair to the eye that angel home—  
Bright and dawning forms are there,  
And o'er the plains of heaven they roam,  
Happy beings—free from care;  
Children of the King of kings,  
Of a land are they possessed,  
Where the wicked cease from troubling,  
And the weary are at rest.

Though we be doomed to years of toll,  
And trials ever hard to bear,  
Still, 'tis but naught—for are there not  
Angels ever pointing there?  
Lifting up to us the veil  
From off that land, of all lands best,  
Where the wicked cease from troubling,  
And the weary are at rest.

And when the sands of life run low,  
And the parting hour is near,  
Pilgrim, sigh not, on that shore  
Again thou'lt meet those friends so dear.  
Let not vain regrets o'ertake thee,  
Be hope the anchor to thy soul,  
And make ready for thy journey,  
To that land, thy future goal;  
Then calmly lay thy body down,—  
Hands folded meekly on thy breast,  
And pass to where all cease from troubling,  
And the weary are at rest.

## THE PAINTER'S CHRISTMAS.

BY FRANCIS A. DURIVAGE.

It is Christmas day, and a finer one never dawned upon creation. The sun arose without a cloud, and now his cheering beams are gradually melting the fanciful frost work on the windows, which, in the beauty of its arabesques and their wonderful intricacy so mock the handiwork of man. The day has been ushered in with joyous demonstrations. The young, in whose breasts the founts of hope and joy are ever springing, have been the most expansive in their manifestations, while the aged, often the prompters and ministers of this delight, have been wafted back to the past by the glee around them which sheds a sort of sunset ray on the evening of life.

And now the forenoon is wearing on, and the

huge bells, swinging in the steeples, are sending forth their deep tones, like a chorus of musical giants, and summoning the people of New York to prayer and praise and thanksgiving, in temples converted into bowers and groves by the wealth of their sylvan decorations.

But this glorious sunshine! How it fills the air! The fine particles of snow, sifting from the housetops and the window-cappings, catch the golden radiance, and the whole atmosphere seems filled with diamond-dust. Glorious sunshine! Smile of God! how woebegone would earth be without thee! The bright sunshine is equally the poor man's heritage with the rich man's. But the latter excludes it from his princely halls by jealous draperies. It fades the carpet on the floor, and the pictures on the walls, and cracks the costly furniture. But into the poor man's window it pours a welcome radiance. Into the prison cell it streams sometimes, like a ray of hope gliding into a lonely heart. Let us follow the course of a pencil of its rays through the windows of an upper room in Lispenard Street, and see what it will reveal.

From this particular window the sunshine is commonly excluded by a thick, green curtain, but now the curtain has been removed, and there is no barrier to the broad light of day. It is a painter's studio.

The piles of canvasses covered with glorious heads, with lovely landscapes, with stirring battle-pieces, attest industry and talent, but indicate, alas! a lack of patronage. Before a blank canvass on the easel, sits a figure, a pale, slight and handsome young man, with the porte-crayon resting idly in his hand, as motionless as the lay-figure in the corner.

"To what end," thus ran his thoughts—"do I pursue these trains of ideas? To what end transfer to the canvass the images that crowd my brain? To my eyes they seem bright and attractive—but the world views them not in the same light. Have I mistaken my vocation and produced deformities where I thought to create beauties? Or is art itself ignored in the absorption of other pursuits, and doomed to discouragement in this favored land? Who of the teeming thousands of this city whose hearts are now leaping at the strike of the joy-bells, wastes a thought on the poor artist who is spending his Christmas in a lonely garret?"

A low knock at the door disturbed Harvey Ashton's reverie.

"Come in!"

The answer to the invitation was the entrance of a young man rather below the medium stature, wrapped in a rich farred cloak, his dark hair

appearing in clusters beneath his cap, and a heavy, black mustache concealing the contours of his mouth.

"Mr. Ashton, I presume?" said the stranger, in a low, musical tone.

"At your service, sir," replied the artist.

"Perhaps I am intruding?"

"Not at all—I have no engagement."

"Then you will permit me to look at some of your performances?"

"Willingly."

The stranger passed in rapid review, a dozen of Ashton's finished works, making such remarks upon them as convinced the painter that his visitor was a connoisseur, while the accent and idiom in which he expressed himself showed that he was a foreigner. A remark that he dropped touching a picture in the Dresden Gallery induced Ashton to exclaim:

"O, if I could only visit Dresden, Paris and Rome and Florence!"

"You will go there, of course," said the stranger.

"There seems no chance of it. I am dependent on my profession, and I am either unskilled in it, or the public do not appreciate me—my pictures do not sell."

"Are you aware of their value? What, for instance, do you ask for that large landscape, with the skirt of wood and the broad river in the foreground?"

"I have asked a hundred dollars for it."

"Fie! it is you who are ruining your profession. As pictures go, it is worth five hundred. The arts should have a proportionate value. Don't you know that Signora Rosara gets five hundred dollars a night for singing in opera?"

"Yes, and Mlle. Elsler a thousand for dancing. But Rosara sings like an angel."

"And you paint like Claude. Do not blush, my friend, I am a judge. But you will never make your fortune if you undervalue your own productions. Suffer me to appraise them for you. The landscape, then, we will set at five hundred dollars—that recumbent Venus at three hundred. To make an end of it, the twelve pictures you have shown me are well worth four thousand dollars. Now, are you not a richer man than when I entered the room?"

"Your remarks have encouraged me, certainly," said Ashton. "And you have set a higher value than I dared to place upon my pictures. But after all, what benefit is that to me? We return to the same point. Nobody will buy my pictures."

"There you are again mistaken. I have underrated your pictures, and from selfish motives—

for I take the landscape and the Venus at the prices I named, eight hundred dollars."

"Have a care, young sir," said the painter; "it is ill jesting with starving men."

"I am not jesting, I assure you," said the stranger. "And in proof of it, I request you to make out and receipt a bill for these pictures, at eight hundred dollars, that is my *ultimatum*."

"To whom am I indebted for this generous patronage?" asked the painter. "In whose name shall I make out the bill?"

"In whose name?" asked the stranger. "Let me see—this is Christmas day. Ah, I have it. The name is Santa Claus."

"Santa Claus!" The painter smiled at the absurdity, but wrote as he was requested.

"Very good," said the stranger. "Now just count those bills, and see if the amount is right!"

The painter took the roll of bills and began to turn them over with trembling fingers.

"You'll never get through at that rate," said the stranger, laughing. "Give them to me; I'll count them out, and you keep tally. There, five! ten!" and in this way the reckoning was soon accomplished.

"And now I must be going," said the stranger, "for my time is as valuable as I trust yours will be hereafter."

"But where shall I send the pictures, sir?" asked the painter.

"To Lacquer & Megill's No. — Broadway—they will frame them according to my directions. Remember to ticket them Santa Claus. And now, good-day, my dear artist, and a merry Christmas to you!"

With these words the mysterious stranger vanished. Need we say, that Ashton was overwhelmed with his sudden good fortune? He drew forth the bills, almost fearing to find that like fairy gold they had changed to ashes. But these they were—legitimate current money. Falling on his knees he poured forth his thanks to that great Being from whom all blessings proceed, and he rose from his devotions, calmer and happier for the act. The bells had not ceased tolling. He hastily donned his cap and cloak and sallied forth to church. No one in the congregation with which he worshipped, entered more fully into the spirit of the day. As he was coming out of church, he was accosted by Mr. Marland, a tradesman in prosperous circumstances, whose daughter Harriet was hanging on his arm.

"Here is our runaway, Harriet," said the old gentleman; "the deserter, who has perseveringly cut us for the past six months. And you never returned an answer to my invitation to dinner, to-day. I suppose you had forgotten it."

"If the invitation be not reminded," said the painter, "I will answer it in person."

Harriet Marland blushed with pleasure as she heard this answer. The little family party was a most pleasant one, and did not break up till a very late hour of the night.

The next day Ashton sent the pictures as he was requested by his unknown patron. Two days afterwards a leading journal of the city contained an elaborate laudatory notice of them, occupying an entire column. Another paper followed the example. Fashionable people flocked to the painter's studio. In a week he had sold all his pictures, and had a multitude of orders on hand. In a word, his reputation and fortune were made. He was compelled to engage a studio in a fashionable part of the city. Envy and detraction he encountered, of course; but he steadily pursued the even tenor of his way, and showed that he was as industrious as he was talented. At the expiration of just one year from the visit of the stranger—on a happier Christmas day, if possible, he was united to Harriet Marland. In the following spring, accompanied by his wife, he sailed for Italy, to pursue the study of art—for like every great artist he was always a student—in its glorious home.

One morning at Florence he received a billet, couched in the following terms:

"The Signora Giulia Rosara would be happy to receive a visit from Signor Ashton and his lady, at 11 o'clock this day at her apartments, No —, Piazza de —"

"Will you go, Harriet?" asked the painter, after handing the note to his wife.

"I shall be delighted. This is the Rosara, who created such a furore in New York, in Italian Opera."

"True, I had forgotten her name."

At the appointed hour they went to the Piazza. The stranger, who was a beautiful and accomplished woman, received them with great grace and kindness.

"I can never forget," she said, "the patronage I received at New York. My success in America has given me a position in my own country to which my friends thought me entitled, but which no *impresario* would accord me here, until he knew I did not stand in need of it. Such is the way of the world. I am always happy to see Americans, and I am truly grateful for the service they did me."

The conversation turned on art.

"When I told my Italian friends," said the signora, "that I had brought home paintings by American artists, they shrugged their shoulders at the absurdity—but no one repeated the im-

pertinence after having seen them. They are not only fine, but I bought them at a bargain."

"Might I be permitted to see them?" asked Ashton.

"Certainly—it was partly to show them to you, that I solicited the honor of your company," said the signora, rising. "I have hung a curtain before them, for I am very choice of them."

She drew aside the curtain she alluded to, and displayed a sylvan landscape and a recumbent Venus. Ashton instantly recognized them as his own. He seized the hand of the signora, and pressed it to his lips.

"My noble benefactress!" he exclaimed. "I would have sacrificed ten years of my life for the pleasure of this moment—of thanking you again and again for having made my fortune, my happiness!"

"Hear the foolish fellow!" said the singer, to Mrs. Ashton, though her lips quivered, and her dark eyes moistened as she spoke. "I bought his pictures under price—cheated him, signora, like a roguish Italian as I was, and now he calls me his benefactress."

It was Mrs. Ashton's turn now to weep and invoke blessings on the head of the beautiful Italian.

"Cesse! cesse!" cried La Rosara, "or you will make me ruin the fine eyes that are to dazzle Florence in Romeo to-night. There—there, let me go, you foolish people. Only when you hear poor Rosara maligned by her rivals, at least remember that she has a heart; and you, Signor Ashton, when you are overburdened with your feelings of gratitude, remember that the happiest moment of my life was that in which having casually heard of your genius and your misfortune, I stood in a cavalier's dress within your studio, and counted out the money for those pictures, on that merry Christmas day, in New York."

#### CHARACTER OF NAPOLEON.

Napier, in his history of the peninsular war, makes the following excellent and just remark on Napoleon: "Self had no place in his policy save as his personal glory was identified with France and her prosperity. Never before did the world see a man soaring so high and devoid of all selfish ambition. Let those who, honestly seeking truth, doubt this, study Napoleon carefully; let them read the record of his second abdication published by his brother Lucien, that stern republican who refused kingdoms at the price of his principles, and they will doubt no longer." This is from a British writer who studied the affairs of the times in which Napoleon flourished, with more than ordinary fidelity and intelligence; and who, withal, is as regular a specimen of John Bull as ever put pen to paper.

## WE HAVE PARTED.

BY R. P. SMITH.

The first—the last—the only kiss  
That thy lips pressed on mine,  
Shall be returned as warm with love  
As when it first was thine.

The parting sigh thy bosom heaved,  
The low, sad wail I hear,  
And ere the lingering echo dies,  
It murmurs, thou art dear.

The last embrace, when thy fond heart  
With mine responsive beat,  
Thrills through my blood, and tells a tale  
Of love, fond, true and sweet.

Enchained within my mourning heart,  
To dwell forever there,  
And nourished by each heaving pulse,  
Is thy loved image fair.

No parting token do I ask,  
No gift from thee to keep,  
Thy love is mine, and silently  
My soul for thee shall weep.

We're parted from each other now,  
And perhaps forever;  
The love which bound our hearts before  
Shall be parted—never.

## THE EMIGRATION.

BY FRANCES F. PEPPERELL.

CHARLEY CLARE, as all the village gossips said, was the greatest rogue in the county, and the delight of all their hearts. If any piece of mischief had been done—if the parson's nag was tied all day at the widow's garden gate, if the squire's knocker was muffled in black crape, or if a white kid glove was found attached to some virgin spinster's latch, they all laid the blame on Charley Clare, and all but the squire forgave him. For they all knew well, who it was that brought the first bunch of violets for the sick woman's pleasure; who, when baby Nell was nearly drowned, jumped into the running river, and bringing the child ashore, gave it to its half-distracted mother; who found the collect for pauper Mag every Sabbath; and who always helped Tom hunt his eggs. But the squire was deeply offended with Charley, for when he had been paying his second addresses to Miss Dolly Hobbs, and in his earnest, beseeching way, started to assist the exit of ideas by rubbing his head, he found it as bald as a baby's, and unhesitatingly made for the door, well remembering, how, when an impudent fellow knocked him down in the street, as he hurried past, Charley Clare had

picked him up, replaced his hat, and doubtless stolen his well-brushed peruke, at the same time; and as the squire, after his discomfiture at Miss Dolly's, strutted indignantly up the street, it was not long, ere some officious neighbor informed him, that when Charley brushed the dust from his back, he fastened a placard there, on which was written, "The squire's in love with Dolly Hobbs."

But courting and wedding are two different jobs. Charley had several times endeavored to repair the breach, by paying particular attention to the squire's ward, Rose Grey, but strange to say, all his politeness in that quarter only made matters worse. At last he was sent off to Oxford, and when he came back from study and travel, the elders declared him, as he ran his fingers through his curly, brown hair, more mischievous and handsome than ever; and little Rose thought so, too.

Sir Charles Bayard, the uncle of Charley Clare, was a fine, warm-hearted uncle as ever took home an orphan nephew, and therefore, shortly after Charley's return, he waited on the squire, as he told him, to propose a match between the two families.

"A match, sir!" cried the irascible squire. "Do you mean to insult me, sir? Do you suppose, sir, that I'll have that unmitigable scapegrace enter my family and make mischief between me and my ward, sir? Do you presume, sir, that when that young blade spoiled a match for me, sir, I'll make one for him? No sir! and what's more, if I catch Rose at word with him—I'll skin her, sir! I will."

"Now Squire Brown, don't get into a passion. It is nothing serious. I don't know even, if the young people are thus inclined. I have not yet spoken to my nephew concerning it. I thought, only, that as our estates are contiguous, and as Charley is my heir, and Rose yours—"

"Not a bit of it! Not a farthing shall she have, if—"

"Well, I spoke to you first, thinking with your approval, to throw the children in each other's way, before they looked at others. Nothing like opportunity, you know, for young folks to fall in love!"

"Children! Rose is a woman grown! Now if it had been yourself, Sir Charles, proposing for Rose, I shouldn't object, although I've promised my influence to Jack Manning!"

"I'm afraid I'm a little too young!" answered Sir Charles, slightly provoked, and giving the whole affair a settler, as he added, "when I select a wife, I think it will be Miss Dolly Hobbs."

If Sir Charles had not spoken to the "child-



dren," they had spoken to each other, very shortly after the first Sunday, when Rose, in the great square pew, looking behind her fan, out from under her cottage bonnet, wondered if dear Charley would remember her; and Charley, glancing slyly across, felt as if it would be a relief to give an eye as black as his beard to the great fellow in tremendous knee-buckles, who held a prayer-book jointly with Rose. The person thus selected for severe treatment, was Jack Manning, the ship's mate of Sir Francis Drake, who, having been the scourge and terror of the Spanish Main, had recently circumnavigated the globe, and returned with innumerable treasures, and Squire Brown had invited the mate down to Cheswick, for the very ostensible purpose of making love to Rose. Of course, Rose and Charley agreed to be as amiable as lovers ought to be, and Charley would have taken his uncle into his confidence, but Sir Charles declared he would have nothing to do with it, they must manage it all themselves, and when they were married, he would forgive them. But the squire with all his eccentricities had been very kind to little Rose, and though she promised never, never, to marry Manning, yet she couldn't be Charley's wife, unless her guardian should consent, and thus affairs remained in *statu quo* while Manning vigorously pressed his suit.

At last it was more than Charley could put up with, and stepping into a leather dresser's, he purchased as stout a hide as could be bought for ten shillings, and prepared to break it over Manning's back. He had not gone far, ere he met his adversary, a strong, muscular man, and of great size; but Charley was his superior in lightness and activity, and catching him by the collar, he cried, "Hark ye, Mr Jack Manning! I promised if you didn't cease your manœuvres, that I'd thrash you within an inch of your life! and I'll keep my word!" which accordingly he did, only ceasing when his arm was tired, and his weapon broken.

"I'll have you before the queen!" cried the thoroughly beaten individual, "I'll have you arrested for assaulting a queen's officer! You'll sing a different song, my young villain, when I have you up at the mizen mast, three hundred miles from shore!"

"Wait till you get me there," answered Charley; "meanwhile I'll have you taken up for carrying concealed weapons!" and throwing aside Manning's broken rapier, he left him.

Manning directly deserted the place, much to the joy of every one but the squire; for all the village believed Charley had done right, and his uncle, clapping his shoulder, declared him to be

a boy of spirit. Appearances began to be desperate. It was certain that Charley Clare would never succeed with the squire, and so, in despair, he, too, left town, for the continent, Rose and Sir Charles Bayard said.

Shortly after, a black haired, black-bearded gentleman, bearing the foreign title of Monsieur Le Prince de Valskoff, taking lodgings, with a retinue of servants, at the inn, sent letters of introduction to Sir Charles, who, exhibiting them to the squire, prevailed on him to show the prince what *insular* hospitality was. When they called together, they were politely informed by the prince, in a very slight foreign accent, that desirous of travel and recreation, he was making himself acquainted with the English, and should spend the summer at Cheswick.

The squire was delighted, extended the courtesies of his mansion to his highness, introduced Rose, and suffered her to entertain him with her light conversation, her sweet playing on the virginal, and her fine housekeeping. At all this, and especially at "*Mees Rose*," the Prince de Valskoff appeared to be charmed; he sent her bouquets and pictures and books, he took her to drive in his pony phaeton, and rode with her across leagues of country. All the village shook their heads, called Rose a coquette and a good-for naught, and pitied poor, absent Charley; but still, while she went among them, the same as ever, smiling and happy, they loved her from their honest hearts and blessed her for her own sake.

Little Rose, was evidently forgetting Charley, and the squire, chuckling inwardly, indulged himself in building romantic castles, which he deemed to be golden realities. Rose, the princess of a foreign court, almost on an equal footing with good Queen Bess, whom God save. Himself, with Rose at court, rich, certainly, and honored, doubtless titled; would it be Lord Brown, or the Duke of Cheswick, or perhaps, Lord Chancellor Brown! He would show the whiskerandoes what an Englishman was. And he saw himself, in imagination, decked with the broad red ribbon of some visionary order, and revisiting his native place among lackeys, grooms and lords of his chamber. "Precious green in Sir Charles to introduce me to his highness, that is, if he cared anything about that rascal of a nephew of his," he soliloquized. "But, to be sure, the prince would have seen me and of course requested to be made acquainted, so it was but making a virtue of necessity!" and he began to peruse the court calendar.

Not less happy was the squire, when the prince, declaring his affection for Rose, requested her

guardian's permission for their alliance; his friend, Sir Charles Bayard, would attend to the settlement, he said, when the ready consent had been granted; but the squire was far too much flustered and delighted to take heed of such petty details, and the wedding day was fixed.

About a week previous to this last day of courtship, Sir Charles Bayard entered the squire's parlor, bringing with him a gentleman of most noble and elegant appearance, of a quiet and gallant manner, though somewhat haughty, whom he introduced as his friend, Sir Walter Raleigh. The old squire, too full of enjoyment to risk much conversation, moreover rather dignified, as became his future rank, sat silent according as the conversation fell in and out of his drift, while the others whiled the evening away with gay and sparkling wit and sentiment. Sir Walter had drawn near Rose, and seating himself by her, "Miss Rose wisheth me to inform her about America, whither she and her lover will follow me?" he said, in a low tone.

"Ay," she answered, falling unconsciously into court phrases, "did Sir Charles inform thee of our wish?"

"Sir Charles hath told me all," he said, smiling, "and thou thinkest thou canst endure hardship?"

"With those who share it!"

"It is a many days', ay, many weeks' journey over dangerous waters, through winds and tempests; there are strange tides, and rocks and shoals, but at last, on our windward side, setteth a mighty current, on whose bosom riseth and falleth perpetually dark sea-weeds, bearing round berries of divers hues; a line of shore riseth slowly far away, blue hills join it to the sky; we enter a mouth of land and sail up a river, richly wooded and filled with gorgeous bird and insect life. If now and then, a dark, savage face peer at us from among the slender stems of trees, as we glide along, be not terrified, it is an Indian of a friendly tribe. A day's slow sailing and we land where I have already planted a colony. Thou wilt find a different life from this, but I doubt not, happier, and Sir Charles and thy spouse will attend thee! It is Virginia, the land of our queen. Natives, whose manner of life is fantastic, dwell in the interminable woods beyond. The air is always mild and balmy, the sunrise vernal, the soil rich, the scenery sublime, the freedom exquisite. Many friends are domesticated there. Perhaps," he added, turning to the squire, "good master Brown hath seen the valuable esculent I introduced into the island from America, the potato!"

"Have I not?" cried the squire. "I cultivate

it, sir. We owe Sir Walter countless thanks for it! I love it at the bottom of my heart!"

"I, rather," said Sir Charles, "love it at the pit of my stomach!" and here supper was announced.

Still the prince continued his wooing, and at last came the marriage morn. Peasant girls strewed flowers, from their osier baskets, in the lovers' path, as they drew near the church, allegoric forms of Spring and Pleasure, sang them songs along, Hope and Virtue addressed them at the door, and they stole gently up the aisle, as if fearful of waking echoes. The old squire, with his gold-headed cane at his lips, and looking more important than ever Persian monarch did, followed behind, and Sir Charles Bayard with Sir Walter Raleigh, brought up the rear. The ceremony had just begun, when a struggle seemed taking place at the door between the warden, with other villagers who understood the matter, and two boisterous intruders. "I tell ye, I am an officer of the queen's justice!" cried one, and they finally entered. It was Jack Manning and a warrant officer. The disturbed wedding group stood at the altar, and advancing towards the Prince de Valakoff, Jack laid a heavy hand on his beard and well-curled black peruke, and tearing them away, he displayed the laughing face and brown curly head of Charley Clare, to the thunderstruck squire. Where was Lord Chancellor Brown? where the Duke of Cheswick, now? Gone! gone! and what was worse, Rose was gone too, or nearly so. As he stood straight and stolid as a tenpin, "O, ye old cove," cried Manning, "that couldn't see daylight with a light astern! Ye're of no more avail than bare poles in a fine-tail wind! and so, fine fellow," he added, facing Charley, "off to America with your bride, are you? Well, I'll whistle that breeze for ye! You are going to the queen's prison along with me, and then you're going to do my bidding aboard ship, and here's her majesty's sign and seal for it. I haven't taken the world at a trip for naught, so come, my hearty; you won't be so dainty after a year's salt junk!"

Charley laughed lightly, as he stepped forward and said, "I'm your man, Mr. Jack Manning! But Sir Walter Raleigh and my Uncle Bayard will attend us to London, and when I come back to finish my part of the marriage ceremony, I fancy I shall have left you in my shoes at the Queen's Bench Prison! Meanwhile, Rose, do thou go on and be wedded!" But Parson Langley, not agreeing to this last proposition, the whole party, with the squire still in a maze, left the church; Charley, his friends and enemies to the city, Rose and her guardian to the hall.

At last, when they were alone, the squire became vigorous once more, locked little, weeping Rose up in an attic, and betook himself to a vehement superintendence of his tenants and his workmen.

Meanwhile the travellers had arrived in London, and Sir Walter, detaining Manning and the justice at his lodgings with him, sent to obtain an audience with the queen, which at last was given. Taking his whole party, whether they would or not, first Charley and his uncle, having fitted court suits upon themselves, Sir Walter entered the presence of Elizabeth. "Tush, man!" she cried, "I granted thee an audience, not half London! This is no presentation day!" But Sir Walter, kneeling, and gallantly kissing her hand, replied: "Lovely lady! it is no common affair that I bring before thy majesty. It concerns nothing less than thy precious life." The queen sat in all her most regal magnificence, with Cecil at her table and Leicester by her side, and other attendants about the room. Dismissing all but the two mentioned, she bent her head forward and commanded Raleigh to proceed. "A little prologue is first necessary, thy majesty," said Raleigh; and he forthwith sketched the courtship and rivalry of Charley Clare and Manning. Now and then, during its recital, Cecil, looking up from his grave state papers, gently smiled, and the queen cried, as she struck her hands together, "Yea, it is as excellent as a play! a veritable masquerade! May that be the young man?"

Obedient to his instructions, Charley knelt and carried her hand to his lips, till she bade him rise again. "Yet, young man, though thou mayest have the girl," said the queen, "thou didst wrong to assault yon seaman in so bloody a manner, and he, too, in the employ of one who has done us good service; that was against all authority!"

"It was very excusable, an' it please thy majesty!" said Cecil, smiling.

"Ay. We comprehend that, yet cannot suffer our laws to be thus infringed upon. We think Master Clare must pay the penalty!"

There might have been something about the frank manliness of Charley's handsome face and something about its fitting expression of boyish reguery, that made the queen's heart lighter to him than her words. Had a woman stood in his place, the queen had not been so lenient in threats nor sparing of oaths. Manning began to look triumphant, and glanced at the unheeding Charley like a tiger at his victim. But Sir Walter, waving his hand, said:

"Thy majesty has heard but the prelude."

"Proceed! proceed!" replied the queen.

"A week ago, my liege, as I before remarked, I was called by Sir Charles Bayard to examine into the feasibility of a new colony in thy majesty's recent settlement, Virginia. I gave it my hearty approbation, as I had already opened a similar plan, and had about one hundred and sixty colonists collected. Some arrangements we made, and Master Clare and myself started for London to conclude them. Delaying in the half-way village at eve, we sallied out by moonlight and came upon a bosky field, where once the old Romans fought and fell. Two persons sitting nearly motionless upon a slab, might have been taken for ghostly Romans, had they not emitted low murmurs, and had not Clare declared one to be Manning. The conversation of Manning and his companion, thy majesty will find in this paper," and he handed the document to Cecil. "It was no less than a plot to take thy sacred majesty's most valuable life, Manning being in league with the wretched Duke of Norfolk, to place the conspiring Queen of Scots upon thy throne."

Manning stood aghast, pale, trembling, guilty. He would have turned to flee, but durst not. Cecil stepped calmly to the door, exchanged a few low-toned words with the page, and shortly entered with a body of the yeomen of the guard, who bore Manning into custody.

"We will examine this matter," said the queen to Sir Walter, "and if true, shall deal accordingly with the villain. Not that our own life is of the value of another, but that any one should dare again disturb our quiet nation with conspiracies, and endeavor to plunge us into new broils!"

"Thy royal life is of more importance than thy majesty will admit!" was the reply. "Thou keepest thy people in peace, in commerce, in happiness, in maritime wealth and power, in civilization, and in glory! Villanous is he who would alter these conditions!"

"It will please us, do our people so consider, my brave Raleigh. Thou hast done well, and thy friend. Go! we pardon thee, young man. Wed Rose Grey and people Virginia!" And the party withdrew.

The charges having been thoroughly proved against Manning, he would assuredly have expiated his crime on the gallows, had not the influence of Sir Francis Drake been exerted on his behalf, and he obtained leave to hang him at the yard arm, a more sailor-like death. Then, substituting a cunning mannikin, that struggled manfully, as if in the last agony, before the eyes of a

vast concourse, Sir Francis hid Manning, too valuable a coadjutor in the plunder of the seas to be lost, and soon sailed away from the coast with him, while Charley and his friend returned to Cheswick.

It was twilight next day when the Squire and Sir Charles entered the hall, and found Raleigh and Charley Clare already seated there, in company with little Rose, who had been released from confinement. Charley stood up at the squire's entrance, and frankly offered him his hand. "Squire Brown," said Charley, "when shall that wedding be concluded?"

"Never! with my consent! Never, with my consent, Master Charles! I've had a little too much of your trickery to suffer any more, sir! No, sir! When you marry Rose, sir, you'll find eagles flying with their eyes shut, sir!" The squire was growing violent in the sudden and indignant memory of his wrongs, and he wiped his profusely perspiring forehead vehemently.

"Sit down, Charley," said his uncle, in a low, pleasant tone. "Squire Brown, I owe you and little Rose beside me here a confession. Pray listen kindly to it, and be seated, while in the growing dusk I recite it." He drew Rose closer to him and commenced. "You may not know, Squire Brown, but my cavalier friend, Raleigh, will remember, that in my youth I became attached to a beautiful and penniless girl. All my family opposed my passion, but idly. I married her, and we lived quietly together for a space of two years, during which my father neither forgave nor relented. At length my mother and my sister (Charley's mother), came to see us, and then at last, one of them sent my father.

"It was a warm, starry evening, the taper within the cottage just suffused us with a soft light as my wife sat on the low door-stone and danced our baby, little Rosalie, in her arms, while I stood trifling with the woodbine, and gazing on this scene of domestic enjoyment. We were obscure, secluded, and nearly happy. Some one lifted the wicket latch and came slowly up the walk. The intruder, whoever it was, could see us perfectly. 'Who is it?' I asked after a time. 'Charles,' said my father's well-known voice, as I sprang forward, 'I see it all, now. I have sinned. Forgive me, my boy! Come to an old man whose home is bereft, and bring your treasure with you!' He took us home to his empty house, for my sister was married and away; and the grass had had time to grow on my mother's grave since I saw her last. It was the time of the great controversial wars on the continent. My father purchased me a commission, and I departed, leaving my darling wife

and daughter at home. When, after five years, I returned, I found fiendish detractors of my wife's fair fame had slandered her to my father's ears, and he, having sent her a mile away from him, to dwell in a cottage by herself, had died suddenly and almost immediately. The steward of the estate, knowing nothing of the circumstances, had ejected her from the cottage, and she had gone forth to wander, no one knew whither.

"Long and indefatigably I sought traces of my wife; at last I found—her grave; knew that some one had taken our Rosalie, and that was all. Last week, while in London, pure chance led me to a miserable hovel, where I heard the dying confession of the woman who gave my child to you, Squire Brown, my daughter, whom your warm heart adopted and nurtured as your own. I myself soothed the dying woman and closed her eyes, thanking Heaven devoutly for my blessing to be restored. Many a time in looking on our little Rose, has a resemblance struck me. Now, I am certain, my kind friend, that she sitting by my side, clasped so close to my heart, is my child, my little Rose."

The tears stood in Squire Brown's eyes; he was, after all, a noble old gentleman. "She's your daughter, I've no doubt of it, Sir Charles!" he half sobbed, taking his friend by both hands, "and you're worthy of her, for she's a treasure!"

"Here, Charley, my boy, take her! take her. I'll make no objections," said Sir Charles. "If that uncle brought you up, you're as true as steel, and almost deserve Rose! Not quite, though, not quite. Little one! hast thou no love or kiss for him who thought never to lose thee, always to call thee his child?" Rose flew to his arms, kissed away his honest tears and soothed him into gentleness, her heart overflowing with love and gratitude towards the guardian of her youth, while filled with a deeper, stiller, holier joy and tenderness, in the presence of her much suffering father.

When Charley Clare and Rose Bayard again stood at the altar, no miserable ship's mate broke in on the sacred quiet of the ancient shrine, but all the village gave them their love and blessings as the married pair re-issued into sunshine, and long the village gossips remembered the light-hearted Charley and his sweet, loving wife.

The day for departure had come, and though all proper and tender adieus had been spoken, while Charley, his wife, and uncle were sitting on the deck in company with Sir Walter Raleigh, there came bustling on board, with trunk and chest, and furniture, and provision, and timber, none other than Squire Brown.

"I thought I couldn't stay!" said he, wiping his forehead with his red handkerchief, "so I sold out, and tumbled down, and here I am, and I'm going with you, wherever that may be!"

The vessel weighed anchor, the white sails spread, slowly the chalky cliffs became like clouds on the distant sea-line, and the ship, with its freight of joy and hope, was far out at sea.

When Sir Walter Raleigh, not many years after, brought another emigration to the western shore, the loveliest of Virginian dames was proud to do him honor, to time her little feet on their high, red pedestals, in the stately minuet with his, and to afford him rest and shelter in the hospitable mansion of her husband, on either side of which was another structure, where dwelt two "old English gentlemen," as warm-hearted, as generous, and delighted to receive him as their junior. For here, amid the bounties and joys of a Virginian home, which they themselves had reared, with father and guardian by their side, surrounded by groups of happy, loving faces, within doors, and without greeted by sunny smiles and cheerful salutes, master and mistress of every heart in the colony, dwelt Rose and Charley Clare.

#### CAT CONCERTS.

Putnam's Magazine gives the annexed amusing description of a "Cat Concert." "Cats, also, have their amusing, but by no means melodious concerts. Gravely and majestically sits the most valiant of beaux in the midst of an admiring circle of belles. He utters a deep, solemn note; they answer in all kinds of voices, but not exactly in pure or clear accents. Louder and wilder rises the chorus, fiercer grow their passions, blows are dealt with little forbearance, and at last a row ensues ludicrous in the extreme to the eye, but to the ear torture. Stranger still, and as yet unexplained, is their conduct when, like true toppers, they get drunk from eating the root of valerian. On moonlight nights of early spring they have often been seen under the intoxicating influence of this well-known poison. They caper and shriek, they scamper and scream, they leap and kick and tumble about like genuine madmen. Hence the significative though barbarous word of the Germans, 'Katzenjammer,' so expressive of the dread feelings that follow a night of debauch. Unmelodious as the voices are, they differ not only with sex or age, but in every individual cat. This led some rascally courtier or other to the outrageous idea of a cat organ. He confined a large number of cats with different voices in a large box, arranging them carefully according to musical annotation. In front was a key board, and as the hand touched a key, a pin entered the tail of the corresponding victim. The cats mew-ed, and—for a shame—the world laughed."

When our vices quit us, we flatter ourselves with the belief that it is we who quit them.

#### A WOMAN OF THE REVOLUTION.

Mrs. Margaret Martin, of Troy, New York, now ninety-eight years of age, is one of the remarkable women of the Revolution, who took part in the memorable occurrences of the struggle for American independence. Her husband, Gilbert Martin, was a sergeant in the army of Gates, and was engaged in the battle of Saratoga. Mrs. Martin, then a very young woman, was on the field during both struggles constituting this battle, and terminating in the defeat of the splendid army which Burgoyne had transported with such immense labor and expense from Canada, confidently anticipating that he would be able with it to divide the army of the patriots, and secure Sir Henry Clinton in possession of the southern line of defences. Mrs. Martin represents the struggle as most terrific. She says that toward evening when Burgoyne, maddened by the consciousness that all his splendid schemes were about to be defeated, directed his whole reserve and cavalry upon the feeble army of the patriots, the contestants stood within half musket range of each other) and poured in their deadly volleys, while whole files on either side fell in their tracks, and still neither gave one inch.

Toward evening, Mr. Martin was wounded in the shoulder, and while his wife was in the act of affixing a bandage, she herself was wounded in the hand. She says: "Gilbert sprang like an infuriated lion. 'Peggy,' said he, 'I'll go and teach those cowardly dogs better manners than to shoot a woman,'—and I saw him no more till the fight was over."

Of such material were the men and women of the Revolution. We can readily imagine that the field of Saratoga was a strange place for those of the "softer sex." Mrs. Martin, however, has evidently been a woman of uncommon energy of character. Her frame still exhibits evidence of strength, and her eyes sparkle as she recounts the deeds of that day, or speaks of that "coward Gates, who staid safe and sound all day in his tent, and cared not for the men who were falling like sheaves in the harvest." One by one the survivors and landmarks of the Revolution are fading away.—*Troy Whip.*

#### POWER OF IMAGINATION.

A Vienna journal records a new instance of the extraordinary power of the imagination. A medical man, with the permission of the authorities, proposed to a notorious criminal undergoing punishment in one of the city gaols, that he should be pardoned, provided he consented to sleep in the bed of a patient who had just died of cholera. The man, thinking cholera a contagious disease, hesitated some time, but at last consented, on the promise being made that if he were attacked, every possible means of saving him should be employed. In a few hours after being placed in bed, the prisoner had a regular attack of cholera. The usual treatment was applied, and he recovered, owing, however, in no small degree, to the extraordinary strength of his constitution. The man's astonishment was unbounded on being told that his attack of cholera was entirely owing to imagination, the bed in which he had been placed not having been occupied by a cholera patient.

## DEATH.

BY SURREY STEWARD.

Death in his onward march spares not,  
He cannot be bribed with gold,  
He visits alike both palace and cot,  
And levels both young and old.

The miser's gold cannot buy delay,  
Or prolong his fleeting breath;  
With the labor of years he cannot stay  
The onward march of death.

The gold he has hoarded in years gone past,  
Now loses its magic power,  
And cannot even serve at last  
To lengthen his dying hour.

The king, on his throne, turns ghastly pale,  
When the steps of death draw near,  
And he who made millions quail,  
Is now a slave to fear.

The peasant, in his lowly cot,  
Must feel his wasting breath;  
Tears and prayers avail him not,  
For he must sleep in death.

All things on earth soon pass away  
At the approach of death,  
And we must all return to clay,  
Beneath his chilling breath.

All things on earth teach us to die,  
To improve the time that's given,  
And when in his cold arms we lie,  
He'll bear us safe to heaven.

## THE TWO ACRE LOT.

BY HORATIO ALGER, JR.

WHEN Andrew Merriam died, it was found that besides the little cottage in which he lived, and its simple furniture, he left absolutely nothing. His widow and only child Frank had but little time to indulge in grief. They were compelled to devise some plan by which they might be enabled to support themselves, without, if possible, being compelled to move from the cottage which, though far enough from being a sumptuous home, was endeared to them by many associations.

Frank was a fine, manly boy of twelve, with strong and generous impulses, and an affectionate disposition, which made him a universal favorite. He had been kept at school from an early age, and was more than usually advanced for his years.

The mother and son sat in the little sitting-room, a few days after Mr. Merriam died, discussing their prospects.

"Mother," said Frank, earnestly, "I don't

want you to feel troubled. You have labored so long for me that it is now my turn. I only want something to do."

"My dear child," said the mother, "I do not need to be assured of your willingness. But I am sorry you should be compelled to give up your studies on my account."

"That will not be necessary. I can study in the evening. But what do you think I can find to do?"

"I know so little about such things, Frank, that we must consult some one who is better qualified to advise—your Uncle Moses, for instance."

"What sort of a man is Uncle Moses, mother?" asked Frank. "He never comes to see us."

"No," said his mother, with some hesitation; "but you know he is a business man, and has a great deal to attend to. Besides, he has married a lady who is fashionable, and I suppose he does not care to bring her to visit such unfashionable people as we are."

"Then," said Frank, indignantly, "I don't want to trouble him with any applications. If he doesn't think us good enough to visit, we won't force ourselves upon him."

"My dear child, you are too excitable. It may be that it is only his business engagements that have kept him away from us. Besides, you are only asking advice; it is quite different from asking assistance."

Finally, in the absence of other plans, it was thought best that Frank should go to his uncle's house the next day, and make known his wants.

Moses Merriam was an older brother of Frank's father. Early in life he had entered a counting-room, and had ever since been engaged in mercantile pursuits. At the age of twenty-eight he had married a dashing lady, who was more noted for her fashionable pretensions than for any attractive qualities of the heart. She was now at the head of a showy establishment, and did not fail to bring up her children in the same worldly manner in which she had herself been bred. She knew little and cared less about Mr. Merriam's relations. It was enough that they were not in a position to reflect credit upon the family. When Mr. Merriam had communicated to her at the dinner-table a week previous, that his brother Andrew was dead; she said, "Ah, indeed!" in the most indifferent manner, and that was all.

She had one son, Edgar, of the same age with Frank, but he was far from having the good qualities of the latter. His mother's indulgence and example made him selfish and arrogant, and

in particular filled him with an unbounded contempt for the poor.

The town of Clifton, where Frank and his mother lived, was six miles distant from the city in which his Uncle Moses did business.

Early one morning, Frank having dressed himself as neatly as his modest wardrobe would permit, started to walk to his uncle's place of residence. There was a communication by stage, but it was necessary to study economy, and Frank fortunately possessed a stout pair of legs which would answer the purpose quite as well.

Two hours found him knocking at the door of his uncle's residence. It was a tall, brick house, with a swell front, and to Frank's unpractised eyes, looked magnificent enough for a nabob.

"Well, what's wanting?" asked the servant, who answered the bell, in rather a supercilious tone.

"Is Uncle Moses at home?"

"Who's Uncle Moses?"

"Mr. Merriam."

"No, he isn't."

"Where is he?"

"At the store, I expect."

"Is Mrs. Merriam at home?"

"I don't know, I'll see. Who shall I say wants to see her?"

"Frank Merriam."

Frank was shown into the drawing-room, which displayed an amount of splendor that quite dazzled him.

He was mentally comparing it with his mother's quiet sitting-room, and thinking that in spite of its simplicity, it was far more pleasant and comfortable than his aunt's drawing-room, when his meditations were interrupted by the entrance of a showily-dressed lady, who sailed into the room with a majestic air, and fixed a cold stare upon Frank.

"Are you my aunt?" asked he, somewhat disconcerted.

"Really I couldn't say," she returned, "never having seen you before."

"My name is Frank Merriam," he replied; "and I live at Clifton. My father," here his voice faltered, "died lately. He was Mr. Merriam's brother."

"Ah, yes, I believe Mr. Merriam mentioned something about it."

Mrs. Merriam said nothing more, but seemed to wait further communications.

Frank sat in silent embarrassment. His aunt's coldness repelled him, and he easily perceived that he was not a welcome visitor. But a touch of pride came to his aid, and he resolved that he would be as unsociable as his aunt.

Finding that her visitor was not disposed to break the silence, Mrs. Merriam, growing tired of the stillness, and wishing to put an end to the interview, rose with the careless remark:

"You must excuse me, this morning, as I am particularly engaged. I suppose you know where your uncle's store is? You will probably find him there."

Mrs. Merriam went up stairs and resumed the novel whose reading had been interrupted by Frank's call—that being the important engagement which she had alleged to excuse her withdrawal from the room.

Frank, his warm heart considerably chilled by his cool reception, and a little indignant also, descended the front steps and inquired the most direct way to his uncle's store. He was not long in finding it. Entering, he looked about him to see if he could not recognize his uncle, whom he had never seen, by his resemblance to his father.

Mr. Moses Merriam stood behind a tall desk at the extreme end of the store, with a pen behind his ear. He looked up as Frank approached.

"Are you Mr. Merriam?" asked our hero.

"That's my name," was the reply.

"Then you are my Uncle Moses?"

"And you, I suppose, are my brother Andrew's child?" said Mr. Merriam. "Have you any brothers and sisters?"

"No, sir, I am the only child."

"You may be surprised that I should ask, but we have not met as frequently as brothers should. I am so occupied by my business that I have little time for other things. Were you named after my brother?"

"No, my name is Frank."

"Your mother is still living, I believe? I hope my brother left her well off?"

"My father left us the house we live in, and that is all."

"And I suppose you have come to ask help? I am sorry, but my family expenses are very great, and trade is dull. If I were able—"

"You are mistaken," said Frank, a flush rising to his brow—"I do not come for assistance. I am old enough to work, if I only knew what to do. Mother told me that I had better consult you."

Mr. Merriam looked relieved when he ascertained that his nephew's visit threatened no demand on his purse, and regarded Frank more favorably than he had done.

"Ah, that's well. I like your independence. Just what I like to see. I suppose I could get you into a store in the city, if you would like."

"How much could I earn?" asked Frank, anxiously.

"Well, ahem! as to that, they are not in the habit of paying anything the first year, as the knowledge of business obtained is considered a sufficient recompense."

"Then it won't do for me," said Frank. "It is necessary for me to earn something at once, to support my mother."

"Then I don't know," said his uncle, "what can be done. There are very few things that boys of your age can do, and it is so easy to obtain them, that people are not willing to pay them wages."

Frank looked crestfallen, and his uncle embarrassed. He feared after all that he might be compelled by fear of the world's opinion to extend pecuniary assistance. At length an idea struck him.

"Do you know anything about farming?" he inquired of Frank.

"Yes, sir," said Frank, "a little."

"I asked for this reason," pursued Mr. Merriam. "When your grandfather, and my father died, he left me a two acre lot in Clifton, which has always been used as a pasture, when at all. The land was not very good, and I have been so much occupied with other things, that I could not look after it. Perhaps you may know something of it?"

"Yes," said Frank, "it is only half a mile from our house, and is called the two acre lot. But I didn't know that it belonged to you."

"Yes," said his uncle. "What I was going to say is, that although I am unable to give you such assistance as I should like, I will, if you like, give you the use of this lot rent free, so long as you like. Perhaps you can put it to some use."

Frank's face lighted up, and he thanked his uncle, giving him credit for much more benevolence than he really possessed. He was already building castles in the air, and was anxious to return to his mother to communicate his good fortune.

His uncle congratulated himself on getting off so well, and invited Frank to dine with him; but the latter was not tempted by his morning's reception to go again, and accordingly set out homewards.

Early the next morning Frank went out to inspect his "lot." He had passed it hundreds of times with indifference, but it was with an entirely different feeling that he regarded it now.

It was pasture land naturally good, but had been much neglected. Frank decided that it would be a good plan to have it ploughed up, and planted with potatoes and other vegetables, which would not only give their small family a

sufficient supply, but enable him to sell a large quantity at market.

These plans he unfolded to his mother, who approved them, but feared the labor would be too severe for Frank's strength.

He only laughed, stretching out his stout arms in playful menace towards his mother.

"But," said she, a doubt occurring to her mind, "you will have to get it ploughed, and buy seed. That will cost something."

"I have thought of that," said Frank; "but although we have no money to pay for these things, people will be willing to wait till the harvest, and then I can pay them easily."

During the day Frank called on Farmer Norcross, who had two pair of oxen, and asked him if he could come the next day and plough up his two acre lot."

"Your lot!" exclaimed the farmer, surprised. "Why, you don't mean to say you are going to farming? It's a good idee," he said, heartily. "I'm glad to find you've got so much spunk, and I'll help you all I can."

"I don't know," said Frank, hesitatingly, "as I shall be able to pay you until autumn. But the first money I get for the potatoes I'm going to plant, I'll pay you."

"Never trouble yourself about that, Frank," said the farmer, kindly. "I shan't charge you a cent for ploughing the land."

"But," said Frank, "I don't want you to take so much trouble for nothing."

"It won't be for nothing," said Farmer Norcross. "Your father has done me more than one good turn, and it's a pity if I can't do something to help his son, especially when he's such a good boy as you have always been, Frank."

Frank walked home with a glow of pleasure lighting up his face. He was more fortunate than he had hoped. The favor to be conferred was, he knew, no trifling one, and would tend materially to increase the profit of his crop.

Farmer Norcross was true to his promise. The next day he appeared on the ground, and by sunset the two acre lot was ploughed. He did not stop there, but gave Frank much useful advice as to how he should apportion the land to different purposes, and also supplied him with seed, consenting at Frank's request, to take pay in kind when the harvest time should come.

One day as he was at work in the field, his attention was drawn to a man, who after watching him for a while, climbed over the wall, and approached the place where he was standing.

"Pretty hot work, isn't it?" he inquired, with a pleasant smile.

"Yes, sir, rather," said Frank, wiping his brow.



"Who are you at work for?" continued he.

"Myself," said Frank.

"You are quite a young farmer. Does the land belong to you?"

"No, sir. To my Uncle, Moses Merriam."

"Then your name is—?"

"Frank Merriam. My father was Andrew Merriam."

"You say *was*," said the stranger, with some emotion. "Is your father dead?"

"Yes, sir," said Frank, sadly.

"And where does your mother live?"

"In a little cottage about half a mile distant," was the reply.

"My name is Thompson," explained the stranger—"Edward Thompson, and I used to know your father many years since. I have been in foreign parts for twenty years past, and have just returned. I am intending to pass some time in this village, and if you think your mother would be willing, should like to board with her."

"I'm afraid," said Frank, hesitating, "that—that we live too plainly to satisfy a gentleman like you."

"No fear of that," said Mr. Thompson. "I am somewhat dyspeptic, and my physician orders me to live simply. Come, I'll wait till you have hoed through this row, and then you shall go home and introduce me to your mother."

Mrs. Merriam, although she had no remembrance of Mr. Thompson as one of her husband's friends, was pleased with his appearance—and agreed to take him as a boarder, at his urgent request.

"As to the price of board," said she, "we live so simply that it will not be worth very much—perhaps two dollars."

"Two dollars!" interrupted Mr. Thompson.

"Or if you think that too much—"

"Too much, my dear madam! Far too little, rather! Do you know I have always been accustomed to pay seven, and I am sure they did not give me such a pleasant room as this. As to the living, I shall live just as well as the doctor will let me, and that is enough. So it's agreed, and I will pay you seven dollars a week."

Mrs. Merriam objected, that this was enormous, but her new boarder insisted that he should be a great deal of trouble (a mere fiction, as it proved), and, saying that it was customary to pay in advance, placed twenty-eight dollars in her hands.

The bright sun of prosperity seemed all at once to rest upon the widow's cottage. Mr. Thompson proved to be not only a profitable but an agreeable boarder. He would often go out and assist Frank in his labor, and in the evening

when the three were gathered about the table in the little sitting-room, would entertain Frank and his mother with accounts of what he had seen in his travels.

The summer passed away, and autumn filled the fields with plenty. Frank's lot exceeded his anticipations. After reserving a sufficient quantity of vegetables to keep them through the winter, he sold enough to bring him fifty dollars. In addition to this, Mr. Thompson had now been with them fourteen weeks, and his board, of which the greater part remained untouched, amounted to ninety-eight dollars. Actually, Frank began to feel rich.

One evening, Mr. Thompson announced abruptly, that he had purchased one of the finest estates in the village, and that he intended soon removing there.

Frank and his mother looked disappointed. "Then you will leave us?"

"No, I hope not. I mean to have you come and live with me. I haven't the least idea of keeping bachelor's hall. Had too much of that in India. Well, will you go?"

There could be but one answer to this generous proposal. After a pause, Mr. Thompson said:

"For whom was Frank named?"

"For a brother of Mr. Merriam—who disappeared many years since, and who is presumed to be dead."

"And yet I have the fullest assurance that he still lives."

Mrs. Merriam looked at him in astonishment. "It cannot be that—"

"That I am he? Yet it is so. My dear boy," said he, addressing Frank, "you must learn to look upon me as your Uncle Frank, who having been tossed about the world for many years, has at length returned to his native country, to enjoy the competency which he has accumulated, and to bestow a portion upon those of his relatives who need it."

Little more need be said.

Before winter set in, Mr. Frank Merriam, as we must now call him, with his sister-in-law and nephew, were established on the estate he had purchased. Frank has resumed his studies, and will enter college next fall. He always meets with a flattering reception now from Mrs. Moses Merriam. It is strange how much prosperity changes one for the better. His Uncle Moses has even generously bestowed upon him the two acre lot. Frank never regrets his brief season of adversity. It has strengthened in him the conviction that "God never fails to help those who help themselves."

## THE MOUNTAIN OAK.

BY J. MARLY.

Upon the mountain-top it stood,  
 "As born to rule the storm;"  
 It braved the tempest-shock and stood,  
 Nor bowed its mighty form;  
 Age after age had passed away,  
 And nations rose—declined,—  
 Yet 'twas as but a single day  
 To the grand oak, ivy-twined.

The woodman lived and died beneath  
 Its shade;—here he was born,  
 He lived;—here the chill hand of death  
 Fell on his age-bent form.  
 Thus centuries rolled on;—the oak  
 Still crowned the mountain's brow;  
 So calmly still, and nought awake  
 The slumbering echoes now.

The scene has changed;—all lowly lies  
 The noble forest-king;  
 And now we hear, with mute surprise,  
 The glittering axe's ring.  
 But climb with me the mountain-height;  
 And view the landscape wide;  
 Behold below a city's site  
 The river-bank beside.

Swift sailing o'er the heaving sea,  
 A noble ship glides merrily.  
 See here the oak in another form—  
 The oak that was of the mountain born;  
 'Tis a gallant bride of the wave,  
 The home of the free and the brave.

Then hurrah for the oak and the ship so free,  
 The mighty monarchs of the land and sea!  
 And never may the skimmer of the wave  
 Become the noble-hearted sailor's grave!

HELEN WORTHINGTON:

—OR,—

## FAMILY GOVERNMENT.

BY SUSAN H. BLAISDELL.

"I MAINTAIN," said my lively friend, Helen Maywood, "that family government is not by any means the difficult work you make it out to be."

"Did I say it was difficult, Helen?" I asked.

"Why, no—not exactly, I believe; but something very like it."

"I said that there are thousands upon thousands of women, and many among our own acquaintance, who have never yet discovered the proper method of family government."

"I don't see the reason, I am sure. Just look at Mrs. Archmann, and Mrs. Grey, and I don't know how many others—who ever saw better regulated families than theirs? Such perfectly

well-behaved children, and such models of servants, and everything about their large households going on with such perfect order and harmony!"

"And so you think it the easiest thing in the world for Mrs. Archmann and Mrs. Grey, and the others, to keep an excellently regulated household?"

"You needn't laugh, Mary. You must acknowledge that it is easy to them."

"They are certainly models to be studied. That is all I can say."

My friend Helen has been married five years, and I have scarcely seen her, for she has lived at the West. Returning to reside near us, however, I went one afternoon, some two weeks ago, to see her. It was more than two months after her return. A domestic, in rags and curl-papers, ushered me into the parlor, where Helen, reading a novel, was ensconced in a rocking-chair, and a morning wrapper.

"Well, Mary, this is delightful!" she exclaimed, laying down her book, and rising, with a smile, to salute me. "You have come to pass the afternoon!—that's right. Now just let me untie your bonnet, do; and take off your shawl," suiting the action to the words, "and sit down here with me. It is just an age since I saw you last! You mustn't mind my dress, Mary," she said, as we took our seats, to enjoy a friendly chat together, "you mustn't mind my dress; I had a slight headache this morning, and hardly cared how I looked, and after it began to leave me, I got interested in that delightful book, 'The English Orphans,' and then, you know, it was just an impossibility to throw it aside. Then after dinner, for which I was obliged to leave it, I took it up again."

"And I have made you put it down again," I said, laughingly interrupting her. "Really, I think I shall run home directly."

"No, no, not for the world!" she said, holding both my hands, as I half rose. "I don't mean you shall do any such thing. Hear what I was going to say. I was thinking, just before you came in, that I really ought to be mending some of Harry's collars, which are sadly in want of buttons, and his wristbands, too, and not be sitting here with a novel; but I could not leave the book, it was so attractive. Thus, you see, you have been of actual benefit to me in coming. Have you brought your sewing?"

"Yes, you know how old-fashioned I am," I replied, laughing. "I like to keep my hands busy."

"That is good. Now I will run and get my collars, and we will talk and work too."

In five minutes she came back, in a different dress, with her work-basket in her hand, and sat down by me.

"How is the little one?" I asked, alluding to her pretty four-year-old boy, whom I did not see anywhere about.

Helen laughed. "Well, I scarcely know, but I suppose he is out in the back garden somewhere. He was so troublesome and noisy that I could not have him in the room with me, and sent him out, about an hour since, to find amusement by himself. Between my headache and the uproar he made, I have been almost distracted. He is so unruly, I can't govern him at all, half the time. Ah, Mary," and she sighed, "you don't know anything about the care that children give—anything whatever!"

"But they are a great comfort and pleasure in a house, also," I returned; "and little Harry must be so much company for you, when his father is away."

"Yes, he is; but then if I am not attending to him and his wants continually, he does nothing but fret. Sometimes I do get so tired and worn out!"

The work-basket engrossed her attention now to such an extent, that she forgot all about Harry. Thread, silk, edging, lace, etc., tangled together in sad confusion.

"O, dear, what a sight all this is!" she exclaimed, in a tone of distress; "do look, Mary; it has been just so for weeks, and I haven't had the courage to attempt to put it in anything like order."

"It is not such a dreadful affair, Helen; an hour's work would arrange it, I should think. Make a business of it, at once, and you will find that it don't take a great deal of courage."

At that moment, the door-bell rang, and the girl came up stairs to see what was wanted. A package of dry goods had been sent to Helen, according to order. The girl brought them in.

"Katharine," said Helen, impatiently, "do not go to the door in that dress again. You look like a fright. Your hair not combed, either! How many times have I told you to change your gown as soon as the morning's work was done up? Positively, I will discharge you, if you are not more tidy. "I don't know," she added, when Katharine had gone, "what people will think! but certainly, I think that I have the greatest slatterns for servants! And I can't make her do differently, try as hard as I may." She disobeys me as coolly as can be; and that is the way with them all. Really, I have no more command—no more government, over my own servants, than if they belonged to somebody else."

"Poor, unfortunate Helen!" I laughed; "was ever any one so distressed? I pity you from the bottom of my heart!"

"Ah, you may make sport of it, Mary," she returned, shaking her head, yet, despite herself, laughing, too, "but just wait till your turn comes, missy!"

"Which will not be in a hurry!" I said, quietly; "but what have you here, Helen? Dickens, 'The Step-Mother'—that is good. Have you read it?" and her thoughts were turned into a more favorable channel.

An interesting discussion was commenced, concerning books, authors, and so on, which lasted for at least an hour; and a very pleasant hour it was. But it had hardly expired, when a tremendous stamping was heard in the hall, and into the parlor rushed little Harry, his face smeared with mud, his clothes torn and soiled, and his boots leaving their tracks at every step.

"Mama!" he shouted, tossing away his cap; "mama, I want some bread and butter!" And then, seeing me, he stood still, rather ashamed.

"O, dear," sighed Helen, rather despairingly, "there again! You naughty boy," administering a slight shaking to the child, "how dare you come into the parlor with those dusty shoes? and such a looking character, too! What do you suppose Mary will think of you? Go directly out of the room."

"I want some bread and butter!" he repeated, standing and pushing a spool of cotton along the carpet with his foot, without minding her.

"Then ask Jane for it. And don't you come in here again till she has put some clean clothes on you, and washed your face and hands. You have been digging in the garden again, and I expressly forbade your doing so. Why didn't you mind me?"

"You told me to go out in the garden and play, and of course it's playing, to dig," he said, with a most firmly convinced air.

Helen could not help laughing, as she turned to me. Harry saw it, and his merry bright eyes sparkled. Helen spoke to him again, assuming a sober face.

"Now, Harry, go and tell Jane to wash you, and give you your bread and butter."

"No, you come, mama!"

"I shall do no such thing, Harry. What do I hire Jane for, but to take a little trouble off my hands. I do—"

"Well, I do give her all the trouble I can," interrupted the young gentleman; "but she don't seem to mind it, lately. She says she's got used to it; so it's no fun. Come—you must come!"

"Did ever anybody see such a child?" Helen appealed fretfully to me. "Well, it's of no use. I can't make that child mind, Mary, any more than if he were a stick of wood."

Which assertion, of course, Harry heard, as doubtless he had heard fifty times before, and remembered to act upon the suggestion they presented. He gained his point, by persevering where Helen weakly yielded, owing, to his very face, her want of government over him. She went with him, and attended to his wants, and then came back again, with lament over the tyranny of boys in general, and hers in particular. I said nothing.

Presently, Harry came in once more, and I called him to my side. I had not seen him much, during three years, until now that I had come to live in Helen's new neighborhood, and he was somewhat shy; but we got on good terms before long. As soon, however, as I began to converse with his mother again, Master Harry climbed up to the table, with his feet on the seat of one of the best chairs.

"Mama, may I look at this?" he asked, holding up an elegant little annual.

"No, indeed; put it down directly," she answered.

"But I won't hurt it, mama—only just let me look at the pictures!" he pleaded.

"Anything, for the sake of peace. Yes, do take it, and let me be quiet; I am almost distracted," said Helen. "What were you saying, Mary?"

And so, "for the sake of peace," Harry was allowed to do as he pleased, and the book was soiled in a few moments, with his greasy fingers, and one of the exquisite illustrations torn half way across, for which the young man was sent away up stairs, to stay alone till supper-time, with the promise of a severe chastisement before he went to bed.

When he was out of the way, Helen seemed to be once again in a state of content. "He surely can't get into mischief up there," she said; "and I shall let him come down in a little while."

Our conversation was resumed, and continued till an hour later, when the tea-bell rang. Helen's husband was not to return home until evening; so we sat down at the table alone. Harry was permitted to join us, on condition of good behaviour.

"His father likes to have him eat with us, always," said Helen; "it seems so much better than to put him at a table by himself;" and she helped Harry to seat himself in his high chair.

"I want some cake, mama," he said, directly, in a tone of modest assurance.

"Then wait," she said, quietly, her cheek flushing a little. At that moment, fortunately, a favorite kitten came purring about his chair, and attracted his attention.

"Harry," said Helen, presently, "where is your eating-apron? you will soil the one you have on, and it was put on only an hour ago. Why did not Jane put on the other before you came to the table?"

"Because I wouldn't let her, mama," was the matter-of-course answer. "I'm getting too big to wear aprons. I'm three feet three in my boots; papa said so." And the young hopeful leisurely made way with the biscuit on his plate.

I came near laughing outright at his lofty air, and Helen, passing a napkin over her lips, studied her tea cup very closely.

"I'm not going to sit in a high chair after I get to be a man, either," he continued. "Mama, pass the biscuit, please."

She did so. "Be careful, Harry," she warned again, "not to soil your clean apron. You are very careless with that butter. If you do so, I shall certainly send you away from the table."

He made no answer, for he did not hear her. He was intent on something else. Drawing the preserves towards him, he helped himself, and spattered the front of his apron with crimson stains.

"Now, you naughty boy, get directly down from the table," said Helen.

"No, mama, I don't want to;" and he continued his supper.

Helen rang the bell, and the girl appeared.

"Take Harry away, and carry him up stairs," said Helen.

But Harry knew better than to believe he was to lose his supper. "I won't go with you!" he cried, as the girl approached, in order to remove him.

"You must go, Harry," said his mother, firmly. "I will be obeyed."

But Harry struggled and screamed so violently, that Helen, with a sigh of despair, exclaimed: "There, let him be; you can do nothing with him. Harry, be a good boy, now, or you shall certainly be punished when your father comes."

Of which promise, as a matter of course, the child knew just how much to believe. He had triumphed over his mother's feeble authority, and, as is generally the case with children, enjoyed the satisfaction of the present moment, without troubling himself about what was in store for him. Every fresh victory of his, in this way, only made him more confident in his own power, and less mindful of his mother's com-

mands. He was, plainly, fast learning to despise and set at naught her weak government. He evidently believed as little in the promised punishment as I did, for I clearly saw that he would evade it.

He behaved as he pleased, during the remainder of the repast, and though Helen and I had been friends from childhood, and she "didn't mind me," yet I knew she was vexed and ashamed that I should be obliged to behold all this.

After tea, we went to walk in the garden, while Harry remained in the house, with his playthings. Helen was her old self, as we found ourselves talking once more of our school-days; happy, animated, and young as ever. Then the conversation turned to her after-life.

"How have you found it, Helen?" I asked, without alluding to *that* debate which we had held six years before, on the subject of family government.

"O, pleasant enough, yet hard enough, too, Mary," she answered; "but servants are the greatest torment! I never can manage mine, somehow. They rule me pretty much as they please, and I am obliged to submit, for good domestics are not found for the seeking, every day. I am no more fitted to keep house than a child, Mary, and there is the end of it!" and her tone was a mingling of sorrow and vexation. "I can't make things go on exactly as they should. The house is scarcely ever in really good order, and often, if I want anything done, I am obliged to do it for myself, although I am sure Katharine and Jane could do it better. And then Harry—he's a darling, Mary; and so *old*—you can't think. We are laughing half the time, husband and I, at some of his odd speeches. But he is so unruly! such wild spirits! and I do believe he rules us all. But there it is—I can't help it;" and she sighed. "I am no more fitted to govern a family than a mere baby."

I was near laughing, as I remembered her former opinions; and some merry allusion to Mrs. Archmann and Mrs. Grey rose to my lips. But I checked it. For all our old acquaintance, I could not take it upon myself to tell Helen where I thought the fault seemed to lie. How could I tell her that she was lacking in firmness, in strength of purpose, in that mild, gentle, yet firm authority, which she so much needed? If she knew that she was ever so much right on her side, and could understand that she should give her commands in a reasonable way, she never had the courage and steadiness to enforce them; and her domestics, seeing through her nature completely, were perfectly reckless of her author-

ity—though, to tell the truth, she might have had better ones. As for Harry, he was master of the house. He had been petted and indulged to a terrible extent, during his babyhood, because he was the first and only child; and now he had outgrown his mother's control. Poor Helen! I could not but pity her. Especially, when we were summoned to the house in haste, by a dreadful scream from Master Harry, and found that in climbing the banisters, he had fallen headlong down the staircase, and lay kicking and crying in the hall below. Fortunately, no bones were broken, and no remarkable injury sustained; and we had hardly arrived at the "scene of action," as the reporters say, when Jane, the girl who had been hired to take care of the child, very leisurely walked out from the parlor, with an open book in her hand, wanting to know what "was to pay now?"

"Go up stairs, Jane!" said Helen, in a tone of quiet firmness which I was surprised to hear her use. "But give me that book, first."

The girl had endeavored to hide it, on seeing her mistress, and now, with a very red face, produced it, and walked away.

Helen, with a *look*, handed it silently to me. It was the very novel, "The English Orphans," which she had herself been perusing that afternoon, and which Jane had quietly possessed herself of, as soon as Helen was out of sight, leaving the children, who were *not* orphans, to take care of themselves.

"This is getting beyond everything!" said my friend, impatiently. "I will either make that girl know her place, and do her duties, or discharge her at once."

"The very thing you ought to do," I said. "My dear Helen, why have you never tried it before? Why not try it with—*yourself*?"

She has tried it, since. This afternoon, I went in there again. Helen says "she has been thinking." I do not doubt it in the least. The domestic who attended the door, was neatness itself. Harry was learning his a-b-a-bes, at his mother's side. Jane was sewing busily in the sitting-room, and I thought, after a most agreeable and quiet call, that Helen was beginning to find out something about family government.

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VISITING—How many people there are in the world who have no tact in determining the length of a visit. It is a somewhat difficult matter, to be sure, but when there are frequent pauses on the part of your hostess, glances at the clock, orders given to servants, *sotto voce*, etc., it is about time to make your bow. If you continue to stay on, after these hints, you will be mercilessly classed among the bores.

## THERE'S REST FOR ALL IN HEAVEN.

BY FINLEY JOHNSON.

Should sombre clouds of sorrows rise,  
And shadows o'er us fling;  
And hopes that once have taken root,  
Die in their early spring;  
Should every joy and bliss of life  
Fade like the hues of even;  
We still have this sweet solace left,  
There's rest for all in heaven.

If life's pathway should seem to us  
A dull and beaten track,  
And all our deep and holy love  
By grief be driven back;  
If we are like the wearied dove,  
O'er shoreless ocean driven,  
O, let us raise our eyes above,—  
There's rest for all in heaven.

Should sickness pale the rosy cheek,  
And dim the radiant eye,  
And every pulse that faintly throbs,  
Tell of a time to die;  
O, then indeed unto the world  
Our thoughts should not be given;  
For we must ne'er forget the truth,  
There's rest for all in heaven.

## THE UNCONQUERABLE CONQUERED.

BY MARIA M. MOORE.

It was with swollen and still streaming eyes that Hattie sought her room, in accordance with a peremptory order from her father, whose presence she had just left; and who now, with angry looks, paced with rapid strides the softly carpeted floor of his handsome and luxuriantly-furnished parlor.

"I will teach her obedience and submission," he muttered. "Too long have I permitted her will to sway my own; until now, she expects my happiness to yield to her caprices."

Just then the door opened, and the face of her who entered bore too strong a resemblance to the face of the occupant of the parlor not to be recognized as his sister. Her countenance was troubled in its expression, and she would have advanced close to her brother's side, but he stepped back, and fixing a stern glance upon her, said:

"Eileen, I am not pleased. Many have been the remonstrances I have offered to induce you to use your influence to curb my daughter's strong and, too often, selfish will; but I have felt them all of no avail, and this evening I have had evidence that even her father's happiness is a matter of no consequence to her, when in opposition to her own selfish desires. My kind, affectionate and persuasive arguments

have proved of no avail, and I have sent her from me angry and obstinate. But this time, I am determined my will shall rule. I will attempt no more expostulations, but I *command* that she prepare cheerfully to receive her, whom in one week I bring to this house as my wife."

The door closed with a violent slam, and the father was beyond the voice of persuasion. As the sister looked up at the kind, benevolent face, which hung in its rich frame over the mantel, she wondered how its features could have worn the angry look that had just so distorted them.

She would go to Hattie; poor Hattie! It was a pity she should have to submit, when it came so near breaking her heart. Her brother had scolded her for humoring the child; how could she cross the frail and delicate creature? But now she saw the daughter's will must yield, and she must gently strive to win her to submission.

When Hattie, expelled from her father's presence, reached her room, she threw herself upon her bed, and gave vent to a passionate burst of tears and sobs. The violence of her grief had sent Aunt Ellen to the parlor, to expostulate with her brother; but we have seen the utter failure of her mission; and Hattie knew by her lingering footstep upon the stair, and her gentle and silent opening of the door, that she had no good news of success to communicate. Her first words, solemnly spoken, were:

"Hattie, your father is very angry."

"I don't care," sullenly responded the young girl; and after a moment's pause, she added, "he is cruel and hard-hearted. Does he think I have no feeling—no spirit—to submit to the whims and assumptions of a step-mother?" And she sat upright upon the bed, while her eyes fairly glistened with aroused passion. "And poor little Laura," she continued, "I suppose she is to be taught to honor and obey my lady's dignities and caprices. But it shall not be!" and she folded her arms, and drew up her form with a firm determination.

"Hush! Hattie, my child," said her aunt. "You know Mary Marshall is said to be all that is lovely and amiable. Be assured, she will not desire to domineer over you and Laura."

"If she is so very lovable," said Hattie, in a scornful tone, "I am confident our father will have no affection to spare for us."

"O, Hattie, do not be unjust to the best and kindest of fathers. He will never love you less, my darling; believe me, he *could* not;" and Aunt Ellen kissed fondly the flushed cheek. "Now, my pet," she continued, "you must promise me to weep no more, for your poor head must ache already, I am sure."

Some sixteen summers had left their brightness on Hattie's fair brow; and as she stands with proud and erect form, flushed cheeks, and eyes brightened with excitement, we cannot but think her very beautiful. Her hair had become loosened from its confinement, and fell over her shoulders in waving luxuriance. With an impatient movement, she quickly gathered up its profusion, and twined round and round the long brown tresses until they formed a mass of careless, though not ungraceful, braids; a handsome adorning to the fair head, and giving grace to the swan-like throat and drooping shoulders.

Now the moment had come for her nightly prayer, and her angry spirit quailed before her Maker's presence. She threw herself wildly upon her knees, bowed her head one moment upon her clasped hands; and though her lips moved not, the inward struggle of her soul was visible in the shudder which passed over her form, and in the firm compression of her tightly-clasped fingers. Her young spirit, though passionate and unyielding, had not yet learned deception's coils, and shrank from mockery's offerings with terror and disgust.

Exhausted by her late violent paroxysms of grief, our young heroine soon found that peace and repose which sleep and its oblivion brings.

Mr. Hamilton had started to bring to his home a northern bride. Aunt Ellen had pleaded that it would not be necessary for Hattie to accompany him, and he had yielded to her arguments, thinking, perhaps, that after all it would be the most peaceful arrangement; but he gave it to be distinctly understood that he would expect to find cheerful faces and greetings when he returned.

Hattie, for her part, gave Aunt Ellen expressly to understand that she need look for no assistance from her in the arrangements of household affairs, for the reception of the fair bride. Little Laura, delighted with the bustle of preparation, ran hither and yon, wherever the footsteps of her aunt led, asking a thousand questions, and expressing interest in everything that was going on, until Hattie would check her joy by beseeching her to be still, and declaring she felt it to be more a preparation for a funeral than anything else.

"Why, sister?" the little creature would ask, creeping to her side, and looking up wonderingly in her face.

"Because, Laura, our own dear mother is now to be forgotten, and her place filled by another, who may, perhaps, even win our father's love from us. I hate the name of step-mother; it is

hard—too hard!" and she would burst into tears, when Aunt Ellen would fold her in her arms, and beg her not to weep.

Little Laura would then seat herself upon her cricket, and folding her tiny hands in her lap, would wonder what dreadful thing was going to happen. Papa had told her he would bring back with him a beautiful and good lady, whom she would love like the dear mama the Lord had taken to the bright heaven when she was a wee helpless baby. It had made her happy to think of this; but now Hattie cried, and Aunt Ellen looked troubled, so she could only feel frightened. She wished papa was home, that she might creep into his arms, as she often did, and feel there was no harm near.

At last the few days had passed; all preparations were completed; the evening had arrived, and the hearts of the expectant ones, grouped in the parlor, beat quickly to the sound of each carriage wheel as it rolled up the street.

Hattie, with excited impatience, had seated herself at the piano; but her fingers kept pace with her heart instead of her music, and, with some impatient exclamation, she threw aside the sheet, and rose from the stool. Next, she picked up a book; but page after page her eye gleamed over, without her comprehending a word, until, angry at her visible want of control, she sprang from her chair, and commenced hurriedly to pace the floor. This last motion caused little Laura to look up wonderingly from her low seat at Aunt Ellen's feet; and even Juno, the beautiful hound that lay asleep upon the rug, in front of the bright grate, started and raised his graceful head in surprise at the young mistress's disquiet.

Hark! here come wheels—nearer—nearer. Hattie pauses in her walk, and clasps her hands tightly, while the color forsakes her cheek, and her heart almost ceases to beat. Close—closer,—yes, they stop! the bell peals, and Juno starts to his feet, barking a loud welcome. Aunt Ellen placed Hattie's trembling arm within her own, and drew her towards the hall. The young girl paused a moment, but she heard her father's voice, and she felt she must obey; so clinging nervously to Aunt Ellen, she reached the passage in time to see Laura in her father's arms, and to hear a sweet, thrilling voice calling the little one's name, as though it had forever been familiar music.

Before her father was aware of her presence, the stranger's eyes had rested upon her; and when Hattie saw their gentle light, and felt the twining of her arms about her neck, while a warm kiss rested on her lips, her heart smote her, and the bright color rushed back to her

cheek. Her father's "God bless you, my beautiful child!" as he folded her tenderly in his arms, assured her that as yet his love was all the same.

Aunt Ellen was assisting to divest the late traveller of her warm wrappings, and when she stood relieved of their burden, Hattie could find no fault in her broad, open brow, large hazel eyes, full of tenderness and the soul of poetry, straight and well-formed nose, and a mouth boasting of several hide-and-seek dimples, and around which played no spirit not altogether lovely. Her hair was very black and shiny; her complexion dark, though clear; her form round and slightly robust, although, in stature, below the medium height.

Attracted by the handsome hound, she stooped to caress it, at the same time saying to Laura, around whom her arm was thrown:

"Is this your beautiful pet, darling?"

"No, he is Hattie's; but he loves me, too," said the little girl, while her tiny hand followed the strokes of the fair stranger.

"And can you spare enough of his love for me, Hattie?" said the gentle, thrilling voice; but Hattie had caught the glistening of a brilliant diamond upon the fair hand that caressed her pet, and her heart grew stony when she remembered why it was there—the wedding witness.

She answered, coldly:

"Juno would do as he pleased, despite my directions. He is used to his own way, and I am not tyrant enough to compel him to do anything against his will."

The cheery little tea-bell sounded its pleasant tones, and Laura, as guide to the newly-found mama, led the way to the dining-room. Here was the bright urn, with its ever cheerful sing, behind which Aunt Ellen led the young wife, who playfully remonstrated against taking from her the seat of honor; but Aunt Ellen, for once, was firm, and the former yielded, laughingly declaring she knew she would not be able to fill it half so worthily.

Did any one observe Hattie's untasted cup, as they rose from the table? One gentle eye filled as it rested upon it, and one heart sank with a sad foreboding; but the husband's voice called "Mary," and she drove back the tear, and crushed the rising fear at her heart as she followed him to the servants' hall, where her soft hand grasped kindly the hard palms of those who claimed her as a mistress, and who, as she left their presence, united in one voice of admiration and praise.

One year had passed since Mr. Hamilton had

brought home his gentle wife. As she sits in the misty light (for it is starlight), we can see there is a shadow resting on her brow, and a sadder light beaming in her dark, tender eye than were there one short year ago.

The bright grate glows just the same as it did on that frosty, winter evening, and, as then, Juno lies asleep upon the rug. The shadow is creeping deeper and deeper over Mary's troubled brow, until, at last, unable longer to restrain her feelings, she covered her face with her hands, and the tears trickled fast through her white fingers. At the sound of a broken and half-controlled sob, Juno roused, and creeping to her feet, raised his eyes wishfully to her face. She bent over to give the never-witholden caress, but the tears fell as fast as ever, and she murmured a word which the dog seemed to know, and he whined low as he caught its sound. It was Laura's name. Poor, little Laura! sweet to her had been the summer of the mother's love, who had held the slight form in her arms while the young, pure spirit had taken its flight to heaven, and in whose heart her image was enshrined, never to grow cold or forgotten; and she is the mother who now sits alone in the dim, misty twilight, weeping her spirit child's memory. But hark! there is a peal at the bell. It is Hattie's voice. What is it she says?

"I will be ready at eight."

The door is closed, and a light footstep glided up the stairs. Could Hattie be going out again? But here comes a well-known sound at the hall door, and remembering her tearful eyes, the wife quickly escaped to bathe away the traces of her recent emotion. As she took her wonted place at the tea table, the ever kind-hearted Aunt Ellen would hardly be satisfied that it was only a slight headache that caused her to look so badly.

"Hattie, love, do take something warm to drink this cold evening," said her aunt; "it makes me chilly to look at your tumbler of ice water."

"I like it better than tea; so don't trouble about it, Aunt Ellen," was the reply.

None guessed, but the gentle step-mother, why Hattie never drank anything but cold water.

"Father, I am going to hear Parodi to-night," said the young girl, passing her arm through Mr. Hamilton's, as they rose from the table.

"Indeed, Hattie! With whom do you go?" and the affectionate father patted the little hand resting on his arm.

"There is quite a party of us going together. Mr. Robertson calls for me, and we all meet in the concert room."



"Well, my darling, you love music better than anything else in the world. Go and enjoy it." And Hattie went.

"Mary, you do not like Robertson?" said the husband, in an inquiring tone, as the door closed after the young couple.

"I do not consider him a man of very high-toned principles," was the reply, "nor of much intellect; and I should feel happier if Hattie were less inclined to receive his attentions."

"His extreme light-heartedness and freedom of manner, I think, deceives you, Mary," said the husband. "I have never discovered an actual want of principle in his conduct. I acknowledge him to be impulsive; and his generosity and carelessness of expenditure amount to a fault; but he is young, and his errors are by no means crimes; and you know, my love, one is often deceived by judging too hastily of intellect."

"Well," responded Mrs. Hamilton, "I may be uncharitable in my opinion, but I cannot bring myself to think as favorably of the young man as you do, although I would grieve to judge him harshly."

"As to his attentions to Hattie," added the husband, "they amount to nothing; he is a cousin of the child's most intimate friend, Minnie Morrison, and meeting as frequently as they do, doubtless they have acquired a kind of sociable friendship for each other—nothing more. If Hattie were thinking of aught else, I should soon give her the benefit of some of my differing views. Tut, tut, Hattie is too young to think of such things."

Woman's quick conception had discovered more than this. Mrs. Hamilton knew well that young Robertson could not be Hattie's ideal of a man. The young girl's own talents, and appreciation of intellect in others, forbade her to think it; but that she was encouraging attentions seriously meant by him, she could not but perceive. Hattie's intentions she could not fathom. Well the young girl knew the estimate her step-mother placed upon the character of her young friend; but Mrs. Hamilton had seen that the expression of her own opinion only incurred Hattie's resentment, and provoked her to persevere in her obstinacy to act her own will; so she refrained from the utterance of the offensive subject, though her heart trembled as she saw the young girl's incomprehensible conduct.

Let us follow Hattie and her companion on their walk to the concert hall.

"I might say this is an unexpected pleasure, the enjoyment of your company this evening, Miss Hattie," said young Robertson.

"Why so?" was her inquiry.

"I imagine your mother has somewhat of an antipathy to your humble servant, and would object to your receiving his services as escort," responded the young man.

"She has never said anything to you to justify such an opinion," she haughtily answered.

"O, no, I only judge by appearances," said Robertson; "but I feel as though I would beard a lion in his den to win one of your bright smiles."

"No necessity for such a wonderful act of valor for the accomplishment of so small a favor; and as for appearances," she went on to say, "never trust to them, they are often deceptive;" and she was sure he would not feel quite so elated if he knew she was speaking with reference to her own conduct, while he considered her remark apropos only to another.

"Where are your spirits this evening, Miss Hattie?" asked her companion, observing the young girl's unusual indisposition to engage in the wild and animated flow of conversation and repartee that always rendered her so fascinating to him.

"I was not aware," she answered, "you were so luckily escaping their fire; so, without loss of time, I must resume my charge." And she ran off into one of her wild bursts of wit, sarcasm and ridicule, keeping her young escort in a fund of amusement until they arrived at the concert hall.

Her grave mood, noticed by her companion, had been caused by a train of reflections, chased through her mind by the movements of an uneasy and reproving conscience. She felt her action of the evening to be unkind, ungenerous—ay, even cruel. She knew she had pained the heart of her gentle step-mother. To be sure, no word had passed, but that mild glance had spoken volumes. Too well she was aware of the quiet, though decided, judgment, passed upon young Robertson; and she knew it to be just. Why so persevering in her wayward course? Did she love him, that his faults should be forgiven, and his attentions encouraged? No; even his civilities disgusted her. Then why so strangely mask her feelings? Was it only to pain the heart of the gentle being, whom, from the first, she had resolved never to love, never to respect, outwardly, and to oppose in all things possible? Could it be that all that being's forbearance towards her, all the affection and devotion shown to those dear to her, who persisted in repelling the same advances, the same affection, and the same extended confidence—could it be that all this had failed to soften her heart? and that her

conduct of this evening was only indulged in for the sake of continuing an opposition of her own obstinate nature, to one who would willingly have folded her to her bosom, as an own precious child, and shielded her from suffering and harm? Hattie's heart echoed it was but for this; her conscience whispered remorse; but it seemed to her now as though to yield were death. Pride! pride! thou wilt let the heart wither with remorse, but how hard it is for thee to show the semblance of a repentant spirit.

In the concert hall, our heroine met familiar faces, and her voice spoke to them of a heart happy, free and guileless. How little they knew its mysteries!

During the evening, Robertson, while standing by her side, once bent to whisper something, meant for her ear alone, when his leaning position caused his watch-guard to display its adornments of charms rather boldly to the young girl's gaze, and among the trinkets, her eye caught sight of a familiar ring. She knew it was her own, and remembered that her young friend, Minnie Morrison, had, almost unconsciously to herself, removed it from her finger one evening or two before.

"Mr. Robertson," said she, "I perceive you are in possession of a piece of my property, which I will take the liberty of reclaiming;" and she looked significantly at the tiny ring.

"But which claim I cannot admit unless you consent to make an interchange, and receive this in lieu," said the young man, drawing from his finger a handsome diamond.

"O, no," she quickly responded, while an angry flush mounted to her cheek and brow, "that would be but useless to me, while the other is dear from old association."

The short intermission was over, the music had recommenced, and Robertson bent low, that she alone might catch the music of his voice, as he said:

"You will not be cruel enough to compel me to resign what, though but a bauble to you, is the dearest treasure I possess on earth."

"Mr. Robertson, your trifling is disagreeable to me. I desire the immediate return of my ring, and the recital of no such preposterous speeches," said the young girl, while her brow contracted with displeasure; but heedless of her frowns, he proceeded:

"Hattie, you *shall* hear me, by Heaven! I love you, and all the powers of earth shall not deprive me of you. Say you will be mine, and I can be calm; but refuse, and you drive me mad!"

Frightened by his wild words and manner, the

maiden's heart beat fearfully, and her color fled as she said, "Return me my ring, and I will show you my answer. Be assured, I will not keep it."

And this promise, together with the tremulousness of her voice, and the palor of her cheek, deceived him, and he removed the treasure from his guard, pressed it fervently to his lips, and placed it in her hand.

"This ring," said the young girl, in her now usual voice, "was the treasured possession of a little sister, whose death I now mourn; for her sake, it was dear to me, but your breath and touch have polluted it—rendered it unworthy of my regard—so I part with its memory forever!" and she crushed the frail, jewelled bauble between her fingers, and scattered the fragments on the floor.

Robertson was gone. Everybody but Hattie thought he must have felt suddenly ill. She was silent, and thought no one was the wiser for her evening's performance; but as Minnie Morrison and her brother bade her good-night at her own door, the former whispered, "O, Hattie, you have been cruel to him!" and then she knew Minnie had seen all. How could she have helped it? But from that time she was no more like the intimate friend of the past. She was Robertson's cousin, and had doubtless encouraged him to make that hated declaration; at least, she had loaned him the ring, which had called it forth. Hattie knew she loved him, and would sympathize in his mortification, and blame her, as she already did, for her cruelty; so whenever they met in the future, it was only in the crowd.

When Hattie entered the parlor, enveloped in her wrappings, she started on seeing a stranger; and, as he rose from his seat on the sofa beside Mrs. Hamilton, in acknowledgement of her presence, his tall, manly form, and noble intellectuality of feature, struck her as forming the handsomest and noblest specimen of mankind she had ever beheld.

"Hattie, this is my cousin, Glen Morgan, of whom you have heard me speak frequently," said Mrs. Hamilton.

She had expected the young girl to make the encumbrance of her wrappings an excuse to leave the room; but her heart bounded with surprise and pleasure when she threw them off carelessly upon a chair, and seated herself on one side of the bright grate. How beautiful she looked, with her eyes glistening like brilliant stars from under their long lashes, and her cheeks suffused with a bright color, heightened by her evening's excitement, while her hair was

soft and rich in its brown luxuriance, and her brow bore the stamp of proud intellect.\* Her mouth had even forgotten to assume its usual, slight curl of scorn, which it generally wore in the presence of her step-mother; and the latter, forgetful of all past injuries and neglect, looked upon her only with love and pride, as she replied with her native quickness and elegance of expression to the remarks of him, the first tone of whose rich voice had won her lingering presence.

Hattie knew this to be Mrs. Hamilton's favorite cousin, who for two years had been visiting the beautiful lands of the continent, and whose return had been expected for some weeks past. Of the same age with his young cousin, he had first been her playmate and companion, then her friend, confidant and adviser; and as she possessed neither brother nor sister, he occupied the place in her heart of both. Bereft of father and mother, his home had been hers, and his gentle mother—the sister of her own—had opened her heart as warmly to the little lone orphan as to her own darling, and clasped them with equal tenderness to her maternal bosom. Thus they had grown and lived together at dear old Oakland, and no sooner had Glen pressed upon his mother's brow the kiss of re-union, than he bade his old home a short farewell, while he sought his sister-cousin, to receive from her a dear greeting and warm welcome back to his native land. The clock struck eleven, and he rose to go.

"You are not worthy a shake of the hand," said Mr. Hamilton, while he nevertheless directly contradicted his assertion by a warm grasp, as he continued: "You should have ordered your trunk to follow you here, and made our home yours while you tarry in the city. I cannot forgive you for not doing so."

"It was impossible for me to tear myself away from a young friend, who met me at the depot on my arrival, and who had been my fellow-traveller during nearly the whole of my European tour, until I promised to let my baggage go to his hotel, and return and room with him while in the city, as he wanted to talk over with me many pleasant incidents of our travels, and enjoy, at least, some of my company, which I must of necessity give him under these circumstances. However, be assured I shall not spare you my presence, and I am afraid you and Miss Hamilton will both be willing to admit me a bore ere very long, as I have no doubt my fair cousin here as done many a time before."

With a graceful inclination of the head, and a light good-evening to Hattie, he passed from the room, followed by Mr. Hamilton and his wife, who accompanied him to the door.

Hattie had escaped to her room ere they had returned to the parlor; but when she laid her head upon her pillow, it was not to sleep, for the events of the evening came trooping through her mind; and when she had succeeded in driving away the remembrance of her angry and strangely-terminating scene with Robertson, then came the rich tones of the stranger, and the light of his clear dark eye, to haunt her with their own peculiar fascination. And when at last she slept, the same face visited her dreams; and in her sleep she still heard the deep music of the stranger's voice.

The next morning, when Hattie awoke, the sun was streaming in her window, and astonished that she should have slept so late, she sprang up and commenced a hurried toilet. She feared they were all at breakfast, and wondered why Aunt Ellen had not called her. In her hurried descent of the stairs her foot slipped, and, in attempting to prevent her fall, she only precipitated herself forward with more violence, and falling with her weight upon her arm, uttered a cry of pain as she felt the bone snap in sunder.

Whose arm was it twined so tenderly around her, as she lay overcome by her agony? And whose voice was it beseeching her in tremulous and agitated tones to tell the cause of her suffering? Could her scream have been recognized and answered thus promptly? It was *she*, the step-mother, whose love and tenderness she had always so heartlessly repelled, who was the first to answer her distress. Mr. Hamilton and Aunt Ellen had followed, and she was borne to the low couch in the breakfast-room, while a messenger was quickly despatched for a physician.

When she was bearing, with courageous fortitude, the painful operation consequent upon her accident, she turned her face away, that she might not become mentally weakened by the sight of preparations and procedure, and her eyes fell accidentally upon Mrs. Hamilton, who knelt at the foot of her couch. She perceived that the bright tears were chasing each other rapidly down her cheeks, and that every trace of color had vanished from her face. This exhibition of undeserved love and tenderness touched Hattie's seemingly unconquerable heart. Her pride, her obstinacy, she forgot all—all, and extending her hand, she closed her eyes to hide the tears which fast filled them, and grasped tightly the fingers which now clasped her own, heedless of all the rude pressure of the hard diamond, whose sparkle had, hitherto, petrified each tender heart-string.

The physician had gone; but Hattie was ordered to lie perfectly still upon her couch the

remainder of the day. How strangely her heart beat as that gentle hand bathed her pale brow, and anticipated each wish and want before half imagined by herself. As Hattie raised her grateful and tearful eyes to her face, and murmured a low "Thank you, mother," the sound seemed like an echo of Laura's voice, and the step-mother bent and kissed the white, tremulous lips that had uttered the precious words, and her heart swelled with a thankful prayer that this blessed moment, so long pleaded and waited for, had arrived at last.

Hattie had never before called her "mother;" she had adroitly avoided every occasion when it would have been necessary for her to address her by name. Long had her heart been sensible of its depth of injustice; but now, by one master struggle, she had conquered the towering pride of her nature, and drank freely and gratefully of the golden bowl, brimming over with its rich treasure of a pure and unchanging love, which she had, heretofore, dashed rudely from her lips. How sweet and dear its draughts, the future told; and Hattie ever praised God that he had blessed her with its wealth.

O, those precious days, spent half reclining on the long couch, in the cheery and sociable little breakfast room, with the long raging storm in her bosom all quelled, and peace and love illumining and blessing each as it passed! Will Hattie ever forget their memory?

There she lay and listened, with ear and heart entranced, to the rich voice of Glen Morgan, as he painted in his vivid coloring the beautiful lands of his visitings, and the soul-stirring scenes he had witnessed; and then how strangely pleasant and welcome were the glances of appreciation and admiration, when her own heart would pour out its depths of thought and aspiration with an enthusiasm which would afterwards call the bright blush to her cheek in fear that she had spoken too wildly, too earnestly. The days were thus passing rapidly away; a few more, and Glen must leave their pleasant society for his Oakland home.

One bright morning before his departure, as he sat alone with Hattie in the pleasantly associated little sitting-room, he paused suddenly in the cheerful conversation, and his countenance assumed a thoughtful and serious expression.

"Why so pensive this morning, Mr. Morgan?"

"I was thinking just then," he answered, "that partings were sad things; and I was also indulging a hope that you would not refuse a remembrance from one who will ever cherish the recollection of these bright days as the happiest of his existence." And with these words, he

drew from his pocket a long, slender box, and took from its velvet lining a band of richly-chased gold, adorned as a coronet, with three delicately carved stones of exquisite Florentine workmanship.

"How beautiful!" was her exclamation.

"But one earnest request I must make, ere I ask your acceptance of my offering," said the young man, and he still detained the beautiful ornament, as he continued: "It is my wish that you accept the giver with the gift. Say me not nay, Hattie. My heart is yours—all yours. Tell me it is not altogether a vain offering, and let me crown you as my own." And Glen held the circlet over her head.

Her cheeks were suffused with blushes; but as she raised her glistening eyes to his face, he read his response in their dear light. The jewelled clasp united, and she was all his own.

The days departed, and Glen went to cheer the lone hearthstone of his mother's home; but ere long he came again, and yet again, and then Hattie promised he should return no more without her. But when the summer birds had flown, and the gay flowers drooped their bright heads to die—when old Oakland was growing cheerless and desolate—she would come and drive away the dreary shadows with her own bright presence.

And Hattie's wedding eve. How beautiful she looked in her orange flowers and lace. Glen's treasured gift rested upon her brow, and from its golden band flowed her bridal veil. The farewells were spoken; and as they drove from Hattie's old home, she wiped away a tear-drop from her cheek; it was a parting tribute of love from her gentle step-mother. And Glen and she went home to old Oakland, while Hattie now more than ever blessed the day when Mary Marshall became her step-mother.

#### A MADMAN'S FEELINGS.

The Rev. Robert Hall, in "Green's Reminiscences," in allusion to his first attack of mania, says: "All my imagination has been overstretched. You, with the rest of my friends, tell me that I was only seven weeks in confinement, and the date of the year corresponds, so that I am bound to believe you, but they have appeared to me like seven years. My mind was so excited, and my imagination so lively and active, that more ideas passed through my mind during those seven weeks than in any seven years of my life. Whatever I had obtained from reading or reflection was present to me."

It is an easy and vulgar thing to please the mob, and not a very hard task to astonish them; but essentially to benefit and improve them, is a work fraught with difficulty and teeming with dangers.

## AN ALLEGORY.

BY MRS. ADA M. EDDY.

Youth and the opening rose  
 May look like things too glorious for decay,  
 And smile at death—but death is not of those  
 That wait the ripened bloom, to seize their prey.  
 HERMAN.

The morn was bright, and the sky was fair,  
 When a sweet little child sought the cooling air;  
 The looks that shaded her sunny brow,  
 Were sporting gay in the breezes now.

She pulls sweet flowers from their thorny stems,  
 And decks her hair with the fragrant gems;  
 And her tuneful voice is blithe and gay,  
 As she warbles forth her matin lay.

There are evening shadows clustering round,  
 Their forms are lengthening o'er the ground,—  
 The child is wearied with restless play,  
 And hies her home from the fields away.

Her blossoms, withered by noontide heat,  
 She listless throws at her mother's feet;  
 And her carols wild have become as mute  
 And as silent now as the herdsman's lute.

The morning dawns in its glories mild,  
 'Tis heeded not by the sleeping child;  
 She sings no more in her girlish pride,  
 Like her gathered flowers, she has faded—died.

Yet her voice, that hushed at yester-even,  
 Is tuned to the notes of a lyre in heaven—  
 Though she walks not here at morn's first hour,  
 In heaven she blooms—herself a flower.

## A KISS IN FEE.

A young German girl was acquitted on a charge of larceny lately, in the Court of Quarter Sessions. Upon the verdict of acquittal being rendered by the jury, she manifested her joy and her gratitude in a manner which very much astonished her counsel, the court, and the bar. With tears of joyful happiness bursting from her sparkling eyes, she embraced her counsel, and imprinted upon his glowing cheek a kiss which resounded throughout the court-room like the melody of sweet music. Her counsel, a young gentleman of fine personal appearance, though taken by surprise, received this tender acknowledgment of his valuable services from his fair client as a legal tender. The girl left the scene of her trial and triumph, unconscious of the gaze and the smiles of a crowded court-room, and only grateful to her counsel for her deliverance from a charge which had threatened, but a moment before, like a dark cloud, to burst over her head, and darken her future life with the perpetual blackness of despair and degradation.—*Philadelphia Ledger.*

It has been beautifully said that "the veil which covers the face of futurity is woven by the hand of mercy." Seek not to raise that veil, therefore, for sadness might be seen to shade the brow that fancy had arrayed in smiles of gladness.

## FASHIONS AND FURS.

The rage for furs was never greater, perhaps, than the present season promises. For a number of years the trade has gradually increased in extent and importance, till furs seem to have become an almost indispensable article of ladies' apparel. The style has changed since the last season by the widening of the "victorine" into a cape, so that, in many cases, it is substituted for cloaks and shawls. Tailors ingeniously contrive so to vary their styles, particularly as to the length of skirts and waists, as to compel an observance of their whims. In like manner, furriers create a demand for new patterns, by rendering the former ones antique and distasteful, and many who, a year since, provided themselves with costly furs, now find themselves altogether out of fashion, and under the necessity of further outlay and the aid of the furrier. The mink-sable, or American mink, has suddenly become very popular, from its resemblance to the Russian sable, and will be the fur most worn this winter. Though costing not more than one-third as much as the real sable, its appearance often gives it a preference. The skin, commonly known as the Russian sable, is really the Hudson Bay sable, and which sell for \$300 to \$500 a cape,—choice, as high as \$800. The genuine Russian sable is very seldom seen in the United States, and a set—muff, cape, and cuffs—costs \$1400 to \$2000. The stone martin, from Germany and Greece—the latter being the best—is still much worn, in large capes, and is among the handsomest furs. Good sets are to be had at from \$30 to \$100; extra, 125. Ermine costs \$400 to \$500 the set. The opossum (mountain martin) is the staple for medium priced furs, particularly for the country trade, and black fox, silver fox, squirrel, etc., are cheaper still. The prices of all kinds of furs are slightly in advance of last year.—*Transcript.*

## SUBURBAN LIFE.

There is still another aspect in which this living in one place and doing business in another should be viewed. What is the effect and influence on a family? A business man rises early, hurries down his breakfast, and hurries away to the cars, in order to reach his place of business seasonably. Through the day he is constantly occupied, often failing to take time even to eat a hasty meal at an eating house, and so continues until night, when he closes his books and store, and hurries away to the cars bound homeward. It is evening before he sees his family; it may be that even the younger ones are already in bed; at all events, but an hour or two can be spent in the bosom of his family, when rest must be sought, in order to be prepared for the next day's labor and hurry. And so it is from Monday morning to Saturday, the month—the year through, giving occasion to many a wife and children to complain—"We never see father except on Sundays, and then he is too tired to be pleasant." Now what must be the effect of this estrangement of the head of the family from his household? Only the future can fully reveal; but observation and common sense must teach every man that it is full of hazard.—*Boston Traveller.*

~\*~\*~  
 LINES TO MR. AND MRS. W. S. G.  
 ON THE DEATH OF THEIR TWO LITTLE BOYS.  
 ~\*~\*~

BY BFFFO.

Dead! the mother's rent heart crieth—  
 Dead! the father's voice replieth,  
 Fondest hopes are dead!  
 Yes, your darling ones are sleeping  
 Where the mourning willow, weeping,  
 Shades their narrow bed.

Tears are fountains, ebbing, flowing,  
 With the throbbing and the thronging,  
 Joy or grief imparts;  
 Let them flow thus without slaking,  
 They will ease the dreadful aching  
 Of your breaking hearts.

But for your lost ones be not weeping,  
 They are happy, sweetly sleeping  
 On the Saviour's breast;  
 Nor earth's weary waking morrows,  
 Nor its ills, its cares or sorrows,  
 Shall disturb their rest.

Be, O be not thus dejected,  
 Let not God's will be rejected,  
 Yield not to despair;  
 But so live that when your reaping  
 Harvest is full ripe for reaping,  
 Ye may meet them there.

~\*~\*~  
 ALL FOR HER PICTURE.  
 ~\*~\*~

BY JOHN THORNBERRY.

Miss BETSEY BRUNO was reported to be a rich West India lady, who had come over the sea with her funds to enjoy life in one of our interior New England cities. There wasn't anybody who didn't look up to her, if for no other reason than because she was rich. In a mighty deal of state she had installed herself at length, and sat, as a queen on her throne, ready to receive the homage of all who might be disposed to consider themselves her subjects.

There was a portrait painter in the same town; a poor, young man, who was modestly seeking to find his way to fame and fortune by the deft handling of his brush. Until Miss Bestey Bruno came to town with her wealth, it was an astonishing thing how he managed to make shift for a decent living; but after that notable event, it was not quite so perplexing a circumstance. For from her at once radiated a new influence upon the people of our pretty inland city, awakening them in some degree to a sense of beauty both in nature and art. Furthermore, she declared that young Mr. Shellac was a very promising painter, and promised that some day he should be put in receipt of an order from herself.

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Mr. Shellac began to look up a little, as the good people began to look in. He had more washing done each week, and was known to use more polish on his hitherto somewhat rusty boots. He refurbished his tin sign, and got a scrub to give his front window a few fresh dabs with a wet cloth. His hat was stuck upon his head with a jauntier air, as if he should say to the world—"I feel better about it."

Agreeably to her compact with herself, Miss Bruno did dress herself for a professional call one afternoon, enveloping her abundant figure in the most glittering silks that her wardrobe could supply. She regarded herself complacently in her long mirror, and then set out for the little studio of Mr. Shellac, the painter. She accosted him with a highly patronizing air, asked the price of his best portraits, spoke of her long desire to extend to him her personal encouragement, received a scrape from the young artist for her compliment, and then took a seat in the chair which he had drawn up for her.

Not to dwell on these trifling preliminaries at all, let it be said simply that Miss Bruno from that moment forward became a regular sitter for the professional services of Mr. Shellac, till her portrait should be completed in all its outlines.

Well, and the picture was finished at last. The artist had bestowed on it all its finishing strokes and touches. The last tints of carmine and blue had been skilfully laid on. It was set in its frame. It was rigged with huge blue cord and tassel. And it was bound about with a new piece of cotton cloth, to protect it alike from the dust and the gaze of spectators as he carried it home through the streets.

Mr. Shellac got it home, panting and puffing, and unwound the cotton cloth bandage in the presence of Miss Bruno's own self. He stepped back a few paces, having set the picture up on a couple of chairs, and waited to hear what she would have to say about it.

"Good Heavens!" was her very first cry. "O, good Heavens alive!"

Mr. Shellac turned alternately pale and red, and looked alternately at her and the picture. But being a rather modest young man, he offered to say not a word.

"What a nose!" she exclaimed, still surveying the painting. "What a nose! And such a mouth, too! I declare, Mr.—Mr.—what's your name, you absolutely insult me!"

"I declare, madam," he began expostulating.

"Not a word, sir! Of course you intended to insult me, or you would never have brought me such a picture as that! Take it away, sir! I won't have such a thing in my sight! Away

with it, sir!" and she gestured excitedly with both open hands, jewelry and all.

Now it so chanced that the nose of the offensive portrait was nothing more than a slightly turned-up nose, and the mouth was in fault by reason of having the upper lip a trifle too brief for beauty, likewise; but it also chanced, too, that Miss Bruno's nose was an elevated one, and her upper lip a little too short for the protection of the whole of her mouth. And the artist was innocent enough to suppose that he must copy nature only, and by the means had maddened a good customer, and perhaps driven himself out of town forever. That was the trouble with the picture. It was too accurate a copy!

Protest on his part was in vain. So he thought best to close up the business at once, which he did by demanding payment for services rendered. She looked at him with her indignation visibly increased. "Payment!" she screamed; "for what?"

"For my simple labor, madam; and for the expense I have been at for you. Twenty-five dollars is all I require of you."

"Do you think I am a fool?" said Miss Bruno, waving her hand fiercely at him. "Do you think I shall pay for what I don't want?—for what doesn't suit me—for what I won't have? Must a person pay for what he doesn't take? Away with you, sir! I'll not talk with you!"

"Well," replied the chagrined artist, "then I must sell the picture, that's all. I can't afford to lose it, I'm sure."

He accordingly took up the portrait from the chair, and, having shouldered it, proceeded to make his exit from the apartment. Miss Bruno let him go without a word, though she did wonder within herself who would be fool enough to throw away money on such a specimen of art as that. And, at the same time, she felt an odd sort of fear lest her likeness might be set up on exhibition in some shop window, or adorn the walls of some newspaper agency, or cheap print shop, with its never-to-be-forgotten nose and mouth. But she would not relent sufficiently to call back the painter, or even to have any more words with him.

Mr. Shellac was hardly malicious and mean enough to put his unprofitable picture on public exhibition in the windows; and perhaps that good trait in his character was exactly what brought him a speedy customer. For Mr. Dan Gore, who was a decided bachelor of many years, and who likewise was in the habit of dropping in at the artist's studio and chatting leisurely on this thing and that, happened to make his appearance just in time to get the very

first version of the story. And it happened, moreover, as things always are happening in our changeable human affairs, that Mr. Gore was enamored of—not exactly her beauty, but the shining wealth of Miss Bruno, and had on more occasions than one proposed very modestly for her hand! and of course, too, all in vain.

Therefore he snapped at once, on hearing of Mr. Shellac's determination to sell the unfortunate picture, and asked him, eagerly, "what he would take for it?"

"One hundred dollars," said Mr. Shellac.

"Rather a tall figure for it, isn't it?"

"A little on that order. I'd like to paint them all the year round at ten dollars apiece."

"Then why do you ask so much?"

"Because I'm determined to be paid for the insult of this shrivelled specimen of humanity."

Mr. Gore counted out the money, and extended it to him. "There! the picture's mine!" said he, with an air of triumph, as if, not being able to possess the actuality, her portrait—no matter how very unfaithful it might be—was the next best thing.

Mr. Shellac looked inquiringly at his customer, saw he was in earnest, took the proffered price, and the bargain was consummated. And under the friendly cover of night, the ardent lover took away his painted prize, cautioning the artist to keep the secret of its history from every living man. The picture was to be hung in his own bed-chamber, where he could look into its eyes the last thing at night and the first thing in the morning. It was worth a hundred dollars, if for nothing more than that.

But by-and-by, Miss Bruno began to think better of it all. Possibly she saw she had laid herself open to the power of a young man of whose character she knew nothing, and trembled. At any rate, whatever happened, she stepped into Mr. Shellac's studio again, one pleasant afternoon, and quite surprised him with her changed manner. She inquired what he had done with the picture.

"Sold it," he told her.

The awful consequence now flashed upon her.

"Sold it! To whom?"

"To Mr. Dan Gore," he blandly answered.

Her face was whiter and blanker than the wall.

It was a long conversation that she held with the artist; but when she left him, he had made her a promise, though not until she had given him twenty dollars to do so, that he would go and see Mr. Gore, and try and buy it back again. Miss Bruno was overwhelmed with mortification.

So Mr. Shellac did try to purchase back the picture from Mr. Gore, offering different sums for it, until he had reached the mark of a hundred dollars. But he wouldn't let it go for a thousand, and boldly and defiantly said so, and told the artist to tell Miss Bruno so, too.

Miss Bruno stormed, cried, and fell back upon implorations. She had never heard anything like it, in all the born days of her life! It was a shame—a burning shame! It was a gross insult to a defenceless woman! No one was ever so treated before—she knew they were not!

And then she fell foul of Mr. Gore, tearing his pretensions all to tatters and rags. In the height of the storm, Mr. Shellac took occasion to slip quietly out the door, feeling quite certain that his own turn was coming next. Miss Bruno was left alone. And for an hour she busied herself in growing awfully mad, and getting gradually over it.

She did get over it, as everybody afterwards came to know; for, finding that Mr. Gore was steadfast still in his attachment to her portrait, refusing utterly to part with it on any and all terms proposed, she grew firmer in the faith that he was as devoted a suitor as any woman could wish to have; and finally compromised the matter by sending for him to come and see her! And Mr. Gore next sent for the minister! And a hasty wedding was made up; and a pleasant tour taken; and cake was sent round everywhere; and a new honeymoon began.

And all, because Mr. Gore would not sell her picture, on any terms. If she couldn't have *that* back again, there was one thing she could do—she could take the owner of it, and so obtain picture and all!

And Mr. Shellac found himself one hundred and twenty dollars in pocket by the performance, besides a long list of generous orders that came in for several years afterward from the now happy Mr. and Mrs. Dan Gore!

#### TRAVELLERS' TALES.

All travellers, from Ferdinand Mendez Pinto's times to ours, have been privileged to tell large stories. Sheridan used to put them down by, telling yet more incredible stories, on the principle of "fighting a rogue with his own weapons." One of these gentlemen related that in the course of his adventures, he met with a cabbage so large and lofty, that fifty armed horsemen had ample room to manoeuvre under each of its leaves. "When I was in Japan," said one of his hearers, coolly, "I saw three hundred workmen engaged in making a boiler, and a hundred and fifty were polishing it." "What could such a monstrous cauldron as that be for?" asked the traveller. "To boil your cabbage in," was the reply.

#### COMMERCIAL VALUE OF THE HOG.

The Working Farmer states that the value of the hog crop this year in the United States, will fall little short of two hundred millions of dollars, or \$50,000,000 more than the cotton crop. Mr. P. L. Simmonds, in the Transactions of the Highland Society, gives some interesting statistics of the number of swine raised in various countries, as nearly as can be ascertained. In the United States there are believed to be about 40,000,000, or more than in all the states of Europe combined. In Great Britain the number is estimated at 2,000,000, of which Ireland has a large proportion, and Scotland scarcely 200,000. Austria has about 5,500,000 swine, and Austrian Italy 250,000. France has from 5,000,000 to 6,000,000. Russia has immense numbers of wild hogs; but they are merely skin and bone, valuable principally for their bristles. These bristles, although their consumption has greatly diminished in England and the United States, are still necessary for shoemakers and saddlers; and probably from 500 to 1000 tons of bristles reach England through Prussia and other neutral countries. It is estimated that nearly 96,000,000 pounds of lard are made in the United States, of which 20,000,000 pounds are made in Cincinnati. England and Cuba each take annually 9,000,000 or 10,000,000 pounds of American lard.—*Philadelphia Ledger*.

#### FANCY DOGS.

A traveller in South America, who accompanied a number of Jumna Indians on a tapir hunt, says, besides the hunters, their party was composed of most of the women and boys of the village, together with a score or two of dogs. "These dogs were curious creatures to look at. A stranger, ignorant of the customs of the Jumnas, would have been at some loss to account for the peculiarity of their color. Such dogs I have never seen before. Some were of a bright scarlet, others were yellow, others blue, and some mottled with a variety of tints! What can it mean? The dogs are dyed! It is the custom among many tribes of South American Indians to dye not only their own bodies, but the hairy coat of their dogs, with brilliant colors obtained from vegetable juices, such as the red huito, the yellow rocoa, and the blue of the white indigo. The light gray, often white hair of these animals favors the staining process; and the effect produced pleases the eye of the savage masters. On my eye the effect was strange and fantastical. I could not restrain my laughter when I first scanned these curs in their fanciful coats. Picture to yourself a pack of scarlet, and orange, and purple dogs."—*Boston Transcript*.

ADDRESS.—There is this difference between address and presence of mind: The first proceeds on a plan skilfully arranged, while the second is only a sudden flash springing from a wholly unexpected circumstance, which gives rise to useful expedients. It was particularly to the address displayed by William Pitt, the English minister, that he owed the long and powerful influence he exercised over the destinies of Great Britain.



## MY BABY AND MY WIFE.

BY FANNY BELL.

Have you seen our precious baby,  
With eyes of glittering jet?  
Its lips—two dewy rosebuds—  
In dimpling smiles are set.

So pure, so fair and fragile,  
It seems an angel given,  
To lead our earth-born spirits  
Up to its native heaven.

It is a petted darling,  
This little babe of ours,—  
It sports in life's warm sunshine,  
A bud among the flowers.

Time waves his gentle pinion  
Around its cherub face,  
And as his wings steal o'er it,  
It adds a lovelier grace.

Each day some new-born beauty  
Is nursing into life;  
I know not which is dearest—  
My baby or my wife.

## THE TABLEUX VIVANS.

BY FREDERICK WARD SAUNDERS.

OF what benefit could it be to the world at large; or how would the happiness and well being of mankind in general be promoted, by a knowledge of the exact locality and name of the town, county and state, in which the pathetic occurrence I am about to relate, took place? Very little, truly. Let it suffice, therefore, for that enlightened and discriminating portion of the community, for which I write—and of which I have no doubt you are a distinguished ornament—that it was in a very pleasant and romantic rural district, not above eighty miles by railroad from the identical spot in which, with a countenance beaming with delighted interest, you are now perusing this remarkable document.

In that quiet and romantic rural district, I say, there stood, and for aught I know to the contrary, still stands, a large, three story, brick mansion, with bright green blinds upon its windows, and a bright, brass plate upon the front door, upon which—the plate, not the door—were inscribed divers hieroglyphics, which being deciphered, read somewhat after the following manner:

"Boarding and day school for young ladies, Miss Penelope Smithers, Principal. Please close the door."

Which astounding information was further disseminated to an anxious and inquiring world, by

means of a gratuitous yearly distribution of those letters or circulars, which are so regularly and uselessly dropped at our doors; and which, in the case in question, set forth among numberless other inducements, that at Miss Smithers's establishment, young ladies not only enjoyed all the comforts of home, but were likewise instructed in such a wonderfully ingenious manner as to cause them to imbibe an incredible amount of knowledge, in an excessively limited period, besides which, there would be inculcated such a system of fearful morality, and frigid decorum, as could be obtained at no other spot upon the face of the earth except at Miss Smithers's academy, or enjoyed by any other human beings beside those singularly favored virgins who were delivered over to the watchful care of Miss Smithers, herself. All of which, I have no doubt, is very right and proper, though it strikes me as rather a dubious compliment to those young damsels, whose parents consider such a course of discipline necessary. Be that as it may, it exactly suited the ideas of the Hon. Ezekiel Tompkins, M. C., as that gentleman having read the document twice over, examined it carefully upside down, and backside too; laid it upon his study table with an expression of satisfaction, exclaiming at the same time:

"That is precisely the place to which Lucy ought to go, and go she shall, this very afternoon, too!"

And in furtherance of his declared intention, he straightway sat himself down and indited an epistle to Miss Smithers, informing that venerable and chaste spinster, that "in consequence of an unfortunate, though ridiculous penchant which his daughter had conceived for a person immeasurably her inferior in position, he (the Hon. Ezekiel Tompkins, M. C.) had arrived at the conclusion that it would be for his daughter's best interest to leave home for a short time; and as her education was by no means completed, he (the Hon. Tompkins) had after mature deliberation, decided to entrust her to the care of Miss P. Smithers, whose excellent seminary was so well and favorably, etc., and whose skill in teaching and moulding the youthful mind was so highly spoken of by all those whose good fortune it had been, etc., etc.," and having signed his name in full, in the largest capitals, and dispatched it to the post, he dismissed the whole subject from his mind, and again turned his attention to the weighty and harrowing affairs of state which are popularly supposed to press so heavily upon the noble men, who sacrifice their time and talents to the interests of the beloved people.

Precisely as that honorable gentleman had predicted, that very afternoon found Miss Lucy Tompkins in tears, a fit of hysterics, and a one horse chaise, accompanied by a faithful domestic, *en route* for the before mentioned pleasant and romantic district; which in due course of time she reached in safety, and from that time forward became an inmate of Miss Smithers's hospitable mansion; where, as the place is in reality a very reputable and comfortable one, we will leave her for a short period, while instituting some inquiries as to the individual spoken of by the Hon. Tompkins, as "a person immeasurably her (Miss Lucy's) inferior in position, for whom she (Miss Lucy) had conceived an unfortunate though ridiculous penchant," and this individual, as the reader will doubtless be surprised to learn, was no other than Augustus Fitz Edward Mortimer, a young gentleman respectably connected, very long in legs, and of immense though unappreciated genius. Such at least, was the opinion entertained by himself and friends, and for aught I know to the contrary they were right, for I will frankly own I am no judge of the description of talent he was supposed to possess. Need I say he was a poet; and if he had not the astonishing genius claimed for him by his friends, I can only say appearances belied him atrociously, for he looked and acted the poet to perfection. No one who had beheld that lofty brow, that pale and sickly countenance, the absent though meditative expression of the bluish eyes, and the studiously careless manner of arranging his thin hair—which he wore long for the convenience of digging his two claws into during moments of inspiration—No one, I say, who had beheld all this, could have doubted for an instant that Augustus was troubled either with an overwhelming genius or the dyspepsia.

How or in what manner the acquaintance between these two individuals was first brought about, I am unable to state, all the earlier circumstances being enveloped in a thick veil of mystery which I have in vain endeavored to penetrate; but to the best of my knowledge, something like two years had elapsed previous to the opening of my story, during which, a slight acquaintance had ripened into an acquaintance much more intimate, the step from this, to permanent and undying friendship was short; and we all know the time required for friendship to degenerate into love—and the period was uncommonly short in the present instance.

The state of Miss Lucy's affections was early discovered by her father, who was of course highly indignant that a young man of Mortimer's rank in life should aspire to the hand of a daugh-

ter of an M. C. Not but what Augustus was respectable enough, but it unfortunately happened that he was one of that numerous class who delight in calling themselves "Nature's noblemen," the long and short of which term, as I understand it, means neither more nor less, than that the said aristocrats derive their patent of nobility from a lamentable and chronic paucity of shillings; at least, this feature is almost invariably strikingly apparent in each individual case.

In view of these facts the Hon. Tompkins forthwith expelled Augustus from his house, and forbade Lucy seeing or communicating with him again in any manner, upon pain of his high displeasure; and having no doubt that his commands would be obeyed, the whole matter passed from his mind. But profound legislator though he was, he could not outwit the bare legged little god, who time out of mind has delighted in overcoming obstacles, and circumventing "heavy fathers."

The young people still continued to meet as before, the only difference being that whereas they formerly enjoyed each other's society in the parlor, they now met in the back kitchen, to which classic precinct our persevering lover was regularly admitted through the instrumentality of the cook—whose devoted services had been purchased at a ruinous price—two or three evenings in the week, after the family had retired for the night; and there, amid pots and pans, mops and Bristol brick, in an atmosphere redolent with the fumes of "biled dinner," these two loving hearts held sweet communion.

A long time these, all the more delightful because stolen interviews continued, while emboldened by success in eluding discovery, they gradually relaxed their precautions against such a disastrous result, until one unfortunate evening it chanced that the Hon. Tompkins sat up rather later than usual, in consequence of being engaged in writing an impromptu speech upon the importance of erecting a light-house at Lowell, a subject to which he was devoted heart and soul. But for some cause, his thoughts refused to form themselves into words with the accustomed facility, and having written, "Had I, gentlemen, entertained the slightest possible intention of addressing this meeting on the present occasion, I should have endeavored to prepare myself in a manner to show my sense of the importance of the subject, and the tremendous interests involved; but being called upon thus unexpectedly, I must beg your indulgence for a few crude, and common-place remarks—"

Here he stuck fast, and having ruminated some

time without being able to complete the sentence in a satisfactory manner, it occurred to him that a little of that old Port of the vintage of —32, might enable him to proceed. Under the impression that every one in the house had retired, he descended to the cellar to procure the desired article himself, when, upon passing the kitchen door, he was startled by the sound of voices; stealthily opening the door a sight met his eyes, which if it did not cause the hon. gentleman's hair to stand on end, it most certainly caused him to grit his honorable teeth in a most ferocious manner.

Reclining in a graceful attitude upon the refrigerator, was Miss Lucy, while in the very centre of a small puddle—which as far as my observation extends, is invariably to be found in front of those useful domestic Arctic regions—were the knees of Augustus, as that young gentleman, despite his decidedly uncomfortable position, poured forth a tale of love “in words that burn.” Our hon. friend had arrived just in season to hear the conclusion of his speech, and Lucy’s softly murmured “Thine, thine forever, Augustus.”

As may be supposed, the scene was in no way calculated to soothe the excited feelings of the angry sire. The blood of all the Tompkinses was aroused. To rush across the kitchen, and seize the presumptuous poet by the collar, was the act of an instant. A terrific scene ensued. For a moment a pair of very long legs might have been seen making rapid strides for the back door, while a heavy boot, enclosing a wrathful human foot was alternately elevated and depressed with astonishing celerity and vigor in the immediate vicinity of those retreating legs. At the same time, Miss Lucy, wholly overcome, or rather, unmanned at the sudden interruption and flight of her adored adorer, lifted up her voice in a succession of shrieks and squeals, which continued uninterruptedly, with at least four young lady power, until the whole household was alarmed and rushing to the rescue; when she very properly saw fit to go off into a fainting fit, than which our heroine could have resorted to no better alternative, as it effectually relieved her from the unpleasant necessity of entering into disagreeable explanations. Through the combined efforts of the whole family she was removed to her room, where she passed the night in an insensible, or rather senseless condition; and the next day was the one in which we have seen the Hon. Tompkins perusing Miss Smithers’s circular, and also the one on which Miss Lucy set out for the above mentioned pleasant and romantic district.

Waft us, O Muse, through time and space, till we again our lovely heroine shall see; quick speed thy flight, and set us down before the bright brass plate on Miss P. Smithers’s door. Can it be, that among my readers there is one whose education has been so miserably neglected that he does not know all and singular of the making up of a young lady’s boarding-school, from the centre even unto the circumference? I think not, for I take it every boy’s experience must have been similar to yours and mine, and every man having been once a boy, it follows that all men must be somewhat informed upon the subject.

Do you remember, my dear sir, when long ago we were rivals for the smiles of that little red-haired divinity with gray eyes, who was at Miss Tweedle’s seminary, at the time we attended Doctor Thrashwell’s school? How we used to prowl about the young ladies’ boarding-house, in expectation of we didn’t know what? Do you remember when at distant intervals, we were admitted into that—to us—magnificent apartment, where the young ladies were wont to collect; the same room that contained the spindle-shanked piano, upon which that hatchet-faced, red-nosed Mdlle. Stretchfinger, who the girls hated so, and who we hated too, as in duty bound, used to teach those interminable, not to say intolerable marches?

Do you remember, I say, how we used to sit bolt upright against the wall, scarcely daring to lift our eyes, and blushing clear down to the tips of our toe nails whenever addressed by any of the young ladies, who chattered and giggled among themselves with such astounding volubility, who we feared, and not without reason, were making fun of us? and when, after a deplorably awkward bow, we made our exit from the house, do you remember with what complacency we talked of the gallantry we had displayed, and how atrociously we bragged to our school mates of the impression we had made? And above all, do you remember the young ladies themselves; that sentimental Miss Manfred, who always looked so melancholy, and of whom it was darkly rumored that she had concealed in her trunk, the whole of Byron’s works, and could herself write poetry “be-utifully?” and the lively Miss Squid, who had such roguish eyes, and who got credit for all the mischief that was perpetrated in the house, and the other young ladies who had no distinguishing traits, but looked and dressed so much alike, that it was no difficult thing to imagine that several rods of young lady had been rolled out, after the manner of making candy, and chopped off to order, in

different lengths to suit customers? By calling to mind these little circumstances, and others of like nature, the train of recollection will bring before you Miss Tweedle's school as it was, in your youthful days, and as a consequence Miss Smithers's school as it is; for I take it one boarding-school must be as near like another boarding-school, as one batch of twenty or thirty young ladies resemble another batch of the same number.

If the obliging reader will have the kindness to exert himself a little, and jump over the short space of two months, he will be rewarded by witnessing a most remarkable state of affairs at Miss Smithers's establishment. It is near the close of the term, and the venerable principal has determined that the examination and succeeding exhibition shall be conducted in such a style of splendor that the young ladies shall have nothing else in their mouths during the vacation beside, "O, we had such nice times at Miss Smithers! O, my! if you had been at our examination. We never do so at Miss Smithers! We always do so at Miss Smithers," and such like remarks common to young ladies from school, which, no doubt you have listened to a thousand times with so much amusement as to render it difficult to refrain from laughing, and just enough admiration for the young lady herself to prevent your being guilty of such rudeness.

In pursuance of this plan, the whole house had been one scene of anarchy and confusion for the preceding week. The young ladies' rooms had the appearance of a fleet of milliners' shops beating into port against a head wind, with a heavy sea running. The dining-room, which had been invaded by a horde of young ladies, sacked and turned into a place for rehearsal, wore a subdued and astonished aspect. From every quarter of the house, "from night till morn, from morn till dewy eve," could be heard the indistinct tones of the young ladies practising their parts.

Rushing hurriedly through the passages might be seen more young ladies, some in old dresses for working; some in fancy dresses for exhibition; others in no dresses at all, flying hastily to the room of some other young lady to implore her assistance in doing that inevitable something or other which young ladies invariably require of each other, but what, I have never been able exactly to determine; while from the music-room there ever and anon resounded dismal shrieks, rising high and discordant above the eternal jangle of the piano, as some aspiring and vigorous musical genius whacked away at the keys, in preparation for the coming exposition.

But amid the general change, no place was

more changed than the school room; the efforts of several wonder working gentlemen in green baize jackets had been incessant; desks had been removed and seats put up; the places that formerly knew the black-boards now knew them no more. The upper portion of the room where whilom Miss Smithers sat in calm dignity supervising the instructions of her disciples, was now turned into a stage for histrionic display, and that never failing resource of young ladies, tableaux. (In this connection I would inquire, in no invidious spirit, but merely to gratify my curiosity, Did you ever know a decidedly plain young lady to propose tableaux? If not, why are young ladies to whom this description will not apply, so consumedly fond of them?) Nor had the labors of the young ladies themselves been less important than those of the carpenters; uniting the *dulci* with the *utile*, no end of metamorphoses had taken place. Ovid was a mere bungler, compared with them. An unsightly stove, under their magic touch, became a pedestal for a magnificent chalk goddess. A barrel head stuck round with candles and adorned with a tasteful arrangement of evergreen, to its surprise suddenly found itself suspended from the ceiling, no despicable chandelier. Around the walk, and above the windows, more evergreen entwined itself, while at intervals from between the boughs, magnificent plaid silk roses bloomed forth with a profusion and luxuriance you would scarcely expect considering their pitch pine paternity. Overhead, multitudes of striped gingham songsters perched, or rather roosted upon the pendant twigs of a gorgeous calico orange tree.

The whole place in fact, looked a scene of enchantment, and well calculated to strike the beholder with delighted awe; leading the mind into delicious reveries, alternating between the orange groves of the sunny south, and a Washington Street dry-goods store. If such feelings were excited when the room was vacant; what must be the effect when lighted up with the presence of youth and beauty, adorned with still larger pieces of the same patterns of silk, gingham and calico.

A dozen times at least within the preceding week, had a programme of the proceedings been promulgated to the anxious villagers and friends of the pupils; and as often with the characteristic indecision of the female mind, revoked for revision and addition. The main order of performance was definitely settled, there was to be reading of compositions, music, declamation, and though last, most important, tableaux.

But where, amid all this life and excitement is our heroine? does she mingle in these joyous

scenes? is she the gayest among the gay? or does she hour after hour, with thread and needle and scissors, sit patiently hatching gingham birdlings? Ah no! her sorrow is too deep, her woe too delightfully excruciating to admit of such alleviations. From the hour of her admittance into the school, she had been the acknowledged martyr and injured innocent of the establishment. The other young ladies with the characteristic sympathy of school-girls, pitied and commiserated her unhappy state to within a decimal fraction of her existence. Her delight had been, and was, to wander lonely about the house at unseasonable hours, gazing wistfully at the moon, when there was one, thereby keeping herself wheezed up with a chronic cold, which prevented her speaking as plainly as would be desirable for a heroine of romance.

Much had she to say—and often did she say it—about the loved and lost ones. A dozen times, at least, had she communicated to every one of her schoolmates the melancholy fact that she felt an inward consciousness of approaching dissolution, and, altogether, conducted herself in such a remarkable manner that her tender hearted companions entertained no doubt whatever, if something or other did not speedily occur to relieve in some measure her weight of woe, she would in some moment of depression slay herself outright, from sheer disgust of life. Vainly had she been urged and besought to throw off her gloom and despondency, and take part in the coming festival; but the effort was too great; in one thing only could she be induced to lend her aid. The lady's character in the tableau of the "Doomed Lovers," was to be taken by Lucy Tompkins, while the doomed lover was to be enacted by a gentleman, whose name had not transpired, but who at the time was stopping at the village hotel.

The agile reader having rested himself from his late exertion, will now be in a condition to hop lightly over a day or so, which will not only bring him up to the evening for which all these preparations have been made, but also into the school-room itself. The young ladies have dispersed themselves in graceful groups about the room, looking very bewitching and very pretty—though there is nothing at all uncommon about this last; your own observations must, I think, have disclosed to you the fact that the great majority, indeed, all girls between the ages of sixteen and a still higher number (which it is unnecessary to mention), will persist (such is the perversity of the female character) in looking pretty with a reckless—I had almost said heartless—disregard of the sleepless nights and shat-

tered hearts of the rising generation of our country's defenders.

The girls who were to commence the performance were giggling and tittering audibly behind the curtain, which separated the stage from the audience. The candles flared, and smoked, and spluttered; the chalk goddess looked surprisingly like marble, while the striped gingham birds appeared most lifelike.

It became evident quite early in the evening, that the hall would not only be filled, but that the audience would consist of the *élite* of the surrounding country. Already had the doctor, the minister and the lawyer made their appearance. Deacon Fitz Fanatic's carriage had hardly quitted the door, when the Hon. Mr. Fitz Fusion's family coach drove up, and delivered its burden, quickly followed by half a dozen lesser lights. The representative from the adjoining town arrived in a buggy and pair. Mr. Acquies, the great cotton manufacturer and politician, arrived in a chaise; and a couple of dashing young sparks—Mr. Jinx, and his friend Tompkins, from Pugwash, whose advent occasioned no little flutter among Miss Smithers's young ladies—in very muddy boots; for the fact was, these gentlemen's credit at the time being in a rather depressed condition with the stable-keepers, they were obliged either to forego the pleasure of witnessing the exhibition, which neither Tompkins nor myself was at all disposed to do, or, as the alternative, foot it the entire distance from Pugwash, which they did.

It would be useless, as well as uninteresting to describe the various performances of that eventful evening; suffice it that everything went off to the satisfaction of the parties concerned, until all else being completed, preparations were made to commence the tableaux. It would be difficult to form an adequate conception of the expectant impatience which exercised the audience during the somewhat prolonged interval that intervened before the stage was in readiness for the spectacle; or, rather, I should say, the majority of the audience; for that rascal, Jinx, was so busily engaged in making love to a little black-eyed girl in the corner, that I dare say he would have been perfectly satisfied had there been an interval of a month between each performance. Not so with the rest of the audience, who kept their eyes fixed on the curtain (twelve feet by six and a half) before them with ill-concealed impatience, while from behind, a confused scuffling of feet, mingled with agitated whispers, indicated that the performers, although doing their best to accomplish something, were by no means ready to do it.

At length, when the patience of the whole party was well nigh exhausted, Miss Smithers's dinner-bell was heard to ring behind the screen. Instantly, the hum and buzz of conversation ceased, and each person sank back into his or her seat, and anxiously awaited the second summons. Even Jinx paused in his *love* making. Again the bell tinkled, and the curtain became convulsed, gently, at first, but gradually increasing in violence for some minutes, while the bell continued to be rung furiously. But the curtain was doubtless a politician, and refused to raise from a single plank of the platform. Something was evidently wrong. The curtain ceased its agitation, and was succeeded by a vigorous hammering. But a few blows had been struck, which, by the way, sounded preternaturally loud in the crowded room, when the sharp, ringing concussion was suddenly interrupted by a sound soft and spongy, so to speak, as though the hammer, instead of hitting the destined nail, had struck somebody's thumb; nor was the suspicion in the least removed by the stifled sound of suppressed blasphemy which instantly succeeded.

Another prolonged interval ensued, when, as the curtain could not be persuaded to go up, a compromise was effected, and it was lowered down, disclosing to the admiring gaze of the brilliant and fashionable audience, a scene from Blue Beard, and exceedingly well done it was, too.

Fatima (Miss Squid), in a very short dress, and spacious lower garments, with head thrown back and arms extended, was evidently imploring mercy from Blue Beard (Mr. Smith, the carpenter, and a very meritorious man), who, with a large carving-knife grasped in one hand, whilst with the other he clinched the shrinking form of Fatima, had not, to all appearance, the remotest idea of doing anything whatever, to judge from his countenance, which wore a rather frightened aspect than otherwise.

This scene passed off admirably. The somewhat constrained and unnatural position of the parties, which usually injures the effect of tableaux, being pleasantly overcome by Fatima giving vent to a giggle, and Blue Beard delivering himself of a snort, whereupon they both ran off the stage. This little episode had a very pretty effect, agreeably relieving the gloom which such a tragic scene would otherwise be likely to produce, and which I would earnestly recommend to the consideration of all persons addicted to tableaux.

The succeeding scene passed off equally well, until the tableau of the "doomed lovers," which was to be the last, was about to be performed.

For some reason, the gentleman who had volunteered to do the doomed lover, was unavoidably detained until the last moment; consequently, it was not until the instant of going upon the stage that Miss Lucy first caught sight of the person who was to be her partner in the picture. They advanced from opposite sides of the platform, to take their places, at the same instant. The gentleman, who was somewhat tall and thin, with a high forehead, and rather long in the legs, moved gracefully to the spot assigned him. Not so, Miss Lucy. What means that sudden tremor, that flushed countenance? "What do I see?" she cried, in trembling accents. "'Tis, 'tis—yet no, 'tisn't—yes, it is—it is Augustus!" and bounding forward, she pitched herself in among the outstretched arms of that young gentleman, who clasped them about her very much as you have seen Mr. Davenport do to black-eyed Susan, in the drama of that name.

Such an unexpected denouement very naturally had the effect to break up the exhibition in no little confusion, in the midst of which Miss Lucy and Mr. Augustus disappeared; and although "they sought her that night, they sought her next day," she was not to be found, and the disconsolate Miss Smithers was forced to content herself with the knowledge that on the morning succeeding the exhibition, as the Hon. Ezekiel Tompkins, M. C., was sitting in his study, the door was thrown open, and a tall young gentleman, with a rather sheepish expression, accompanied by a young lady, entered the room. The lady, who was no other than his daughter, rushed forward, and flopping herself down at his feet, repeated again and again the touching request: "Father, father, do not curse me!" in the most beseeching tone imaginable. But the reply of the old man simply was: "Don't make a fool of yourself, Lucy." Then, after scanning the long-legged poet: "And so this is your husband, is it? Well, as it is done now, I suppose we must make the best of it."

And they did make the best of it, for, in conversation with the Hon. Mr. Tompkins, lately, he said that his son-in-law, who is domesticated at his house, was, in reality, extremely useful to him as his secretary, and made, in fact, a very good husband for Lucy, who, he said, was almost as big a fool as himself. Beside which, I understand his poetical talents are beginning to be appreciated; indeed, a very pretty sonnet of twenty-five lines appeared in a late issue of one of our magazines, and was extensively copied.

The covetous man is as much deprived of what he has, as of what he has not, for he enjoys neither.

## DO A GOOD TURN WHEN YOU CAN.

BY BELLA FERNMORE.

It needs not great wealth a kind heart to display—  
If the hand be but willing it soon finds a way;  
And the poorest one yet, in the humblest abode,  
May help a poor brother a step on his road.

Whatever the fortune a man may have won,  
A kindness depends on the way it is done;  
And though poor be our purse, and narrow our span,  
Let us all try to do a good turn when we can.

The fair bloom of pleasure may charm for a while,  
But its beauty is frail, and inconstant its smile;  
Whilst the beauty of kindness, immortal in bloom,  
Sheds a sweetness o'er life, and a grace o'er our tomb.

Then if we enjoy life, why the next thing to do,  
Is to see that another enjoys his life too;  
And though poor be our purse, and narrow our span,  
Let us all try to do a good turn when we can.

## THE PEDLER'S VISIT.

BY AUSTIN C. BURDICK.

Nor long since I called to spend the day with an old friend by the name of Dowley. Dowley is a farmer off the old stamp—lives on the farm where his father was born, and has been frugal, industrious and thrifty. His farm is in excellent order—his stock sleek and fat—his buildings in thorough repair—and his children stout, good natured, and healthy. Mrs. Dowley is just the woman for a farmer's wife—a busy, bustling thing, with ambition enough to have everything in order, and pride enough to have a few things rather nicer than some folks have. We were sitting in the front room—Mr. and Mrs. Dowley, their daughter Rachael, a buxom lass of seventeen, and myself—when we saw one of those quaint-looking carts drive up into the yard which can belong only to a Yankee pedler.

"There's one o' them 'tarnal pedlers," uttered Mr. Dowley, with an expression half of contempt, and half of vengeance. "But he wont make much here. Now mind, Susan (to his wife), we don't want nothin' of his truck—not a thing."

"Sartinly we don't," responded the good wife; "and wont have nothin' neither."

"The last one that came along sucked us in awfully, and I swore them 'at I'd never trade with another one of 'em agin. Now mind, Susan, snap 'im rite up ef he offers yer anything."

"Let me alone for that—the dirty-good-for-nothing!" returned the dame, smoothing down her apron emphatically.

By this time the pedler had made his way into the back room, and with a smiling face he came into the room where we were sitting. He was not one of your tall, lank things, but a short, plump, good-natured looking fellow, and wearing upon his really handsome face a continual smile which nothing seemed to ruffle.

"Well, neighbors," he said, after he had asked after our healths, "couldn't I trade with ye a little, to-day?"

"No, sir!" emphatically answered Mr. Dowley, snapping his words out almost angrily.

"Don't you want sumthin'?" the pedler asked of the dame, in the same smooth, smiling tone.

"No, 'sir, I don't—want nothin'." The last word dropped from the dame's lips like the snapping of a percussion cap.

"Well, well—never mind," said the pedler, at the same time opening one of his trunks, and commencing to work as though he were only arranging his things. "I'm one of them kind as never forces folks into a trade, 'cause don't ye see 'ta'n't no use. I say, let them trade as has a mind to. Now some pedlers seem to think everybody's bound to buy, an' ef they don't manage to make a trade, why they git huffy 'bout it. But that isn't my way. I don't like to go by a man's house without stoppin', 'cause mebbe I'd have sumthin' they want. But ef a man says no—why that's enough."

All this time he had been fixing up the things in his trunk, and speaking in one of the sweetest and most seductive tones imaginable, and as his smiles were bestowed upon the host and hostess, I could see that their frowns were mostly dispelled. And during this time, too, he had contrived to fix his things so that a most tempting array of articles were in sight.

"How funny it is," the pedler resumed, with the same sweet smile, and this time directing his remarks to the gude wife, "that folks will go a lifetime without a simple thing that would pay for itself in once usin'. I shall never forget what George Washington said when he was on his great farm deown in Ole Verginny. Says he, 'a penny saved is two pennies earn't.' And he was right. Neow ye see, only this mornin' I come across a man pacin' off a piece of land where he was goin' to plow. I asked him why he didn't measure it? He said he hadn't got nothin'—his pacin' was good enough. 'You've paced this off, haven't ye?' says I. 'Yes,' says he. 'How much d'ye make of it?' says I. 'Jest an acre,' says he. 'It's jest a square acre.' Neow ye see I know'd he hadn't got an acre of land there, for I could see 'at he didn't step long

enough. So I jest takes this ere thing out of my trunk, and says I, 'let's measure it right now.'"

Here the pedler took from his trunk one of those measuring tapes which roll up in a neat, circular, polished leather case, and which was just two rods long; and as he went on speaking he pulled out the neatly figured tape, and then wound it up again by means of the little brass crank.

"So he took hold o' one end, an' I took the other, an' we went round that piece in jest about ten minutes. By jingo, the piece wasn't only 'baout 'leven rods square—fell short, ye see, sixteen rod. 'Now,' says I 'jest see how ye get deceived. Next fall yer nabors'll laff at ye 'cause ye ha'n't raised more corn on an acre—an' they'll swear yer land a'n't good—an' ye'll have to stand it, too.' He kind o' took what I'd said, an' he bought one o' these magic laad measurers rite off. Neow, ye see, he ken measure his fences, an' his land, an' his buildings—an' in fact, he ken allers measure anything. 'Cause ye can carry this rite in yer pocket. Come away from home jest a week ago yesterday, an' had seven dozen o' these farmer's measures—an' all gone but this. I rather guess I'll keep this for a pattern."

And as he thus spoke he commenced to stow it away. I saw that Mr. Dowley eyed the thing uneasily. Now Dowley had a rod-pole, a two-foot rule, and any quantity of small rope, with which he had always measured off his land; but this thing took his fancy. It looked so neat and handy.

"Jest let me look at that," he said; and as he took it he pulled it out and wound it up several times. "How high does this come?" he asked.

"Two dollars, I've been sellin' 'em for," replied the pedler.

"Aint that high?"

"High? Why, jest look at it—look at the work. You can't git such ones rite in Bosting for one cent off 'm fifteen shillin'. Ye see I found a man sellin' off at auction—a man as was goin' to California, an' I got these for considerable under cost. So I can afford to put 'em cheap."

"You couldn't say nine shillings, could ye?"

"Well—I don't know. Ef I ever do sell cheap it's to an honest, old farmer, who has to work hard for a livin'. But look here—ef ye'll solemnly promise not to lisp a word to anybody how cheap I let ye have it, I'll say nine shillin's. But I hadn't ought to—I hadn't—that's a fact."

So Dowley took the measurer, and went to his desk and got his pocket-book, and came back

with a five-dollar bill, which he handed to the pedler. The latter took it, but did not immediately return the change.

"What times these are for inventions," said the pedler. "By the hokey, I 'spect nothin' but what every man'll have a silver shovel one of these days. Ye ever heard 'baout this French Imperial magnetic silver?"

"No," answered Dowley.

"It's the most astonishin' thing in the world. A poor man was diggin' on a maounting one day, an' he found somethin' 'at looked jest like silver. He thought he'd sure enough faound a mine, an' he dug lots on it. The great philosophers overhauled it, an' they found 'twasn't silver, but it's just 'baout the same. It's brighter 'n silver, an' Monseer Hoppofiamssegis, the royal emperor's high minister, ordered a set of spewns for his table rite off. Capt'n Sam Blanchard—perhaps you know 'im?"—(Dowley said he did not)—"Well, he's a cute chap—he smuggled forty dozen of the spewns into Portland, an' I got 'em every one. There a'n't another one in the country only what I got. They look as much nicer 'n silver as ye ken imagine, an' ye can't wear 'em out—nor ye can't tarnish 'em. Ye see a silver spewn—a tea-spewn—would cost a dollar. Neow one of these only comes to 'baout half o' that."

The pedler went on fixing up his things, but never once offered to show his spoons. Mrs. Dowley got nervous.

"Couldn't ye jest let me look at them spewns, sir?" she said, rather timidly.

"O, sartin, of course. An' mark me, you'll say they are beanties—jest the handsomest things ye ever sot eyes on."

He soon brought up a pasteboard box, and, from among a mass of cotton and tissue paper, he revealed the spoons. They were truly bright looking things, and finished with care and neatness.

"Jest look at yer face in that," the pedler said, holding one of the glittering things up to the good woman's eye.

I could see that Mrs. Dowley was caught.

"How much did you say was the price of these?" she asked.

"Six dollars a dozen—three dollars for half-a-dozen—an' you may depend on't, they'll outwear any silver spewn in creation. Neow wait."

From one corner of the other trunk the pedler brought up a glass spoon-cup. It was all figured off, and clear as crystal. Then he proceeded to arrange six of the spoons in it, placing them at equal distances from each other, with the bowls up. The handles glittered through the figured



glass most beautifully, and the polished bowls of the spoons, which just rested over the rim of the cup, reflected the light from their polished surfaces in all directions.

There!" uttered the pedler, triumphantly. "Who's got such a set as that round these diggin's?"

Mrs. Dowley's eyes fairly sparkled.

"What's that glass thing worth?" she asked.

"Half a dollar."

"But a tumbler'd do jest as well to set 'em in."

"But 'twouldn't look so well," whispered Rachael, into her mother's ear.

At this juncture the pedler arose and went out to his cart, and when he came in he had a piece of delaine in his hand.

"I don't want ye to buy this," he said, as he sat down and gathered one end of the delaine up neatly in his hand, and then let the other end fall gracefully upon the floor. "Only as I was noticin' your daughter's countenance an' complexion, I couldn't help but think of it. Where I put up last night there was a young lady, jest about this young lady's age—an' she wanted this piece drefful bad, but ye see she was rather plain lookin' an' dark complexioned, an' such a figur' as this wouldn't match with such a face. But jest look at this piece for such a complexion as *your darter* has. A'n't it splendid?"

Rachael's red face grew redder, but she was greatly pleased. I can give the pedler's words, but I can't give the soft, winning looks and smiles he bestowed upon those two females. But I could see that Rachael was now caught. Her eyes devoured the delaine, and she was all excitement. And then the flattery she had received added not a little to her emotions. The cloth was pretty, if color and figure were all, but I could see that the texture was far from firm.

"What is this a yard?" Rachael asked.

"Only two shillin's, ma'am. Now only think, they'd make ye pay half a dollar at the store for that, an' ye'd have to take jest what they had, too. Ye see I got this of my brother who imports his goods rite from France—so I got it cheap. There's jest ten yards in this piece—just a pattern. Neow I don't like to cultivate pride in young folks, but at the same time it does appear to me 'at when our Heavenly Father has given a handsome face to a gal (an admiring gaze at Rachael), she's a right to treat it decently by matchin' a handsome dress to it. Them's my opinions. Don't you think so, ma'am?"

Mrs. Dowley said yes, and then she asked the pedler if he couldn't take twenty-five cents a yard for his delaine.

"I mustn't," he said. "I love to sell cheap, but 'taint reasonable to lose money outright. Howsomer—look here—taking up the spoons, which still stood temptingly in the glass dish—say three dollars for the six spewns; three dollars an' thirty-three cents for the delaine—and—an'. Well, I'll give ye the glass dish, ef ye'll promise to make a present of it to this young lady when ye've done with it. There!"

Mrs. Dowley looked up at her husband. "Aren't them nice?" she said. "How handy when we have company."

But the old man said nothing.

"I've got three dollars and a half now 'at belongs to yeou," said the pedler, who had been figuring on the top of the spoon-box. "Take out the pay for the delaine, an' that leaves seventeen cents. Then for the spewns I want jest two dollars an' eighty-three cents more. By hokey, I hadn't ought to sell so, but I will."

"I ken pay that out of my own money," said Mrs. Dowley; and waiting until she found her husband would make no remonstrance, she started off and brought just the change.

The pedler saw that it came hard, and he offered no more of his wares; and ere long afterwards he was after the next farmer, where he would probably have "just one more left" of the "farmer's magic land measurer," and where he might find another girl just fitted to a dress-pattern, and so on. I examined the spoons after he was gone, and found them marked with a maker's name in New York. They were well-plated, and worth, perhaps, one dollar per dozen. The measuring tape I could have purchased at any store for seventy-five cents, and the delaine would have been reasonable at twelve and a-half cents per yard. But I held my peace, and wondered how my good friends would treat the next "good for nothing," who might honor them with a visit.

#### FANCY SOLDIERS.

Though it may sound somewhat singular and extraordinary to talk of a soldier with a fan, yet the use of that article is so general in Japan, that no respectable man is to be seen without one. The fans are a foot long, and sometimes serve for parasols; at others, instead of memorandum books. They are adorned with paintings of landscapes, birds, flowers, or ingenious sentences. Upon their journey they make use of a fan, which has the roads printed upon it, and tells them how many miles they have to travel, what inns they are to go to, and what price victuals are at. The etiquette to observe in regard to the fan, requires profound study and close attention. At feasts and ceremonies, the fan is always stuck in the girdle, behind the sabre, with the handle downward.—*Hildreth.*

## THE DOG TASK.

BY ANNE T. WILBUR.

In a shop in the Rue de Glatigny, in Paris, at the sign of the Gagne Petit, Jacques labored industriously to provide for the daily wants of his little fair-haired and rosy family, encouraged by the sweet smile of Marguerite his wife, and the hope which one always has of being more fortunate next year. Jacques was cutler to King Louis XI., but was no richer for that; for Louis XI. cheapened like a petty citizen of the Rue St. Denis; which deprived Jacques of the benefit of the title of cutler to the king's household. Besides, Louis XI. had no just taste about his table. He would rather purchase a conscience than a dozen knives; and then, he was so poor himself that he wore patched coats and breeches. Jacques the cutler therefore starved on his privilege, like a miser beside his treasure.

At last, on the day of which we speak, labor, and therefore joy, had returned to the shop of the Rue de Glatigny. The hotels were re-opened for the king's suite; there were fetes, suppers; and knives were being sharpened everywhere. Jacques had his share in the universal jubilee. And Marguerite said, as she saw orders pour in to the shop:

"Blessed be St. Eloi, who sends us so much work, my dear man."

And Jacques and Marguerite began to dance around the shop with their children, joyous to be of the party. A moment afterwards, the brow of Jacques became slightly overshadowed: the cutler had calculated.

"Doubtless," said he, "work has come; but it will not be advisable for us to hire assistance: a workman would take off all our profits. We must not depend either on work for a long time: this is but temporary. If it should continue, by-and-by we may hire help, but now it would be prudent to do without."

"If we only had Pierrot, our apprentice," exclaimed Marguerite.

"Bah! a little idler who did not like work," replied Jacques, "since he deserted the shop I do not want to hear his name."

"I will help you as well as I can, my dear man," Marguerite replied, better able to assist by her courage than by her arms. The wife was extremely delicate. This might be divined from her paleness and slender form. It was very evident that she could not blow the bellows of the forge, nor turn the wheel. Jacques embraced Marguerite, and said to her:

"We shall see; meanwhile, serve up the soup."

It was in the month of July, the sky was clear, but the heat was great.

"Mama," exclaimed the two children of the cutler, "let us eat at the door in the sun?"

Marguerite consulted Jacques by a look.

"Go, go!" replied the cutler, "the fresh air sharpens the appetite, and the sun gives children strength."

They did not wait for him to repeat the permission, but ran to sit down, with their porringers in their laps, on the steps of the shop.

"For whom is this plate, wife?" asked the cutler.

There was indeed one plate too many. Marguerite sighed.

"I know," said the cutler: "you were thinking of Pierrot."

"Poor child! perhaps he has nothing to eat?"

"He should not have left us; he who forsakes his work, forsakes his bread," replied the husband of Marguerite, harshly.

"I should not like to have any misfortune happen to him," resumed the good mother, casting on her children a glance of tenderness.

"Whose fault would it be?" replied the cutler; "did I send him away? I requested you never to speak to me of that bad boy," added he, in a tone more severe than he intended.

Marguerite was silent, but a moment afterwards resumed:

"It is singular that Pierrot should disappear from our house the very day in which that tall, dark, and withered man, whom our children were so much afraid of, came to take the enormous steel scissors we had forged for him."

"It is true," replied Jacques, "that man had indeed a singular appearance."

"I strongly suspect him," continued Marguerite, "of enticing away our apprentice. This personage lived among the gipsies, in the Cour des Miracles, he may therefore have been a sorcerer, and have carried off the child by some infernal conjuration."

"Bah!" returned the cutler, "this man is a poor fellow who has a mania of surrounding himself with a great number of dogs, whom he spends his life in shearing, and in whom he ever traffics. At any rate, it is not worth while to trouble ourselves about an idle and ungrateful boy, so let us eat."

Pierrot was, in fact, of invincible idleness; neither kindness, nor punishment, nor reason could influence him. One evening when Jacques had threatened him with a just chastisement, he had fled from the shop of the cutler; unfortunately he encountered the black man, who addressed to him some honeyed words, and allured

him into a large court—a moment afterwards an infernal laugh accompanied a dog, who fled, with a saucypan attached to his tail, followed by laughter and stones from the bad boys in the neighborhood.

"Meanwhile," Marguerite replied, "I must tell you a singular dream I had last night. Imagine, my dear man, that I saw in a dream the mother of Pierrot; this poor woman said to me: 'My little boy, Pierrot has left you; it was wrong, you who loved him so much. That has given you much trouble, dear lady; for you took a great interest in this poor child, who had no father or mother, and who had only you to love him in the world. He is, at present, very severely punished for his ingratitude; but, madam, you know that all children are ungrateful. When they grow up, they change, they understand better, and divine, by the ills they suffer from others, what others have suffered for them. Then gratitude comes to them and love. He will one day return to you, one day, when a powerful personage shall offer you a large sum for an object which I cannot name. My little Pierrot will return to you twice corrected for his idleness and his ingratitude. Adieu, madam,' said she with a smile. 'May God preserve your children from the black man who shears dogs!'"

Jacques, who was not very superstitious, began to jest at the dream of his good Marguerite, advising his wife to offer up a *novena* at Notre Dame, of which she was very capable: hope justifies faith.

The children, Blanche, the girl, and Jacquot the little boy, were coming in for more bread and broth, when a dog emerged from the square of Notre Dame, and precipitately entered the Rue de Glatigny.

The physiognomy of this poor animal was sad, anxious; he was dirty, muddy, and seemed exhausted with fatigue. His protruding tongue betokened great thirst, and his hollow sides, clinging to the bones, gave evidence of starvation. I should like to be able to say that this was a beautiful white spaniel,—unfortunately such was not the fact. It was simply a montagnard, with long, red, and coarse hair; a surly sort of dog, looking as if he would bite rather than caress. His eye gleamed with intelligence, beneath the two fiery spots which marked his arching eyebrows. And whether intentionally or through exhaustion, he laid himself down on the ground, at the foot of a ruin opposite the cutler's shop.

Whence came the dog? from what unknown sorrows was he flying? of what deception had he been the object? of what sentiments betrayed

had he to complain? Such were the questions which would have been asked by an observer at sight of this animal so sorrowful and exhausted.

Blanche and Jacques returned, with bread and full porringers. At sight of these two children, the animal quickly rose, wagging its tail.

Pantomime has its eloquence. Little Blanche smiled upon the animal. Emboldened by the reception, the montagnard approached the children and began to howl in a supplicating tone.

"Perhaps he is hungry," said little Blanche to her brother.

"Here, Wolf!" exclaimed little Jacquot, throwing him a bone.

The dog snatched the bone and gnawed it with avidity, then quickly seated himself and looked at the children, with the hope of another morsel. Blanche dipped some bread in the soup, then invited the animal to come and take it. He came and ate from the hand of the little girl, which diverted her much. The little boy let him drink from his mug, then, the eatables exhausted, the children went to the paternal dish.

"The children are very hungry to-day," said the cutler, remarking that the plates were thoroughly cleaned.

The children did not tell of it, but the dog's tongue had passed over them.

The montagnard awaited the return of his little benefactors. When he saw them, his eye glistened, and he began to leap for joy. Meanwhile he waited for them to beckon to him.

"Come, Wolf, come!" cried little Blanche, offering to him her plate.

This time the animal took his place between the two children. Blanche and Jacquot laughed loudly, while the animal devoured his dinner with a joyous air. At last, all three, children and dog, ate in the sun, on the same bench, from the same plate.

The laughter became so noisy that the cutler wished to know the occasion of it. He was not a little surprised to see this new guest.

"I understand, now," said he, as he returned to his wife, "I understand now the appetite of our little ones, they have help. I do not like stray dogs," said he, angrily, "and I will drive this one away so that he will not return."

At the same time Jacques went to arm himself with a whip. The children took Wolf in their arms to protect him against the paternal anger. Meanwhile the cutler returned with the whip. The dog escaped from the arms of the children, and went to lie down at the feet of Marguerite, as if to appeal to her protection.

"What is the use of beating this poor animal?" said Marguerite to her husband.

"I want this dog," exclaimed little Blanche, throwing herself into her father's arms.

"Has he no owner?" cried the cutler.

"No, papa," replied Jacques, "since he was dying with hunger."

"He appears to love children," said Marguerite.

"I want this dog," again cried little Blanche.

At last, thanks to the caprice of the children, the kindness of Marguerite, and the weakness of the father, the dog was admitted into the family.

"Come in!" cried Jacques.

The dog then, leaving Marguerite, began to run about the little shop of the cutler, barking loudly and joyously.

The Sunday following, the family thought it would be pleasant to walk a little way out of the city, as is customary with the working population. Marguerite took her children by the hand, Jacques whistled to the dog, and they set out for the country, not without feeling it a necessity; for Jacques said, as he beheld the altered features of his wife:

"Decidedly we must have a workman, wife, labor fatigues you. To-morrow I will provide myself with one."

The children and the dog ran to and fro, and played like good comrades, which diverted the good cutler much. As they entered the fields, they passed a small house entirely isolated, low, and mean. An old man, a cutler also, was still at work. This good man was busy forging some utensils; an old and meagre dog was aiding him. This poor old animal was turning the wheel as well as he could, but it was evident that both man and dog were nearly worn out.

"Enough, my poor friend," said the old man to the dog, as he took a piece of red-hot iron from the forge, "enough!"

The animal stopped the wheel as quickly as possible. The little family had passed this ruined shop without paying much attention to it. But the dog stopped. He looked with flaming eyes at this poor fellow laborer, without stirring from his place or making a motion. Jacques, not seeing his dog, became uneasy, and called him. The dog looked at Jacques, heard the summons, and did not obey it.

"What is it that occupies him so entirely?" said the cutler. And he retraced his steps. Hardly was he near the house, when the dog darted toward the old man, and cast on his master a look, which seemed to say:

"Attention!"

At the same time the dog seized the wheel and turned it with such rapidity that it buzzed in the air like a swarm of insects. The forge revived

and flamed once more brilliantly. The old man turned, and was astonished at the vigor of the bellows which the dog moved, then, casting a glance on the wheel, comprehended all.

"Ah, ah! my poor friend, here is a comrade who teaches us that we are no longer young," said he to his dog.

At this apostrophe from his old master, the poor friend cast a sorrowful glance in the direction of his vigorous companion.

"Halt!" exclaimed the old man. The dog stopped short, and the wheel also. Then he came and lay down proudly before Jacques, who could not believe his eyes, seeming to say to him:

"Do you understand?"

The eyes of the cutler and of the animal exchanged a glance of intelligence; and Jacques said as he returned home:

"Whatever people may say, Marguerite, animals have souls."

A few days afterwards, the dog, whom the cutler had surnamed Task, performed in his shop the office of a workman; this poor animal labored. Very soon all Paris talked of this working dog, of his wonderful intelligence, of his indefatigable energy. Few men were capable of surpassing Task in his functions. It was curious, also, to see the tenderness which Jacques lavished on this good animal. They had whole hours of conversation together.

The man talked; the dog gesticulated; they comprehended each other, and usually ended in mutual embraces, in which Blanche and Jacquot mingled. Marguerite was for Task an object of peculiar affection. In the morning he uttered cries of joy at sight of his gentle mistress; at evening Task would not go to his kennel till she had given him her hand to lick. The reputation of the good dog increased, till it was talked of in court, and came to the knowledge of King Louis XI. So that one beautiful evening in the month of September, two personages entered the shop of the cutler, led by public rumor.

"Pagnes-Dieu!" said the first personage, meanly clad, and with his pourpoint pieced at the elbows, "Pagnes-Dieu! Master Jacques, you have a pleasant companion, there, one who deserves to be in the service of the king."

The cutler, who was bending over his grindstone, raised his head and suspended his labors, to see who it was that was speaking to him thus. He found that it was King Louis XI. himself, a redoubtable prince. The wheel continued to turn.

"Halt!" exclaimed Jacques, and the wheel stopped.

"It is wonderful to see his obedience," said the king, who appreciated this quality very highly in others.

Jacques took off his cap, and said to the dog:

"Task, salute the king."

Task stood upon his hind paws, and made a thousand comical reverences, which enchanted his majesty. Then he ran to seek an old stool, which he dragged as well as he could to the feet of Louis, as if to invite him to sit down. Then Task, standing on his hind feet, looked at the king with an eye profoundly interrogative. King Louis XI., who was not stupid, comprehended that the animal was asking his orders. He extended his hand to him, the dog gave him his paw, and though gaiety is not the disposition common to his race, he played a thousand tricks, which relaxed the usually gloomy brow of the old and sorrowful king.

"Would you not like to live in a palace?" asked his majesty.

At this question Task howled mournfully.

This reply of the dog filled Jacques with uneasiness, he even sought to excuse him, saying:

"Poor animal! he well knows that he is unworthy of this honor, sire."

"I will take you into my service," continued Louis XI.

Task beat a retreat, and took refuge in the wheel, which he turned rapidly.

Which seemed to say: "I would rather work."

"This dog is not much of a courtier, Master Jacques," said Louis XI., observing with interest the agility of the montagnard. "I wish my court were full of such animals. What do you think of him, confrere?" continued the king, addressing himself to the person who accompanied him, and who had until then remained silent.

This was the black man, with the large, sharp scissors; the dog-shearer who had so terrified Marguerite. He was the veterinary surgeon of the king's household, and his business was partly to provide dogs for hunting, and for guarding the palace and prisons of state.

Dogs, like children, have an admirable instinct to divine at first sight good or evil natures. When the black man, who had stood behind, had advanced, he replied in a gloomy voice:

"Yes, sire."

The eye of the dog kindled, his hair bristled, and he seemed ready to spring on the black man.

The latter, far from being terrified, said:

"This animal must be a good watch dog, sire, he appears to me to be worthy to watch at the gates of Pleasis-les-Tours. I advise your majesty to purchase him."

This counsel suited Louis XI. perfectly. This

king, having made many victims in the kingdom, had many enemies; he knew it; he feared vengeance, suspected all who surrounded him, had no faith in devotedness, in friends, saw snares everywhere, feared even his son, whom he would not allow to meddle with public affairs; a vigilant guardian like this dog was therefore very desirable.

Task began to run around the black man with extraordinary howls. Blanche and Jacquot trembled as they heard the black man speak; Marguerite trembled, as if the king had demanded the sacrifice of one of her children.

"Pagnes-Dieu!" exclaimed Louis XI., "this is good advice." Turning to Jacques, he said:

"Master Jacques must sell me this animal."

The cutler replied:

"If such is the will of your majesty, take my poor companion, I cannot oppose it; but I cannot sell him!"

"Do you know, Master Jacques," said the black man, "that you are speaking to King Louis XI.?"

"I know," replied the cutler, "that if his majesty is not better than his courtiers I am a ruined man. I repeat to you, Master Shearer, I will not sell my friend." As he said this, the cutler cast his eyes on Task, and saw two large tears trickle from the eyes of this good dog. The king offered a considerable sum. The cutler was silent; the children threw themselves upon the neck of the dog, whom they clasped in their little arms. The good Marguerite burst into tears.

The king, who began to be displeased at this scene, beckoned to the black man to seize the dog, and pass a cord around his neck. The black man approached the animal, who opened his mouth threateningly. He drew back.

The king offered five hundred francs, promising also to have the sign, "cutler to the king," that was beginning to be defaced, painted anew.

The dog escaped from the arms of the children, and ran to take refuge in those of the gentle Marguerite, who exclaimed in her turn:

"No, my poor friend, my good workman, no, you shall not leave us, you who lighten our labors, and help support our family."

"A thousand francs!" exclaimed the king, his eyes sparkling with anger.

Another cry responded to that of the king, the dog disappeared, and Marguerite, instead of the montagnard, held in her arms a boy in a serge apron, who was smiling beneath his beautiful black curls.

"Pierrot! papa, it was Pierrot;" exclaimed the children, running to embrace the apprentice.

The dream of the cutler's wife was fulfilled.

## BENEATH THY WATERS.

BY MRS. LIZZIE DONELSON.

O, to sleep beneath thy waters,  
Where in foaming waves thy leap,  
O, to find a dreamless pillow,  
Where the river peris weep;  
O, to rest in wakeless quiet,  
Where thy rippling waters flow—  
O, to sleep, to sleep forever,  
Where thy music gushes low!

Oft I've sat awaft in dreaming,  
Where thy wavelets gently glide,  
Oft I've wished that I were sleeping  
Far beneath the dimpled tide;  
Far beneath the gleaming surface,  
On thy bosom, broad and deep,  
Life and all its cares relinquished,  
O 'twould be so sweet to sleep!

I have sat upon thy green banks,  
I have wandered o'er thy brags,  
I have listened to thy music,  
Through the purple autumn days;  
I have stood, defying danger,  
Where thy gleaming cascade fell;  
Till I felt my wild, mad spirit  
Growing madder 'neath thy spell!

And beneath thy crystal waters,  
That in sparkling beauty wave,  
I would fain forsake this vain earth,  
There to find a peaceful grave;  
For this life, beset with changes,  
Ever has been dark to me—  
O, 'twould be so sweet to slumber,  
Fair Connecticut, in thee!

## MARGARET'S THREE AFTERNOONS.

BY MARY A. LOWELL.

## AFTERNOON. FIRST.

"Down, Blucher, down, sir!" said Philip Morris to his dog, as he ran panting to his side, after a wild chase into the woods, and throwing up a quantity of swamp mud into his master's face, in his rough endeavors to be noticed.

Philip was rarely angry with the faithful creature, who watched every day as he took down his gun, and followed so gladly to his afternoon sport in the woods or on the banks of the river. But now he was sadly vexed with the dog, who came barking towards him, then running off with head turned back to see if Philip was following, and then back to him again, with his huge forepaws on his master's shoulders, and, in a moment out and away, out of sight and hearing.

"The deuce is in the brute," said Philip. "I will go and see what queer game he has started now."

Blucher uttered a joyful bark as he met him at the entrance to the swamp, and in a few minutes they came upon a little open space, where lay a white bundle, which, on approaching, Philip discovered to be an infant, apparently about three or four months old. It lay quietly upon the grass, its great blue eyes opening wide upon the dog, who now stood over it, wagging his tail, and looking up at Philip, with an expression almost human on his rough face. You should have seen Philip as he stood there, gazing upon the group before him, and wondering what on earth he was going to do with the baby.

It was now a full hour since Blucher had first called his attention; and he rightly supposed that no one would have left it in that situation so long, had they not intended to desert it; and the thought of his own large family at home, and his scanty means, did for a moment trouble the strong current of benevolence which ran through Philip Morris's great, manly heart.

The child decided this problem itself; for it stretched out its little, fat, chubby hands towards him, and uttered a short, cooing sound, which went straight to the aforesaid honest heart; and taking up the little creature in his arms, he wrapped it in his green haise jacket, and turned towards his home, followed by Blucher, who seemed half frantic with joy, and quite disposed to take his own share of credit in the affair.

Philip's house was at the end of a deep lane, and apart from any other dwelling. The situation was lowly, but on a clear, bright autumnal day like this, it was far from being gloomy. The lane was still green and beautiful, though the trees which shaded it were just putting on their brown garments, and the grass was still bright in the hollow, while flowers of gorgeous autumnal hues were growing by the low stone walls.

The house itself stood in a sunny spot; and, although low and irregularly built, and its dark, weather-stained clapboards were guiltless of paint or whitewash, it yet harmonized well with the quiet, homelike beauty of the whole place, and had an air of rustic cheerfulness, as the afternoon sun shone down brightly athwart its brown roof, and over the rude porch.

Two cows—Philip's cows—grazed on the hillside; a solitary sheep was near them, while geese and ducks were making a prodigious clatter in the pool below. Three or four hardy, cherry-cheeked children were paddling in the water, or sailing their mimic boats, and another older one had just mounted the old gray horse, with a bag of corn stung across the sleek back of the well fed animal.

Within the cottage was Philip's pleasant, good-natured looking wife, by the side of the cradle, in which lay a fine infant of six months' growth. Her feet mechanically touched the rocker, and she sang occasional snatches of lullabies. They seemed to come naturally and spontaneously from lips which had sung them so often; for Annie Morris had been the mother of nine children, of which number eight were still living.

A bark from Blucher called her attention to the window, and seeing her husband approach with a bundle, she fancied that Philip had been unusually successful in his afternoon sport, and that he had wrapped the game in his jacket.

Truth to say, Annie Morris often thought that her husband's daily excursions had produced so little to boast of in the way of provision for the family, there was small excuse in his continuing them; but, providentially, she kept these thoughts to herself, like a good wife as she was.

She laid down her work on the great basket of clothes which she had been mending, for Annie could make "auld claitches look amaisht as auld as new," and went out to meet Philip.

When he placed the baby in her arms, she started and screamed, and it would have fallen, had not Blucher pushed his great, black head close to it. The little one seemed at once to claim her protection by giving a hungry cry. She carried it into the house, and with great forbearance (considering she was a woman), asked not a single question until she had fed the child, rocked it to sleep, and laid it beside her own infant in the old fashioned, capacious cradle, which would have held more babies than half a dozen modern ones.

"Now, Phil, whose baby is this?" she said, pleasantly, as he drew a chair beside her, and sat whittling a stick.

Philip told her all he knew about it, and that was not much.

"The clothes are fine and very white, and the child seems to have been well cared for," said Annie, "except in deserting it now. I wonder if there are any marks upon its clothing."

There was none, however; and neither of them could utter a single conjecture about the little stranger thus thrown upon their already burdened hands. Still, they resolved upon keeping it for the present, and to trust Providence for the way and means.

And now the little one was fairly installed in her new home, with all the privileges which the most indulgent parent could have given her. Lying side by side with little Alice Morris, fed from the same kind breast, or alternately with the same rich milk from the beautiful beaver

which came, morning and evening, to the little gate to be milked—tended by the rosy, good-natured children, or watched carefully by the faithful Blucher, as it lay, stretching its little pliant limbs upon the bare, white floor, the child thrived daily and hourly.

So far from being a burden, the whole family seemed to consider her a blessing,—a prize, indeed, of which Philip and Blucher were the fortunate finders, but which belonged equally to them all.

Indeed, from the time that Philip had brought her home, he had begun gradually to abandon his indolent habits of fruitless sportsmanship, and to labor more diligently at any small jobs for which he was frequently hired at the village, three miles distant.

The children had begged their mother to let them name the baby Margaret, after the little sister who had died; and Annie gladly assented.

#### AFTERNOON SECOND.

It was a cold, gusty November day. The sun was sinking in a mass of gray clouds; and a keen wind came rushing over the bare fields, with a dreary sigh, such as November alone can produce. A wagon, with a single horse, driven by a decent, farmer-looking man, might have been seen, late in the afternoon, urging up this tired animal over a dreary tumpike, cut through fields now black with frost.

A few empty barrels were in the wagon, and by the side of the farmer sat a little girl of ten or twelve years of age. The man was trying to cheer up the child's spirits, but she gave way every few minutes to a fresh burst of tears.

"Don't cry now, deary," said he, "my wife is a nice motherly woman, as all the neighbors will tell ye, and she and me will do well by ye, I'll warrant. No doubt ye'll miss them nice children of cousin Phil's, but there will be good friends for you, when I get ye home. Maasy, how the wind does blow! poor little gal, I am desperate 'fraid ye'll freeze. Here now, deary, let me wrap you up in this old blanket, and put you into one of the barrels that's got straw in the bottom. Ye'll be warm as wool there, sartin'."

The child dried her tears, and fairly laughed at this novel way of travelling. Being really quite cold, she consented to be barrelled up; however, and Turner Morris, putting in more straw around her, until only her head was visible, and assuring himself that she was comfortably screened from the wind, drove cheerfully onward.

Poor Margaret! she was indeed out of spirits, and very homesick. Within the last ten years a great change had come over the pleasant little

house where, as an infant she had been so kindly cherished, and afterwards so tenderly reared to her present age. War had devastated the whole country. The prices of food and clothing were so exorbitant, that it was more than Philip Morris could do, with his slender means, to feed and clothe his own numerous family.

When, therefore, one of Philip's cousins, a farmer, who lived comparatively in affluence, on a "small place," as he called it, about thirty miles distant, came to the village, wanting a girl to "bring up," Philip reluctantly made up his mind to part with Margaret. Nothing would have brought him to this decision but the fear that he should soon lack the means to give her the comfortable food and the warm fire that he knew she would enjoy at his cousin's farm-house.

So, with many a burst of real, heartfelt grief from parents and children, and many deep sobs from Margaret herself, the good farmer carried her off, on a day which was in unison with their sorrow. It was a fitting day to part with beloved friends, and they all felt the cheerlessness of that bitter afternoon, as they gazed long after the wagon that bore off their kind-hearted little maiden.

Only little Jemmie had a cheerful word to say, as he climbed up into the wagon, and told Margaret that, when he was a big boy, he would come after her, and bring her back again.

The travellers arrived at their home the next morning, Farmer Morris concluding not to expose his little charge to the night air. They found his good dame busily preparing dinner, and her great delight at seeing so "nice a little gal," inspired Margaret with hope for the future. They soon adopted her into their affections, and treated her in all respects as their own child; although Margaret sorely missed the dear brothers and sisters she had left.

#### AFTERNOON THIRD.

It was sultry August weather. The whole world had a holiday except the hotel keepers and their assistants. Schools were let loose for the month, dressmakers and milliners laid aside their needles, and factory girls swarmed by dozens to their seaside homes, for a breath of the fresh air so long denied. Every day the beach was thronged with limp figures in wet drapery, and with bare feet, rushing from the surf to the shore, contrasting with the flounced and whale-boned skirts of those who only came to look on the bathers.

On one of those hot afternoons, when an ap-proaching shower is so gratefully looked for, two young girls were seated by an open window

which overlooked the broad sea. Tears were in the eyes of each, and an expression of deep sympathy and tenderness beamed in the face of the youngest, as she leaned affectionately towards the elder maiden. Taking her hand, she said kindly, "And so you never knew your parents, dear Margaret! How dreary the world must seem to one of your loving nature!"

"No, not exactly dreary, dear Susan; you do not know how many true friends God has raised up, first and last, for the poor orphan girl. Think of the dear, good Morris family—how well I loved them all, even to the old dog, Blucher, who found me in the swamp. Then the good Farmer Morris and his wife, who have ever treated me as their child, and who would have gladly prevented my going to the factory, had I not been seized with a sudden desire to get my own living. And yourself, dear Susan, I should never have known you and your dear father and mother, who so kindly planned to have us spend this happy month together!"

"But can there be no clue found to your parentage?" said Susan. "Mother thinks she can remember something of a child being left in the woods by its mother, in a sudden fit of derangement, brought on by the incautiousness of a neighbor, who told her of her husband's death, which occurred at sea, and of which the report came while she was confined with an infant. She thinks that the mother died soon after deserting her child; and she has heard that there was also another child, a boy, who was adopted by some relative at a great distance. Mother thinks, also, that the war so broke up the communication between friends and relations, by causing so many families to remove to other States, that we may conclude that such was the case with all those who might otherwise have claimed you, or at least have found you out."

Thus was passing away the long summer afternoon in such words as these, when Susan's little brother came running in, breathless with excitement, and said: "O Susan, John Harris is coming here to see if he can find his lost sister."

"What do you mean, Willie?" said Susan. for Margaret was too excited to speak.

"Why," said the boy, "I was saying in Jem Hale's store, that my sister had brought home a young lady with her who had no friends here, and I—you won't be affronted, Miss Morris, will you?—I foolishly told him that you thought this was the town where you lived when you were a little girl. And then John Harris came up to me, and seemed so interested in what I was saying, and—well, Susan, you know how he pumpe and pumpe till he makes everybody tell him



what he wants to know; and, finally, I told him all I overheard you tell mother about Miss Morris last night. Then John turned so pale that I thought he was going to die; but he said he was only excited, because he had lost a baby sister nineteen years ago, and has been everywhere trying to find her. And he says if he can find her now, he will maintain her like a lady, for you know, Susan, how rich he was when he came home from sea the last time. So I told him to come up here, and there he is now, looking up at this very window."

The boy rattled on, unheeded by Margaret, for she was thoughtfully recalling old memories, and trying to place them in some sort of array before her mental sight, but she had evidently lost some link in the chain which had environed her life. She could not remember the name of the town where she had lived as a child. At Farmer Morris's house they seldom spoke of it; and when they did, their pronunciation failed to keep the idea in her mind.

Mrs. Walter now entered, introducing Mr. Harris. The likeness was sufficient to stamp them as brother and sister; and John had abundant evidence to show that the orphan who was found and adopted by Philip Morris, was the child that was deserted by her mother in her unfortunate derangement.

It was a joyful and happy afternoon to many as well as to the brother and sister. The kind-hearted Walters were delighted that their guest had found such a good brother as John Harris; and if Susan's blushes could be rightly interpreted, she was thinking that she too might soon have Margaret for a sister. John had long been attentive to her; but having only arrived in town that morning, he had not thought of going to Mr. Walters's till the evening, had not the boy's relation excited his curiosity. Little Willie took as much credit to himself in this affair as did old Blucher on a former occasion; and both John and his sister showered innumerable presents on the bright and intelligent little lad who had thus brought them together.

The shower had passed away, and the sun had just given his farewell kiss to the waves, leaving behind him a purple and golden glory, soft, warm, and radiant over the expanse of water. In the east the half moon was rising like a "bank of pearl" in the full deep blue of heaven. One by one the stars came forth "like infant births of light;" and still under these successive lights Margaret walked by her brother on the sea-shore, feeling that, come what would in the future, one brave and manly heart was fated to which she could cling through life.

There is good reason to believe that Susan Walter held privately the same opinion; but as we have no business with any event beyond Margaret's three afternoons, we shall say nothing of the double wedding which took place a few months afterwards, when Susan's brother, Henry Walter, came home from sea one afternoon;—that same afternoon numbering as the fourth in Margaret's experience.

#### WOMAN AND PORPOISES.

Well, it's the nature of porpoises, when a she one gets wounded, that all the other porpoises race right arter her, and chase her to death. They show her no mercy; human natur' is the same as fish natur' in this particler, and is as scaly too. When a woman gets a wound from an arrow shot out by scandal, or envy, or malice, or falsehood, for not keepin' her eye on the compass, and shapin' her course as she ought to, men, women, boys, parsons and their tea goin', gossippin' wives, pious gals, and prime old maids, all start off in full cry, like a pack of bloodhounds, arter her and tear her to pieces; and if she earths, and has the luck to get safe into a hole fast, they howl and yell round it every time she shows her nose, like so many imps of darkness. It's the face of charity, to see which long-legged, bilious-lookin' critter can be in at the death fast. They turn up the whites of their eyes, like ducks in thunder, at a fox-hunt; it's so wicked; but a gal-hunt they love dearly—it's serving the Lord.—*Sam Slick.*

#### ANECDOTE OF NAPOLEON.

It is reported of Napoleon, that, when at Eylau, he took a diamond star from his breast and placed it on that of a young medical officer. In a deadly charge the day before, thousands were wounded; at last the scerried lines of the French gave way, and retreated by a series of manœuvres, in one of which, amongst dead and dying, a surgeon was seen, suddenly called to a general, terribly wounded. A large artery was open; cold and harassed, the surgeon kneeled by his patient; shouts were raised on all sides for him to save himself; the battalions of the enemy literally rode over him; the bullets of the opposing army whistled in hundreds by his ears; still he pressed on the artery, and ultimately saved the life of the young officer. A bitter cold night followed a more frightful day; the surgeon crunched the snow in his hand, and applied it to the wound. Napoleon seeing him next day, the diamond cross was placed on his breast.—*London Journal.*

#### A MARTIAL BUFFOON.

There is often a buffoon attached to each Russian company, who amuses his comrades by his jests and antics, and is generally a great favorite. On one occasion in the Caucasus, when the troops were driven back by the Circassians, the buffoon was wounded and left behind. A favorite jest of his had been to crow like a cock; and as he lay on the ground, he thought of the only way to save himself, and crowded. This had such an effect on his comrades, that they rallied, charged again, and saved him.—*Athlon.*

## ANNA DEAN.

## A PHYSICIAN'S STORY.

BY MORACE B. STANIFORD.

My office was on Duntley Street, No. 57,—but for several days I had been absent, engaged in hunting up a scapegrace brother of mine, who had come down from Oxford, and who was throwing away his little patrimony as fast as possible previous to entering the office of an attorney for the study of law. I found George—that was my brother's name—at Highgate, and after much persuasion and argument, I urged him to his office, and not until he had promised me that he would remain there did I return to my office. When I reached there, my boy told me that a very urgent request had come from No. 92 Lambert Street for me to visit there.

I made a few calls in my immediate neighborhood, and then I took a cab for Lambert Street. I found No. 92 to be an old house, but yet built in an expensive, and even luxuriant style. My summons at the door was answered by an elderly lady, and evidently a domestic.

"Is this Dr. Latimer?" she asked.

I told her yes, and thereupon she conducted me into a darkened parlor, and bade me wait for her master. The room in which I was thus left was very large, and by the dim light which struggled in through the chinks of the shutters I could see that the wainscoting was of heavy oak, and elaborately carved. The chandelier was of silver, and the other furniture was equally costly. I was wondering why I had thus been sent for, when the door was opened, and a man entered. He was a short, portly person, with a bald head, and I should judge not far from threescore-and-ten. He bowed very politely, and having assured himself that I was the doctor he sought, he opened the case as follows:

"Now, doctor, I must tell you why I have sent for you. I have a niece, who has lately come to the city, and she is all I have to love or care for on earth. Her name is Anna Dean. She is an orphan, but I will be more than a father to her, and Mrs. Gobray, my old housekeeper, loves her as well as any mother can love. But Anna is sick—very sick. I have had some of the best physicians of London here, but her case has baffled all their skill. I have heard of your success in several difficult cases, and as a last resort, I come to you. Cure her, sir—cure her, and you shall have money more than you could ask. My name is Varney—Allan Varney. If you have ever heard of me, you will know that I am able to fulfil my promise."

I had heard of Allan Varney, as a retired banker, and I knew him to be worth some millions sterling. He led the way to the hall, and from thence up stairs to a large chamber, in which stood a bed. I could just distinguish a human form upon this bed, but the place was too dark to see plainly, so I directed Mrs. Gobray—the old lady aforesaid—to open one of the shutters. This having been done, I approached the bed. I was startled by the scene that there met my gaze. The invalid was a girl, not far from seventeen years of age, and even in her sunken condition, she presented the greatest share of female loveliness I had ever seen. Her skin was as pure as marble; her brow, full and admirably developed; her hair, of a perfect golden lustre, and gathered about the temples and ears in beautiful curls; her features faultlessly regular; and her eyes of a deep, lustrous, golden blue. She started, on beholding me, and an unintelligible exclamation dropped from her lips.

I sat down by her side and took her hand. I found the skin dry and hot, and the pulse small, hard, and fluttering. Her nervous system was greatly debilitated, with much weariness, flying pains, and frequent sighing. But the tongue was perfectly clean, though somewhat swollen and inflamed. I asked her many questions, all of which she answered promptly.

Her case was truly a curious one. Most of the symptoms were those of typhus fever, but there were other symptoms, too, as well as some of the typhus marks absent. There was one thing which struck me as paramount to all others, and that was the severe inflammation of the stomach, and which extended all along the œsophagus to the tongue, and also through the larynx, and the bronchial tubes. There was some flush— hectic—upon the cheeks, but the eye did not appear as usual in such cases. After a thorough examination, I made my prescriptions with as much judgment as I could command. I avoided everything of a nauseating quality, for I was sure she had already taken more emetics than was good for her. In addition to the potions which I left, I directed that the head, neck and breast should be often bathed with cold water.

When I left the chamber, the old man asked me what I thought of his "poor child's" case. I saw that he was nervous and anxious, and I gave him some hope, though in truth I had but a faint idea of what really ailed his niece.

When I returned to my office, I sat down and pondered upon my new patient's case. I called to mind each symptom, but I could not conceive of any natural cause which could have produced such developments.

On the next day, I called again, but I could not see that my medicine had had any effect. I sat down by the girl's side, and I soon found that a mental depression of more than ordinary moment was upon her. She eyed me with an eager, fixed look, and often, when my eyes were unexpectedly turned upon her, I found her gaze fixed upon me with a look more tender than otherwise. At first, I imagined that her mind must be wandering, but her conversation was not only rational and sensible, but of the highest order of purity and modesty. She was free to explain her feelings to me, but when I came to ask her concerning any circumstances or habits that might have led to disease, she not only failed to answer promptly, but she seemed diffident about answering at all.

Four times I visited her, and each time I found her failing. None of my medicine seemed to have the effect I desired, while symptoms, which I supposed would at once subside beneath my treatment, remained in full force. On my fifth visit, I made a new and more thorough examination. The symptoms were the same as on my first visit, only the vital energy was much less. While I was examining her tongue, a suspicion entered my mind. I prepared an emetic, and caused her to take it. Vomiting followed in a few minutes, and, unknown to her, I dipped a sponge into the matter which she had thrown off, and concealed it about me. When I went home, I analyzed the small quantity I had secured, and I found that my suspicions were correct. A deadly poison had been taken into her stomach, and that, too, within a very few hours before I made my visit, for its chemical parts were not yet separated.

Here was a discovery. Of course, I knew that I had given none of this poison; and I knew, too, that no other physician was attending upon my patient. I now understood many things which had heretofore puzzled me, though there were some which I did not understand. Yet I was deeply in the dark, and it was some time before I resolved to make my discovery known to my patient.

On the following day, Allan Varney met me in the hall before I had seen my patient, and in trembling tones, asked me if I had now any hopes of Anna's recovery. I informed him that within two days I could give him a direct answer, and this seemed to give him relief.

When I entered the chamber where my patient lay, I found her more low than before, and her pulse had now become very weak and faint, with a fluttering motion. Now I could read very plainly all the symptoms of slow, systematic

poisoning; and the next question was—was some secret enemy doing this fearful work, or was Anna Dean a suicide? I resolved to arrive at the truth at once. I asked Mrs. Gobray to leave the room, and then I sat down at the bedside. I took the girl's hand in my own, and thus commenced:

"Anna Dean, I have exercised my utmost skill upon your case, and yet you fail every hour. Are you prepared for death?"

"Yes, sir; O, yes." Her answer was quick, and even vehement. I was pretty sure now where the danger lay.

"Allow me to ask you another question," I resumed. "Do you think there is any use in my further attendance upon you? Do you feel as though I could help you?"

She hesitated some time ere she answered this, and I could see that she was troubled. But at length she said, in a faltering tone:

"You must be your own judge of that, sir."

"But," I added, determined now to come to the point, "will you help me if I continue to labor for you? I cannot cure you while you deliberately nullify all my efforts in your behalf."

Anna Dean started, as I thus spoke, and gazed me full in the eye.

"What do you mean?" she finally asked.

"Do you not know what I mean?" I replied, with a touch of sternness.

She made me no reply, but covered her face with her hands, and turned away. I had no longer any doubts. I remained silent until she again turned towards me, and then said, in a tone as kind as I could assume:

"Anna Dean, your secret is known to me. I have found poison in your stomach, and I know that you have taken it of your own free will. Mind you, I know this."

"O, sir!" she gasped, extending both her hands, and grasping me by the arm; "you will not expose me!"

"I cannot promise," I replied. "But if you will confide to me your reasons for this strange course, then I will give you a more decided answer. Fear not, my friend, for I assure you, upon my honor, that I will not reveal one thing which I learn from you without your full and free consent."

Gradually, her hands slipped down until they both rested in mine, and then, in a tremulous tone, she said:

"You have discovered my most dangerous secret, and I am now willing to tell you the rest. I have felt a strange confidence in you, ever since you commenced to visit me, and once or twice I have almost wished that I might recover

just to please you and help your reputation; but my purpose was too firmly fixed, and I held to it. One year ago, I became acquainted with a youth who was all truth and nobleness, and I loved him. Ere long, he confessed his love for me, and from that time, there was no disguising of our real feelings. O, I loved that youth with my whole soul, and I thought, he loved me the same. Perhaps he did, then. But he left me! All was arranged for our future of joy and blessedness, and a hundred times did we talk it over together. Finally, my uncle sent for me to come to London, and George came with me. One evening he spent with me here, and—and—I have not seen him since. He has found another, whom he loves better. Why, now, should I live? Life is but a burden to me, and the fatigue but one prospect of dayless night! I pondered long upon it—I reflected seriously—and I resolved to die. O, sir, you know not the pangs of the heart utterly broken; you know not the terrible agony of the crushed and hopeless soul. People wonder how the lone-stricken can be so foolish; but they know not the dreadful reality of pain that dwells with them. I would have taken my soul away from earth at once, only I had some care for the feelings of my friends; so I resolved to pursue this course, and thereby lead them to think that I died a natural death."

As she ceased speaking, she bowed her head and wept, and for the first time in my life I had some faint realization of the heart-pangs of those who suffered the loss of the living loved ones.

"What was the name of the youth to whom you have alluded?" I asked.

"George Latimer," she answered.

I trembled, but she did not notice it. I had feared this. It was my own brother!

"Promise me one thing," I said, hiding my real feelings. "Promise me that, until you see me again, you will not touch any poison."

"But why?" she asked.

"Promise, if you would be happy here and hereafter. It is a simple thing. Promise."

She did promise, and I left her the most powerful restoratives I thought her system would bear, which she promised to take. When I left her, I repaired at once to the lawyer's office, where my brother had taken a desk, but he was not there.

"And furthermore," added the attorney, "he has not been here over an hour, during the past week. Ah, he's in a sad way, city life will ruin him."

I stopped not to make any conversation, but simply left a note for George, requesting him to

call upon me immediately, and then returned to my office.

This was something strange for George. He was now in his twenty-second year, and until within a month I had never known him to engage in any sort of riotous conduct. No man could be more sober and steady than he had been, and no student at Oxford had better recommendations from his tutors.

That very evening George called at my office. His face was flushed, and his hand was unsteady.

"You left a note at Bateby's for me," he said, after I had greeted him as was my wont.

"Yes, George," I returned, "for I wished to see you much. Suppose our poor mother should hear how you—"

"Stop! stop!" George cried, vehemently, and with much emotion. "Don't say a word. If I can die I will. When I went to Bateby's office, I meant to push ahead, but it's of no use."

"But what is all this? What has happened?"

"I can't tell you, Lewis; so don't ask me."

I saw a tear in his eye as he spoke.

"But let me tell you something, George. A week ago I was called upon to attend a beautiful young female who had been taken down with a strange disease. Four physicians had given her up. For four days I attended her, and I was also on the point of giving her up, when I discovered that she was committing suicide! She was taking slow poison; taking it thus, so that when she was gone her friends might not know the terrible truth. I revealed to her my discovery, and she told me her sad story. A year before she had become acquainted with a youth, to whom she gave her whole heart, and he returned her love. A few months of sweet joy followed, and then her uncle sent for her to come to this city. She came, and her lover came with her. But she has not seen him since. He has forgotten her, and she wishes only to die. Life has no more joys for her if he be lost to her."

George started forward and grasped my right arm. He was pale as death, and his breath came hard and quick.

"Tell me her name," he whispered, hoarsely.

"Anna Dean," I answered.

"O, God of mercy!" he gasped, clasping his hands, "who told this falsehood? Me, false to my love? Me—who am now dying in her neglect? Lewis Latimer, many a time have I tried to see her, and her uncle spurned me from his door. Could I return there again? No! But has not Anna received my letters?"

"I think not," I replied.

"And does she love me yet?" he cried, almost frantically.

"So much so," I told him, "that she even chooses death, to life without you."

"O, what a villain that old man is! He has lied to me, basely lied to me."

But I need not tell all that occurred then; suffice it for me to here say, that I soon became satisfied that Mr. Varney, for the purpose of breaking off the match between his niece and George, had resorted to the work of deceiving them both.

On the next day I called at Varney's house, and asked for a few minutes' conversation with the old man in private. He led the way to the parlor, into which I had been introduced on my first visit, and as we had become seated, I spoke. I knew that square work would be the best, and as it I went.

"Mr. Varney," I said, "you have expressed much anxiety respecting your niece, and I am now able to inform you of the nature of her disease; I discovered it by accident, and you alone can cure her."

"Me? me, doctor?" uttered the old man in astonishment.

"Yes, sir," I answered. "Her's is a perfect case—and the first and only one I have ever seen—of a broken heart. Her soul is utterly crushed, and if the true remedy is not applied, death must soon follow."

"But how? Explain!" cried Varney, leaping from his chair, and then sitting down again.

"Then listen. Until last night, sir, I knew not how nearly I was connected with this affair, and as God is my judge, my relationship to one of the parties influences me not in the least. Anna loves a noble-hearted but humble youth; with her whole soul she loves him; but she is torn from him. She will not complain of the man who has done this, but she chooses to die, and thus end all her sorrows. Thus, sir—and thus alone—has the hand of death fallen upon Anna Dean."

"But you spoke of relationship, sir," whispered the old man, much agitated.

"Ay, sir; the youth whom you have turned from your door, is my brother. But mind you, I ask nothing for my own sake, though my poor brother is dying, too."

"But with dissipation," added Varney.

"And that dissipation is the result of this fatal blow. Never before was he so, and could his love be returned, I'd pledge my life that never again would he be found thus sunken."

The old man started to his feet and began to pace the room. At length he stopped in front of me, and said, "You may be mistaken in this, sir."

"Let us to your niece at once, then," I replied, "and there you shall have the proof. She knows not yet, that George Latimer remains true to his love. She thinks him false. You know, sir, how she gained that impression."

"Do you mean to catechize me?"

"Not at all, sir. But I speak plainly. You know the situation in which I found my patient. Ah, here is a case for a summary remedy. Come, let us go to her room; and let me speak but one word of truth, and the rest I will leave to you."

A few moments the old man pondered, and then he consented to go. We found Anna upon her bed, and at a single glance I could see that she was better, and then I knew that she was not so far gone but that I could save her. I approached the bedside and took her hand.

"Anna Dean," I said, "last night I saw George Latimer. He is my own brother—stop! Listen until I finish.—I found him reckless of life, and courting death. He loved you truly, fondly, and with his own lips he told me that death was preferable to life without you."

With a quick cry she sprang up to a sitting position and caught me by the arm. Her eyes beamed with a bright fire, and a deep flush came to her cheek.

"You are not deceiving me," she uttered, frantically.

"No, Anna, I speak the truth."

"O, my uncle!" she groaned, letting go her hold upon me, and extending her hands towards him, "save me! save me!—and save him, too!"

The old man made a motion for me to leave the room.

"He knows nothing more!" I whispered to the girl, and then I turned away. I went down to the parlor, and there I remained half an hour, at the end of which time Allen Varney joined me.

"Doctor Latimer," he said, wiping the tears from his eyes, "when your brother came down here from Oxford, I knew him only as a poor youth without business of any kind, and supposed, without the opportunities for business. To such an one I dared not trust the management of such a sum as must go with the hand of my niece; so I simply resolved to break up the match at once, thinking that a short time would serve to heal all heart wounds; but I find I was mistaken. I feel not like talking much, now; but go and tell your brother to come here. I would see him, and tell him, too, that Anna would see him."

I went away happy. I found George waiting for me at my office. I told him the news, and he sank down upon my sofa and fainted. But

Decon revived him, and ere long afterwards, we were on our way to Lambert Street. Allen Varney asked me if 'twould be safe to allow George to go up now. I told him yes, that it would serve better to start her back to life than anything else. I remained behind while the old gentleman conducted my brother up. In about ten minutes Varney returned, and he made no effort to hide the tears that trickled down his cheeks.

"My soul!" he uttered, "I didn't dream how she loved him. She didn't tell me."

"Because you made her think that he had forgotten her," said I.

"I knew," he returned, "but it's over now. I left them clasped in each other's arms. If she only recovers I shall be happy."

And Anna Dean did recover, though her uncle knew not the immediate agent of her sickness. She recovered, and became the wife of my brother. Old Varney set him up in the banking business, and he is now one of the most successful bankers in the metropolis. Anna lives to love him, and to love me, too; for she assures me that no other physician could have saved her. I never dispute her, for there is a strange joy in owning the gratitude of one so beautiful and good as she is.

#### DAN TUCKER IN INDIA.

A very curious illustration of progress in India was furnished to me one day during my sojourn with Mr. Place. We were dining together in his bungalow when a wandering Hindoo minstrel came along with his mandolin, and requested permission to sit upon the veranda and play for us. I was desirous of hearing some of the Indian airs, and my host therefore ordered him to perform during dinner. He tuned the wires of his mandolin, extemporised a prelude which had some very familiar passages, and to my complete astonishment began singing "Get out of the way, Old Dan Tucker!" The old man seemed to enjoy my surprise, and followed up his performance with "O, Susanna," "Buffalo Gals," and other choice Ethiopian melodies, all of which he sang with admirable spirit and correctness. I addressed him in English, but found that he did not understand a word of the language, and had no conception of the nature of the songs he had given us. He had heard some English officers sing them at Madras, and was indebted entirely to his memory for both the melodies and words. It was vain to ask him for his native airs; he was fascinated with the spirit of our national music, and sang with a grin of delight which was very amusing. As a climax of skill, he closed with, "*Malbrook se va les guerra*," but his pronunciation of French was not quite successful. I have heard Spanish boatmen on the Isthmus of Panama, singing "Carry me back to Ole Virginny," and Arab boys in the streets of Alexandria humming "Lucy Long," but I was hardly prepared to hear the same airs from the lips of a Hindoo in the Great Mogul.—*Bayard Taylor's Letters*.

#### DAN RICE'S GRATITUDE.

Dan Rice, the celebrated circus performer, some fourteen years ago left Reading with an exhibition of some sort, which turned out badly, and involved the proprietor in difficulty. Judge Heidenreich, of Berks county, found him in this condition, gave him a suit of clothes, and lent him a horse and wagon, in order that he might pursue his business. Dan was still unsuccessful, and destitution soon overtook him again; while, to add to his distress, his wife was taken sick. In this dilemma he was forced to sell the horse and wagon, which the judge had only loaned him, in order to raise means to take his wife home to Pittsburgh. Not long after this he obtained a situation in one of the theatres of this city, where the judge saw and recognized him, and in the morning called at his lodgings. Dan was still poor and seedy, and fully expected reproaches, if nothing worse, from his old patron but instead of these, the judge insisted on his going the second time to the tailor's and being fitted out at his expense. To this, however, Dan would not consent, and they parted, never to meet again until one day last week, when his company was performing at Reading, and the judge came to attend. Dan's first duty was to hunt up his old friend, and invite him to take a short ride about town, to which he consented, and a horse and vehicle were soon ready at the door.

Dan's equipage, like that of his profession generally, seemed a pretty stylish turn-out. It consisted of a brand new carriage of elegant make, a cream colored Arabian pony, and a spick and span new set of glistening harness. The drive was taken and enjoyed, and time flew swiftly by, as the two friends talked and laughed over the half-forgotten events of old times. Dan drove the judge back to his lodgings, stepped out upon the pavement, and before the judge had time to rise from his seat, handed him the reins and whip, with a graceful bow, and said, "These are yours, judge—the old horse and wagon restored with interest—take them, with Dan Rice's warmest gratitude!" The judge was stricken dumb with amazement for a few moments, but soon recovered his self-possession, and began to remonstrate. But Dan was inexorable—he closed his lips firmly, shook his head, waved a polite adieu to his old friend in the carriage, walked off to his hotel, and left the judge to drive the handsome equipage, now really his own, to the stable. An honest man, and a man of honor, is Dan Rice.—*Reading Gazette*.

#### TRUISMS.

There are many truisms in the world. Take the following as a sample in every-day life:

One new bonnet will make a lady feel happy,—very.

One "funny man" will bother a whole neighborhood.

One goose hiss will disturb a whole assembly.

One drop of oil will stop a hideous noise.

One "jolly row" will turn all the inhabitants of a street out of doors.

One pretty girl will make a dozen plain girls unhappy for an entire evening.

One song will set thirty people talking.

TO M. F. Q.

BY IDA RAVELIN.

It is not for thee, thou false-hearted one,  
That these sighs all unbidden unceasingly come,  
It is not for thee that these tears banish mirth,  
And everything loses its charm upon earth.

Ah no, thou deceiver! my heart is as cold  
Towards the idol it cherished so fondly of old,  
That the moonlight now resting on yonder snow,  
Could dissipate it ere I could such weak folly show.

'Tis not that my trust in fond love thou hast shaken,  
My trust in "earth's Eden of bliss" thou hast taken;  
'Tis not that I never again shall now dare  
To confide my heart's love to another's vain care.

It is not for this—no, the tear that now falls,  
Is for time spent so vainly, that memory recalls,  
When the hours unheeded in folly were past,  
When hope whispered falsely my bright dreams would last.

It is that I thought not of blest things above,  
And turned coldly away from a Saviour's pure love;  
That roses were twined in the bands of my hair,  
When Jesus the thorns was contented to wear.

This—this is the cause of all grief in my heart,  
And bids the bright sunshine of life to depart;  
But in future, when folly and sin are forgiven,  
I once more may smile in the "sunlight of heaven."

MADAME URISINUS,

## THE PRINCESS OF POISONERS.

THERE are few objects which present to the psychologist more curious traits, and more subtle enigmas, than lady poisoners. The character is so opposed to all our ideas of feminine feeling and affection, that, except under circumstances of extreme excitement, resentment of slighted attachment, blind jealousy, or revenge of injured honor, its existence would seem hardly possible. If we search for motives, we find them to be generally of the most selfish and grovelling kind. They are, commonly, to put out of the way some or all of the people around who have money to leave. Other base passions come into play, but Mammon, the basest spirit that fell, is generally at the bottom of their career. It is amazing the variety and amiability of character that is now for years, to cover the foul fiend within. For long periods these female vampyres live in the heart of a family circle, wearing the most life-like marks of goodness and kindness, of personal attractions and spiritual gifts; caressed, feted, honored as the very pride of their sex, while they are all the time calculating on the lives and purses of those nearest, and who should be dearest to them.

Some of these modern Medeas have played the

part of the fashionable, or the restless, or the æsthetic; some of the devoted attendants on the sick and suffering. Heaven defend us from such devotion! May no such tigress smooth our pillow, smile blandly on us in our pains which she cannot take away, and mix with taper fingers the opiate for our repose! Amid the most stealthy-footed and domestically benign of this feline race, were the Widow Zwaniger, and Mrs. Gottfried, of Germany. They were amongst the most successful, though not the most distinguished, in this art of poisoning. They went on their way, slaying all around them, for years upon years, and yet were too good and agreeable to be suspected, though death was but another name for their shadows. Funerals followed these fatal sisters as certainly as thunder follows lightning, and undertakers were the only men who flourished in their path.

The Widow Zwaniger was an admirable cook and nurse. Her soups and coffee had a peculiar strength; her watchful care by the sick bed was in all hearts; she kissed the child she meant to kill, and pillowed the aching head with such soothing address that it never ached again. Mrs. Gottfried was so attractive a person that her ministrations were sought by people of much higher rank than her own: she was so warm a friend, that she was a friend unto death; and one attached soul after another breathed their last in her arms. Husband after husband departed, and still her hand was sought, and still it practiced its cunning. At length, in her four and fiftieth year, she was detected and arrested. In prison she walked amid the apparitions of her victims, wept tears of tenderness over their memory, and finished by desiring that her life might be written; so that, having lost everything else, she might yet enjoy her fame.

ALL women of this class have had an extraordinary degree of vanity—and, what is more, they have had a perfect passion for their art. The Marchioness de Brinvilliers was an enthusiast in the composition of the rarest poisons, of which her accomplice, Sainte-Croix, was so eminent a compounder. The admiration of her beauty, the distinction of her rank, afforded her but a feeble satisfaction in comparison to that of watching the operation of some lethal essence. She certainly was not the mere marchioness, but the princess of poisoners; and yet it remained for Madame Urisinus to give additional touches of perfection to this peculiar character. She was at once a lady of fashion, a pietist, a writer of useful tracts, a poetess, and a poisoner. Through all the dangers of these various careers, she lived to the good old age of seventy-six, and died

lamented! Brinvilliers, Zwaeniger, and Gottfried, confessed that they were conquered by their crimes; but Madame Urinus, branded in public opinion, continued to defy it, and conquered even that, and to the very last gasp persisted in playing the heroine. Nay more, without confession, remorse, or penitence, she strove in her own way, and with no trifling success, to achieve the title of a saint. Surely it is worth while to dig up from the rubbish-heap of a Prussian criminal court a few fragments of the history of such a woman.

The widow of Privy-councillor Urinus lived honored and courted in the highest circles of Berlin. Her rank, and the reputation of her husband, whom she had lost but a few years, her handsome fortune, her noble figure, and impressive features, together with her spirit and accomplishments, made her the centre of attraction in the society of the time. She lived in a splendid house, and her establishment in all its appointments was perfect. We can imagine the sensation caused by the news of her arrest.

Madame Urinus was seated in the midst of a brilliant company on the evening of the 5th of March, 1803, at a card table, when a servant, with all the signs of terror on his face, entered, and informed her that the hall and ante-room were occupied by police, who insisted on seeing her. Madame Urinus betrayed no surprise or emotion. She put down her cards, begged the party with whom she was engaged to play to excuse the interruption, observing that there was some mistake, and that she would be back in a moment. She went but did not return. After waiting some time, her partners inquired after her, and learned to their consternation, that she was arrested and carried off to prison, on a charge of poisoning.

A confidential servant, Benjamin Klein, had complained in the preceding month of February of indisposition. She gave him a basin of beef-tea, and some days afterwards some medicine in minis. This, so far from removing his complaint, increased it; and when his mistress a few days afterwards, offered him some boiled rice, he said he could not eat it, and was much struck by observing that she carefully put it away where no one else could get it. This excited in his mind strong suspicions that there was something in the food that was detrimental to health, and associated with his condition. He resolved secretly to examine his mistress's room and cabinet, and in the latter he found a small parcel, with the ominous label—Arsenic.

The next day his attentive mistress brought him some stewed prunes, which she recommend-

ed as likely to do him good; and this time he accepted them with apparent thankfulness, but took care that none of them should enter his mouth. He communicated his suspicions to the maid, in whom he had confidence, and she quickly carried off the prunes to her brother, who was the apprentice to a celebrated apothecary. The apprentice communicated the prunes and the suspicion to his master, who tasted them, and found them well seasoned with arsenic. The apothecary very soon conveyed the discovery to the magistrate, and the magistrate, after hearing the statement of the servant and the lady's maid, arrested the great lady.

People, of course, now began to look back on the life of this distinguished woman; and it was presently remembered that her husband, and an aunt, to whose last days she had paid assiduous attention, and whose wealth had fallen to her, had gone off suddenly. Madame Urinus was all at once set down as a second Brinvilliers, and wonderful revelations were expected. The general appetite for the marvellous became ravenous and insatiable. There appeared almost immediately—it is wonderful how quickly such things are done—a book by M. Frederick Buchholz, entitled the "Confessions of a Female Poisoner, written by herself," which was rapidly bought up and devoured, as the veritable confessions of the Urinus.

But, alas for the hungry and thirsty public, Madame Urinus was not a lady of the confessing sort! She was a clever, far-seeing soul, who had laid her grand plans well, and had allowed no witnesses, and feared no detection. True, if she had poisoned her husband and her aunt, the witness of the poison itself might be forthcoming; but chemical tests of poisons were not then so well known as now. The bodies were disinterred and examined, and no trace of poison was found. The state of the stomach and intestines was most suspicious; but the doctors disagreed as to the cause, as doctors will; and so far Madame Urinus was safe.

But there was no getting over the fact that the prunes intended for the cautious Benjamin Klein, had arsenic in them; and the Urinus was too shrewd to attempt to deny it. On this point she did confess, promptly, frankly, and fully. But then, she meant no harm, at least against him. She had no intention of murdering the man. What good could that do her? he had no money to leave. No, her motive was very different. In early life her affections had been thwarted through the usual obduracy of parents; she had married a man whom she highly esteemed, but did not love; another friend, whom she did love,



had died of consumption, and she was disgusted with life. The gaiety and splendor which surrounded her were a hollow splendor, and wearisome gaiety. She had been prosperous, but that prosperity had only accelerated her present mood. She had outlived the relish of existence, and had resolved to die. Ignorant, however, poor innocent soul! of the force of this poison, she wanted to learn how much would be sufficient for its object; and therefore she had done as young doctors are said to do in hospitals—made a few experiments on her patient, the unfortunate Benjamin Klein. She had given him the minutest quantity, so as to be quite safe, and had cautiously increased the successive doses—not with the least intention to do him harm, but to ascertain the effectual dose for herself. She would not for her life have hurt the man.

In society she had been noted for her sensibility, for the almost morbid delicacy of her nerves and the acuteness of her sympathies. This was all. As to the charge of having administered poison to her nearest connections, she treated the calumny with the greatest indignation. The judges were puzzled; the Ursinus was resolute in the protestations of her innocence; and the public were at a disagreeable nonplus.

And what had really been the life and character of the Ursinus? Sophia Charlotte/Elizabeth Weingarten was the daughter of a so called Baron Weingarten, who, as secretary of legation in Austria, had, under the charge of high treason, crossed to Prussia, and assumed the name of Weiss. Fraulein Weingarten, or Von Weiss, was born in 1760. While residing, in her teens, with an elder married sister, wife of the Councillor of State Haacke, at Spandau, occurred that genuine love affair which her parents so summarily trampled upon. She was called home to Stendal, and, in her nineteenth year, married to Privy-Councillor Ursinus. The privy-councillor was a man of high standing, high character, and most exemplary life; but unluckily, all these gifts and graces are often conferred upon or acquired by men who do not possess the other qualities that young ladies of nineteen admire. The worthy councillor was old, sickly, deaf and passionless. In fact, he was a dull, common-place, diligent, unimaginative pack-horse and official plodder; most meritorious in his motives, and great in his department of public business, but just the last man for a lively, handsome girl of nineteen. On the other hand, he had his good qualities even as a husband. He had no jealousies, and the most unbounded indulgence.

Soon after their marriage they removed to Ber-

lin, where, amid the gay society of the capital, Madame Ursinus soon contracted a warm friendship for a handsome young Dutch officer, of the name of Rogay. Rogay, in fact, was the man of her heart. She declared, with her usual candor, in one of her examinations before the magistrate, that she was made for domestic affection, that as there was no domestic affection between herself and her departed husband, neither he nor she pretended any. They agreed to consider themselves as a legal couple, and as friends, and no more. As to Captain Rogay, she made no secret of it that she clung to him with the most ardent feeling of love.

This attachment the privy-councillor—the most reasonable of men—so far from resenting, encouraged and approved. He wished his wife to make herself happy, and enjoy life in her own way; and there is a long letter preserved in the criminal records, which he himself wrote at her dictation to the beloved Rogay, on an occasion when he had absented himself for some time, urging him to renew his visits, and that in the most love-like terms, the tenderest of which the old man underlined with his own hand.

But Rogay came not—he removed to another place, and there, soon after, died. Here was now another subject of suspicion. Rogay had cause, said people, to keep away; while she fawned on him, she had killed him. But here, again, the testimony of two of the most celebrated physicians of the day was unanimous that the cause of Rogay's death was consumption and nothing more. The physician attested that he had attended Rogay while he was living and suffering under the roof of Privy-Councillor Ursinus; that Madame Ursinus displayed the most unequivocal affection for him; that she attended on him, gave him everything with her own hand, and that no wife could have been more assiduously tender to him than she was. She called herself Lotte in her communication with him—not only because her name was Charlotte, but because she was an enthusiast of the Werter school, and loved to be of the same name as Werter's idol. But yet Rogay withdrew himself and died alone, and at a distance.

Three years after the decease of Rogay, died Ursinus himself. Old he was, it is true, but he was in perfect health. The kind wife made him a little festival on his birthday, and in the night he sickened and died. He had taken something that disagreed with him—but what so common at a feast? Madame Ursinus sat up with him alone; she called not a single creature; she hoped he would be better; but the man was aged and weak, and he went his way.

The year after followed suddenly her maiden aunt, the wealthy Miss Witte. One evening, her doctor left her quite well, and in the night she sickened and died. The Ursinus was quite alone with her, called no single domestic, but let the good lady die in her arms. Both the bodies of the husband and the aunt, now Klein's affair took place, were disinterred and examined. There was no poison traceable, but the corpses were found dried together as if baked, or as if they were mummies of a thousand years old. The skin of the abdomen was so tough that it resisted the surgeon's knife, and the soft parts of the body had assumed the appearance of hard tallow. The hands, fingers and feet of the old man were drawn together as by spasms, his skin resembled parchment, and the stomachs of both bore every trace of injury and inflammation, which had reduced them to an inseparable mass. Yet the eminent doctors declared that poison was not the cause of death in either case—but apoplexy, or—in short, that there was not the remotest symptom of poison.

So, instead of the pleasure-loving multitude obtaining a spectacle and a fete, the whirling sword of the executioner and the falling head were exchanged for perpetual imprisonment, and the handsome, wealthy widow of forty was sent to spend the remainder of her days in the fortress of Glatz.

Here she assumed a new character. Her part of the interesting woman of fashion was played out; she had become interesting beyond her wish, and fate had now assigned her another part—to defend her life and reputation. There was a call to develop her powers of fortitude and of intellect, and she embraced it; not only before the tribunal of justice, but in her whole conduct through the thirty long years which she continued a prisoner.

No sooner had she entered on her quarters in the prison of Glatz, than she set about writing an elaborate defence of herself. In her room, which was the best the fortress afforded to its captives, and which she was allowed to furnish according to her pleasure, she placed a little table under the narrow window, in the massy wall, and arranged upon it everything that was necessary for literary labor. She was surrounded by books; not only for refreshment of her mind, but for laborious research, and instruction. In this defence at which she labored, for she was by no means satisfied with that of her paid advocates, she now discovered the uncommon abilities with which she was endowed. If any one had ever entertained a doubt of her powers of reasoning and calculation, of the clearness of

her foresight, and the acuteness of her penetration, that doubt was here at once dispelled in the most convincing manner. She proved herself so profoundly vast in the law, that she now struck her legal advisers with astonishment, as she had done the judges on her trial. Her defence, which was addressed to her relatives, presented her in the new character of a masterly writer and legal scholar. This defence is still extant, and no defence of a murderer, not even that of Eugene Aram, is a more striking specimen of talent and of well assumed virtue and virtuous indignation.

In the prison she was allowed a female companion, and was often visited by distinguished strangers, whom so far from shrinking from, she was ever eager to see, never failing to describe her misfortunes in vivid colors, to assert her innocence, and entreat their exertions for her liberation. Many of these, however, thought that the lot of the prisoner, who rustled in silk and satin over the floors of the fortress—compared with that of other convicts, who, for some rude deed, done in a moment of passion, labored in heavy chains, welded to carts, or with iron horns projecting above their brows, sweltered in deep pits—had nothing in it of a severity which warranted an appeal to royal mercy. But, in her seventieth year, the royal mercy reached her. She was liberated from prison, but restricted, for the remainder of her life, to the city and fortress of Glatz. Here she once more played the part, not of a poisoner, but of an innocent woman and an aristocratic lady. She again opened a handsome house, and gave entertainments; and they were frequented! Nay, such was her vanity, that she used every diligence to draw illustrious strangers into her circle.

An anecdote is related, on undoubted authority, which is characteristic. At one of her suppers, a lady sitting near her actually started, as she saw some white powder on a salad which was handed her. Madame Ursinus observed it, and said, smiling: "Don't be alarmed, my dear, it is not arsenic."

Another anecdote is not less amusing. Immediately after quitting her prison, she invited a large company to coffee. An invitation to coffee, by the poisoner, as she was called in Glatz by young and old, was a matter of curiosity—the grand attraction of the day. All went; but one individual, who had been overlooked in the invitation, out of resentment, played a savage joke. He bribed the confectioner to mix in the biscuits some nauseating drug. In the midst of the entertainment, the whole company were seized

simultaneously with inward pains and sickness, gave themselves up for lost, started up in horror, and rushed headlong from the house. Glats was thunderstruck with the news, which went through it like an electric flash, that the Ursinus had poisoned all her guests.

Regardless of these little accidents, the Ursinus lived a life of piety and benevolence; so said the jailor of the fortress and her female companion. She sought to renew her intercourse with her sister, Madame Von Hooke, saying: "We see again the little Yettee and Lotte; our happy childhood stands before me." But the sister kept aloof, and the wounded, but patient and forgiving Ursinus exclaimed: "Ah! that life and its experiences can thus operate on some people, by no means making them happier. God reward us for all the good we have been found worthy to do, and pardon us our many errors." She died in her seventy-seventh year; and her companion declared that she could not enough admire the resignation with which she endured her sufferings through the aid of religion. She left her considerable property partly to her nephews and nieces, and partly to benevolent institutions. A year before her death, she ordered her own coffin, and left orders that she should lie in state, with white gloves on her hands, a ring on her finger containing the hair of her late husband, and his portrait on her breast. Five carriages, filled with friends and acquaintances, followed her to the grave, which was adorned with green moss, auriculas, tulips and immortelles, an actual border of blooms. When the clergyman had ended his discourse, six boys and six poor girls, whom the Ursinus had cared for in her lifetime, stepped forward and sung a hymn in her honor. The grave-digger had little to do: female friends, and many poor people, to whom she had been a benefactress, filled the grave with their own hands and arched the mound over it. It was a bitter cold morning, yet the churchyard could scarcely contain the crowd. And thus the poisoner passed away like a saint.

#### SPIRIT OF CONTRADICTION.

Morelette relates this dialogue, which, he assures us, he overheard himself: Two men were walking in a ship yard. One said:

"Here is some excellent wood."

"By no means," replied the other; "it is worth nothing."

The first speaker pretended to examine the wood more carefully, and then said:

"Well, now I come to look again, I see the worm in several places."

"The worm did you say?" rejoined the other. "There's not a sign of it. It was I who was mistaken. I never saw sounder or better wood in all my life."

#### THE CAPTAIN'S NARRATIVE.

BY EDWIN H. BALLOW.

"No objections in the least, my dear fellow. But first, let me just finish this cigar. I always make it a principle not to waste a good Havana.

"Now I am ready for you. It was a goodly number of years ago, it doesn't signify just how many, that I was chief mate of the good brig *Alida*, bound to Havana, with a miscellaneous cargo; flour, fish in packages, etc., not forgetting a little prime New-England. We had a pretty good run nearly past the latitude of the Bahamas, and certainly felt a little relief at being deprived of a sight at a 'long, low black,' with rakish sticks; for about that time, such sort of craft carried on rather more practice than they do at the present period. I had taken liberty to a modest jest upon the subject with Miss Alice, one of our two passengers; for we had just two, herself and her father, an old invalid navy captain. And a queer, old sea-dog, he was, too, saying it with all respect. I've heard since that he was never known aboard the fleet by any other name than 'Old Sulphur.' And the name hit him, too; you never knew a sailor nick name that did not fit the man who bore it, better than anything else that ever could have been invented. He was such a powder magazine. His round, grizzled head was a bombshell; his eyes were the lighted match, the fusee; and when you came near him, they would flash up in such a sort of way, that you would be edging off before you knew it, under the sensation that he was going to explode, and that you would be blown up.

"Now Miss Alice gave one an entirely different impression. She had a beautiful look, mild, and gentle; and yet there was as much dignity about her, as though she had been one of your belles, who look as though ground and plank wasn't good enough for them to tread on. Eh, I don't know but I was almost as much afraid of her, as I was of 'Old Sulphur;' but it was in a different sort of way. And it didn't prevent our getting somewhat acquainted either. It could not be otherwise; there was the old gentleman smouldering away in the cabin, the most of the time. Our skipper, worthy man, used his tongue but little; and as Miss Alice had a turn for watching the waters and the stars, and spying out what romance might be visible in the sea, she could not well avoid occasional speech with the only one ready to give such information as she wanted.

"But stop, where was I? As I was saying, we had had a very good run, and I turned in

one night, thinking of our passage, and having a sigh to think of the pleasant moments I had spent in the company of Miss Alice, and how soon they were like to end. So I dropped asleep. When I was called again, there was a heavy mist hanging over the sea. The wind from the northward had died away, and after a few baffling tares, set in from the southeast. The mist at first lifted slowly, just a little of the edge, and then it rolled up all at once like a sheet, and as I live, there lay a vessel almost abeam, steering close to the wind and parallel to our course. A single look at her was sufficient for me, and ordering the helmsman to keep the brig off, I jumped below to the captain. A few words were enough to bring him on deck very quickly. As he glanced at the schooner, which was not more than some three miles to windward, he turned white. I saw at once how it was when he dropped the glass.

"All hands on deck," I cried; "make sail! As it, coolly and lively! Top-sails, top-gallant-sails, reefs and all."

"The men know what it was they were working for. I never saw before or since, sail got so quickly on a merchant vessel. But in spite of all this, the pirate gained on us two to one. This I had foreseen as well as Captain Hendrick. But what was my surprise, as just now I cast my eyes aft, to see Captain Sulphur hobbling by inches out of the cabin. He had not been on deck for some two days. But a second thought assured me that he had 'snuffed the battle from afar,' and I should not then have been astonished to have seen him gird on his sword, and take command at once. He did nothing of the kind, however, but merely sat down on the quarter and blazed away with his eyes.

"Very well, Everett," said Captain Hendrick, "if you have any scheme that can give us a chance, you are free to make the most of it. I see no chance."

"The report of a gun came over the water, and a shot whistled past. Another, and another.

"Down with the helm," I said to the steersman, and gave order to haul up the courses, and furl royals. We laid our maintopsail aback, as the schooner shot under our stern, and ranged abreast.

"Send your boat aboard of us," hailed a voice in broken English, from the schooner.

"Ay, ay, sir!" was the answer, as I turned aft.

"Now, men," I said, as I passed along, "stand by the lee brace; be ready when I give the signal, don't stir a muscle before. We must run 'em down, or we're dead men in ten minutes."

"A couple of men followed me, as if to lower the boom, and pretending to fumble for a second

about the tackle, I suddenly gave the expected signal; the men gave a quick pull at the brace, and with helm hard up, we swung round and gathered way. I slipped into the companion-way where the cabin boy had placed my good rifle, and as one of the schooner's crew rushed to the wheel, I put a ball through him as handsomely as ever I did through a deer, in my boyish hunts in good Old Oneadaga. I knew we had them then. They had forged a little ahead of us, luffing close in the wind till the booms lay right fore and aft. Before they could recover themselves from their position, we were upon them. We struck them just about midships. The shock was tremendous, but our vessel was over the schooner in less time than you could say Jack Robinson. But a swarm of those devils were in the chains in a second, and our fellows banging away at them like madmen, with cutlasses, handspikes, and old muskets. Only some four or five got on deck, and these hardly touched it alive. I lent a hand to throw overboard the last of them, and then all at once, bethought myself of our passengers. These sat Captain Sulphur, or rather Lawson as I should say, on the bunk of the quarter, quietly wiping a pistol barrel with his silk handkerchief. He, who yesterday was scarce able to turn in his berth. As I came near him, he looked up at me.

"Really," he said; "I fancy, if we have another bout like this, I shall be quite a well man."

"When we got below—but never mind about that now. All I can say is, that she got through it like an angel. It must have been a terrible suspense of hers while that business was going on above. You can imagine it far better than I can describe it, so I will even let it go! Well, the next morning we ran in past the Moro, and anchored off the city. I was on the starboard quarter speaking with Captain Hendrick, when a message was brought me from Captain Lawson, desiring that I would wait on him in the cabin, as soon as I could spare a moment or two from my duties. Going below, I found him seated at this table. A roll of doubloons lay before him, partly covered by his hand, and by his side stood his daughter. The captain saluted me with a vice-like grip.

"Mr. Everett," he said, "had it not been for you, we should this moment have been food for fishes. Take an old sailor's thanks, and a few of these yellow-buys by way of giving them a clincher, my lad."

"Now had it not been for her presence, I do not know but I could have taken the money, for I knew it was a trifle to him. But as it was, I felt rather vexed than otherwise."

"'Sir,' I exclaimed, 'you do not suppose that I will take money for doing a duty equally necessary to your safety and my own? Pardon me, sir; I must decline the offer.'

"'Eh! What?' retorted the veteran, with a surly growl; 'decline my thanks, my doubloons! Insult me to my face, you young fire-eater? What a dog he is, Alice. Youngster, let me tell you, that when I was of your age, I never would have turned up my nose at a score of doubloons, nor have put myself quite so much on my dignity as you seem to do. I am not going to try you a second time with the offer, I'll warrant you.'

"I blurted out some excuses which did not appear to be very well received on his part. But I was consoled by a few words from the daughter, whose winning countenance and sweet-toned voice sent me on deck again, not so much displeased, after all, with my interview.

"The evening after we finished discharging our cargo, I received an invitation in Captain Lawson's handwriting, to visit him on the following day at the plantation of Senor Pablo Blas, about fifteen miles distant from Havana. How often I had thought of our guests, wishing that I could meet them once more, and behold, the opportunity was thus unexpectedly offered me. The privilege of a day's absence was readily granted me by my indulgent superior, and on the following morning I sat out early, my spirits rising high as I hastened over a good road and through a most delightful country, to the mansion of Senor Blas. Here I found Captain Lawson and his host ready to receive me. That was a day of great enjoyment. When the hour of departure came I bade adieu to Senor Blas, his family and guests, with the exception of Captain Lawson who was nowhere to be found. I set forth on my return; passing down an avenue, I was arrested at some distance from the house, by the appearance of our missing acquaintance, the old sea king, seated in a sort of movable chair, such as those in which invalids are wheeled about. He motioned to me to stop; and, throwing myself from my horse, I stood by his side. A negro servant was in waiting, although sufficiently out of hearing of our conversation.

"'So you are off, young sir?' began the bluff old chief. 'I am sorry for it, as I have taken rather a liking to you, in spite of a little cross-grain in your disposition. I have taken this opportunity to see you alone, Master Everett, to say that I have had my eyes on you, and think it best to give you a word of caution against the future. Without any ifs or ands then, I tell you I can't have you throwing out eye-signals to my Alice; mind now, no winks, no waggings, no

hoisting decoy lights, no cutting out from under the commodore's lee; no, can't have it. You understand, eh?'

"I was in a fine flurry by this time, as you may think. I whirled about without a word, and had one foot in the stirrup, when the old gentleman again interposed.

"'Hold!' he said. 'Don't leave in a passion, my boy. At least, give good-by to the old man whom it may be that you will never see again.'

"'Sir,' said I, turning about to him. 'I may give you good-by, since it is not likely that I shall ever meet you again. I do not intend again to give you like occasion for reproof, though my conduct has little merited it now. Has my behaviour, sir, been wanting in respect, or do I necessarily forget the inferiority of my position, because I receive for a single day, those civilities which my kind entertainers bestow without consideration of my peculiar rank?'

"'Nonsense!' exclaimed the veteran, rubbing his forehead briskly, and moving uneasily in his seat. 'I see youngster, that I must bring you to close quarters, and settle this matter at once. I believe you have taken a fancy to my girl, and in faith, I fear she has to you. If you choose, she is yours. I can give a few dollars by way of dowry, and can place you master of a good ship in one month from this date. What say you?'

"I was fairly unmanned by these unlooked for words.

"'Sir,' I exclaimed, scarce able to speak, 'I am not worthy, I, a poor sea-bred youth—'

"'Yes, or no!' thundered Captain Lawson.

"What could I reply? I seized the veteran's hand, and bathed it with tears. The next day I notified my worthy skipper that he must find another officer to supply my place. Three days afterward, I was married to my Alice at the residence of the American consul in Havana. The following month, I received my appointment as master of the good ship *Eagle*, of New York, in which Captain Lawson was a very considerable owner."

THE THRONE OF FRANCE.—The birth of a direct heir to the throne of France would, we believe, give general satisfaction to the French people. The present heir apparent is Prince Napoleon, whom the French dislike for two reasons: First, because, as Kendall says, he is a "chucklehead," and secondly, because he showed a lack of pluck in the Crimea. He has no merit but the negative one of looking like the Great Emperor.

"Children," says Mrs. Grant, "are first vegetables, and then they are animals, and sometimes come to people." But it is sad enough to see how few new-ways get beyond the second stage.

## GREEN LAKE, MORRIS CO., N. J.

BY SMITH BRY, JR.

Above the plain—upon the mountain's crest—  
Far from the ways of men, thy waters rest.  
Pure as the cloudless sky, we find no trace,  
In the calm beauty of thy placid face,  
Of those wild tempest-bursts whose rage was spent  
On these storm-twisted oaks, and rude rocks lightning-  
rent.

Enchanted lake! each nook and tiny cave  
That stud the blooming banks thy waters lave,  
Are fairy haunts—and quickened eyes may see  
Their legions joined in elfin revelry:  
While o'er the scene the smiling day-king nods,  
As mother earth uplifts this chalice to the gods.

Thou gem of wondrous beauty! what to thee  
Are all the jewelled toys of majesty?  
When thy clear sun-lit depths, and wavelets bright,  
Flash on our gaze their overwhelming light,  
We deem thou art a mighty emerald, set  
By the great Artist's hand, in Nature's coronet.

## THE SPOILED DRESS.

BY DELIA WARD.

STITCH, stitch, and tick, tick, tick, has been the burden of a duet, kept up between a bright-eyed needle, and a stout old pendulum for the last two or three hours, this clear, cold autumn night. Now the pendulum is singing his solo, for the needle rests awhile, and Margaret lays the last fold in the rich silk she has been making; looking the while admiringly at its exceeding loveliness.

"Done at last, mother dear, and very glad am I—stop a minute, here are still a few bastings." Stooping down to pick out these, some fringe became tangled, and suddenly pulling the tablecloth by which she was sitting, the room was in total darkness. A large oil lamp completely overturned, and nothing to receive it but the beautiful dress.

"Why, Margaret, what have you done?" exclaimed Mrs. Nelson.

"Mother! mother! what shall I do?" sobbed her daughter, in the same breath. "I dare not look—Mrs. Easley's dress is ruined—what shall I do?"

"Keep it perfectly still, my dear, until I get a lamp, it may not be so bad as we think."

The few seconds which elapsed before her mother could procure a light, seemed an age to poor Margaret. One flash of thought showed her the indignant owner of the dress, and the attendant evils resulting from the unfortunate accident stood out as brightly as though written

in phosphorus, and only awaiting this unlucky darkness to show themselves. It was no half-way ruin, the lamp had done its very best, or worst, and not one breadth only, but two or three showed upon their glossy surface, dark, desperate-looking spots of lamp oil.

"We ought to be very thankful, my child, that this is all," said Mrs. Nelson, after carefully examining the dress.

"All, mother! pray is not this enough? Rain, you see—utter ruin."

"Bad enough, no doubt, and yet it remains to be seen what we can do. But just think of it; if I had not refused to burn that dangerous fluid, what might have been the consequences? you might have been ruined for life, instead of a dress alone. Trust me, Maggie, no circumstance is so dark but there is a darker."

"Yes, I know it, mother," answered Margaret, piteously, not half convinced, as she kept, looking intently at those indelible spots; "yet I must say I could have made quite a display of my gentleness if this, too, had been spared. It is done, no help for it now; and all the little savings we made for the coming winter must go to replace it;" and Margaret looked at the lamp, as reprehensibly as though it might be touched, and in some way repair the injury. "I will not mourn over it. There, your tea will be brewed, and the tea is getting cold; you are tired, too; sit down while I get every thing ready." So saying, she playfully pressed her mother into a seat.

Mrs. Nelson sat quietly as her daughter could have wished, watching her as she flitted about their small but pleasant room. The round table was set out, the bright blase made shadows dance up and over the clean, white cloth, two fragrant cups of tea were smoking all ready, and Maggie waited to do the honors of their quiet meal. What a loving cheat was that, each trying to eat, when we all know that a sudden misfortune, like a fine dinner, is quite enough for a time to banish hunger.

Margaret did not notice that her food remained wholly untasted, and that she had been sitting for at least ten minutes in a brown study, until a sigh from her mother aroused her. She brightened up at once, and reproached herself for making a bad matter any worse by a sad countenance. "Do not sigh, mother, I was only thinking of how many comforts you must be deprived, just through my carelessness; I cannot forgive myself—yet I was so glad to have it finished, I could not be very quiet. Next time, the rejoicing must be reserved until the dress is fairly out of the house."

"We cannot prevent accidents, and this was purely an accident," said Mrs. Nelson. "I am sure if we are in want, something will be provided; so keep your happy spirit, my child, do not check it; among all my priceless blessings, this is by no means the least."

"There, I have been trying very hard to keep from crying, and if you flatter me, I certainly must;" and tears were already glistening in her bright eyes, though she brushed them away, and tried to look very cheerful.

"Shall you have sufficient time to finish the dress? It will take you several hours probably to match the silk."

"O, yes, Mrs. Spring is making several for Mrs. Eddy, they are to be finished any time this week. She expects me to do one more, and as this is only Wednesday there will be plenty of time."

Margaret set off in the morning with a light heart. The clear, bracing air came with its cold kiss upon her cheek, making it rosier than ever. The city spires looked taller against the blue sky, and distance looked more distant, with no leaves and foliage to soften the scene. The brown trees were stripped and bare, while beneath them, strewn upon the ground, the yellow leaves sent up to the boughs where they had clung, a perfume, even in their withered beauty.

It was quite early, and the shops being quite empty, Margaret was readily served, and had neither her time nor patience exhausted. She entered one, another and another, without any success, when at last the truth began to dawn upon her mind; the silk could not be matched. At the very last place where there was any chance, to her inquiry, the shopman replied, "I think, miss, you will find it impossible to obtain anything of the kind in this city; it is a peculiar style of silk, and if there had been any in the market, I should probably have noticed it."

"None in the market!" reiterated Margaret, while a frightened feeling began to creep over her. Throwing it off with an effort, she thanked the shopman, and went out again into the street. Where to go now? what to do? she must think it over, and try to understand the extent of her misfortune. It would be a pity to return to her mother with the disappointment, as she could do nothing to alleviate it; so thinking, Margaret turned into a by-street, where there were few persons passing, that she might walk slowly, and meditate on the next thing to be done. The idea had at first suggested itself to go to Mrs. Eddy, but had been at once rejected as impracticable. Now, however, there seemed no other alternative. It was far preferable to telling Mrs.

Spring, who was anything but mild when her affairs went on smoothly; and the effect of such announcement, even Maggie's independent spirit shrank from encountering. The grossness of Mrs. Spring's anger was very, very trying. A well-bred person, even if offended, would be less demonstrative; and if at all generously inclined, Mrs. Eddy might tell her where the silk was procured, and give her time to obtain it, and remake the skirt, without Mrs. Spring ever being the wiser. So argued Margaret, as she paced up and down the quiet street, until at last, having fairly persuaded herself all would come out right if Mrs. Eddy could only be seen, with new hope beaming from her fine eyes, she bent her steps in the direction of C— street. Alas for her courage, the first sight of that interminable range of handsome houses sent it off like a frightened bird. Nothing but that stern promoter of deeds, necessity, kept her on her way.

The fronting pavements and heavy granite or marble steps were cold and damp from the recent morning drenching given by the brisk serving-men, and as the number of the house had escaped her memory, she was obliged to run up and down many of these to read the names which were not legible from the street. Any one of the servants, polishing the plate-glass windows or otherwise engaged in renovating these aristocratic establishments, could have informed her of the object of her search at once, but anxiety, and the thoughts of the dreaded explanation sealed her lips. There was some relief in putting off the evil moment by making herself believe it was very difficult to find Mrs. Eddy's. The name was before her at last, however, appended to the door of a mansion as frightfully *distinguished* as any of the others, and there was nothing for her but to ring the bell, which she did with a timidity which was sure not to bring a speedy response. As neither the first nor second appeal succeeded in arousing any one, the fear of telling her story was wholly merged in the more trying apprehension that the lady was absent from the city, and that Mrs. Spring's anger was inevitable. As she stepped back to examine the premises more closely, to see if there appeared to be any one at home, a hurried footstep was heard coming through the vestibule, and the door was thrown hastily open by an elderly woman. Margaret made known her wish as quickly as possible; but seeing the woman draw her breath to reply, and half close the door before the request was fairly made, she added, with a little assumption of authority, "I am sewing for Mrs. Eddy, and it is necessary I should be admitted."

"O, yes, come in then," she answered, her countenance clearing a little; "wonder I hadn't known you were the sewing-girl;" then in a lugubrious tone, "I am sure there can't be too much help in a house like this. There," pointing to the broad staircase, "go right up, and I will send a housemaid to you, get your things off as quick as ever you can." So saying, the matron hurried away, while Margaret ascended the stairs as she was bidden. There was evidently a mistake, but if it afforded an opportunity of doing the errand there would be no harm in making the most of it. Arrived at the landing, she hesitated; nearly fifteen minutes elapsed, and no person came to speak to her or tell where she should go. One could not fail to notice the air of disorder which seemed to prevail in the house. Light but hurried steps were constantly going to and fro, there was a sound of muffled voices, and now and then suppressed sobbings. Margaret had just decided to return without intruding any farther, when a servant-girl appeared at the end of the hall, and beckoned her forward. In a low voice, Margaret suggested she had best take her name to Mrs. Ecley; if not the person she was expecting, it might not be agreeable for her to be shown in. The girl answered only by a look of wonderment, and passing along the gallery threw open the door of a large, partially-darkened room, and left her to make her own way. It was a sleeping apartment. Two children's cots with the snowy drapery tumbled and unmade, were on one side, at the other the nurse was seated upon a couch, having a young child in her arms, and at her feet upon the floor, were two little girls with their heads buried in her lap and sobbing piteously.

Margaret's sympathies were at once excited. It was plain she was mistaken for some one who was expected to do something, and throwing her bonnet and shawl upon a chair by the door, she went across the room, and putting a hand upon each of the little weeping heads, asked tenderly, what had happened, and if there was anything she could do?

"Why, don't you know their mother is dead, poor little dears?"

"Mrs. Ecley dead!" exclaimed Margaret, in astonishment.

"Yes, died last night, very sudden, nobody thought of such a thing. She was perfectly well, getting all ready to go off a journey just as soon as Mr. Ecley got better of the terrible fever that has been on him. Now she's gone so sudden, and he's ten times worse for the shock, and he getting on so well before, too. O, dear, it's dreadful."

At this the children began to cry afresh. Margaret saw that the enumeration of their troubles was the worst thing possible, and telling the nurse she would remain there, begged her to ask the housekeeper to step up to the room for a minute and let her know what was to be done.

"Why, miss, you are to see about the children's dresses."

"Very well, you had best go ask her to come up; or, I will go to her if you will show me the way."

"No, you may stay. I haven't eaten a mouthful of breakfast to-day, for them poor dears, and I'd rather you'd stay." Disengaging herself from the girls, she laid the sleeping child in his crib and went out.

Margaret, the tears starting from her own eyes, strove to comfort the little ones. Her gentle, judicious words soon had the effect to make them rise from the floor and nestle upon the couch at her side. No one had had time to look after them, and the peculiar method of comforting which servants always adopt, of pitying, and going over again and again with the cause of sorrow, had worn upon them to such a degree that they were trembling all over with a feverish excitement. Margaret's cool hand smoothed their brows, her loving kiss and low tones of tenderness cheered and comforted them, and when Mrs. Primmins, the housekeeper, came in half an hour after, they were sleeping sweetly side by side upon one of the beds, with each a hand in Margaret's, who was leaning over them.

It was the same person who had admitted her an hour before. "I am really thankful to see that," she said, in an under tone; "they have not slept a wink since twelve o'clock last night. Now what do you wish of me? I am in great haste, besides having a raging headache."

In a few words Margaret explained the mistake which had occurred, and was about resuming her bonnet and shawl.

"But the other person has not come," said Primmins, with a woe-begone look, "and I am sure I don't know what's to be done. Can't you possibly stay to-day at least? The goods will be sent right up for you to work upon. There is not a soul to see to anything but me. Mrs. Ecley's sister, Mrs. Evans, is over, but she's just good for nothing, what with her grief and her watching Mr. Ecley."

Margaret reflected that the day was her own; even if she had the silk, now there was no need of hurrying about poor Mrs. Ecley's dress, so the heart of Primmins was cheered by her consenting to remain; providing, however, that she must first go home for a short time. This was



gladly acceded to, and in a few minutes Margaret was on her way back. With chastened feelings she left the house of mourning, and with a deep impression of the truth, that where death leaves the loved circle unbroken, other sorrows should be held lightly, and borne bravely.

Stopping at Mrs. Spring's, she told of her engagement. For once, that lady was not offended at one of her employees presuming to have a mind of her own. "It happens very well after all," she said, "for Mrs. Evans has sent for some one to work for her, and as you are at the Ecleys, there is no use in my sparing any one else. Go, and get through just as quick as you can, for I hear there will probably be more fashionable mourning to be got up in that street before the week is over; there is nobody else to put that crape folds on if you are busy."

"Heartless," murmured Margaret to herself; then recalled it with a tinge of conscience. "It is all habit, I dare say, one cannot expect her to mourn for every one, I must not judge so readily." She soon reached home, and Mrs. Nelson's first words to her daughter, were to inquire if she had procured the silk. "No, ma'am, I have not, but let me tell you all about it." The circumstances which had transpired were speedily narrated, and with a most portentous sigh, the usually hopeful girl concluded: "Now what will be done when this is all over and the dress is called for? I suppose there is no one now who can tell me anything about its purchase."

The matter was discussed and re-discussed between mother and daughter, but without bringing it to a result. Margaret had not been idle during the conversation. With light step and busy fingers, a dozen little trifles had been accomplished, which would be of service to her mother during her absence. It was arranged that should she be obliged to remain at the Ecleys over night, Mrs. Nelson would go and stay with a neighbor over the way, who was always pleased to have her company. She was a cultivated woman, and her society was always welcome to the few friends who had not lost sight of her in her humble position. The father of Margaret was a lawyer of superior talent, but he died young and left his wife and infant daughter dependent on the bounty of relations; too proud to remain so, Mrs. Nelson had struggled on alone, supporting herself and child, until her eyesight, from too constant application, beginning to fail, the greater part of the labor of necessity devolved upon Margaret. Bravely did she perform her task, but it became daily more perceptible within their little domicile, that but one pair of hands supplied the necessities. This af-

fair of the dress, to take away their slender savings just as winter was in prospect, appeared the greatest misfortune which could have happened. The hour which Margaret thought to remain at home had already elapsed. Bidding her mother good-by with a much more cheerful air than her heart sanctioned, she returned to C— street.

It was the evening after Mrs. Ecleys' funeral. Margaret had been so constantly employed in one kind office and another, from the first moment she returned, until the present, that it was impossible to go home. Now, she sat in the bay window of the spacious sitting-room, with the children about her, trying to make them understand she must go. Ellen and Grace strove with all their powers of reasoning to make her remain, and the baby boy, Willie, with his chubby arms clasped tightly around her neck, begged her to attempt such a thing. It did seem hard to leave them just then, for their aunt wished to return to her own home for the night, the servants were all condoling with each other in the lower regions; the children were of course banished from their father's sick room, and but for her, would be lonely enough. There was no reason why she should remain, and telling them for the hundredth time it was not possible, she vainly endeavored to unclasp Willie's arms.

Just at the moment Mrs. Evans' carriage was brought round and that lady entered the room. The children immediately commenced importuning her. It was not necessary, however, in order to obtain their wish, for she had come for the same purpose. If Margaret could remain it would be much more satisfactory than taking the children home with her, as she had intended. Their father would prefer they should remain at home, if it was possible to make them comfortable. There was no great reason for a refusal, and Mrs. Evans had been so kind Margaret was happy to be of service to her in any way.

The next morning a note full of directions came to Primmins from Mrs. Evans. Excitement and grief had completely prostrated her strength, and she would not be able to come over during the day. The little girls were in want of warm dresses for the autumn, and Miss Nelson had better remain during the week and sew for them, unless she had some previous engagement. The purport of this was communicated to Margaret, and, notwithstanding Mrs. Spring's avowed determination that her best girls should not be kept upon children's clothes, she at once consented to sew for them. But Margaret would not have dared to brave her employer's displeasure in this manner, had she ex-

pected to be dependent upon her as usual. She had resolved to leave Mrs. Spring. Her judgment had pointed out, and not without sufficient reason, a much more congenial way for maintaining herself and mother, than the one she now followed.

Maggie meant to be a governess. The idea would have appalled her once, and nothing short of a collegiate course have seemed sufficient to qualify one for such a position. But the often expressed wish of Ellen and Grace that she should be their governess, for Aunt Evans had said they must have one, had caused her to fathom her own acquirements and see what they were good for. The result was satisfactory even to herself, and on a proper opportunity, she determined to ask Mrs. Evans if the thing were possible. If she would hear of it, which Maggie had great hopes of, it would be quite easy to be examined by a competent person as to her proficiency in the necessary branches, and bring to Mr. Ecley a statement of her qualifications. Being in the family and already loving the children, it did not seem so formidable as it would have appeared in any other case. Margaret hied home to her mother to tell of her arrangement for the week, and to lay before her the new design which had fixed itself so strongly in her own mind.

Mrs. Nelson knew her daughter to be capable of filling the position with credit to herself, and even of educating much older children than Mrs. Ecley's; but she was not so sanguine as Margaret, and pointed out many discouraging circumstances which her knowledge of the world taught her existed in this case. "However," she continued, "do not by any means give up the idea; hope and resolution are the guide-posts to success."

It would be an era in her life should she be successful, and not without earnest prayers, that only if it were best might it take place, did she, when the proper time came, make her wishes known to Mrs. Evans. She was greatly surprised at first, but having already become much prepossessed in Margaret's favor, promised to speak to Mr. Ecley about the matter at once. His reply, to Margaret's great joy, was in the affirmative. The whole arrangements were soon made, and she was installed governess.

One might think it no great thing to be a nursery teacher, but not so Maggie, for she knew it would give her much time, and many facilities for educating herself and preparing for something higher. The affair of the dress was confided to Mrs. Evans by Margaret, before she would assume the duties of her new position. It

was dismissed as of no great moment; especially as it was a painful subject. Mr. Ecley purchased the dress in a neighboring city, and could probably tell her all she wished to know in regard to it.

Several weeks had elapsed since Margaret took up her abode in C— street, when one morning, the first on which Mr. Ecley was to attempt breakfasting down stairs, he asked his sister-in-law her opinion of the children's governess.

"My opinion—why do you just ask, pray? has anything happened?"

"No, nothing important. But since I am getting better the children are with me more or less, and they are constantly prattling of 'Maggie.' It struck me she must be very young, and quite incompetent to control them, if she allows such familiarity."

"Have you seen her yet?" asked Mrs. Evans.

"No, I have not," was the laughing reply, as he wrapped his dressing-gown closer, and tried to steady his footsteps, by holding to the easy-chair.

"You had best see her then; why are you smiling?"

"Your manner seems to imply that only is needed to convince one emphatically of something."

"Well, as I recommended her, there is some personal feeling in the case. You will find, I think, my good brother, she may be young, be called 'Maggie,' and yet implicitly obeyed at the same time."

"I dare say. Just pull that bell for Tom."

Mrs. Evans complied, and by Tom's assistance Mr. Ecley reached the breakfast-room. It was not understood that he was to be down. The children were at table, and Margaret presiding as usual. With a sigh, almost a groan, Mr. Ecley saw his wife's place filled by a stranger, and scarcely glanced at poor Margaret as his sister mentioned her name. The delighted voices of the children were some relief to his thronging memories, but it was a weary meal for all. A thousand fears came into Margaret's mind, which, when by herself, she freely indulged. Would that stern-looking man, when he came to see for himself, be satisfied with her? Would the method she had adopted with his children suit him? They were certainly doing well so far, but would he think so? These tormenting questions had to be thrust aside, and Margaret resolved to try and look on the sunny side, and see what time would do. The old gentleman behaved very wisely by letting well enough alone. Mid-winter found her still there, and for aught that appeared to the contrary

likely to remain. But one subject had become a constant source of annoyance to Maggie. Mr. Eceley had never been informed of the destruction of the valuable dress, and every day her conscience reproached her for concealing it.

In a fit of desperation one morning, she seated herself at the table, and resolved to write a note telling all the particulars, be the result what it might. The epistle was written and despatched, and the reply awaited with no little trepidation.

"Come in," called out Mr Eceley, as a rap was heard at the library door, and Tom forthwith presented himself.

"Letter, sir. Miss Nelson."

"Ha," said his master, with a look of interrogation.

"Miss Nelson wished me to hand it t'ye."

Mr. Eceley read the laconic epistle through, laid it aside, and fell into a reverie. Suddenly it occurred to him, the governess might be anxious for a reply; the tone of the note had said as much. He rang the bell, desired to see Miss Nelson, and began pacing the floor.

"You sent for me, sir," said Margaret, as after entering, she tried vainly, by moving a chair, laying down a book and the like, to attract his attention, which had become absorbed by something passing in the street.

"Ah, yes, Miss Nelson—pray be seated."

He took a seat opposite. Margaret's color was a little heightened in anticipation of an expected rebuke, and her fingers played nervously with a curl of sunny brown hair, which had somehow escaped, and rested upon the shoulder of her modest dark dress.

Robert Eceley's first thought on seeing that girlish figure, evidently so much afraid of him, was to say, "do not be frightened, my child;" but the next, as he caught a full glance from her earnest, anxious eyes, was to upbraid himself for having been so uncourteous, nay, rude, since she had been in the house. He remembered how his own motherless children had been tenderly cared for, and had often whispered to him of what Maggie had told them of heaven and the angels, and he knew in all her duties, she had been strictly conscientious. It was but a flash of thought, yet it made him thank her cordially for her kindness, and established, by an electric power, an understanding between two persons who had been so long beneath one roof almost unacquainted.

"And what shall I do with what I wrote to you of?" asked Margaret, as she rose to go, after a half hour's conversation. A shadow crossed her companion's brow as he answered, "nothing, I prefer it should remain as it is."

This was but the beginning of pleasant hours passed in that luxurious library. Nearly every day through the spring-time and summer, Mr. Eceley sent for Miss Nelson to bring the children that he might read aloud to them for an hour.

The autumn leaves were again beginning to fall, and Maggie was not as happy as she had been a year ago. It was a brilliant sunset, and she sat alone in the bay window, where the little ones had first begged her to remain with them.

A handsome carriage dashed up to the door, and Mr. Eceley stepped from it and leisurely ascended the steps. A flood of crimson colored Margaret's cheeks, and a short gasp came from her parted lips, as if his presence had betrayed her thoughts.

"You here, Miss Margaret?" he asked, looking in, tossing down his driving gloves, and coming forward. "Nellie is wanting you for a drive; are you inclined to go?"

"Now is my time," thought Margaret; "it is weak for me to delay longer." He was bending over her, waiting a reply. She could not speak firmly thus. Rising from her seat and turning away, the words came, stern, abrupt, and with an effort that was only too perceptible "Mr. Eceley, it is a year to-day since you employed me to teach your children. I think I will not remain any longer, if you please."

She meant to say employ, to speak like a servant, anything, everything, to frighten herself out of the burning devotion which had crept uncalled for into her heart, and ruined her peace.

Could she have seen the emotions which swept across that manly face at her side, as the little speech fell upon his ears, it might have kindled an unthought-of hope. But no, his answer, distinct and cutting, was all she comprehended.

"You have anticipated my own wishes," he said, "I have thought for some time it would be as well for you to relinquish the situation."

With unsteady steps, the words sounding like a knell, she sought the door.

"Margaret, child," exclaimed her companion, starting forward, "did you, can you believe me in earnest? Spare thee, darling, never!" And drawing Maggie gently to his arms he murmured a fervent "God bless thee." The revulsion of feeling was too much, she had nerved herself to endure and suffer, but kindness, love, his love, had thrown off every barrier, and she wept like a child—Soon the humble Margaret Nelson became the loved and cherished wife of Mr. Robert Eceley.

Minds of the very highest order, who have given an unrestrained course to their caprices, or to their passions, would have been so much higher by subduing them.

## THE MOTHERLESS.

BY MRS. E. T. ELDRIDGE.

I saw a little dark-eyed boy, with shining auburn hair,  
That waved around his pure, pale brow in ringlets long  
and fair;  
But o'er his brow there dwelt a shade, and in his eye a  
tear—

I felt that he was motherless in this cold world so drear.

"Come to me, darling, come to me!" in gentle tones I said,  
"And on a childless mother's breast repose thy aching  
head;"

With cautious step he sought my side, like some poor,  
frightened bird,  
And gazed with wonder in my face, as love's glad tones  
he heard.

And soon the little tear-wet face was fondly pressed to mine,  
I whispered softly in his ear, in accents low and kind,  
"Dost know, sweet darling, there is One that dwells in  
heaven above,  
Who will watch o'er thee night and day with never chang-  
ing love?"

'Twas thus I soothed the suffering one till smiles succeed-  
ed tears;

'Twas sad to see grief touch the heart of one so young in  
years;

To see a young and tender heart just bursting into life,  
Chilled by the cold and blighting frost of bitterness and  
sorrow.

God shield the motherless from harm—the poor and help-  
less things!

O, may they early feel the joy a Saviour's blessing brings!  
May some kind angel linger nigh, earth's orphaned ones  
to bless;

This be the prayer of every heart: God shield the mother-  
less!

## THE DIVORCED.

BY ARTHUR MERVIN.

WITHIN the softly illuminated parlor of a state-  
ly mansion in Berkely-square, seated upon a  
rich lounge, was the widow of Sir Richard Earle  
and her young daughter, Constance.

The mellowed rays from a silver lamp fell fall  
upon their faces, revealing the exquisite contour  
of two of the most beautiful heads in old England.  
What the elder had lost of youthful bloom, was  
amply made up by an intellectual loveliness rarely  
surpassed. But the broad and lofty brow was  
contracted now, by what seemed extreme men-  
tal anguish; and the large dark eyes that gleam-  
ed below were mournful and melancholy as  
death.

"Constance—Constance," she murmured,  
"my only, my-beloved child! Never has your  
mother denied you aught that could add to your  
happiness. O, believe her when she solemnly  
assures you, that William Taunton can never

make you happy. Would to God I had died, ere  
I admitted him to my house and hearth! But  
who could have dreamed of his wooing thee, my  
young, my beautiful child! Why, he is nearly  
double thine own age, and already a husband in  
the sight of the Almighty. But you do not, you  
cannot love this man. He has enlisted your  
sympathies, but yet your heart is untouched.  
Say that it is so, Constance, say that I am right."

The sweet young face that had nestled to  
Lady Earle's bosom flushed crimson, and the  
soft blue eyes drooped till their long, brown  
lashes shaded the rounded cheek below, as she  
answered:

"Mother, dear mother, forgive me, but I do  
love Sir William Taunton, and believe him to  
have been wronged by the woman who deserted  
him. Why, O, why, if you have loved him not,  
have you permitted his visits here?"

"Because," answered Lady Earle, "because  
he once benefited your dead father; and I could  
not bear to give way to the suspicions I have  
entertained of him. Besides I deemed you a  
child, and knew his visits could not injure me.  
O, Constance! promise me that you will listen  
to no love-words from Sir William, for two  
years; if at the end of that time you still love  
him, or fancy that you do, I will make no ob-  
jections to your union."

And Constance promised, but she sighed as  
she did so, and her rose-lips quivered as she re-  
membered the soft voice and the melancholy  
dark eyes of her lover.

As the jewelled fingers of Lady Earle gathered  
the heavy brown curls from her daughter's neck  
and heaving bosom, she wondered that she had  
not noticed how womanly Constance had be-  
come. The rich crimson, flooding lips and  
cheek, the dreamy expression of the thoughtful  
eyes, revealed to the anxious heart of the moth-  
er, that though the innocence of childhood remain-  
ed, its unconsciousness had departed forever.

One year of Constance's probation had passed,  
and still her veins throbbed, and her pure cheek  
flushed at the mention of Sir William's name.  
Rigidly had she adhered to her promise. Never  
had she given her lover an opportunity of speak-  
ing with her alone; but upon the street, in the  
park, at the theatre, she had met him frequently,  
and his reproachful looks nursed the fire that  
still burned in her young breast.

"Come, Constance," said the clear voice of  
Lady Earle, "it is time to dress for the theatre,  
to-night. Remember the new prima donna is  
to appear, and with all the rest of the world, I am  
all eagerness and expectation."

The light form of Constance was soon robed

in a dress of blue velvet, and her soft throat and arms adorned with strings of pure, satin-like pearls. Her eyes flashed, and her cheeks glowed, for at the theatre she was sure to see Sir William. Lovely she looked, and was; and Lady Earle's heart throbbed with pride, as she smoothed with her own white hands the long curls of brown hair, and fastened them back from the snowy forehead of her child.

The theatre was crowded to overflowing, and a thousand eyes bright and eager with expectation were fixed upon the stage, as the curtain slowly rose and revealed the fine face and exquisite proportions of the new prima donna.

Constance's glance rested upon her lover, and a sickly feeling seized her heart, as she saw him start forward in his seat, and gaze with intense interest and visible emotion, upon that beautiful face, now the centre of attraction to countless eyes.

Robed in a dress of pink silk, totally without ornament or furbelow of any kind, her long shining mass of coal-black hair streaming wildly over neck, shoulders and arms, nearly to her feet, wild-looking eyes, fixed, it seemed to Constance, upon Sir William Taunton, stood the new star of the theatre! Young as that face was, there were lines about the passionate mouth rarely seen at even mature age. And within the dark depths of those melancholy eyes, gleamed an expression of conscious power and passion seldom equalled. Never rested that look in eyes that have not poured forth the bitter tears of suffering and neglect.

"O, there are those young in years, whose hearts are prematurely old. Wise are they in that mournful wisdom, born of a too early appreciation and knowledge of human ills. Woe to the heart, taught by an early acquaintance with wrong, to turn from mankind with loathing and suspicion! Woe to the youthful breast that frets beneath a burden of melancholy experience, belonging only to those who have passed the meridian of life, and are moving with rapid strides downward to the grave! Bloom, beauty, hope, are the especial prerogatives of the young, and woe be to the heart robbed in childhood of that ignorance and innocence which lead it to gaze only upon the flowers bedecking the entrance into life, and not upon the faded blossoms and withered wastes that lie beyond! The dullest intellect in that vast assembly felt at once, that such had been the woman's fate, now, for the first time before the public. Bitter indeed had been the experience that lifted her above and beyond the necessity of even the sympathies of the multitude before her.

Clear, sweet, as the carol of a bird, rose her powerful voice upon the air. Higher, still higher it ascended, in its thrilling and sharp sweetness, until it seemed to pierce through the lofty arched roof of the building, and float onward and upward to the very gates of heaven. Not a sound, not a breath, disturbed the perfect silence, as the last note died upon the ravished ear of thousands.

Again the silver voice gushed forth in music, and Constance herself forgot all things in the deep interest she now felt in the singer, as she murmured rather than sung, in tones that brought tears to every eye:

"Restore me, restore me the depth and the truth,  
The hopes that came o'er me in earliest youth;  
Their gloss is departed, their magic is flown,  
Despairing, faint-hearted, I wander alone.

'Tis vain to regret thee, you will not regret,  
You will try to forget me, you cannot forget;  
We shall hear of each other, O, misery to hear  
Those names from another that once were so dear.

What slight words will sting us that breathe of the past;  
What slight things will bring us thoughts faded and sad;  
The fond hopes that centred in thee are all dead,  
But the iron has entered the soul that they had.

Like others in seeming, I walk through life's part,  
Cold, careless, and dreaming, with death in my heart;  
No hope, no repentance, the spring of life o'er,  
All died with the feeling, he loves me no more."

"Mother, mother!" sobbed Constance, "how much she must have suffered! Did you see that look of utter wretchedness shining from her eyes?"

Lady Earle grasped her daughter's hand in both hers, and hurried in a state of feverish excitement to her carriage. "O, Constance!" she gasped, as the door closed upon them, "Can you bear to hear a terrible truth? That singer is the separated wife of Sir William Taunton. I recognized her from a picture he has in his possession. I am sure of it, as that I breathe this moment!"

And Constance recalled the pale face of her lover, and his emotion at the singer's appearance upon the stage, and her heart told her it was true.

"Mother, mother!" she murmured, "she loves him even now. O, can we not reunite them? There is some terrible mystery, I am sure, in this separation between them! That woman never was false to him! I read in it her face, this moment present to me!" And the high-souled, generous Constance wept in the deep sympathy she felt for her.

After all, Constance was not really in love;

and Lady Earle clasped her hands in gratitude as the truth burst upon her.

But Taunton was not the selfish being Lady Earle had thought him. Had she remained a little longer at the theatre, she would have seen him rush like a madman to the stage, and with the speed of light, disappear behind the curtain. Could she have seen him, as again and again he buried his haughty head in the silk robes of his long-lost wife, she would have pitied him.

"O, Isabel! Isabel!" said Sir William, as he gathered her long black hair in his hands and held it passionately to his tearful face. "O, Isabel, I have sought thee to beg forgiveness for the miserable past. Unjust, unmanly, ignoble was I to torture thee to the steps thou hast taken. Innocent I feel that thou wast of the insinuations I tortured thee with, driving thee from the heart too proud until now to seek thee, and confess its fault. O, my wife! my wife! I was mad to dream of taking another to my house and heart. Say that you will forgive the years of banishment, sorrow and grief that I have caused thee! The divorce that I in my passion and madness at thy continued absence obtained against thee; and to the eyes of the world all shall be made clear. Come to my home—thy home—for O, it is thine still, at once—and I will devote my life, my whole future life, so long as God shall spare it, to thy happiness."

And Isabel St. Pierre, the long-absent, haughty, passionate, but still loving, divorced wife of Sir William Taunton, wound her soft arms around his neck, and drew his head to her grief-worn breast. Back to the home, once made miserable by his unworthy suspicions, was Isabel borne; and humble and loving, clinging to her garments, and following her steps like a child, was the repentant husband. Again were they united, and with the years of happiness that followed, passed the grief-stricken lines, once so apparent upon Lady Taunton's face.

#### LOVE AMONG THE TURKS.

A young man desperately in love with a girl at Stancho, eagerly sought to marry her, but his proposals were rejected. In consequence of his disappointment, he bought some poison and destroyed himself. The Turkish police instantly arrested the father of the young woman, as the cause, by implication, of the young man's death, under the fifth species of homicide; he became, therefore, amenable for this act of suicide. When the case came before the magistrate it was urged literally, by the accused, that if he, the accused, had not a daughter, the deceased would not have fallen in love, consequently he would not have been disappointed, and have died. Upon all these counts he was mulcted to pay the price of the young man's life, which was fixed at eighty piastres.—*Sciota Gazette*.

#### THE UNEXPECTED EVIDENCE.

BY R. H. NEWELL.

It was at the close of a lovely day in the month of June, 183—, when I arrived in the village of L—, in Virginia, and repaired to the Union Hotel—or, rather, tavern,—kept by one Timothy Brown, Esq.; celebrated throughout the country for the excellent quality of its wines, etc., and the suspicious flavor of its "Havana" cigars.

Having resigned my travelling trunk to the tender mercies of a burly negro porter, I sauntered into the tavern (excuse me, I meant hotel), and taking possession of a copy of the only newspaper of which the village could boast, I seated myself near the door, and eagerly prepared to enjoy its contents, which consisted of a most ominous list of advertisements, marriages and deaths, the latest news from Richmond, and the virgin perpetration of some rustic laureate, "born to blush unseen."

Having fully satisfied myself of the fact that the earth still continued to revolve upon its axis, I ordered a bottle of Madeira, and invited "mine host" to partake of it, hoping thereby to obtain some information respecting the world in general, and the village of L— in particular.

The wine speedily developed its admirable qualities in the person of Mr. Brown, who at once produced a duplicate bottle, and proposed a toast. We filled our glasses, and I inquired, "What shall it be?"

"Long life to Ned Marston, and confusion to his enemies," said Timothy, as he quaffed the inspiring draught.

"And pray, who is Ned Marston?"

"Why, the young fellow that's to be tried to-morrow for murdering Squire Somers. Haven't you heard of it?"

"I have not," said I; "but should like to hear all about it, if you will consent to gratify my curiosity."

He at once assented, and accordingly I comfortably located my feet upon an adjoining mantel-piece, and having lighted a cigar, I listened to the following graphic detail of the circumstances, which I subjoin for the benefit of the reader:

"It is about two years to-day," commenced Timothy, "since Mr. Somers came here, bringing with him his daughter Emily, as fine a girl as the sun ever shone upon. He bought the big white house just beyond here, on the hill, with all the ground near it, and called the place 'Somerville Grove.' Some weeks after they had got

settled, there came a young chap from Richmond, Ned Marston, a second cousin to Miss Emily, and a great friend to the family. It seems that he lost his father three or four years ago, who left him nothing but a widowed mother, and a good education. He went to practice law, but his heart was too big for his pocket; so he came down here and commenced over again."

"Did his mother come with him?"

"O, yes; but the old lady died in a short time after it, and left Ned alone in the world—that is, as far as near relations are concerned. He took a great fancy to Miss Emily, and the old gentleman, her father, was very kind to him, and helped him along as much as he could. Things went on very well until last July, when Ned had a long talk with Mr. Somers, and finished by asking him for his daughter. People say that the old man refused him. Anyhow, Ned left the house in a huff, and never went there again."

"But why should Mr. Somers refuse him, if his daughter loved him?" I asked.

"Well, he told him that it took money to keep a wife, and that he couldn't expect to live on love."

"One night they had a party at John Fairley's, who lives near the grove. Miss Emily was invited, and so was Marston. Old Fairley's son James, who had just come home from college, was very polite to her, and was mad enough because she danced with Ned, and wouldn't have anything to say to him. After that he called to see her very often, but she always managed to avoid him."

"Did her father favor his advances?" said I, again interrupting him.

"No. He said she was her own mistress, and could do as she pleased. Young Fairley said he knew who was at the bottom of it all, and swore he would fix him for it. He soon had a chance, and called Ned a poor pettifogger; but he got knocked down for his trouble."

"A few days ago, Mr. Somers went with Fairley to hunt rabbits among the hills. They had only been gone a short time, when Fairley came running in here, almost out of breath, and pale as a ghost. He said that old Somers had been murdered, and that Ned Marston had shot him."

"I started right off with him, and found the body lying on its face, and the back of his head full of shot. And there sat Ned close by it, with his face on his hands, and his gun close by him. As soon as he saw me coming, he jumped up, and said: 'My God, I've murdered him!'

and then fell down, and fainted. We carried the body to the house, and poor Miss Emily was almost crazy; but she wouldn't believe that Ned had done it."

"Did he not attempt to escape?"

"O, no; it nearly killed the poor fellow. He staid by the corpse until it was buried, and then gave himself up."

"What is the general opinion respecting it?" I asked.

"Well," said Timothy, "most people think it must have been an accident, and I think so too; but I can't forget how savage Fairley looked when Miss Emily said, 'I don't believe Edgar would do it.' However, he's to be tried to-morrow, and then I suppose it will all come out."

The village clock now admonished me that the hour for retiring had arrived. After thanking my friendly host, I adjourned to a small box up stairs, dignified by the title of "Room No. 1." And resolving to attend the trial on the morrow, I resigned myself to the embraces of Morpheus, and was soon buried in the "sweet forgetfulness of sleep."

The court-room was densely crowded, the judge had taken his seat; and when I arrived the officers had gone for their prisoner. The clock struck ten, and the accused was conducted to the bar, there to answer to the laws of his country for the murder of his benefactor, the father of her whom he loved. All eyes were at once fixed upon him, as though to read his very soul; but he bore the scrutiny with an unflinching firmness, which naught but conscious innocence could have supported. An almost breathless silence was maintained while the clerk read the accusation.

"Prisoner at the bar," said the judge, "you are arraigned here to answer to the charge of wilful and deliberate murder. Remember that the law does not dictate what answer you shall give. Are you guilty or not guilty?"

Edgar Marston bowed low, and answered in a clear and distinct tone:

"Not guilty."

Never shall I forget his appearance at that moment. His commanding figure was drawn up to its utmost height; the raven locks which hung in disordered masses over his pallid brow, were brushed aside, and as he uttered those momentous words, he would have served as a fitting representative of innocence repelling the assaults of malice.

The clerk now called the name of "James Fairley." The person thus named mounted the

witness stand with an assumed confidence, which it was plain he was far from feeling; and while endeavoring to maintain an expression of commiseration for the accused, he studiously avoided meeting his glance.

He was a young man, about two-and-twenty years of age, fashionably dressed, and possessing a countenance on which dissipation and vice had left unmistakable traces. During the examination, his eyes wandered in quick, uneasy glances over the crowded room, as though fearful of some unexpected intruder, yet his answers to the questions of the opposing counsel were clear and apparently truthful. His statement was as follows:

"Last Thursday morning, about ten o'clock, I went to the residence of the deceased, and invited him to join me in a hunting excursion among the hills. He at once accepted the invitation, and taking his gun we started together. After beating about the bushes for some time, Mr. Somers started a rabbit, which ran down into the hollow near which I was standing. He requested me to remain where I was, while he approached it from the other side. As he walked round the hill, I lost sight of him. Almost at the same instant I heard a loud report, and looking up, saw the prisoner rushing toward me, with a gun in his hand. As he neared me, I discovered that he trembled, and was deadly pale.

"Save me! hide me!" he said. "I'm a murderer!"

"I asked him what was the matter. He pointed to the top of the hill, and then added:

"O, Emily, why did I ever know you!"

"'Tis false!" exclaimed Marston, frantically.

"I never uttered those words, and I call on Heaven to witness the truth of what I say."

A smile of bitter malignity passed over the face of the witness, as he continued:

"I went in the direction which he had indicated, and there found the body, as has been before stated. I bear the prisoner no ill will, and am sorry to appear against him."

Fairley then left the stand, and several others were examined, some of whom, while they testified to the general good character of the accused, stated that there had been some difficulty between him and Mr. Somers, which to their knowledge had never been adjusted; that at the funeral Marston had betrayed the greatest agitation, and other symptoms of guilt.

The judge addressed the jury, informing them that although the evidence was all circumstantial, it bore heavily against the prisoner, and warned them not to let their sympathies inter-

fere with the demands of justice. They consulted without leaving the room, and for a few moments nothing broke the deathlike stillness which prevailed. At length the foreman stated that they had agreed upon a verdict.

"Is the prisoner at the bar guilty or not guilty?"

In an instant every ear was stretched to catch the sound.

"Guilty!" was the response.

The multitude waved to and fro, as though under the influence of an electric shock; a wild, heart-piercing shriek rent the air, and Emily Somers was borne senseless from the court-room. Women sobbed; and even men—stern, iron-hearted men—did not disdain to drop a few honest tears of pity.

"Edgar Marston," said the judge, again addressing him, "have you any reason to show why sentence should not be pronounced upon you?"

There was no faltering hesitation, no unmanly terror, in his tones as he answered:

"The laws of my country declare me guilty of a foul and heinous crime, of which my own conscience declares me innocent. My hand may have done the deed; if so, it was purely accidental, and fate has decided against me; but hear me, while I swear that James Fairley has this day perjured himself before God and man. On the morning of this sad occurrence I was hunting upon the same hill with my accuser. A rabbit started up before me, and I discharged my gun at him. The report sounded uncommonly loud, and almost at the same instant I heard a loud groan. I hastened to the top of the hill, and there beheld my friend, my benefactor, weltering in his blood. My horror and despair knew no bounds. I rushed madly toward the foot of the hill, where I met James Fairley, and implored him to go for assistance. I never used the expressions of which he accuses me, although I believed myself to be the murderer. I shall soon appear before the Great Tribunal above, there to prove my innocence and confound my enemies. I have nothing more to say."

At this moment a noise was heard at one of the doors, and an aged man was seen making his way toward the witness-stand. All gave way before him, and John Fairley stood before the astonished justice. No hat covered his head, and his silver locks streamed wildly over his brows, while the clenched hands and glaring eyes bespoke the fearful tumult that raged within him.

"I *swear*," he said, or rather shouted, "I



come to clear the innocent and point out the guilty. Edgar Marston has committed no crime. *My son is the murderer!*"

James Fairley approached his father with pallid cheeks and trembling limbs, exclaiming:

"Believe him not; he is a madman! How should he know?"

"Off, viper! murderer!" screamed the old man fiercely; "touch me not with those hands, red with innocent blood! I am not mad. Listen to me, and you shall hear a father prove his own son to be a perjured assassin. I was close to the spot where Mr. Somers was brutally murdered, and saw the cowardly deed committed. I saw my child; he whom I had cherished with all a father's pride,—I saw him fire the fatal shot directly at his victim, at the same instant that Marston fired at the top of the hill. Little did he dream that I knew and saw it all. The feelings of a parent prompted me to conceal it, hoping that Marston would be acquitted for want of evidence. But when I heard that my son was the accuser, conscience could no longer be restrained, my brain seemed on fire—visions of the gallows and its struggling victims haunted me, even in sleep, while the blood of the innocent called for vengeance!"

Here he staggered forward, and fell senseless to the ground.

Loud rose the voice of the multitude, mingled with the cry of "Death to the perjurer!" as they rushed forward to liberate the astonished Edgar. James Fairley rushed toward him, and drawing a pistol from his breast, fired it, exclaiming: "Think not to escape me thus, Edgar Marston—die!" Fortunately, his arm was struck up by an officer, and the ball pierced the ceiling.

The baffled villain looked sullenly around, as though seeking some means of escape. Two constables stepped forward to seize him, when he suddenly drew another pistol, and placing it to his own breast, fired. With a howl of agony and despair he sprang high in the air, and fell a disfigured corpse at the side of his suffering parent. Edgar Marston stepped forth from the hall of justice a free man. He had undergone a fearful ordeal, and came forth without a blemish.

Years have rolled on, and Emily Somers is now Mrs. Marston. Edgar has become a judge in the very court which witnessed the most trying event of his life, and although relentless Time has placed its indelible signet on his forehead, and threads of silver are thickly strewn among her ashen locks, they never cease to thank Heaven for their good fortune, and bless the memory of the UNEXPECTED EVIDENCE.

Truth fears nothing but concealment.

#### BRAN-TEA VS. BRANDY.

Mr. L——, the famous scene painter, had a fancy that he could cure all diseases, and accordingly prescribed liberally for his friends and others, willing to fall under his hands. A person of great faith applied to him for a cure for a very bad cold, and L——'s advice was:

"Do you see, sare, can you like to drink bran-tea?"

"Brandy," replied the patient, nothing loth to find so palatable a medicine hinted, as he imagined. "Certainly, I have no objection to it, whatever."

"Vy, then," said L——, "bran-tea is the very thing for you. Take three, four—ees, four—cups of it, as hot as you can soup—good big tea-cups, just after breakfast."

"What, sir," asked the patient, rather amazed, "without water?"

"Without water," said L——, "vat do you mean? No more water than is in the bran-tea itself ven made. Take it as you get it. Take four large, very large cups, between breakfast and dinner; and ven you find a change for better or worse, come to me."

The faith of the patient was great, and so was his swallow. For five days he stuck to what he thought was the prescription of the painter—was of course drunk all day—and at the conclusion of his exertions in this way, he came to L——, full of gratitude for his advice.

"I am quite cured, Mr. L——," said he. "I never imagined that brandy was so complete a cure—I feel quite obliged."

"O, yee," said Mr. L——, "I was sure it would cure you—you felt quite cool all the time you were taking it?"

"Cool," said the patient, "no, not exactly cool, I was rather hot. Zounds, no man can drink a quart of spirits in the forenoon and keep cool."

"Spirits," said Mr. L——, rather astonished, "vy, there is no spirits in tea made of bran."

"Tea made of bran!" said his amazed friend; "it was hot brandy I drank."

An explanation, of course, followed. The gentleman, however, was cured.—*Saturday Evening Gazette.*

#### VALUE OF AN EDITOR'S TIME.

That renowned violinist, Mischa Hauser, who has been travelling in Australia and the Sandwich Islands, gives the following account of how an editor in Sydney values his time. We wonder how the system would work in this country? He says: "A few days after my arrival, I paid my visit to the different editors of Sydney. At my first call, I came to a palace-like house, the ground floor occupied by the printing-office. On the first floor, among other advertisements, I found a tablet informing visitors that the editor cannot be spoken with unless paid for his valuable time. Accordingly everybody, without exception, is advised to buy a ticket of admission at the door of the waiting-room—one hour costing 10s.; half an hour, 6s.; fifteen minutes, 3s. Such were the contents of this singular price-current of time."—*New York Tribune.*

Many a man's vices have at first been nothing worse than good qualities run wild.

## SONG OF THE MERMAIDS.

IN PLACER D'ARMES.

Child of mortality! sing we a song,  
 Down in the wavelets shining and clear—  
 Mermaids dance in the billowy foam,  
 In grottoes light, devoid of fear—  
 Amber, and pearls, and costly gems  
 Glitter in lustre surpassing thine—  
 Coral and alga on dancing stems  
 Beacon us back to the heaving brine.

Child of mortality! hie thee away—  
 Hie thee away are the storm-king's wrath—  
 Fierce are the perils that border thy way,  
 Black is the whirlpool that lies in thy path.

Child of mortality! sing we again,  
 Down in the waves of the heaving sea;  
 Neptune reigns there lord of the main—  
 We his nymphs and maidens be!  
 Dance with us to a roundelay—  
 Yield to our kind and friendly greeting—  
 Quickly with us—away! away!  
 "Life is short and time is fleeting."

Child of mortality! hie thee away—  
 Hie thee away are the storm-king's wrath—  
 Fierce are the perils that border thy way,  
 Black is the whirlpool that lies in thy path.

## THE CRIMINAL WITNESS.

BY SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

In the spring of '48, I was called to Jackson to attend court, having been engaged to defend a young man who had been accused of robbing the mail. I had a long conference with my client, and he acknowledged to me that on the night when the mail was robbed, he had been with a party of dissipated companions over to Topham, and that on returning, they met the mail-carrier on horseback coming from Jackson. Some of his companions were very drunk, and they proposed to stop the carrier, and overhaul his bag. The roads were very muddy at the time, and the coach could not run. My client assured me that he not only had no hand in robbing the mail, but that he tried to dissuade his companions from doing so. But they would not listen to him. One of them slipped up behind the carrier and knocked him from his horse. Then they bound and blindfolded him, and having tied him to a tree, they took his mail-bag, and made off into a neighboring field, where they overhauled it, finding some five hundred dollars in money in the various letters. He went with them, but in no way did he have any hand in the crime. Those who did do it had fled, and as the carrier had recognized him in the party, he had been arrested.

The mail-bag had been found, as well as the letters. Those letters from which money had been taken, were kept, by order of the officers, and duplicates sent to the various persons, to whom they were directed, announcing the particulars. These letters had been given me for examination, and I had then returned them to the prosecuting attorney.

I got through with my private preliminaries about noon, and as the case would not come up before the next day, I went into the court in the afternoon, to see what was going on. The first case which came up was one of theft, and the prisoner was a young girl, not more than seventeen years of age, named Elizabeth Madworth. She was very pretty, and bore that mild, innocent look, which we seldom find in a culprit. She was pale and frightened, and the moment my eyes rested upon her, I pitied her. She had been weeping profusely, for her bosom was wet, but as she found so many eyes upon her, she became too much frightened to weep more.

The complaint against her set forth that she had stolen one hundred dollars from a Mrs. Naseby; and as the case went on, I found that this Mrs. Naseby was her mistress, she (Mrs. N.) being a wealthy widow, living in the town. The poor girl declared her innocence in the most wild terms, and called on God to witness that she would rather die than steal. But circumstances were hard against her. A hundred dollars, in bank-notes, had been stolen from her mistress's room, and she was the only one who had access there.

At this juncture, while the mistress was upon the witness-stand, a young man came and caught me by the arm. He was a fine looking fellow, and big tears stood in his eyes.

"They tell me you are a good lawyer?" he whispered.

"I am a lawyer," I answered.

"Then—O!—save her! You can certainly do it, for she is innocent."

"Is she your sister?"

The youth hesitated and colored.

"No, sir," he said. "But—but—"

Here he hesitated again.

"Has she no counsel?" I asked.

"None that's good for anything—nobody that'll do anything for her. O, save her, and I'll pay you all I've got. I can't pay you much, but I can raise something."

I reflected for a moment. I cast my eyes towards the prisoner, and she was at that moment looking at me. She caught my eye, and the volume of humble, prayerful entreaty, I read in those large, tearful orbs, rescued me in a mo-

ment. In my soul I knew that the girl was innocent; or, at least, I firmly believed so—and perhaps I could help her. I arose and went to the girl, and asked her if she wished me to defend her. She said yes. Then I informed the court that I was ready to enter into the case, and I was admitted at once. The loud murmur of satisfaction, which ran through the room quickly told me where the sympathies of the people were.

I asked for a moment's cessation, that I might speak with my client. I went and sat down by her side, and asked her to state to me candidly the whole case. She told me she had lived with Mrs. Naseby nearly two years, and that during all that time, she had never had any trouble before. About two weeks ago, she said, her mistress lost a hundred dollars.

"She missed it from her drawer," the girl told me, "and she asked me about it, but I knew nothing of it. The next thing I knew, Nancy Luther told Mrs. Naseby that she saw me take the money from her drawer—that she watched me through the key-hole. Then they went to my trunk, and they found twenty-five dollars of the missing money there. But O, sir, I never took it—and somebody else put that money there!"

I then asked her if she suspected any one.

"I don't know," she said, "who could have done it but Nancy. She has never liked me, because she thought I was treated better than she was. She is the cook, and I was the chamber-maid."

She pointed Nancy Luther out to me. She was a stout, bold-faced girl, somewhere about five-and-twenty years old, with a low forehead, small gray eyes, a pug nose, and thick lips. I caught her glance once, as it rested upon the fair young prisoner, and the moment I detected the look of hatred which I read there, I was convinced that she was the rogue.

"O, sir, can you help me?" my client asked, in a fearful whisper.

"Nancy Luther, did you say that girl's name was?" I asked, for a new light had broken in upon me.

"Yes, sir."

"Is there any other girl of that name about here?"

"No, sir."

"Then rest you easy. I'll try hard to save you."

I left the court room, and went to the prosecuting attorney and asked him for the letters I had handed him—the ones that had been stolen from the mail-bag. He gave them to me, and,

having selected one, I returned the rest, and told him I would see that he had the one I kept before night. I then returned to the court room, and the case went on.

Mrs. Naseby resumed her testimony. She said she entrusted her room to the prisoner's care, and that no one else had access there save herself. Then she described about missing the money, and closed by telling how she found twenty-five dollars of it in the prisoner's trunk. She could swear it was the identical money she had lost, it being in two tens and one five-dollar bill.

"Mrs. Naseby," said I, "when you first missed your money, had you any reason to believe that the prisoner had taken it?"

"No, sir," she answered.

"Had you ever before detected her in any dishonesty?"

"No, sir."

"Should you have thought of searching her trunk had not Nancy Luther advised you and informed you?"

"No, sir."

Mrs. Naseby then left the stand, and Nancy Luther took her place. She came up with a bold look, and upon me she cast a defiant glance, as much as to say, "trap me, if you can." She gave her evidence as follows:

She said that on the night when the money was stolen, she saw the prisoner going up stairs, and from the sly manner in which she went up, she suspected all was not right. So she followed her up. "Elizabeth went into Mrs. Naseby's room, and shut the door after her. I stooped down and looked through the key-hole, and saw her at her mistress's drawer. I saw her take out the money and put it in her pocket. Then she stooped down and picked up the lamp, and as I saw that she was coming out, I hurried away." Then she went on and told how she had informed her mistress of this, and how she proposed to search the girl's trunk.

I called Mrs. Naseby back to the stand.

"You say that no one, save yourself and the prisoner, had access to your room," I said. "Now could Nancy Luther have entered that room, if she wished?"

"Certainly, sir. I meant no one else had any right there."

I saw that Mrs. N., though naturally a hard woman, was somewhat moved by poor Elizabeth's misery.

"Could your cook have known, by any means in your knowledge, where your money was?"

"Yes, sir; for she has often come up to my

room when I was there, and I have given her money with which to buy provisions of market-men, who happened along with their wagons."

"One more question: Have you known of the prisoner's having used any money since this was stolen?"

"No, sir."

I now called, Nancy Luther back, and she began to tremble a little, though her look was as bold and defiant as ever.

"Miss Luther," I said, "why did you not inform your mistress at once of what you had seen, without waiting for her to ask you about the lost money?"

"Because I could not make up my mind at once to expose the poor young girl," she answered, promptly.

"You say you looked through the key-hole and saw her take the money?"

"Yes, sir."

"Where did she place the lamp, while she did so?"

"On the bureau."

"In your testimony, you said she stooped down when she picked it up. What did you mean by that?"

The girl hesitated, and finally said she didn't mean anything, only that she picked up the lamp.

"Very well," said I. "How long have you been with Mrs. Naseby?"

"Not quite a year, sir."

"How much does she pay you a week?"

"A dollar and three-quarters."

"Have you taken up any of your pay since you have been there?"

"Yes, sir."

"How much?"

"I don't know, sir."

"Why don't you know?"

"How should I? I've taken it at different times, just as I wanted it, and have kept no account."

"Now if you had had any wish to harm the prisoner, couldn't you have raised twenty-five dollars to put in her trunk?"

"No, sir," she replied, with virtuous indignation.

"Then you have not laid up any money since you have been there?"

"No, sir—only what Mrs. Naseby may owe me."

"Then you didn't have twenty-five dollars when you came there?"

"No, sir; and what's more, the money found in the girl's trunk was the very money that Mrs. Naseby lost. You might have known that, if

you'd only remember what you hear." This was said very sarcastically, and was intended as a crusher upon the idea that she could have put the money into the prisoner's trunk. However, I was not overcome entirely.

"Will you tell me if you belong to this State?" I asked next.

"I do, sir."

"In what town?"

She hesitated, and for an instant the bold look forebode her. But she finally answered:

"I belong in Somers, Montgomery county."

I next turned to Mrs. Naseby.

"Do you ever take a receipt from your girls when you pay them?" I asked.

"Always," she answered.

"Can you send and get one of them for me?"

"She has told you the truth, sir, about my payments," Mrs. Naseby said.

"O, I don't doubt it," I replied; "but still the ocular proof is the thing for the courtroom," I added, with a smile. "So if you can, I wish you would procure me the receipts."

She said she would willingly go, if the court said so. The court did say so, and she went. Her dwelling was not far off, and she soon returned, and handed me four receipts, which I took and examined. They were all signed in a strange, straggling hand, by the witness.

"Now, Nancy Luther," said I, turning to the witness, and speaking in a quick, startling tone, at the same time looking her sternly in the eye, "please tell the court, and the jury, and tell me, too, where you got the seventy-five dollars you sent in a letter to your sister in Somers?"

The witness started as though a volcano had burst at her feet. She turned pale as death, and every limb shook violently. I waited until the people could have an opportunity to see her emotions, and then I repeated the question.

"I—never—sent—any," she fairly gasped.

"You did!" I thundered, for I was excited now.

"I—I—didn't," she faintly uttered, grasping the rail by her side for support.

"May it please your honor, and gentlemen of the jury," I said, as soon as I had looked the witness out of countenance, "I came here to defend a youth who has been arrested for helping to rob the mail, and in the course of my preliminary examinations, I had access to the letters which had been torn open and rifled of money. When I entered upon this case, and heard the name of this witness pronounced, I went out and got this letter which I now hold, for I remembered to have seen one bearing the signature of Nancy Luther. This letter was

taken from the mail-bag, and it contained seventy-five dollars, and by looking at the post-mark, you will observe that it was mailed on the very next day after the hundred dollars were taken from Mrs. Naseby's drawer. I will read it to you, if you please."

The court nodded assent, and I read the following, which was without date, save that made by the post-master upon the outside. I give it here verbatim:

"SISTER DORCAS: i oond yu heer seventy fiv dollars, which i want yu to kepe for me til i cum hum. i cant kepe it heer coz ime afrade it will git stole. dont speke wun word to a livin sole bout this coz i dont want nobodi tu kno i hav got eany mony. yu wont now will yu. i am first rate heer, only that gude fur nothin snipe of liz madwuth is heer yit—but i hop tu git red ov her now. yu no i rose yu bout her. giv my luv to awl inquirin frends. this is from your sister til deth

NANCY LUTHER."

"Now, your honor," I said, as I handed him the letter, and also the receipts, "you will see that the letter is directed to 'Dorcas Luther, Somers, Montgomery County.' And you will also observe that one hand wrote that letter and signed those receipts. The jury will also observe. And now I will only add: It is plain to see how the hundred dollars were disposed of. Seventy-five were put into that letter and sent off for safe keeping, while the remaining twenty-five were placed in the prisoner's trunk for the purpose of covering the real criminal. Of the tone of other parts of the letter, I leave you to judge. And now, gentlemen, I leave my client's case in your hands, only I will thank God, and I know you also will, that an innocent person has been thus strangely saved from ruin and disgrace."

The case was given to the jury immediately following their examination of the letter. They had heard from the witness's own mouth that she had no money of her own, and without leaving their seats, they returned a verdict of—"NOT GUILTY."

The youth, who had first asked me to defend the prisoner, caught me by the hand, but he could not speak plainly. He simply looked at me through his tears for a moment, and then rushed to the fair prisoner. He seemed to forget where he was, for he flung his arms about her, and as she laid her head upon his bosom, she wept aloud.

I will not attempt to describe the scene that followed; but if Nancy Luther had not been immediately arrested for theft, she would have been obliged to seek the protection of the officers, or the excited people would surely have

maimed her, if they had done no more. On the next morning, I received a note, very handsomely written, in which I was told that "the within" was but a slight token of the gratitude due me for my efforts in behalf of a poor, defenceless, but much loved, maiden. It was signed "SEVERAL CITIZENS," and contained one hundred dollars. Shortly afterwards, the youth came to pay me all the money he could raise. I simply showed him the note I had received, and asked him if he would keep his hard earnings for his wife, when he got one. He owned that he intended to make Lizzy Madwuth his wife very soon.

I will only add that on the following day, I succeeded in clearing my next client from conviction of robbing the mail; and I will not deny that I made a considerable handle of the fortunate discovery of the letter which had saved an innocent girl, on the day before, in my appeal to the jury; and if I made them feel that the finger of Omnipotence was in the work, I did it because I sincerely believed my client was innocent of all crime; and I am sure they thought so too.

#### FEETING SERVANTS.

In a recent number of Household Words, treating of the ancient custom of giving rails to servants, it is narrated that at one of Garrick's many dinners, Fielding was present, and rails to servants being still in fashion, each of the guests at parting made a present to the man-servant of the great actor, David, a Welshman, and a great wit in his way. When the company had gone, the lesser David, being in high glee, was asked by his master how much he had got. "I can't tell you yet, sir," was the man's reply. "Here is a half-crown from Mrs. Cibber. Got pleas hur!—here is a shilling from Mr. Macklin; here are two from Mr. Havard; here is—and here is something here from Mr. Fielding. Got pless his merry heart!" By this time the expectant Welshman, wearing the great actor's livery, had unfolded the paper, when, to his great astonishment, he saw that it contained a vulgar and unmistakable penny, and no more. Garrick, it is said, was nettled at this, and spoke next day to Fielding about the impropriety of jesting with a servant. "Jesting!" said the author of *Tom Jones*, with seeming surprise; "so far from it, that I meant to do the fellow a real service—for, had I given him a shilling, or a half-crown, I knew you would have taken it from him; but by giving him only a penny, he had a chance of calling it his own." The discomfiture first, it is said, commenced seriously in Scotland.

Little children!—holy angels that throng our pathway, and draw our feet from the by-ways of sin and crime. How much the world is indebted to them for their saving influence, for the controlling power they exercise over the mind of man.

WHY DO WE MURMUR?

BY FREDERICK PARMENTER.

Trial is given us, to make us better, truer and holier.  
Jay.

Then why do we pine and murmur,  
At our Ruler's holy will!  
Why not cease our sinful grievings?  
To our hearts say "Peace, be still!"  
Ah, we love too well and fondly,  
E'er to murmur and repine—  
Never have we learned to whisper,  
"Not our will, but Father, thine!"

And the Bible's beaming sunshine  
Never pierces in our gloom;  
For we veil our saddened eyesight  
With the shadows of the tomb;  
And our hearts, so cold and stony,  
Never open to His call;  
For we deem our gloom submission,  
Thus forbidding God and all.

But we ought not thus to sorrow,  
Blight our hopes, and dim our love;  
For it pleaseth not the Saviour—  
He who dwells in light above.  
And he sighs with deep compassion,  
As he views our downward ways,  
When we ought "be up and doing,"  
Adding to his sounding praise.

Then let's cease our sinful murmur'ing,  
Take strong courage to our hearts;  
And fight proudly in life's battle,  
Nobly bearing each his parts.

MY AUNT ADELAIDE.

BY SARAH K. BARSTOW.

At the parsonage, there was what we little folks called "a grand time," that Thanksgiving day. As many of us as could gather together there, for the storm, made the great parlor merry with our own happiness. There were our grandparents, seated in their own easy-chairs, on either side of the wide chimney place, alternately watching, with amused interest, the merriment of the young ones, and talking over their early days, and bringing back many a pleasant Thanksgiving that had passed with their own youth.

Then there was Uncle Herbert, "the pastor," sitting by grandma's side. Handsome was Minister Grahame, and gentle, and good, and noble-hearted; an upright, earnest-souled man, and in every sense a Christian. How we loved him! He always allowed us to be as merry as we pleased, provided we were not boisterous, and he not unfrequently gladdened our hearts by joining himself in our mirthful games. He was

never stern, or gloomy, or austere; for moods to which these names can be applied, are not those of a true Christian. He was always gentle, genial, friendly; with ready sympathies for all; showing us, in his daily life, and his beautiful character, what true Christianity is.

There, too, were Uncle Edmund, and his wife, and their lovely daughter, the seventeen-year-old Clara, Harold and Ellen, John and Margaret, the two next married pairs, followed; and to them we four little ones belonged. Then came Aunt Adelaide, the youngest of the daughters. And Aunt Adelaide was thirty years old, and unmarried.

If I had always thought my Aunt Adelaide perfection itself, it was especially so on that particular Thanksgiving night; when, with the fire-light playing over the satin-shining bands and braids of her chestnut hair, and sparkling in her handsome, kindly brown eyes, she sat in her own favorite corner of the nearest window-seat, and gathered the children about her, to tell them stories. All the young people seemed to take to my Aunt Adelaide naturally; and Clara herself, our seventeen-year-old girl, sat at her feet, to listen to the beautiful stories, just like the rest of the children.

So, while the grandparents, and the elder daughters and sons discoursed among themselves around the blazing hearth, Adelaide Grahame, in her own pleasant, winning, sensible way, kept us gathered in a quiet, attentive circle about her, telling the most beautiful and instructive fairy tales that a good-natured authoress ever wrote. For fairy tales are instructive—ay, and useful, too, say what you will.

Adelaide was a lovely woman. I remember that this was the burden of my thoughts that night, as I stood by her side, with my hand lying clasped in hers, and my eyes fixed upon her fair, calm, noble face; for much as I loved story telling, I could not help thinking of her and her beauty, too; so that I sometimes lost the thread of the narrative, for very admiration of the fascinating narrator.

It was something quite incomprehensible to me, that she had never married; for I could not conceive of attractions greater than those which she possessed. But it was true that her thirtieth year had arrived, and Adelaide remained a single woman, and dwelt still in the old parsonage, with her parents and her brother Herbert. And a blessing she was to the place that claimed her. For beauty, and goodness, and excellent sense, for powerful intellect, and nobleness of soul, Adelaide ranked a very queen among women. It was not, however, as I knew when I grew

older, that none had ever sought her hand, for Clara told me afterwards that my beautiful aunt had declined a score of offers before her twenty-fifth year, and eligible offers, too.

But I did not know it then; and I wondered quietly and curiously, as I stood there, that she was always there to tell us stories, and keep us in good order, whenever we came.

The fairy story was ended.

"Ah, how charming that was! Tell us more!" cried the children, eagerly. I alone was silent.

"Well," laughed Aunt Adelaide, "I must think of another, I suppose. Be patient a moment, my dears." And there was a moment of silence.

"Ellen Aubrey," said my Uncle Herbert's voice, close beside me. "Ellen Aubrey, what is there in your aunt's face, which so deeply interests you?"

I looked up. He stood by me, with folded arms, his amused and penetrating glance fixed on mine.

"You have not heard a single word she has been saying, for the last ten minutes," he went on. "Tell me your thoughts."

I looked from him to my young companions. I was three years older than any of them. Then I looked at Clara. She was waiting for my answer. Aunt Adelaide was thinking of the proposed story: but all the rest of these girls and boys!

Uncle Herbert's fine eyes sparkled. "O, well, you needn't tell it before them," he said. "Come over to that great chair with me, where nobody but you and I can hear."

And crossing the room, he placed himself in the above mentioned chair, and perched me on his knee. "Now for it, Ellen."

"Uncle Herbert, I was thinking about Aunt Adelaide. I was wishing, when you spoke to me, that she would get married, like Aunt Margaret, and Aunt Eveline, and my mama."

"That's my frank Ellen! Well, but I cannot say that I quite agree with you in your wish. What should I do without my good sister Adelaide? What would Adelaide's father and mother do, do you suppose?"

"I can't tell, sir. But why shouldn't she marry, like the rest?"

He laughed, and then grew grave. "True enough, why shouldn't she, Ellen? But don't talk about so dreadful a thing! Maybe, Aunt Adelaide will take it into her head to fly off, some day; but we mustn't suggest such a flight you know. It never would do in the world!"

"Uncle Herbert, I meant to ask her. I am glad you told me not, if you wouldn't like it."

"So am I." And he smiled.

"But you won't tell grandpapa, and grand-mama, and the rest, what I have said to you?"

"No, Ellen, I will not," he answered.

I slid down from his knee, and then stood where I had landed, listening to a sound without.

"Now what, Ellen?"

"I hear sleigh-bells, Uncle Herbert."

He listened also, with inclined head.

"So do I. Sleigh-bells are no very uncommon things, but I confess they surprise me to-night. I thought the road was completely blocked up."

We went together to a window, and he drew aside the curtain. The snow had ceased to fall. The night was fine and clear. A plain of starlit whiteness extended for miles away on every hand. You could not see the road for drifts; but floundering up through them, coming from the direction of the town, were visible a pair of powerful black horses, and a sleigh, with three or four persons in it. For a moment, the horses were reined in; then their heads were turned towards the open gateway of the carriage drive, leading up to the door.

"It is somebody coming here," said my uncle, letting the curtain fall; and with a word to the rest, he left the room, and crossed the hall to open the door. I went with him.

A flood of light poured out upon the snowy drive, revealing the horses, the sleigh, and the people at once. There was a man in a shaggy overcoat, who sprang from the sleigh, and advancing towards my uncle, said, in brief and plain speech, yet with a certain courteousness of manner that softened some little apparent testiness of feeling:

"Sir, we must beg pardon for this intrusion, but the fact is, that my horses here are unable to go further up the road, which is quite impassable beyond this, and I am forced to entreat your hospitality for a few hours, till men can clear a way down from the Hedge."

"You are quite welcome, sir," returned my uncle—"you are quite welcome. Come directly in, if you please; I will send a servant to attend to your horses. Ellen," to me—"run and speak to Thomas, my dear."

I ran, and when I came back, I found three persons in the hall—the gentleman whom I had first seen, who turned out to be Mr. Arthurson, our new neighbor of the Hedge (a fine estate somewhat more than a mile beyond the parsonage), his ward, Richard Hilton, a young and handsome man, and—I mention her last, because I must tell how beautiful she was—a young girl, of sixteen or seventeen, standing just under

the hall lamp, so that the light fell full on her bright, fair curls, her white brow, and flushed cheeks, and left in violet shadow the sweet, shy eyes, that looked bashfully about, and then dropped to the floor again. My Aunt Adelaide had come out, and my mother; and they were taking off the cumbersome cloak that enveloped her little figure. She was Louise Milward, the niece of Mr. Arthurson.

Their wrappings removed, our guests were introduced to the company in the parlor. We found they had come from C—— that afternoon, with the expectation of reaching the Hedge by eight o'clock, and had got on very well, until the drifts up the road impeded their further progress. They were cordially invited to take up their quarters at the parsonage, until the road was broken up. There was no prospect of their being able to push on, for two or three days.

A slight appearance of impatience, consternation and amusement was visible among them at this announcement; and no wonder, for Richard Hilton and pretty Louise Milward were to have been married, at Mr. Arthurson's house, that evening!

"*Cannot we get on, I wonder?*" was Mr. Hilton's serious inquiry. He seemed disappointed. Pretty Louise laughed with Clara at the delay. Richard would have the groom up, to get his opinion. Thomas was called; he listened, calculated the strength of the horses, and shook his head dubiously, in answer to the inquiry of Mr. Hilton whether there was any possibility of a messenger reaching the Hedge.

"No, sir, I dinna think ye'll get there to-night," was his decision.

"Well, my dear sir," said Uncle Edmund, laughingly, to Mr. Arthurson—"since there is no prospect of your reaching the Hedge to-night, and this evening was set for the marriage, why should it not take place, still? My brother Herbert, here will, I am sure, be only too happy to offer his services."

Mr. Arthurson turned quickly to my Uncle Herbert. "Indeed!" he muttered, scanning him rapidly. Then—"I beg your pardon," aloud—"then we are at the Grahame Parsonage, after all? I thought as much at first."

My Uncle Herbert bowed, and said something confirmatory of his brother's words. Mr. Arthurson meditated a moment, and then referred the matter to Richard Hilton. In a moment all were discussing it, while the lovely little bride elect trembled and blushed like a rose-leaf, and seemed wavering between smiles and tears.

"You had better not postpone it, my dears," said our grandmother, "people say there's no good in putting off a wedding."

And all were on grandmother's side. All declared that it would be a charming thing to have a wedding to vary the evening's entertainment; and the aunts clustered about the little Louise, with all sorts of encouragement. The children were in a fever of excitement. Clara Howell fluttered about with delight.

I stole my Uncle Herbert's hand. "Wouldn't it be splendid to have a wedding, uncle?" I asked, confidently; "new don't you think it would?"

He looked amused. "I think it would be decidedly fine, my little Ellen. Why can't you use your influence with the lady?"

"I don't dare. They wouldn't mind me, I'm so little. But you just go and say something to Mr. Hilton. It's all he wants, I'm sure."

Uncle Herbert laughed. "You are a person of decided penetration, Ellen. Aunt Adelaide could not have covered the case better herself." And he crossed over to Mr. Hilton's chair.

And while they were all talking, Mr. Arthurson stood with his back to the fire, his arms folded on his chest, and his eyes fixed on the floor. I have not described Mr. Arthurson yet.

He was a rather tall, and square-built man, with a form that displayed at once strength, activity and grace; yes, certainly grace, for I could not help admiring it. His head was massive, and covered with abundant, close-curved locks of black, silken hair; the forehead was broad and square, the eyes very dark, and large, with spirit and penetration flashing from beneath their heavy brows; the nose and mouth expressive of pride, firmness, decision and energy. Nature had used no delicate chisel—no exquisite marble here. In an hour of inspiration—with rough materials and a free hand, she had hewn out a form and face in which power and beauty lived and breathed. He started suddenly from his silent mood; leaving his position by the hearth, he advanced towards the group at the opposite side of the room.

"Well, Richard—Louise! have you decided?" was his question, asked in that brief, abrupt manner characteristic of him. "Mr. Grahame, what have you been able to effect?"

Uncle Herbert and the rest had pretty well persuaded the young people to have the matter consummated then and there; but both evinced some little natural hesitation about appearing as the sole actors in so large a company, and all strangers.

"O, we must find some couple to stand up with them," said my mother, gaily. "Come, who will volunteer? We must have a bridesmaid and groomsman, good people."



Everybody began to look about him, and then there was a general laugh. Besides my Uncle Herbert, there was no unmarried gentleman in the company, except Mr. Arthurson himself. He was pressed into service.

"The mischief's in it!" he muttered. "This comes of people's getting married! Well! I yield—with all the resignation I possess. And now, mesdames, since you have selected me, I beg leave to make choice of a partner. Miss Grahame!"—and he bent, with deferential grace over my Aunt Adelaide's chair—"may I ask you to favor me with your assistance?"

She was evidently a little startled by the suddenness of the application. I think she had been calculating on Clara for the part of bridesmaid; but she quietly assented.

And now the laughter and merriment quite subsided. Everybody grew still. What a serious moment that was! I remember that it seemed to me, just then, that there was something really awful in standing up to be married. I heartily repented my wish about my Aunt Adelaide. I was very thankful, on the whole, that she was not the bride.

The wedding was like all other weddings, I dare say; but I could have told not a word of the proceedings then, for I saw nothing but my Aunt Adelaide, in her gray silk dress, crossing the room with Mr. Arthurson. She looked handsomely; she was quiet, and self-possessed. Mr. Arthurson looked down at her, and he admired her as much as I did.

It was over in a few moments; the blessing given—the prayer breathed—and our pretty, shy girl guest was a bride.

Then came kisses and congratulations, and the subdued confusion that follows home-weddings in general. The color came trembling into my Aunt Adelaide's fair cheek, as Mr. Arthurson led her back. He looked down, saw it, and smiled. There was something beautiful exceedingly in that smile.

"You are a little agitated, spite of yourself, Miss Grahame?" he said.

"A little."

"It is quite natural. You gave Louise a great deal of courage, however, the little scared thing!"

"She is young—a mere child. I do not wonder at her timidity; especially in a room filled with strangers. Though, certainly, we need not seem like strangers, since we are friends and neighbors of her uncle."

"No. Then you think that age ought to bestow self-possession? Miss Grahame, I am thirty-nine. I am not at all sure that I shall have the coolness to conduct myself satisfactorily,

when the time comes for me to assume the yoke matrimonial. Will you promise to assist in keeping me and my wife in countenance, on that occasion?"

My Aunt Adelaide laughed. "Willingly, if you and your wife desire it."

"It is an agreement. You will remember it?"

"I will remember."

In three days, the roads were cleared, and our bridal party set out for the Hedge. A cordial feeling of friendship had sprung up, during that brief visit, between them and the family at the parsonage. Nobody could help liking frank, boyish, handsome Richard Hilton and his pretty bride; and Mr. Arthurson was equally beloved.

Among my aunt Adelaide's nieces and nephews, I was her favorite next to Clara; and so she persuaded my mother to leave me at the parsonage, when all the other children with their papas and mamas, departed. Thus I remained, much to my satisfaction, with my grandparents, and uncle Herbert, and my beloved aunt Adelaide.

Mr. Hilton and his wife also remained at the Hedge, for some two or three months, and during that time we saw them quite often. Mr. Arthurson, too, rode over occasionally. My uncle Herbert liked him; my grandparents liked him; so did I. I always sat very still when he was near, and obeyed his least command. In return, he loved me; for which, my uncle Herbert sometimes pretended to look very grave.

One bright afternoon, my uncle Herbert came into the room where Aunt Adelaide and I were.

"Adelaide—Ellen, will you drive over to the Hedge with me?" he said.

"If you will take us," she returned, smiling. So we got our bonnets, and accompanied him in the sleigh.

We found Mr. Arthurson smoking, upon the piazza. He threw away book and cigar, and welcomed us cordially.

"Smoking in the cold, sir?" said Adelaide.

"Exactly, I became desperate indoors. Since Richard and Louise have taken their leave, I find it monotonous, this bachelor life of mine. I think seriously of either breaking up housekeeping, or getting married. Which would you advise, Mr. Grahame?"

"I should hesitate about giving advice, in such a case, my dear sir. You must remember that I never tried the benefit of either step."

"Ah, then I must move on my own responsibility, I suppose, and trust, for safety, to the little penetration which I possess. I shall start matters in one way or the other very soon, you may be sure. But I confess that I have become ac-

tached to the Hedge, and I am not anxious to leave it, if I can make myself—or get somebody else to make me—content to stay there. It is a fine place, don't you think so, Miss Grahame?" and he turned carelessly to my aunt.

"Yes, it is beautiful," she said. "I frankly confess to a little surprise at your inclination to leave it."

"I should like some one to persuade me into remaining. I came out here for very equal, fifteen minutes ago, to find company in the spruce-trees, and the icicles."

"Why did you not come over to us?" asked my uncle Herbert.

"I was not company sufficient for myself; how could I bore other people to death? But I beg your pardon (we had been standing all this time in the porch); I believe I have fairly forgotten to invite you to enter. You see, Miss Grahame, I am getting out of date, losing all the manners I ever possessed. (Precious few, by the way!) All the consequence of leading a bachelor's life. I am out of humanity's reach!—decidedly!" He went in, preceding us, and threw open the drawing-room door. "*Entrez!* and cheer up my lonely den, for a little while. Seat yourself here, Miss Grahame," drawing a fauteuil from the hearth to the bay-window. "Herbert, make yourself comfortable. Come here, Ellen Aubrey. What is that great book, which you carry?"

"The Encyclopedia, sir, which you sent to my uncle Herbert. We brought it over in the sleigh."

"And I am greatly obliged to you for the use of it, sir," said my uncle.

"A fig for the obligation, my dear friend! The whole library is at your service, on condition that you will exercise the contents sufficiently to prevent the books from getting musty for want of use. By the way, I received a package of volumes from town, yesterday, which I think you will like. They are on the library table. Are you going in? Be kind enough, if you please, to give me an opinion of the engravings, which you will also find there. Tell me if they are right."

Uncle Herbert went. I wanted to go too, but my aunt was holding my hand.

"Adelaide," said Mr. Arthurson, turning to her, "do you remember a certain contract which we made the evening Louise was married?"

"Yes, sir."

"You abide by it?"

"I do."

"I shall require your assistance in a short time. I have looked about for the person who is to be your companion during the ceremony."

"I suppose you have fixed upon the individual?" said my aunt, with a slight smile.

"Yes, I leave you to decide upon the wisdom of the choice. His name is Robert Arthurson. Will you take him, Adelaide?"

He held out his hand. An expression of mingled astonishment and perplexity blended with the lingering smile in my aunt's eye, and then gave place to a sweet seriousness. She laid her hand in his, without speaking.

I suppose I made big eyes at this incomprehensible scene. I tried to extricate my fingers from my aunt's clasp, with a vague feeling that I was *de trop*. Mr. Arthurson laughed.

"Adelaide, do let that poor child go! She is longing to be safe with Herbert. Away with you, Ellen Aubrey! and tell uncle Herbert that we are practising charades—*aunt Adelaide and I—for private representation.*"

And so they were. The charade was enacted at the parsonage, the next Thanksgiving; and the solution was—*Marriage*.

#### THE WHITE OWL.

This bird, so common in Europe, is rare in this country, and is never found here except during severe winters. This, we are told, may possibly be owing to the want of those favorite recesses, which it so much affects in the eastern continent. The multitudes of old ruined castles, towers, monasteries, and cathedrals, that everywhere rise to view in those countries, are the chosen haunts of this well-known species. Its savage cries at night, give, with vulgar minds, a cast of super natural horror to those venerable, mouldering piles of antiquity. This species being common to both continents, doubtless extends to the Arctic regions. It also inhabits Tartary, where, according to Pennant, "the Monguls and natives almost pay it divine honors, because they attribute to this species the preservation of the founder of their empire, Genghis Khan. That prince, with his small army, happened to be surprised and put to flight by his enemies, and forced to conceal himself in a little coppice; the owl settled upon the bush under which he was hid, and induced his pursuers not to search there, as they thought it impossible that any man could be concealed in a place where that bird would perch. From henceforth they held it to be sacred, that every one wore a plume of the feathers of this species on his head. To this day the Kalmucs continue the custom on all great festivals; and some tribes have an idol in form of an owl, to which they fasten the real legs of one.—*Buffon*."

God made both tears and laughter, and both for kind purposes; for as laughter enables mirth and surprise to breathe freely, so tears enable sorrow to vent itself patiently. Tears hinder sorrow from becoming despair and madness; and laughter is one of the very privileges of reason, being confined to the human species.

## MY COUNTRY.

BY AMY SANFON.

I am proud of my country! the land of all others,  
Where mankind are equal, and all are as brothers;  
Where rank and where birth are as naught in the scale,  
Where the rich meet the poor with as kindly a hail,  
As though fortune had smiled on them equally here—  
This land of my fathers to me is most dear.

I am proud of my country! yet more for this cause,  
That here they are governed who make their own laws;  
Our rulers and statesmen are men who've been tried,  
Whose fitness for office can scarce be denied;  
And if they prove truant, to change we have right—  
They're upheld by the people, and not by their might.

I am proud of my country! for all hags may know  
The blessings which wisdom alone can bestow.  
None need be degraded, unlearned, or a dunce,  
If he have but the will, he's the power to advance.

## A NIGHT AT DIXVILLE NOTCH.

BY WARREN CHASE.

THE inhabitants of the White Mountain section of the Granite State often allude to the charm which that peerless region seems to exercise over its visitors, rarely permitting them to extend their rambles beyond its cherished glens and streams, and dimming the lustre of those varied objects of natural beauty and interest, which so unquestionably abound in the more northern portion of the State. A small, but more adventurous class, however, dissatisfied with the meagre facilities which the White Mountain waters offer to the lover of the angle, have, from time to time, repaired to the wild shores of Lake Umbagog, to gratify their piscatory taste; and on their way thither, have passed that great natural curiosity, Dixville Notch, which rears its crumbling walls forty miles to the north of Mount Washington.

My attempts at trout fishing, last July, in the waters of Peabody's River, having resulted in the capture of five insignificant specimens of the finny race, after laboriously following the windings of that stream, from the date of its formation, above the Glen House, until it finds a home, eight miles distant, in the Androscoggin River, I resolved to compensate for so disgraceful a failure, by a visit to Lake Umbagog; and it was on the way thither that occurred to myself and companion the incident which forms the subject of this sketch.

Taking the railroad at the Alpine House, in Gorham, we sped our way through the smiling meadows that skirt the Androscoggin, Ammonoosuc, and Connecticut Rivers, as far as the North

Stratford station, where we took a coach, in waiting to convey passengers to the pleasant village of Colebrook. This is the most northern settlement of New Hampshire, and the few farms, which lie scattered at a distance of a dozen or so of miles to the northeast of it, form the outskirts of New England civilization, in that direction.

From Colebrook, we found it necessary to proceed on foot, as our course lay through the desolate townships of Dixville and Milan, as yet little affected by the influence of man. Wending our way up the tortuous valley of the Mohawk stream, which falls brawling down from Dixville Notch to the Connecticut, we rested our tired frames at Farmer Young's, who hospitably furnished us dinner, and gave us directions for the continuance of our journey to the lake. We learned that there was a dwelling, the year before abandoned by its builder, a short distance beyond the notch, which we could, by dint of effort, reach that night; so bidding adieu to our host and hostess, we resumed our march along the base of those bleak peaks which rear their spectral forms in that vicinity. We fortunately enjoyed a favorable view of the notch, and partook of a lunch on the brink of its renowned spring, whose waters, gushing from their rocky bed, rival ice in coldness.

In the mean time, an ominous cloud revealed itself in the west, and the lowering aspect of the skies gave evidence of an approaching shower. Believing ourselves to be at no great distance from the house which was to furnish us shelter for the night, my companion and I sought to reach it, with as much speed as the savage nature of the path would allow. Before we had proceeded a quarter of a mile, however, the storm overtook us, in all its fury. We were drenched by the falling torrents, and had the mischance, also, to wet our rifle charges. Night had now closed around us, in its darkest state, and it was with much difficulty that we followed the ill-defined way. At length, however, the longed-for shelter appeared, and through its windows we were surprised to see gleaming a light. On a nearer approach, the sound of voices met our ears; and on opening the door, we found three men and a woman engaged in roughly despatching a supper. They welcomed us with surprise, but apparent good will, and having assisted us to lay aside our luggage, and some of our wet garments, we were invited to take a seat at the table. A variety of questions ensued, on their part, which I left my companion to answer, while I began an examination of the place and the appearance of the inmates. The woman,

and one of the men, were whites; the two others were Indians; and all possessed that roughness of manner and feature, which bespoke a backwoods life. The Indians were dressed in hunter's garb, and on the hearth slept two of these lank, savage-looking curs, which generally belong to such masters. The white and his wife, as I soon learned from the conversation, had arrived the week previous, from the Umbagog settlement, and taken possession of the deserted dwelling, with a view of effecting a clearing in its vicinity. The Indians were from Canada, and on terms of former acquaintance with the host.

Not to speak of the suspicion which might naturally arise in the mind of a person unaccustomed to such scenes, there were other reasons which tended to augment my apprehensions, and convince me of the insecurity that surrounded us. My companion, on the contrary, did not seem to harbor any degree of doubt as to the character of the company, and laughed and talked with as much freedom as if seated at his own fireside. To their inquisitive demands as to our place of residence, our family relations, the reasons of our attempting the excursion, and the real object of our visit (for they could not believe it to be a simple sporting errand), my companion made bold replies; and, with an air of magnifying greatly his importance in their eyes, assured them that it was our purpose to purchase the first promising farm that we should see in the Umbagog settlement. What imprudence! The state of my nerves could bear no more, and I at once broke the thread of their conversation, by proposing to retire for the night. The place assigned to myself and companion was on the floor above, attainable by a ladder, where a huge bear-skin and a blanket had been spread for our comfort, beneath a row of venison and ham which strung one of the rafters. My companion imprudently took his valise, under pretence of using it for a pillow, and I could easily see the greedy eyes of our entertainers fixed upon it, as we bade them good night and disappeared.

My first duty, after mounting, was to communicate my suspicions to C., and chide him for the unguarded tone of his conversation. It was in vain that I spoke of the savage, determined air of those around us, of the danger of our situation, and the reasons which might easily induce them to effect our robbery, and it was with a shudder that I saw him creep disregardingly beneath the blanket, and in a few moments sink into profound slumber.

How little did C.'s indifference conform with

my excited state. I eagerly bent my ear to the floor, but I could hear merely a hoarse sound of voices. I went to the window, but on taking aside the board that protected it, I was greeted by a volley of barks and growls from without, which quickly induced me to replace it. I returned to the door, and, seating myself behind it, painfully awaited the result.

The night had nearly passed, and my fears had undergone great alloyment, when a sound from beneath, as of persons engaged in dispute, served suddenly to renew them. I placed my ear to a crevice of the floor, and was able to distinguish these awful words from the mouth of one of the men: "Kill them both!" to which the female replied, "yes!" and I was able to distinguish no more. An irrepressible feeling of fear overcame me for the instant; I could hardly draw a breath, and my whole body assumed a deathlike coldness. I soon recovered, but only to awaken to a still stronger sense of our deplorable situation. Two youths, unarmed, against three swarthy men, equipped to the teeth. My comrade, too, dead with sleep and fatigue! To arouse him, to make the slightest noise, I dared not; to escape alone, I could not, for the window seemed guarded by dogs.

At the expiration of ten or fifteen minutes, which seemed to my excited mind an age, I heard footsteps below; and looking through an aperture of the door, I saw the husband cautiously approaching the ladder, a candle in one hand, and a huge knife in the other. He ascended, and as he raised the latch, I noiselessly retreated to watch his movements. Barefooted he entered; and screening the lamp with his hand, lest its glare might disturb the sleep of his victims, I saw him stealthily approach the resting-place of my unconscious companion, whose neck lay exposed to the stroke of the murderer. He paused before him, raised the glistening blade, and—cut a huge slice from one of the hams that hung to the rafter, when he withdrew, as quietly as he had entered.

When day appeared, the husband came to awaken us, for I was sleeping, and apprised us that breakfast was in waiting. We were soon at the steaming table, upon which was spread, for our gratification, a far greater variety, considering the circumstances, than one would be led to expect; and among other things, which the good woman had provided, were two pullets, one of which was to form our breakfast, and the other to solace us on the wilderness shores of the lake. On seeing them, I could easily understand the sense of those terrible words: "Shall we kill them both?"

## EDITOR'S TABLE.

MATURIN M. BALLOU, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

### CROWDING THE CITIES.

While our great seaboard cities owe a large share of the best portions of their population to the infusion of the country element, to the vigorous, robust and energetic men who come thither to make their fortunes, it must be confessed that far too many young men abandon the country for a city life. The supply outruns the demand. No young man, who is not sure that he is possessed of extraordinary business tact, of the soundest moral principle, of unwearied patience and fertile resources, should ever abandon the certainty of rural pursuits for the lottery of trade. And such should remember that the days of rapid fortunes are past and gone, that success in business now-a-days requires very large capital, and very great ability, and that mediocrity and poverty have no chance of success. It is crushing to the hopes of a young heart to discover that industry and a willingness to work do not always command a decent livelihood in the city. In the country they are sure to do this, and to secure health into the bargain. Our cities are over-crowded already; business is overdone; there must be a reaction. There is work enough and room enough for all in this favored land; but it will never do to glut with labor particular pursuits and particular localities. By so doing we throw away our great and incalculable national advantages.

TOO TRUE.—It was Louis XII. who said that when he made an appointment to a vacant office, he disappointed a hundred men and made one ungrateful. Presidents, and other high officials, soon find out this philosophy of patronage.

THE PRESS.—A country editor thinks that Richelieu, who declared that the "pen was mightier than the sword," ought to have spoken a good word in favor of the "scissors."

WHAT'S IN A NAME?—The great English philosopher was Bacon, one of the finest Scotch poets, Hogg, and one of the pleasantest British essayists, Lamb.

GREAT NOVELTY.—Bonnets are to be worn on the head this winter. No one knows who commenced this extraordinary revolution.

### A BRIGHT IDEA.

The London Post thinks "there is no doubt we (the English) might find most valuable irregular troops in the North American Indians; not as fighting men, but as scouts. The stealthy character of their own system of war would fit them admirably for the task of watching the enemy, and not a movement could escape their vigilance. It is worthy of note, that of the four great actions which have taken place since our troops landed in the Crimea, two have partaken largely of the character of surprises, and very many of the disadvantages arising from want of preparation would have been obviated in both cases had a body of red men been prowling during the night in the valley of the Tchernaya." An excellent suggestion! What will you give them for Russian scalps?—the same price you paid for the scalps of Americans during the Revolutionary War? O, Johnny, Johnny! you have much to learn in your old age, and among the first things you must master, is humanity. It will never do for you to talk of Russian barbarity and the enlistment of savages in the same breath.

GIGANTIC REFORM.—A commissary of police at Havana has been discharged lately for taking a bribe from the keeper of a gambling saloon. Really, Havana is getting to be a very moral place. To be sure, it is notorious that the captain-generals of Cuba become enormously rich from the bribes they receive; but it would not do to interfere with the perquisites of a captain-general, while it is perfectly safe to make an example of a petty policeman. Public justice scowls on the petty official, but is blind, and deaf, and dumb to men of rank and power.

A GOOD MOTTO.—*Aut inveniam viam aut faciam* (I will either find a way or make it), was the lofty motto of Lord Bacon. The young man who adopts this is sure to save his bacon in the end.

CLAY CLOCKS.—Aluminum, the mineral extracted from clay, is used in Paris for the manufacture of clock works. It is better than brass or steel, and as good as gold.

STAGE ILLUSION.

The verdant days have gone by when we believed that the fleeting shows and pageantry of the stage, its simulated passions, its loves, its joys, and its sorrows, were things real—as real as the beauties of nature, and the pleasures and woes of actual life. We have been behind the scenes, we have seen the sylphides chalking the soles of their slippers, the bereaved father indulging in a pot of porter and a pipe of tobacco; and Macbeth rating his jetkall, in set terms, for not bringing him the Welsh rabbit he had ordered. But without knowing anything of the inner life of the stage, its illusions vanish as they become familiar. And this is well. If we could persuade ourselves, even for a brief space, that the woes and horrors of tragedy were real, we should derive pain, and not pleasure, from the representation, and avoid the inside of a theatre as we do that of a pest-house. In tragedy we are pleased with the performance, because we know it is art and not nature; and in comedy we are not displeased when the performers exhibit a consciousness of the presence of the audience.

Charles Lamb says: "We confess we love in comedy to see an audience naturalized behind the scenes, taken into the interest of the drama, welcomed as bystanders, however. There is something ungracious in a comic actor holding himself aloof from all participation or concern with those who are come to be diverted by him. Macbeth must see the dagger, and no ear but his own be told of it; but an old fool, in farce, may think he *sees something*, and by conscious looks and words express it, as plainly as he can speak, to pit, box and gallery." The French never speak of going to see a play; they always say the public "*assist* at the representation of a play," and this conventional phrase expresses the sort of correspondence of feeling that exists, and shall exist, particularly in comedy, between the actor and audience. This correspondence should be felt rather than seen; no telegraphic communications or direct appeals to the public are ever made by the true artist. It is only your half-price tragedian, who, having braved the tyrant on his throne, as he is dragged away in chains to the "lowest dungeon of the castle," addresses to the boisterous "b'hoys" his *Valate et plaudite*. It is only a very low comedian who is on nodding or winking terms with parquette and sideboxes. The understanding between a true artist and his audience is a tacit one, a sort of magnetism, and this we suppose is the kind of correspondence Lamb approves. The foot-lights should be as sacred and impassable a barrier as

the line which the Roman ambassador traced with his wand about his person, at least so long as the curtain is up. The only violation we admit of is in comedy, or farce, where at the close of the piece an address to the audience by one or more characters is admissible. But the appealing tag in a serious drama, the moral, presented like a bayonet to your heart, is odious. So is also the call before the curtain of a popular tragedian.

While we admit that even tragedy should not be perfectly illusory, still we protest against the seven-leagued stride from the sublime to the ridiculous inseparable from the instantaneous appearance of the "bleed-bolted" hero who had just fallen, covered with wounds, to bow his acknowledgements to the instantaneous approbation of the audience. It was not long since that we, "albeit unused to the melting mood," were moved to tears by the simulated death-pangs of the great French tragedienne as Adrienne Lecouvreur. The curtain descended on such a tableau as is rarely presented on the stage. Instantly, while we looked to see the audience quietly and reverently disperse—the greatest homage they could have paid to the genius of the greatest living actress—rose discordant shouts of "Ray-chal!" "Raw-chell!" and "Rechelle!" (the latter pronunciation being most prevalent), and the resuscitated Adrienne was led forward to curtsy her thanks for "doing the death scene to the life," and sweep away again in a cloud of diaphanous drapery, having destroyed every trace of the momentary illusion her genius had created. Stage illusion is never, and ought never to be complete; but it never ought to be so grossly violated as in the instance we have here noted.

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 ANYTHING FOR SUCCESS.—Lord Amherst, the English ambassador to China, refused an audience with the emperor because he would have been obliged to prostrate himself before him. Napoleon ridiculed his scruples, and said to his lordship: "I should have told my ambassador, Lie flat on the ground two hours if necessary; but at any rate, succeed!"

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 SCARCITY OF FOOD.—The scarcity and dearth of food has already caused disturbances in Spain. Before the winter is over, the same causes will produce the same effect in France, only they will be more intense and formidable.

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 SUPERSTITIOUS.—At the sale of the estate of the late Sam'l Porter, in Halifax, Va., the sum of \$600 was paid for a *mad stone*, a mineral supposed to have wonderful healing virtues.

## CONVERSATION.

There are few really good conversers in society, though there are plenty of gifted men who can harangue and lecture their auditors. Gabblers and babblers abound, and there are male and female gossipers in plenty, but the number of those who possess the art—for it is an art—of conversing brilliantly and agreeably, is quite limited. The most gifted minds have constantly proclaimed the great importance of conversation. St. Evremont says: "Conversation is the peculiar property of man; the same as reason. It is the bond of society. By means of conversation the commerce of civil life is kept up, minds communicate their ideas, hearts express their emotions, and friendships are formed and retained." Swift says, in substance—we are not sure of his words, for we are quoting from memory: "Conversation is the great school of mind; not only by enriching it with knowledge it would have obtained with difficulty from other sources, but by rendering it more vigorous, more just, more penetrating, and more profound. A great majority of men, and those even who have given the highest culture to their minds, derive much of their knowledge from conversation."

This power of the civilised world has, among all nations, followed the progress of ideas; and as soon as men were able to emerge from the glooms of material life, and appreciate the phenomena by which they were surrounded, they must have experienced the need of communicating their ideas, and this want, increasing with civilisation, regulated itself, and conversation became an art which had its forms and precepts. Philosophy, among the ancients, readily lent itself to the colloquial form, and Plato, at the Academy, when teaching the highest laws of nature and wisdom, conversed with his disciples. Probably, the most brilliant talkers on record were to be found in France, in the age of Voltaire.

Those unfortunate mortals, to whom time, that priceless treasure, is so often a burthen, find in conversation a diversion as innocent as it is agreeable. Whatever may be the origin of the necessity for conversing, it exists, and this want is experienced by all men after labor, study and business. It is keenest with the wealthy, who are not subjected to any kind of employment; but it is particularly felt by women, who are endowed with keener sensibility, and condemned by their sex to a mere monotonous existence. "What a delicious city Venice is!" exclaimed a lady. "What did you find so seductive there?" asked one of her hearers. "O, I talked all day!" was the reply.

Few, even, among those men who have professed misanthropy, and led a hermit-life, retired from the world, have been proof against the charms of conversing with an occasional visitor. Timon of Athens is cited as an exception to the rule. He was supping one day with Apemantus—another misanthrope like himself. They were celebrating together the feast of "Funeral Libations." After a long silence, Apemantus, charmed with the *tete-a-tete*, exclaimed: "O, Timon, what an agreeable supper!" "Yes," replied Timon, "if you were not here!"

We may apply to conversation what Aldrich said of travelling. "We learn by it infinitely better than by all the charts in the world, not to esteem or despise men, but to know ourselves, and, in part, to become acquainted with others."

TYRIAN PURPLE.—It is stated that the secret of this splendid color, which has been lost to the world since the days of the Romans, has just been discovered in Paris. The discoverer is a Mr. Depouilly, a chemist in a great dyeing establishment at Paris, and the principle of the splendid color he produces is found in guano. Perfectly successful experiments were made at the Universal Exposition before Prince Napoleon, and Messrs. Chevreton and Dumas, the most expert men in the empire. It is impossible to estimate too highly the effect of this discovery on the arts.

AFFABILITY.—This quality must not be confounded with politeness—the latter is the result of external polish, the former an indication of goodness of heart. When the Abbe Raynal was presented to Frederick the Great, surrounded by his generals, the monarch held out his hand to him, offered him a seat at his side, and said to him with a simplicity worthy of the heroic ages: "We are both of us old; let us sit down together and converse." This was something more than mere politeness.

THE DAGUERRETYPE BUSINESS.—There are about 10,000 daguerreotypists in the United States, taking daily twenty pictures each, at an average of \$2.50, giving 200,000 pictures at an expense of over half a million of dollars.

IN THE NAME OF THE PROPHET—FIGS!—This delicious fruit, chopped up fine, makes an admirable addition to the ingredients of a mince pie. Remember it, ye housekeepers!

LITERARY.—Ainsworth, the popular English novelist, is engaged on a new serial work.

WINTER.

It is no marvel, since the weather has such an effect on health and spirits, that it is the first topic that rises to our lips in conversation, and the readiest theme that suggests itself to the pen. One of the finest poems in the English language is Thomson's *Seasons*; and atmospherical phenomena suggest one half the charms of landscape painting. We need not apologize, then, for a word or two on the season, as we sit before this glowing fire of anthracite, and listen to the wind as it drearily rattles the window, or clashes the thread-bare branches of the trees together, or sends the icicles rattling down from the projecting eaves. Yes, we have fairly entered on the reign of Winter, but the grey-beard monarch is not half so formidable, on acquaintance, as he appears at a distance. Had we pencil and palette in hand, we should not personify him as a grim tyrant, but as a vigorous old man, with snows upon his brow indeed, but the glow of health burning in his cheeks and lips. We have learned to love the old gentleman. We are quite sure, if we were doomed to a land where Lady Summer reigns eternally, we should rebel against her sovereignty. Our pulses would miss the quickening touch, our blood the healthful stir, imparted by the "lusty winter." And gorgeous as are the hues with which Summer decks her court, the carpets of flowers, the pyramids of swaying trees, the flash of falling fountains, Winter has his pageantries for his liege subjects. He knows them not who has never threaded the mazes of a New England forest at a time when the sharp frost, following hard on the heels of a warm rain, has changed it to a wilderness of gems, outshining in splendor the royal treasure-house of Dresden, or the fabled glories of Aladdin's Cave. What cathedral pile, with its soaring pillars encrusted with the wealth of nations, can compare in magnificence with this structure of Nature? And this is only one of the many phases which makes us love the reign of winter, in spite of its length and its severity. We cordially exclaim with Eliza Cook:

"Here's a health, then, a health to old gray-haired December,  
With his holly-crowned brow and his carolling lip."

**SILENCE!**—Why will not loquacious people learn that silence is sometimes more eloquent than words? Phocion called loquacious people robbers of time, and compared them to empty hogsheads, which sound louder than full ones.

**MAIL ROBBERY.**—A great noise is made about these rascals now-a-days; but it seems that there are also a great many female robbers about.

CHARITY.

It is very easy to assume a tone of misanthropy. It is very easy to assert that this is a hard world—that there is no good in it—that the prosperous have no charity—that the poor are impostors, etc.—but it is a difficult matter to prove. When we look below the surface, we shall find individuals and societies, in every large community, devoting time, money, tact and talent to the amelioration of the condition of less favored fellow-beings. We shall find such men doing the more good, because acting noiselessly and unostentatiously. In our city, for instance, see what a single association, the Boston Young Men's Benevolent Society, has quietly accomplished in its sphere. They have assisted three hundred and eight families, most of whom have seen better days, during the past year—old men, lone women, children, who can scrape along during the summer without help, but who require aid, when the pinching season of winter comes down upon them in its rigor. These are not persons who make a trade of haggling. You never hear them ask for help; but they receive it, gratefully invoking blessings on the heads of the giver. There are other societies in this good city, also, laboring in this good cause.

**OLD LETTERS.**—How many sad thoughts and glad thoughts are awakened by glancing over a file of old letters. Memorials of the loved and lost, expressions of maternal tenderness, Judas phrases of treachery, records of hopes long since blasted, rays of sunshine from happy hearts—all are blended together. It is a sore trial to the nerves to look over a collection of these long-dated missives.

**PENN'S READINESS.**—"You will never be the wiser if I sit here answering your questions till midnight," said one of the upright justices to Penn, who had been putting law cases with a puzzling subtlety. "Thereafter as the answers may be," retorted the quaker.

**FEMALE LAWYERS.**—The New York Times thinks ladies cannot make good lawyers, because they haven't got brass enough. We have no doubt there are many ladies who would make as good pleaders as Portia in the "Merchant of Venice."

**SHAKESPEARE IMPROVED.**—Away out "be-yant the Mississipp," when they play *Macbeth* to the backwoodsmen, the hero in the dagger scene always says:

"Is this a hogs-head I see before me?"



## SUNDAY IN THE CITY.

A Sunday in the country presents no very striking contrast to a country week day—the number of laborers is so distributed over the large extent of territory, that their withdrawal does not produce a marked effect; but nothing can be more striking than the difference in the aspect of a great city on the Sabbath, from its appearance on the week day. What a universal stillness broods over its whole extent! Go along the wharves, where on six days the confusion of Babel reigns. Everything is quiet. Sails spread to dry, hang idly from the yards and masts; the flags and streamers dally in the sunshine. Look at the long lines of warehouses and stores—they are hermetically sealed, and look like solid masses of granite, as impervious as the Hoosac Mountain. Pass up on 'Change, "where merchants most do congregate." Where are the bulls and bears—the buyers and the sellers—the heavy men, the small speculators, the curb-stone brokers, the "Jews of all religions?" They have all retired to their domiciles, and State Street is deserted. Inert piles of notes, and heaps of gold, lie idly in the safes and vaults of the temples of Mammon—the balance wheel of trade has ceased to vibrate. But this condition of things conveys no impression of stagnation—only of healthy repose; the rest which gathers energy and vitality for a new career.

A Sunday in New York—the great imperial city of the empire, the most peerless in extent and magnificence on the American continent—is particularly impressive. Approaching it early on a Sunday morning, in a steamer, you are deeply struck with this Sabbath stillness, contrasting with the immensity and the exhaustless materials of activity and animal life. It is strange that so holy a calm broods over the miles and miles of shipping that line the water on either hand, over the acres of monstrous magazines and store-houses, and over the prodigious multitude of quays. You round the Battery—hardly do a few promenaders meet your eye on the esplanade. The bustle attendant on the arrival of the steamboat, and the embarkation of the passengers, though less demonstrative than usual, seems a jarring episode in the tranquil history of the day. You wait till the crowd has dispersed, and then taking your carpet-bag, quietly walk into Broadway. The glitter, the confusion, the crowds hurrying to and fro—where are they? What has become of that human tide who ebb and flow so febrile, almost convulsive, upon week days? You diverge into the region of groaning presses, and busy

hands and busy pens, that minister to the intellectual wants of the nation. There all is seeming quiet. Only a few newsboys, with their piles of marketable wares, scramble swiftly out of doorways, and up from arcades, breaking out with their shrill enunciatory cries, as they dart into the large thoroughfares, or wend their ways to the hotels.

But the general silence is in time broken by the musical thunder of a thousand steeples, and they make the air reel with their ponderous melody. Another interval of silence, another pealing summons, and the streets are crowded. A dense tide of human beings, some richly, all respectfully attired, throng the streets. The shuffling and trampling of innumerable feet is like the rustling of fallen autumn leaves in the eddying winds of December. But quiet is the order of the day. The non-church going part of the population quietly betake themselves to carriages, railroad-cars and ferry-boats, and slip out of the city to spend the day in suburban haunts, returning at nightfall, and darkness shuts upon a peaceful, silent place.

Not long after midnight, the city begins to awaken to its week of toil like a giant refreshed from his slumbers. The rumble and roar of carts, the tramp of feet, indicate the feverish pursuit of the stirring purposes of life; but that one Sabbath day of rest extends its happy influence throughout the week.

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**BALLOU'S DOLLAR MAGAZINE.**—Though our monthly may be had at all of the periodical depots at *ten cents* per copy, yet the cheapest and best mode to receive it is by subscribing to the office of publication direct. It is then obtained in a *neat, clean form*, and at the *earliest* possible moment.

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**BOOK SALES.**—In England, to sell ten thousand copies of a work of fiction is considered a great business; in this country, the sale of an edition of fifty thousand copies is not an extraordinary event. Boston is equal, if not superior, to New York, in the book manufacture.

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**EMIGRATION.**—Few persons, not observant of statistics, are aware how large a number of our sterling New England citizens are steadily pressing forward as settlers in the Great West. God speed them.

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**POPULATION.**—Russia averages about eight persons to a square mile, France, 170, and England, 290.

## DRESS.

The art of dressing well consists in knowing how to unite elegance with an original simplicity. Fashions have their revolutions, their anarchies, their catastrophes, but the most exquisite neatness has always been the basis of dress. On the day of the interview between Napoleon and Alexander on the Niemen, Murat and General Dorsenne came up at the same time to take their places behind the French emperor. Murat, as usual, was loaded with embroidery, furs, and aigrettes; Dorsenne, with that elegant and select but severe attire, which made this fine general the model of the army. Napoleon, perceiving Murat in this garb, said to him: "Go and put on your marshal's coat—you look like Francini, the circus-rider." And then he affectionately saluted Dorsenne. This lesson in dress was not lost on the army, with the exception of the vain and showy man to whom the rebuke was addressed.

**STREET MUSIC.**—Some of the New York papers are down on the itinerant musicians who perambulate the streets of the Empire City. It is their music which seems hideous to ears trained to "Ausonian airs," and yet there are thousands of the poor who, but for these wandering minstrels, would never hear any music at all. National melodies and tender love strains, even if not executed with Italian skill, are not without their good effect on the listeners.

**SYSTEM.**—"Order is Heaven's first law," says the poet, and Dr. Hall, in commenting on the theme which suggested the axiom, says rightly: "A wife who has her whole establishment so arranged from cellar to attic, that she knows on any emergency where to go for a required article, is a treasure to any man."

**BEAUTIFUL EYES.**—We believe it has never been settled whether blue or black eyes are the prettier. The Turks talk about stag-eyes in their ladies—and Lady Mary Wortley Montague liked the epithet as expressive of "fire and indifference." Homer's Juno is ox-eyed.

**OUR NAVY.**—We are pleased to see that Uncle Sam is "brushing up" a little, and getting his steamers and sailing craft in serviceable condition. It is the best policy. War is often prevented by being prepared for it.

**A CANAL.**—Business men and capitalists talk of connecting the Mississippi River with Lake Borgue by means of a canal.

## THE POOR.

Ye men of fortune, as ye sit in the quiet evening in rooms splendidly draped and furnished, and warmed to summer heat, so that flowers bloom around you as in August, while the clashing sleet strikes your window-panes with a not unmusical murmur, forget not that there are hundreds all around you, fireless, hungry and ill-clad. If you have not energy to seek out the needy, at least, never refuse assistance when it is asked. In this world of mutual dependence, those who have nothing have a right to ask and receive help of those who have.

**GOOD HUMOR.**—Nothing is more unphilosophical than the exhibition of ill-humor in circumstances that you can possibly prevent it. Seneca's remedy in unavoidable misfortune was to "smile and sustain it." We think resignation is a national virtue of our countrymen. Just before an election you would think them capable of cutting each other's throats—the day after the defeated party wears a good-natured smile, and there is not a bit of bullying on the part of the victors.

**RICH MEN.**—The Rothschilds—poor fellows—are not quite so well off as we supposed them to be. It was stated that they were worth \$700,000,000; it is now thought best to take "a little off the thinnest part," towards the latter end, and to change the first figure, which cuts the family down to \$40,000,000. We assure our readers that we do this out of consideration to the money, but will see ourselves hanged before we take off another million to please anybody.

**HIS FIRST PLAY.**—Charles Lamb was taken to the theatre when six years old, to see *Artaxerxes*. He says: "It was all enchantment and a dream. No such pleasure has since visited me but in dreams." Elsewhere he intimates that, but for certain physical disqualifications, he should himself have been an actor.

**CONVERSATION.**—Life is a mixture of pains and pleasures; of good and evil days; be equally varied in your discourse; show yourself by turns sad or gay, serious or sportive, according to the subject or the circumstances.

**SPIRITUALISM.**—A machinist in Charlestown has been sent to the Lunatic Asylum, having lost his reason by dwelling on spiritualism.

**YANKEEISH.**—A machine has recently been invented that will peg a boot or shoe in thirty seconds.

## Foreign Miscellany.

Spandaw, the Dutch post, has lately died, at the age of 80 years.

In London, ready-made sermons are sold to brainless clergymen at half a crown each.

A report comes by way of Paris, that Russia has granted letters of marque to some American ships, as privateers.

Sir Thomas Trowbridge, who had both legs shot off in the Crimea, has just been united in marriage to Miss Gurney, of Norwich.

Victor Hugo with his son, and those who signed the recent protest, have been expelled from the Channel Islands.

The Manchester peace party have caused placards to be issued, with the catching head, "Stop the war!"

The Sultan has promoted the Bey of Tunis to the rank of Muchir (Field Marshal), with the customary present of a sword of honor.

Nearly six thousand people connected with the Paris Exhibition have signed a petition praying that it may be re-opened on the 1st of next May.

Distress prevails in Tuscany from bad harvests, cholera, and mismanagement in government. The inhabitants are anticipating a winter of unparalleled suffering.

A biographical sketch of Lord Palmerston in the Banbury Guardian says that his Lordship is a descendant of Leofric, Earl of Mercia, and husband of the famous Lady Godiva.

A Paris letter speaks of a young lady who received intelligence from the Crimea of the death of her lover, her father, brother and uncle, all by the same post! Such is war.

There seems no doubt the son of the Prince Royal of Prussia is affianced to the Princess Royal of England, although they probably will not be married for twelve or eighteen months.

An Imperial firman has been granted by the Sultan for the purpose of fighting Constantinople with gas. This concession has been given to an English gentleman of influence, long a resident in that city.

It is said that the Bible is received with increasing readiness by the Turks, and they appear to countenance all efforts made in a quiet way for the promulgation of the word of God among them.

The identical boat in which Grace Darling earned her celebrity, now lies bottom up on the beach at North Sunderland, and is regarded by the unromantic dwellers in that region with perfect indifference!

It is rumored in London that the Bank of England and the Bank of France are about uniting in the establishment of branches in Constantinople and in the Crimea with the view of opening offices of circulation and deposit in those parts.

The Dublin Hospital Gazette states that diseased teeth have been rendered insensible to pain by a cement composed of Canada balsam and slacked lime, which is to be inserted in the hollow of a tooth, like a pill. It is stated that such pills afford immediate relief.

Gen. Le Vaillant is appointed French Governor of Sebastopol.

The high commissions in the British army are held by old fogies and young striplings.

At Glasgow a man has been sentenced to sixty days' imprisonment for stealing a farthing.

At an idiot asylum in the north of England, seven out of ten of the patients are the children of parents related to each other by consanguinity.

The Piedmontese Gazette announces that Silvio Pellico's correspondence will shortly be published.

There is a printing-office in Paris capable of printing the Lord's prayer in three hundred different languages.

The king of the Belgians has offered a prize of three thousand francs to the author of the best history of the reign of Albert and Isabella.

The annual value of the manufactures sent forth to the markets of the world by French goldsmiths, silversmiths, and jewellers, is upwards of two millions sterling (\$9,800,000).

During a thunderstorm in Liverpool, lately, the electric fluid ignited the contents of a fire-work manufactory, and a fearful explosion, accompanied by loss of life, was the result.

A late London paper says the Russian officers at Constantinople, asked permission, which was granted, to celebrate the birthday of the Emperor Alexander.

A botanist, in one of the interior towns of France, is said to have discovered a native weed, which grows in abundance, and furnishes an infusion closely resembling, in color, aroma and taste, the black tea of China.

A Pole was sent from St. Petersburg to Kiew with 680,000 roubles to purchase horses for the Russian army, but he mistook the way, went to Warsaw, and then to Paris. This is the greatest horse trade we have heard of lately.

The Pope of Rome had a narrow escape recently from the hands of the banditti, who intended to seize him as he was riding out of the city, with the intention of securing a ransom. The Bishop of Imola, in Greece, was recently served in this way and ransomed.

A recent number of Galignani's Messenger says: "At an exhibition of flowers which took place at the beginning of this month, at Mannheim, a prize was awarded for a very extraordinary floral curiosity, a green rose. The petals of the flower were green, and had somewhat the form of leaves.

From statistics just published, the vastness of London is clearly exhibited. It is stated that 200,000 persons enter the city each day on foot by different avenues, and about 15,000 by the river steamers; and that, beside the cab, cart, carriage and wagon traffic of the streets, the omnibuses alone perform 7400 daily journeys.

At Cairo there are now about twenty Coptic Protestants, with a priest among them, who meet to read the Bible. There is a Greek Catholic, or United Greek bishop, said to preach almost the pure Gospel. The old Armenian bishop, while expressing himself very strongly against tradition, speaks of the Holy Scriptures as containing all that is necessary for salvation.

## Record of the Times.

About one in five of the deaths which occur in New York are from consumption.

The population of Hartford, Ct., is shown by the new census to be 24,024.

Lope de Vega, who wrote 1500 plays, was a soldier, alchemist, priest, and twice married.

Baron Damier, a negro diplomatist, has been sent to London by the Haytien emperor.

Mrs. Maeder (formerly Miss Clara Fisher) is fitting young ladies for the stage in New York.

Leopold de Meyer, the lion-pianist, has gone to Grafenberg for his health.

The remains of the lamented Countess Rossi-Sontag repose in the convent of Marienthal.

Why is a woman living up two pair of stairs like a goddess? Because she is a second Flora.

The oldest husbandry we know is when a man in clever marries a woman in weeds.

The lawyer who believes it is wicked to lie, is spending a week with the Quaker who indulges in marine hornpipes.

A new counterfeit bank-note is described as having for its vignette a "female with a rake in her lap."

In Kentucky, a wealthy man who courted a girl "just for the fun," has been mulcted in \$6000 damages for breach of promise.

A fossilized mammoth tooth of the Mastodon Maximus, weighing three pounds, has been found lately in a creek at Canemah, Oregon.

The St. Louis Intelligencer states that from thirty to forty dead men are taken out of the river opposite that city monthly.

The Illustrated London News says that Nebraska Territory is a tract of several millions of acres lately purchased by the Americans from the Mosquito King!

In the New York Fair there is a knitting machine which knits a full grown stocking in three quarters of an hour. The elderly ladies are lost in admiration of it.

The Plough recommends smokers to try hops instead of tobacco, observing that the fragrance is balsamic, and, diffused in a bed-chamber, will always bring calm, refreshing sleep.

"American genius," says a late letter from Russia, "rules the hour at St. Petersburg. A legion of accepted war inventions are under careful trial in the way of experiments, besides an infinite number that have been declined as impracticable or unsuited to the present exigencies."

Dr. John C. Warren, in his treatise on the preservation of health, sets forth the importance of gymnastic exercises with clearness and force, as exercising all the muscles of the body, and particularly those of the upper limbs, thus expanding the chest, and developing the form.

At the railway termini at London Bridge, 16,845,000 persons arrived unparted elapsing year; at the Southwestern, 3,308,000; from the Shoreditch station, 2,143,000; Easton Square station, 970,000; Paddington station, 1,400,000; King's Cross station, 711,000; Blackwall station, in Fenchurch Street, 8,144,000.

Both the Irish and German emigration to this country has sensibly decreased.

The African slave trade has revived, from the withdrawal of British cruisers.

Manuel Ganzales, a California burglar, had ninety-six buckshot fired into him, and recovered.

A young man at Washington, while boxing, lately received a blow that killed him.

Mrs. Jameson says the "bread of life is love." But love is not always bread.

Mr. Bordan, of New York, has invented an improved life-boat.

Punch rejoices that the farce of "Simpson & Co. is no longer played in the Crimea.

The Princess Murat, who may possibly be queen of Naples, is a native of Charleston, S. C.

Immense beds of soapstone have been discovered in Walcottville, Ct., and a company has been formed to open and quarry them.

A traveller in Canada West estimates the surplus of wheat, in that province, at fifteen millions of bushels.

"Dinna forget, Johnny, to plant young trees wherever ye can set them," was the last advice of a shrewd Scotch landholder to his heir, for they'll grow while ye're sleeping."

The "iron-tailed cow," as the pump used to be poetically called, has quite superseded, in fact, the ordinary animal known by that name in natural history.

In 1794, a paper mill was built at Fairhaven, Vt., by Col. Lyon, at which paper for wrapping, and even printing, was made from basswood bark.

It is said that if the English language be divided into one hundred parts, sixty would be Saxon, thirty would be Latin (including French), five would be Greek, and the remaining five from the other languages of the world.

In New York city, there are eighty Episcopal clergymen; in Brooklyn, twenty-eight; in Philadelphia, sixty-six; in Boston, twenty-two; in Baltimore, twenty-four; in Charleston, twenty-one.

A New Bedford paper, in speaking of the contemplated additions to the whaling fleet, says that "several houses (in that city) are in pursuit of ships for the service." It must look funny to see a house in pursuit of a ship.

The village of La Crosse, Wisconsin, the terminus of the La Crosse and Milwaukee Railroad, was laid out only four years ago, and is now said to contain two thousand houses. It supports a newspaper, and enjoys the frequent visits of some thirty different steamboats.

One of the religious papers has an article on the benefit of life insurance to clergymen. It says: "We have heard of congregations who have presented their ministers with a tomb; a life insurance policy, it strikes us, would be a much more acceptable gift."

A banker in Buffalo recently lent \$12,000 to two Germans, taking as security fifty or sixty English lever gold watches. The Jews did not call for their watches, and it was found that they were all made of pinchbeck, except one which had served as a sample.

## Merry Making.

A Yankee editor says that the girls complain that the times are so hard the young men can't pay their addresses.

"A dreadful little for a shilling," said a pennurious fellow to a physician who dealt him out an emetic, "can't you give more?"

A wag passing by a retailer's shop and seeing him measuring out molasses, called out to him: "Sir, you have a sweet run of business."

**TO DRESS POULTRY.**—When the weather is very cold, cut out, and make each fowl a jacket and trowsers. Pat them on and your poultry will be dressed.

**TO CURE HAMS.**—First ascertain what is the matter with them. Then apply the proper remedy, and if you do not succeed in curing them, it isn't your fault.

Why should a little boy be careful to watch the conduct of his papa's sister? Because the Bible says, "Consider the ways of the aunt and be wise."

A queer gatherer of statistics says that of 158 pretty women whom he met in the streets of a fashionable resort at a given time, 100 were sucking their parasol handles.

A genius remarked the other day, with a grave face, that however prudent and virtuous young widows might be, he had seen many a gay young widow *err*.

Men are like bugles, the more brass they contain, the further you can hear them. Women are like tulips, the more modest and retiring they appear, the better you love them.

Shakspeare defines a man as having seven ages, whereas, we accord him only two: the first is childhood, when he "cuts his teeth," and the last is old age, when his "teeth cut him."

A lady was requested by a bachelor somewhat advanced in years to take a seat upon his knee while in a crowded sleigh. "No thank you," said she, "I am afraid such an old seat would break down with me."

A Western writer thinks that if the proper way of spelling tho' is "though," and ate "eight," and bo "bean," the proper way of spelling potatoes is "poughteigteaux." The new way of spelling softly is "psoughtleigh."

An Irishman in Chicago has just discovered a substitute for potatoes. It consists of pork and cabbage. He says he has tried various other things, but this is the only "substitute" that he'd like to warrant.

We understand that the man who could sell shoes for less than the cost, and afford to throw in an extra pair where you bought a dollar's worth, has suddenly decamped, after putting some \$100 bad money in circulation, and pocketing the silver spoons at his boarding-house.

Caraccioli, the Neapolitan minister, a man of a good deal of conversation and wit, used to say, "that the only ripe fruit he had ever seen in England were roasted apples!" and in a vivacious conversation with King George II., he took the liberty of preferring the moon of Naples to the sun of England.

Why was Herodias's daughter hard to beat at a horse race? Ans. Because she got a head of John the Baptist on a charger.

Why is a Ohio railway contractor like a German emigrant? Because he *makes tracks* for the West.

When a petulant individual politely observes to you, "You had better eat me up, hadn't you?" don't you do it.

Sydney Smith said of a great talker, that it would greatly improve him if he had, now and then, "a few flashes of silence."

We agree with a cotemporary that young ladies should never object to being kissed by editors; they should make every allowance for the *freedom of the press*.

"Steam," says Dr. Lardner, "is the great annihilator—it annihilates time and space." "Yes," says another, "and multitudes of passengers, too."

A late number of the Brookline American announced the destruction of the editor's hat whereupon the Connersville Times impudently wonders if any lives were lost.

At Funchal, Madeira, it is the fashion to wear white boots instead of black ones. A lump of chalk serves in the place of the blacking-box and brush.

"Mother, I'm afraid a fever would go hard with me." "Why, my son?" "'Cause you see, mother, I'm so small that there wouldn't be room for it to turn."

An Irish gentleman having a small picture-room, several persons desired to see it at the same time. "Faith, gentlemen," said he, "if you all go in, it will not hold half of you!"

Mr. Knight, who has been treasurer of the Howard Society of Portsmouth for twenty years, has resigned the place, and is very properly succeeded by Mr. Day.

Never trust a secret with a married man who loves his wife, for he will tell her, she will tell her aunt Hannah and aunt Hannah will impart it as a profound secret to every one of her female acquaintances.

An editor once said to a bore who had sat about two hours in his office, "I wish you would do as my fire is doing." "How is that?" said the other. "Why, sir, it is going out," replied the editor.

T. Starr King once said that the best idea of weight was given by an Indian, who, when asked how much he weighed, replied: "As I am I weigh one hundred and fifty pounds, but *taken I am mad I weigh a ton*."

Ellen Emery, who lives down South, cautions all girls against having anything to do with her runaway husband, David. She thinks he will be easily known, "because," she says, "David has a scar on his nose, where I scratched him!" Sc-a-at!

A man upon the verge of bankruptcy having purchased an elegant coat on credit, and being told by one of his acquaintances that the cloth was very beautiful, though the coat was too short, replied with a sigh, "It will be long enough before I get another."

# BALLOU'S DOLLAR MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

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BOSTON, MARCH, 1856.

WHOLE No. 18.

INTRIGUE.—A DOMESTIC SKETCH.

BY MRS. MARY MAYNARD.

FARMER BROOKWITH's old farm-house looked unusually lively one fine sunny summer afternoon (it matters not how many years ago), for it was brightened by the presence of a gay city party, and the old walls were resounding to merry, laughing voices; and happy faces were seen at the windows, and light figures flitted through the old orchard; and altogether, the old house wore quite a different aspect from what it usually did. A very gay party they were, from Silas Warren, Esq., the head of it—and who had left a large portion of his accustomed dignity behind him in the city,—down to his fair, young daughter, Ida, the youngest of the company. Very merry they all were, out there in the midst of the green woods and grassy fields; far from the dusty, wearisome streets, the endless blocks of buildings, and all the sights and sounds of the city.

Mr. Warren had long promised his child this visit to the old farm-house; and when the hot July days came, and her city home was no longer bearable, he took her and a party of favorite young companions out into the country to spend several weeks.

Mr. Warren was a portly gentleman of forty, or thereabout, with dark hair, through which little silver lines were faintly visible; fine eyes, very dark and expressive—but not always expressing what they ought to; for Mr. Warren, though an excellent man, and very benevolent and kind-hearted in cooler moments, was of a passionate and easily excitable temper, and at

such times his eyes were apt to display his feelings more than his words. In his youth he had been called handsome, and at forty, after making allowance for good living and luxurious indulgence, he was still a good-looking man, and he knew it. The next in years to him came three Misses Meyrick, the two eldest of whom were engaged to be married, and were accompanied by their admirers, while the youngest was Ida Warren's chosen companion and friend.

The Misses Mary and Anna were commonplace young ladies enough, interesting to nobody on earth but their own parents and their own lovers. But Laura, the youngest, was of a different stamp, and with her twin brother, would have furnished an interesting study for any one desirous of searching out the mysteries of human nature and the human mind. Possessed of scarcely one excellence, she yet passed among her friends as a pattern of daughters and sisters; and parents held her up to their own children as an example worthy of imitation.

Her brother was as faulty a character as herself, and having less art to disguise his habits and inclinations, had already been the object of some unpleasant but whispered remarks; confined, however, to his own acquaintances, and unsuspected by his friends. He was now in his twentieth year, and already initiated into all the mysteries of a gay, young man's life in a large city. A very unfit companion was he for Ida Warren—beautiful, innocent Ida Warren,—who treated him with so much kind cordiality, as the

brother of her friend, and strove to look over those blemishes that could not fail to shock and distress her, hide them as he might.

It was a pity Mr. Warren had not exercised his judgment a little more, when he allowed these dangerous young persons to become the intimate friends of his daughter, even though they were the children of a once valued friend. But Ida liked them, and they seemed to love his darling in return, and that was sufficient to win the way to the father's heart direct, setting aside the many agreeable qualities and accomplishments possessed by the young people themselves, that rendered them pleasant companions even for one so many years their senior.

Ida Warren, even as a child, had won the love of all around her, and as she increased in years and beauty, her father's heart swelled with pride and affection for his cherished and only child; and his regret for the loss of a deeply loved wife was made more poignant by the reflection that she could not behold their daughter from the far-off spirit land, that he supposed she had gone to; for truth to tell, Mr. Warren had very indistinct ideas of a future state, and certainly indulged in no such "sentimental delusions" as to suppose the spirits of those we love hover around us.

Not he, indeed! Death, to him, was a dark, horrible mystery, a something he did not like to hear named, or to encounter in the shape of tombstones and coffins; a something that struck terror to his heart when thought of alone, or in the silence of the night; a fear altogether unrelieved by the afore-mentioned belief, or delusion, or whatever it is, so dear to many of our race.

But with Ida it was quite different; and from the day, when yet a little child, she had seen her mother laid in the grave, she had associated the mournful trappings of death with the memory of that mother, and so far from causing horror or dismay, they brought back sweet, sad memories of that fair, calm face, resting on its soft pillow, the white hands crossed on the stilled heart, and the whole aspect so peaceful and calm, that Ida sometimes longed to go away out of the noisy city world, and lie still and quiet in the green graveyard beside her mother.

Ida was a very beautiful girl at sixteen (the time when our story opens), with dark, soft curls falling around her white shoulders, and large, thoughtful eyes, that everybody said were black, and everybody found out were gray. But it mattered little what color they were, so long were the black lashes that shaded them, and rested on the delicate cheek. She had a very peculiar way of shaking back her long curls

and raising those eyes when talking with her friends—a very peculiar and bewitching manner it was, and so thought young Egerton Beckwith, the farmer's handsome grandson, who soon became her special cavalier, escorting her to all the romantic and beautiful places around Abbevale, and being frequently blessed with one of those earnest, thoughtful, and inquiring glances.

Young Beckwith had lived all his life (some twenty years) in the old farm-house at Abbevale, and it, and its surroundings, were dearer to him than aught else the world contained. Little wonder was it, then, that he was charmed with the unfeigned praises Ida bestowed on his home; and when he found she admired some places and prospects that he had always thought peculiarly beautiful, they at once became friends.

Egerton Beckwith had been brought up under the careful guidance of his grandparents, and from his earliest youth had been taught that religion, the worship of his Maker, was the first object of life. How great, then, was his astonishment, his horror, his distress, to find that Ida, the beautiful, sensitive, gentle Ida, on whom a kind Providence had lavished innumerable gifts, who revelled in the possession of wealth, health, and happiness, was as a heathen in her total ignorance of all appertaining to religion, its mysteries, its beauties, its power.

He was a very young man then, and lacked the courage that in after years enabled him to stand forth in the defence of his God and religion; but even then he longed to show these gay, young people the road to happiness, as he had found it; and if he had thought, with a sigh, of the many advantages a city education had given them over himself, the regretful feeling passed with the knowledge of their one great want.

Young Meyrick and his sisters were obliged to treat Egerton with some show of civility from the known regard that Mr. Warren had for him; but in secret they repaid him for their condescension by the most contemptuous coolness, which became actual rudeness after they discovered the friendly feeling existing between him and Ida. But proof alike to their sneers and remarks, he kept a steady watch over Ida, attending to her wants, and providing for her comfort, in a tender, brother-like manner, that was both felt and appreciated by the young girl.

If, as it often happened, they spent the warm afternoons in the shade of a neighboring grove, there was always a pleasant seat provided for Ida. Did they in their rambles behold beautiful flowers on the sides of the mountain (for Abbevale could boast of a very respectable mountain), the next morning beheld a magnificent cluster of

them laid beside Ida's plate, when the party assembled at the morning meal. A fine moonlight night caused her to wish that they might have a sail on the bright sparkling waters of the river, and the next day a boat made its appearance at the landing, and the whole party embarked in high spirits, while Ida, who knew to whom they were indebted for the pleasure, gave her little hand to Egerton, to assist her in, and raising those beautiful eyes for an instant to his, whispered a word of thanks that more than repaid him for all he had done for her.

"I am getting tired of this dull life," said young Meyrick, one morning, as the party were lounging about after breakfast. "Can't we get up something new to-day, just to prevent our all dying of the blues?"

"I second that motion," exclaimed his sister Laura, throwing down her novel, and going up to where he sat balancing his chair on two legs, and puffing his cigar smoke out of the window.

"Well, what shall it be, sis? I see you have some plan in your head."

"A picnic down by the river, and a rustic bridge built over the stream at the turn where it is so narrow."

"What an idea! Who do you suppose is going to build rustic bridges such weather as this? And as for a picnic, the very word is sickening."

"But I want it, and will have it," was Laura's answer, and Mr. Warren entering at that moment, she danced gaily up to him, and repeated her request, begging at the same time that he would join in her scheme.

"Certainly, Miss Laura; anything that you propose we shall all be too happy to assist in."

And so after some little demur on the part of young Meyrick, which was silenced by an impatient "Do be quiet, Fred," from his sister, it was agreed that the day should be spent as she proposed, viz.—the morning in erecting a tent and a little bridge, and the afternoon in holding a picnic in the former. Many girls would have felt annoyed that her opinion had not been asked, but Ida Warren had no jealousy in her nature, and she showed no displeasure that her father should so readily acquiesce in another's proposals.

But when the old farmer loudly remonstrated against any such risks being run, she joined her voice with his in entreating them to give up anything attended with such danger. Vainly, however; for Laura, more and more determined to carry her point, as the others opposed it, exerted all her influence with Mr. Warren, and the matter was settled. Some men from a neighboring

farm were summoned; the gentlemen assisted as far as they knew how, and, pleased with the novelty, they really exerted themselves; and Laura had the satisfaction of seeing a beautiful little structure span the narrow but rapid stream, and of hearing them say it was completed, at an hour that still allowed them time to enjoy themselves, and entertain a party of friends, who came all unexpected, save by Mr. Warren and his fair young friend.

On leaving their work, the men had warned them not to place too much weight on the new bridge; and above all, not to jar it, as in that case, the hastily constructed foundation might give way. The afternoon wore away with mirth and music, and all, merry and light-hearted, enjoyed the coming of the cool evening and the attendant breeze, that rippled the bright waters of the river, now sparkling in the moonlight. Ida had resisted all entreaties to pass over the frail bridge; but when they had all done so, she felt rather ashamed of her cowardice, and was not sorry to see Fred Meyrick coming back to make a last effort to induce her to consent.

"It is only half a dozen steps; now don't be so timid." And then seeing she was willing to go, he snatched her hand and hurried her on to the little arch.

Laughing aloud at his victory, and rendered foolhardy by his frequent crossing, he paused in the middle of the bridge, and holding Ida firmly, so that she could not escape, he stamped heavily once, twice, three times. Screaming with terror, she struggled to free herself from his grasp, and at the same instant, their friends on the bank heard the fearful sounds of the parting planks, as the tottering structure swayed to and fro in the air.

With a cry of agony, Mr. Warren sprang upon the shaking timbers, but only to hurry the catastrophe; for ere another word could be spoken, he, together with his child and her companion, were hurled violently into the deep, eddying waters, and lost sight of amid the confused mass of planks and poles that had composed the unfortunate bridge.

The party, for an instant, stood speechless at the suddenness of the accident, and then, with one accord, arose a chorus of screams, and two of the Misses Meyrick fainted, while Laura rushed wildly to the edge of the stream, as if to plunge in. But a strong arm drew her forcibly away; and young Beckwith, having thrown off his coat, boldly plunged into the stream, and swam to where Ida's white dress was now seen in the moonlight. He had nearly reached her, when his left arm was tightly grasped, and



young Meyrick's pale countenance rose above the waters.

On the impulse of the moment, Egerton violently flung him off, and unheeding his wild entreaty, "Save me! save me!" once more struck out in the direction of the glimmering white mass, which he could now see was rapidly whirling round in the eddies. She was reached at last, and as he clutched her dress in his hand, a silent thanksgiving went up from his heart, deeper than words can explain or express. It was a wild struggle; for the rapids, certain death, lay below. But the bank was gained at last, and Ida, all pale and corpse-like, was in his arms.

Pale faces and trembling forms stood that night around the couch whereon rested the form of Ida Warren. The physician had arrived, and as he bent over her, the father watched in breathless agony the changes of his countenance. But soon their fears were quieted, and as the word passed through the house, "she will live," Egerton Beckwith solemnly raised his eyes to Heaven, and there was registered his thanksgiving vow.

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"At any time, at all times, command my purse and services. I never can repay you for what you have done for me."

"Mr. Warren, if the day shall come that I ever occupy a station equal to your own, have I your consent to seek your daughter's hand and heart?"

The father started, and after a moment's confusion, replied:

"My dear young friend, you ask for something not in my power to bestow. Ida's hand has long been promised to the son of my old friend. It is a union we have long contemplated with pleasure, and I should be deeply grieved to see it broken off."

"And is Miss Warren aware of this engagement?" Egerton Beckwith asked, with ill-concealed emotion.

"Not yet. Mr. Meyrick and myself thought it best that they should be kept in ignorance of it until such time as their sense of duty would have some weight. Young people are not always the best judges of what is best for themselves, you know."

"What is that, dear, that you are hiding so carefully from me?" laughingly asked Laura Meyrick, as she entered Ida's room on the same day the above conversation took place. It was the last day of their visit to Abbevale, and the rest of the party had already returned to the city.

Ida blushed, and attempted to talk of some-

thing else; but Laura was not to be so baffled, and so, by dint of coaxing and caress, she persuaded the young girl to tell her what it was.

"A letter from young Beckwith? Why, Ida, what can that great country boy have to say to you in a letter?" And then seeing how bright the angry flush rose on her friend's cheek, she added, more mildly: "But perhaps he thinks, because he saved your life, that you will give him your hand and fortune by-and-by? Am I not right?"

Unwilling to listen longer to her raillery, Ida gave her the letter, which, after perusing, she returned, with the remark:

"He is a better fellow than I thought him. Write an answer, dear, and I will give it to him myself for you."

As Ida crossed the room to get her desk, Laura slipped the open letter into her pocket, and then seating herself at the writing-table, watched the little fingers as they nervously guided the pen over the paper, tracing the kind words dictated by the heart of the writer.

Three hours afterwards, the carriage drove from the door, and Egerton hastened to his room to open the envelope slipped into his hand by Miss Meyrick. One start, alone, betrayed his astonishment, and with a heavy sigh, he tore the enclosure in pieces—it was his own letter returned.

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Time hurries on, and when we resume our tale, it is after a lapse of over a year. It is September, and the bright autumn sun is shining through the richly tinted curtains of a magnificently furnished parlor. The occupants, a lady and gentleman, are, seemingly, heedless of the richness and beauty around them; for on the countenance of the one there are marks of passionate anger, and the other seems almost equally disturbed.

"Did she dare to say that?" exclaims Mr. Warren; for it is our old acquaintance; "dare to add insult to disobedience? Now, by Heaven, this is too bad! and she shall learn to yield her will to mine, or she is no longer my child!"

"My dear husband, do not excite yourself; you do not know the consequence of getting in a passion. Perhaps it will be better, after all, to let her have her own way. Of course it will be hard for Frederick, but he must sacrifice his own feelings sooner than cause ill feelings between you and your daughter."

"Don't talk to me, Laura. I say she shall marry Frederick, or not one cent of my money shall she ever touch!"

As it was evident that Mr. Warren was now

angry enough, Mrs. Warren prudently withdrew, while he, after a stormy interview with his daughter, in which she steadily refused to have anything to do with young Meyrick, proceeded to fulfil his threats, and actually made a will, bequeathing his whole fortune to his wife and her brother.

It was a most unjust and outrageous proceeding, but Laura Meyrick had not married Mr. Warren without understanding exactly how he might be ruled, and she now exercised the power thus gained in gradually undermining his love for Ida. Completely under the control of his beautiful, talented and fascinating young wife, the old gentleman continually found fault with his daughter for betraying the dislike Laura's duplicity had created in her bosom. But when his pet scheme of Ida's marriage with Fred was threatened with destruction, his anger knew no bounds; and the flame, gently fanned by his wife's artful pleadings in Ida's favor, caused the explosion and ending we have seen.

For several weeks after the affair of the will, Ida remained a prisoner in her own room; partly by her father's orders, and partly from a wish to escape all communication with her step-mother. But Mr. Warren, when cooled by time and reflection, repented of his injustice to his gentle child, and though ashamed to ask Laura to return the fatal paper he had left in her keeping, secretly perpetrated another, in which he did justice to his daughter. This he carried about with him, but even this did not appease his conscience; and as he missed Ida, so did he seek to drown the painful recollection of her absence by partaking freely of wine, and the consequence was that he began to have symptoms of apoplexy, a disease his medical attendant had always warned him of.

Half dizzy with the pain in his head, he went to his office, one day, and there found all in confusion. A forgery of a large amount had been committed, and his head clerk had clearly traced it to Frederick Meyrick, Mrs. Warren's brother. The sad news, broken as gently as possible to the old gentleman, produced fearful results, and coming in addition to his previous excitement, realized the physician's forebodings.

Mr. Warren was borne home insensible, and laid in the splendid chamber from which he never more should move until carried out to take his place in that narrow house, of which, in life, he had entertained so deep a dread. In silent agony Ida bent over him, vainly endeavoring to recall intelligence to the staring, glassy eyes, that had once beamed so lovingly on her own.

But hours passed ere Mr. Warren recovered sufficiently to recognise his child, and when he

did, the power of articulating was gone forever, and he could only lay his hands on her head in silent blessing. For a day and a night she sat beside him, and then the attendant physicians insisted on her leaving her post for a few hours' rest; and when she again saw him, it was all over!

Poor Ida mourned sincerely for her parent, forgetting all the pain his harshness had caused her, and only recalling the thousand acts of kindness, the unnumbered benefits he had bestowed. For the future, she felt no fear, knowing that his fortune was amply sufficient to provide both for her and his wife. How great, then, was her astonishment, when summoned to hear the will read, to learn that she was penniless, or what amounted to the same thing, that her claim to any part of the property depended on her marrying young Meyrick. Stunned by the shock, she sat speechless and immovable while the remainder of the document was read; but what was her surprise to see Mr. Grey, the head clerk, who had been requested by the lawyer to be present, stand up and deny the validity of the will, on the ground that there was another and later one, that he, Mr. Grey, had been witness to, in which the property had been rightfully bequeathed to Ida Warren, only child of the deceased.

Of course, such an announcement made a great sensation, and an immediate search was made for the missing paper; but as nothing of the kind was forthcoming, the general belief was that Mr. Warren must have destroyed it; and Ida, refusing to be advised by those who wished her to dispute it with Laura and her brother, left her father's house to seek her living in the world. As it always happens in such cases, there were many who pitied the young orphan; and others, again, who rather rejoiced that one who had always been their superior, should suffer such a reverse.

But Ida had friends who came forward and offered her a home, with all the respect and kindness that they would have shown had she been her father's heiress, instead of a poor girl, destitute and friendless; and on learning that she could be of service to them, she willingly accepted their offer. It was Mr. Grey and his wife who thus sheltered the child of him who had been their benefactor, and in so doing they felt as if making some return for the father's kindness.

Mr. Warren had paid his head clerk so liberal a salary, that at his employer's death, the latter was able to bring a handsome sum into a good business, in which he was offered a partnership,

and thenceforth the road to prosperity was open to him.

They had one little girl of their own, and to the instruction of this child Miss Warren devoted herself, determined to drive away all regretful memories of the past, by keeping her mind employed on this work of grateful love. But with all her resolution, she found her strength tasked to the utmost in the struggle to banish her cares, not the least of which was the insulting pertinacity of young Meyrick, who seized every opportunity of renewing his unwelcome suit.

In vain she returned his letters unopened, in vain attempted to pass him in the street. His importunity became so annoying at last that she was forced to ask Mr. Grey's interference. His suspicions still more aroused by this strange conduct of the young man (for Mr. Grey had always suspected him of wronging the orphan), he sought him, and after a very amicable conversation, departed, more than ever convinced that the lost will was still in existence. No good was to be done by anger, and he dissembled his real sensations, contenting himself with securing Ida from further molestation, by advising the young man to wait patiently for some change to take place in her sentiments, assuring him that he was injuring his own cause by too great anxiety.

Believed from this annoyance, Ida felt more courage to endure the slights of some and the pity of others; the cold, unrecognising glances of those who had once flattered and caressed her; and the over-strained sympathy of those who, if they had any feeling on the subject, she well knew it was not compassion for her. The days were passing pleasantly; she was gradually becoming more and more attached to her little pupil; and if she sometimes sighed over the loss of her once numerous acquaintances, it was not alone for the fine friends her poverty had estranged, but one, she knew, who set little value on earth's glittering and deceitful treasures.

We have too long neglected our old friend, Egerton Beckwith, whom we last saw at the farm-house at Abbevale, sad and disappointed at Miss Warren's supposed scorn of his letter, which asking, as it did, nothing but her friendship, he scarcely thought merited such a pointed slight.

It was some surprise, but no sorrow, to old Mr. Beckwith, when some few weeks after the departure of their guests, his grandson announced his intention of preparing for the ministry, and soon after left Abbevale for that purpose.

The old people regretted his absence, but at the same time rejoiced that he should devote his talent to that, above all other professions; and a liberal share of the savings of their years of industry and economy was added to his own somewhat limited income.

As Mr. Warren had held no communication with the Beckwiths after his marriage with Miss Laura Meyrick (and they lived very quietly after Egerton went away), it happened that the death of their former friend was not known until nearly a year after it took place, and consequently two, after the first meeting of Egerton and Ida. When made acquainted with this change, the young man's first impulse was to proceed at once to the city, and offer his services and sympathy to the young girl, who, he rightly judged, must deeply feel the loss of so kind a parent. But then came the recollection of the significant answer his first offers of friendship had received; and he shrunk from exposing himself to another insult.

"She is young and rich, and surrounded with friends; why should I seek for what she cannot bestow? Would that I could drive her from my thoughts, when, for aught I know, she may be the wife of another. I will strive once more to overcome this hopeless passion."

But striving and accomplishing are two different things; and so Egerton found that, spite his good resolutions, the image of the young girl still haunted him; and even when seeking refuge from his thoughts in his studies, those dark eyes still seemed to come between him and the somewhat dry theological work he was attempting to peruse. Strange that so hopeless a passion should fasten itself so firmly into a man's soul, that neither time, nor coldness, nor good resolves, nor earnest efforts, can efface it! But with all the clouds that obscured his prospects, young Beckwith at times felt an inward conviction that love, pure and unselfish as his, would be rewarded at some period, and the event proved that he was not mistaken.

Three years from the time they parted, Egerton and Ida accidentally met in New York city, whither the young man had gone to visit the family of one of the professors of the college, with whom he was a great favorite. Words cannot describe his astonishment at learning the state of Ida's pecuniary affairs; and he now repented of the pride that had prevented his making inquiries sooner.

There was apparent coldness on both sides for the first few times they met; for Ida felt justly hurt that his pretended regard should have ended as it did, and he could not but remember the

unnecessary slight he had received. But glad to see one of her old friends, and one that had always borne a larger share of her regard, poor Ida soon forgot to look coldly on Egerton, in her joy at meeting him; and he, as he looked into her beautiful eyes and read that joy, banished the remembrance of the pain she had once caused him. It soon became a habit to pass his spare hours at Mr. Grey's, and when jested with on the subject by his host's family, he openly avowed the reason, and had the pleasure of introducing the professor's wife and daughters to Ida.

Coming home from their house one evening, he commenced speaking about Abbevale, and the time they first met; and as it was a subject he had hitherto avoided, Ida readily conversed on it, and evinced so much pleasure in the remembrance of her visit that he was emboldened to proceed still farther, and question her on what was now a mystery.

"There was one circumstance connected with your visit, Miss Warren, one unpleasant circumstance, that has always been a mystery to me. Will you, if there are no particular objections, set my mind at rest by explaining it?"

New Ida was not conscious of having done anything to deserve blame; on the contrary, she rather felt herself the aggrieved party; but, nevertheless, the hand that rested on Egerton's arm trembled violently, and it was almost a minute before she could recover self-possession sufficiently to answer him in the affirmative.

"It is a strange question, Miss Warren," said Egerton, coldly; for he had felt that she was much agitated, and imagined he knew the cause, "a very strange question, and perhaps you would rather I should not ask it. But do not answer it unless you wish to. I have no right to demand your confidence."

They were passing under the bright glare of a gas-light, and Ida lifted her eyes to his face, astonished at his tone. There was something in those eyes that seemed to upbraid him for cherishing ill feelings, and laying his hand lightly on her own, he quickly said:

"Forgive me; I have had some things to try me since I saw you. But now tell me why you sent back my letter. What had I done to deserve such treatment? And why did you not tell me my fault plainly, instead of letting me puzzle and annoy myself by unnumbered conjectures as to the cause of the change in you?"

There was no answer; and when Egerton looked at his companion, large tears were rolling down her cheeks; for Ida instantly comprehended how the trouble had all arisen, and her heart

ached to think of all the unhappiness they had suffered through Laura's treachery.

"I answered your kind letter immediately, Mr. Beckwith. Don't think any longer that I could have been guilty of such ingratitude to my preserver. I see now how our mutual mistakes have arisen, and also why my diligent search after the missing letter was fruitless."

As may well be supposed, a long conversation followed this confession, in which both acknowledged to so much unhappiness as the consequence of this blunder, that Egerton was induced to make a proposal to Miss Warren, which, if she accepted, would put it out of the power of enemies to create disturbances between them for evermore.

It would not do to repeat all he said on this occasion, as I am quite certain he never intended a third party to know what passed; but we may mention, without any scruples of conscience, that Ida listened with earnest attention to all he so earnestly said to her, and when he paused for an answer, there was one in the confiding impulse that induced her to lay her hand in his, and, for one instant, raise those speaking eyes to meet his own.

It was a new, strange feeling with which Ida that night sat and thought over the events of the last few hours. Betrothed, with her lover's fond words yet sounding in her ear, his parting kiss yet lingering on her cheek, his affectionate clasp yet warm on her hand. She was very happy in the knowledge of Egerton's deep and long-hidden love, and all that caused a feeling of regret was the remembrance of her own poverty. Could she have bestowed that wealth on him that had once been hers, could she even have brought a moderate dowry to her husband, her feelings would have been less painful; but Egerton's teachings had taken deep root in her heart, and she gradually schooled herself to feel content with the lot she could not change.

It was a bright summer day, much such a one as that on which we introduced our friends to the reader, when the young pastor of C— brought his bride to her home. The long years of study and preparation are past, the highest hopes are crowned with success, and Egerton Beckwith realizes as he sits beside his wife, and shows her each successive beauty that surrounds their home, that his cup of happiness is full to overflowing.

And Ida, too, is happy in her own quiet way; and when her husband's people welcome the bride, and lavish unnumbered kindnesses upon her, she no longer regrets the want of wealth

that even in her proud young days never brought her such sweet fruits.

The pastor's home is the abode of peace and happiness, and neatness and good taste are beheld on every side. And Ida shares with him the duties and labors of his charge. Her sweet voice and winning smile are welcomed at many a bed of sickness and suffering. She instructs the ignorant; she whispers hope to the despairing; she pleads with the erring. To her husband, she is what every good wife ought to be—a friend, a companion, a consolator in trouble, cheering him when the overtasked mind is gloomy and desponding, speaking of a bright future when disappointment is followed by discouragement. Such is Ida, and as such treasured by her husband as the best earthly gift Providence could bestow.

From the time that Fred Meyrick came in possession of his share of Mr. Warren's property, he indulged in the most uncontrolled dissipation; and not until he found his funds getting low, did he at all retrench in his extravagances. And even then he was not warned for long, but when all was gone, he applied to Laura for more.

This caused an angry dispute with them, and loud threats on the brother's part, but safe in the knowledge that her destruction would be his own, she obstinately refused him the slightest assistance, and with threats of vengeance for her selfishness, he left her.

From this time young Meyrick plunged deeper and deeper into crime, and at last became one of a regular gang of forgers and counterfeiters. He was gradually discarded by his friends, and cast off by the crowd of flatterers and hangers-on, that had gathered round him in the days of prosperity. Reckless and hardened, he grew bolder as his deeds became worse, and at last committed a forgery, that was immediately discovered, traced to him, and caused his arrest.

Mr. Grey had always kept his eye on this young man, from having had great suspicions of his honesty in the affair of the will, and a perfect knowledge of his guilt in the forgery committed on Mr. Warren, and discovered on the day of that gentleman's death, when it was all hushed up. It was through him that this last crime was discovered, and he made one of the party sent to search the prisoner's lodgings. In the miserable room he had occupied, in one of the worst streets of New York, the police officers found numerous proofs of previous guilt, and among the rest, the pocket-book of Mr.

Warren, containing several important papers, and with others, the missing will, the cause of so much sin and sorrow.

We may as well finish the history of this wretched young man at once. He was tried, found guilty of the crime charged against him, and sentenced to the state prison for ten years, but did not live to serve out more than one-fourth of the time—poverty, dissipation and remorse having done their work, and closed a career unmarked by one truly great deed.

On obtaining possession of the will, Mr. Grey immediately took steps to inform Mrs. Warren that she must refund her ill-gotten property. Of course there was no alternative, and thankful to escape public disgrace, Laura left New York; and being still young and good-looking, and quite cast off by her family, she accepted an offer from the manager of a travelling company of play-actors, and is now one of their greatest attractions.

We will now return to the lovely home of the pastor of C—. It is again summer, and the garden that surrounds the cottage is blooming gay with bright flowers. At an open window, Egerton Beckwith is standing, evidently striving to conquer some emotion that had agitated him unusually. He is looking out on a magnificent prospect, a beautiful blending of earth, and sky, and mountain, and lake. But it is plain that he beholds not the loveliness of nature, for, as we look, we see the quivering lips move in silent prayer, the delicate hands unconsciously clasp; but there is a beautiful smile of grateful love on the upturned countenance, and we are satisfied that more joy has come to fill the hearts of the happy inmates of that pleasant dwelling-place. But why is Ida not beside her husband, to share his joy?

Let us follow him into this darkened chamber, where all tread lightly, and speaks happy words in hushed voices. Ida is there; and as she beholds her husband clasp his infant to his bosom, and hears the whispered blessing on both child and mother, there is no room in her heart for more happiness; and the tidings that she is again the possessor of gold and lands adds not one iota to her joy.

We could follow our friends through long years of content and worldly prosperity, but it is not necessary to particularize. The wealth that they possessed was shared with those whose lot had been differently ordained. They lived, not for themselves, but for the good of all it was in their power to benefit; and in making others happy, they secured continual joy.

## Sorrow.

BY HATTIE HERBERT.

A sunbeam danced before me—  
I blessed its genial ray;  
A dark cloud brooded o'er me,  
And snatched the beam away.

Kind hope was whispering softly,  
Of future golden hours,  
A spectre hand was on her,  
And palsied all her powers.

A flower of perfect beauty  
Was opening to the light—  
The frost-king saw and envied—  
My flower was crushed that night.

The beam, the hope, the blossom,  
Transplanted from this earth,  
I trust to find in heaven,  
Blessed with immortal birth.

## PROMISES AT RANDOM.

BY AUSTIN C. BURDICK.

PERHAPS there is no fault more prevalent among business men than that of making promises at random, making them only to please or quiet a customer for a while, without due thought, and then in the end meeting the promise only with disappointment. This is the case in all kinds of business. The merchant or the mechanic promises to pay a certain bill at a certain time. Perhaps he *hopes* that he shall be able to meet the pledge, but when the time comes, he finds himself no more able to pay than when he first made the promise. Of course this can have but one tendency. After a young man has made a few such promises and broken them, people will begin to distrust him. By-and-by he may be "caught in a snug place." He may have a note in the bank, and, unable to meet it, he runs out to borrow a little for a few days, just to help him over this pinch, but none of his friends have any money to spare. The fact is, they know not when they shall get it back if they lend it to the man who has disappointed them so often. They know he is perfectly honest, and that he means to pay, but they prefer to have their money where they can know when it will return. The result is, that the young man's note passes under protest to the hands of a notary, thus injuring his reputation at the bank, and causing him additional expense. Or he may raise the money of some street broker, by giving good security, and paying an exorbitant interest.

And how many mechanics lose their best customers by the same fault. A simple story of ac-

tual life, will show what we mean, and we hope convey a salutary lesson to those who may need it.

In a small but thriving village in this State lives a man by the name of Albert Brown. At the age of four and twenty he took to himself a wife, and in three years afterwards he opened a shop on his own account. He was a tin-worker by trade, and his work gave the utmost satisfaction. He had bought out the shop and interest of a man who had moved away, so he had a run of business already on his hands.

For a while all went on well; he had as much as he wished to do; his patrons were prompt in their payments, and his prospects were bright. His dwelling joined his shop, so that he was always convenient to his place of business. But at length there began to be murmurings among his customers.

"Albert," said his wife, one evening, as he came in from the post-office, "Mr. Cummings has been here after the funnel you promised to make for him."

"Ah, has he?" returned the young man, looking up from the paper he had just opened.

"Yes, and he seemed quite anxious about it, for the weather is cold, and his family are unable to use their sitting-room just for the want of that funnel."

"Well, I must make it to-morrow."

"But you know you have promised to have Mr. Moore's cooking-stove ready to-morrow, and you have all the funnel to make for that, besides a boiler and tea-kettle."

"Yes, I know; but Moore'll have to wait. I must make that funnel for Cummings."

For some time Alice Brown sat in silence. Her face revealed a troubled mind, and her hand moved tremulously over the silken hair of her infant.

"Albert," she said at length, "you will pardon me, I know, for what I am now going to say," she trembled as she spoke, for she was not used to reprimanding her husband. She was a mild, modest little woman, and severity of language was something she could not use, unless, indeed, it may have been once in a while to her little son, who often tried her patience.

"Go ahead, Alice," returned the young man, with a faint smile.

"I must speak, Albert, for I am sure you do not realize how you are injuring yourself. You do not realize, I fear, how often you disappoint your customers. Now I heard Mr. Cummings say he had better have sent to the city at once, and then he should have got his funnel in some kind of season."

"Then why don't he send? I never asked him for his custom."

"Ah, Albert, you do not mean what you say. You have asked for his custom. You have asked for the custom of all the people in town; and not only so, but in your advertisement you promise to do your work with promptness and despatch. Now listen to me calmly, for surely I am anxious only for your good. You have often promised people certain things at a given time, and you know how often you have disappointed them. Now why is it not just as easy to have your promises and performances agree, as to have them so often at fault? When Mr. Cummings came for his funnel, why could you not have made up your mind just when you could do the work, and then do it at all hazards? Of course, sickness is always a reasonable excuse."

"But you do not understand these things, Alice," said the husband, in an explanatory manner. "When I have so much work on my hands, it is impossible always to tell just when such and such things can be done. I do them all as soon as I can."

"And yet, Albert, you disappoint your customers. Now just reflect a moment. You do all the work you have, but the trouble is, you do not do it at the time promised. Now, for instance: when Cummings came for his funnel, he asked you if he could not have it by the next day at noon. Instead of carefully considering what you had on your hands, and answering accordingly, you simply wished to please him for the time being, and told him he should have it as he wished. But when he came for it, it was not done, and you thoughtlessly told him he should have it by night. This evening he called again, and again was he disappointed. His wife is now fretting, and he is angry; and he has good cause for it. And now look at to-morrow: If you make his funnel to-morrow, you must disappoint Mr. Moore, for his is an all day's job, most surely; and you know how particular he is."

"O, I know what you mean, Alice, but I should like to have you take hold and try it. You'd find talking and doing two different things, I'm thinking."

"Perhaps I should, Albert; but yet I'd make them both agree in the end. When I had promised Mr. Cummings his funnel I would have done it. Last night I would have called to mind all the work I had on hand, and if I had been sure that I could turn it off as promised without working in the evening, I would have spent the evening in the house; but had it appeared otherwise, I would have worked till midnight if need be. Ere I would break a business promise, I

would work all night while my health and strength lasted. But there would be no need of this. Keep a book, and in it put all your work engaged, with the time at which it is promised, and then go at it. If a man wants such a thing at a given time, just refer to the work on hand, and if you find you can reach it without disappointing others, then promise him; but if you cannot do so, then tell him so plainly, and also when you can do it. Be sure no sensible man would find fault with this. Let people see that you will be prompt and reliable, and you need not fear of losing custom; but if things go on in this way much longer you must lose money, it cannot be otherwise."

Albert Brown tried to laugh, but it was rather a ghastly performance. His wife had spoken the truth, and he knew it, but he made no promises, for he did not feel exactly like owning up to the error.

Mr. Cummings was a good customer, and on the next morning Brown made his funnel. It took him until after ten o'clock to do it, and then he went to work upon the things for Moore. After dinner Cummings came in and got his funnel, but he was not so thankful to find it done as Albert hoped he would be.

Just at dusk, Mr. Moore came in. He had a heavy wagon with him, for the purpose of taking his stove away; but the boiler and tea-kettle were not done.

"I declare," said Brown, "I haven't got your job done yet."

"But how's that? You promised me that I should have them to-night without fail."

"I know—but I had a funnel to make for Cummings, and it put me back."

"But you should not have engaged other work until mine was done."

"O, I had engaged this before yours."

"Then you might have calculated upon that, and not promised me as you did. Had you set to-morrow night as the time for me, I should not have left my work at a busy period, and ridden seven miles away from home for nothing."

"I am sorry, Mr. Moore; but really, I could not help it."

"Perhaps you could not," said Moore, with a dubious shake of the head; "but you remember you bothered me in the same way last spring about my milk pans. I came twice for those before I got them."

Poor Albert felt ashamed, and he stammered out some apology.

"Now I'll tell you the truth," resumed Moore, rather severely. "I am just now very busy, and have several hands engaged to work for me, so I

cannot leave them again. If you will finish these things and send them up to me to-morrow, I should like it, otherwise, I shall not want them."

Brown promised to send them up, and Mr. Moore took his leave. But the young tinman was not cured of his fault. Things went on as before, and Mrs. Brown was obliged to hear much complaint. The winter passed away, and in the spring another tin shop was opened in the village. A young man named Ames came to the place, and sought the patronage of the inhabitants. Within a month after this, Albert Brown found himself almost without a customer. To be sure he could make up any quantity of tin-ware for pedlars, but this was not to his taste. The most profitable branch of his business was gone, for all his old customers now flocked to Ames's, where their orders were promptly answered.

"I declare, it is too bad," said Albert to his wife, as they arose from the supper table.

"It is too bad, Albert; but you ought not to complain of your old customers."

"I don't—but why should Ames come here?"

"He was asked to come here, Albert. You know the people had become tired of waiting your motions. And there is Mansfield, the tailor; he is also obliged to go without customers."

"I noticed that Mansfield's shop was closed as I came by," said Albert, thoughtfully.

"Then he's had to quit," resumed the wife. "I heard some time ago that the people would not put up with his negligence much longer. He is a good tailor, but no one could depend upon him."

For some moments Albert sat in silence and gazed into the fire. At length, while a sad expression rested on his countenance, he said:

"Alice, I cannot deny that I have lost all through my own fault. I remember what you have often said to me, and how you have warned me of this; and I know that all this could have been avoided had I but listened to you. But it's too late now."

"No, no, Albert! not too late," uttered Alice, moving to her husband's side, and putting her arm about his neck, "you can yet work on."

"But not here. We must give up this snug little house and move to some strange place."

"Well, 'twere better so, than to live without business here."

"And could you be contented to give up this pretty house, Alice?"

"I shall be contented wherever your own good calls you, my husband."

Albert Brown kissed his wife, and shortly afterwards he went out. As he passed down the

street, he saw a light in the shop which Mr. Ames occupied, and he went in. A friendly greeting ensued, and after some common-place conversation Brown asked Ames how he prospered.

"O, very well," replied Ames. "I am doing very well; yet I can do better. My brother has sent me an offer to come to L—, and go into business with him. I was intending to call on you to-morrow to see if I could not make a trade with you. If I can sell out my heavy stock without loss I shall move, for my brother needs me, and the place will be far better for me than this. What say you now? If you will buy my stoves and manufactured ware at wholesale prices, you can have them, and I am off."

"How much will they all come to?" asked Albert, anxiously.

"The whole that I must sell will come to about three hundred dollars—not over that."

"I will give you an answer to-morrow noon," Albert returned.

This was satisfactory, and after some further conversation the latter left and returned home. He told his wife how the case stood, and she at once advised him to make the purchase.

"We can raise the money," she said, "and I suppose everything he has will sell."

On the next day Mr. Brown accepted Ames's offer, and as soon as a list of the goods was made out he paid the money over, and ere long he had the field once more to himself. He issued a new advertisement, and after enumerating the articles he had for sale, he added these significant words: "Try me."

And now Albert Brown commenced anew. He took a book and set down every order as it came in, and noted the time set for its completion. He now made no promises without referring to his book, and the consequence was, that he never failed to meet his engagements. And yet how simple it was. Ay, how much easier than the old method. How smoothly all went now. His work was more than before in quantity, and yet he completed it more easily than before.

The result was soon apparent. Customers flocked in upon him; his old friends returned; and within a year he was the most thriving mechanic in town. People from adjoining places heard of his promptness and faithfulness, and they came to employ him. Surely he never regretted the short sojourn of the other tinman in the village, nor did he ever fail to bless his wife, as each returning season found his coffers gradually but surely growing full.

And so it must always be in all the departments of business life. Try it, ye who need, and see.



## THEN AND NOW.

BY WILLIAM D. COREY.

O, once there was for me, my love,  
When we did roam in wood and meadow,  
A sunnier light around, above,  
A lovelier grace in leaf and shadow.

While birds with wings like sunbeams came,  
And bright and red grew flowers and berries,  
Thy lovely cheeks with softened flame,  
Seemed cherry-blossoms, thy lips the cherries.

Nor wert thou then as now thou art,  
And blent were our imaginations,  
So sweetly, that in either heart  
Dwelt all the other's aspirations.

Love liveth still, yet not for thee  
My fount of pure affection floweth;  
But unto all that used to be  
How true my heart kind heaven knoweth!

The earnest soul that once was thine,  
Though by thyself remembered never,  
Still walks with me a shape divine,  
A glorious form, beloved forever.

And still I see the violet eyes  
Of her my ever present charmer,  
And still the past before me lies,  
A moving, beaming panorama.

## THE COMMODORE'S FLIRTATION.

BY FREDERICK W. SAUNDERS.

"Come, Jack, spin us a yarn, will you? or do something to pass the time; for, to my thinking, we are getting confoundedly dull," remarked one of a party of midshipmen, who were lazily reclining upon the various articles of furniture pertaining to their somewhat limited quarters, with their hands and feet firmly hooked on to some stationary object, to prevent their being thrown into the lee scuppers by the violent motion of the ship, as she plunged heavily through the opposing waves in her homeward track across the stormy North Atlantic. "Come, Jack, how about that yarn?" he repeated, as the individual addressed made no sign.

"What yarn? I don't know any. I've told you all the yarns I can remember," responded Jack, bringing himself to a sitting position, and brushing the heavy black curls from his handsome forehead. "What sort of a story would you like?"

"O, anything; I'm not particular. You ought to be able to give us a good nautical story—you are naughty enough, everybody knows."

"I think that epithet will apply to more than one on board this ship," returned Jack, with a

grin. "But did I ever tell you how Tommy Tompkins circumnavigated the commodore when we were up the straits, in the Somepunks' last cruise? You know Tommy, don't you?" Well, it was at the tail end of the cruise he joined us, while we were laying at Gibraltar, and a jolly good fellow he was, as ever carried a glass into a top. But he was rather too fond of a lark, now and again, to get along very smoothly with the superior officers. That, however, did not make him any the less liked by the mids, as you may suppose.

"He succeeded, before leaving Gibraltar, in gaining the ill will of the commodore by a trick or two played upon him; but Tommy cared little for that, as we were so soon to be homeward bound. However, nothing very serious occurred, until, leaving Gibraltar, we hauled round to Marseilles. The ship was to lay there some time, and we (always meaning the mids) promised ourselves no little fun running about the town to the theatres, opera-houses, and the like, to say nothing of a little flirting, upon an occasion, that, of course, being understood. Nor were we altogether disappointed in our expectation. The first two or three weeks, nearly all of us were ashore daily, and you may believe, we let slip no opportunity of diverting ourselves at any one's expense. The commodore was ashore almost constantly, and it was not long before Tommy—who was always prying into everybody's affairs—discovered that he was carrying on a desperate flirtation with an alarmingly pretty little gipsy, the daughter of a high municipal officer of the city. How Tommy discovered the fact, I am unable to say, or by what means he managed to find out that the commodore was to accompany the young lady to the opera the following evening, I am equally ignorant; but I do know, that when he made known his discovery, we were all seized with an irresistible desire to behold the potent damsel who had captivated the U. S. Mediterranean squadron, and the easiest method to accomplish this desirable object was unanimously voted to be to secure a box for the ensuing opera night.

"With this object in view, Tommy spent the next day waiting at the box office to ascertain which one would be taken by the American commodore, and this accomplished, to secure the box adjoining. Accordingly, when the evening arrived, it found us four mids—which were as many of us as could obtain leave—in a private box at the Royal Opera; and a very absurd figure we made, I've no doubt, with our affectation and our airs. But excessive self-esteem is, I believe, a characteristic of midshipmen, as any

one at all acquainted with either of you chaps, can attest.

"The opera was a brilliant one. Sontag sang delightfully; but in our impatience for the commodore, we paid little heed to anything beside. The first act passed, and he did not make his appearance. We began to fear he had postponed his coming, altogether, but the fates had not doomed us to disappointment on that night. Soon after the commencement of the second act, with no little bustle and confusion, the commodore entered his box with a most bewitching young lady leaning confidently on his arm, and accompanied by an elderly lady and gentleman, in all probability her parents; though whether they were or not matters as little to this story as their presence did to the commodore, who, without doubt, heartily wished them at home, as they, it is reasonable to suppose, would have been, were it allowable in France for a young lady to appear in public with a gentleman, unaccompanied by a *chaperon*. We were all prodigiously struck with the beauty of the commodore's lady, which, in some degree, mitigated our surprise that such a man as our respected and venerable and—as we, at least, considered—unutterably ill-natured commander should have his tough old heart pierced by a shaft from Cupid's bow.

"Separating our box from the one adjoining was a partition, sufficiently elevated to prevent occupants of one box overlooking the other, though not so high but by standing upon the seats, we could see all that took place, and what was more, hear all that was said by either the commodore or his lady. The curtains in front of the box effectually screened us from being observed by other persons in the house, and our friends had no sooner taken their seats, than our four faces, looking very saucy and impertinent, I dare say, and resembling so many cherubim, in having no visible bodies, were protruded over the partition, our chins resting comely upon its upper edge, from whence we gazed serenely upon the scene of love-making beneath us.

"The old boy's heart was evidently touched, a fact which completely overturned the unanimous decision to which we had often arrived, at times when the commodore was more than ordinarily ugly, to wit, that not one spark of human feeling, sympathy, or affection, found a resting-place beneath the double gilt breast buttons of his blue uniform coat. But his words and actions, on this occasion, removed the erroneous impression from our minds, altogether. Even we, in fact, who by no means thought any small things of ourselves, could not but envy the easy grace of his manner,

and the irresistible air with which he whispered no end of fine things to the fair being at his side.

"She, on her part, not only encouraged his addresses by a thousand coquettish airs and speeches, but seemed highly flattered by his attentions, as also did her parents, a circumstance which excited no little wonder in our unsophisticated hearts, knowing, as we did, that the young lady's family were highly respectable, and as jealous of their honor as the noblest Frenchman of them all; while, at the same time, not only was the commodore already provided with a wife—albeit, by no manner of means so pretty, or so gentle as his present love—but an anchor watch of grown up daughters, who might readily have passed for her elder sisters. But we were yet to learn that a long life as a roving sailor begets a tact and ability in love affairs, of which, till then, it had not entered into our hearts to conceive.

"The commodore, after a profusion of florid speeches (which, I grieve to say, were not, in all respects, in such strict accordance with truth as would have become a high official of the U. S. naval service, and shed lustre upon the flag of this overwhelmingly glorious republic), addressed to his fair one with that low tone of voice in which all experienced lovers delight, gradually passed from the light and sportive to the sentimental style of conversation—the burden of his song being the hard fate of sailors in general, and himself in particular, in that he was deprived, for so great a portion of his existence, of the enchanting society of females.

"This sentiment struck our truthful young minds as rather curious, to say the least, he not having been at sea for nobody knows how many years, previous to that cruise. But when, warming with the subject, he, with a whole broadside of killing glances, began to deplore the excessive and unremitting services his country required of him, the which had been the cause of his leading the lonely life of a bachelor, but which circumstance he *now* felt (a perfectly murdering glance at *mademoiselle*) had been ordained by a kind fate that he might be free in hand, as well as heart, when the only woman to whose shrine he could bow with perfect adoration, crossed his path—when, I say, the wretched hypocrite had proceeded thus far, the thought of what his wife—who, if report speaks true, makes her loving lord walk Spanish when within hail of her voice—would say, could she behold him at that moment, came upon us with such ludicrous vividness, that it was with the greatest difficulty we could restrain our mirth; indeed, poor Tommy did not succeed in checking his laughter, and be-

fore he could remove his head from the wrong side of the partition, an ill suppressed giggle, which found vent, in spite of himself, startled the commodore, who, looking upward, at one glance took in our four unfortunate faces.

"The look with which he regarded us was well calculated to inspire us with the extremest reverse of pleasant sensations, and it was with visions of all manner of courts-martial fitting vaguely through our heads, that we slunk down into our seats. It was no joke, I assure you, making an enemy of the commodore, for he was a terrible man, and by no means to be made light of when pacing the deck of his own flag-ship. So long as our fun was undiscovered, we enjoyed the joke immensely, but now that we had been caught in the very act of playing the eaves-dropper upon, and making game of the commodore, it was a decidedly serious affair. To be dishonorably discharged from the service, was the very least I expected, for my share in the business. It was, therefore, with extremely long and sheepish-looking faces, we sneaked out of the theatre, down to the boat, and back on board of the ship, where, snugly stowed in our hammocks, we awaited, in fear and trembling, the return of the offended commodore. But although he came on board at the accustomed hour, we heard nothing from him that night; and the following morning, notwithstanding the certainty we felt that something dreadful was about to occur, he went on shore, as usual, without speaking to us, or, so far as we knew, to any one concerning us, contenting himself with bestowing a fearful scowl upon us, as we stood by the gangway, when he passed over to the boat.

"The sudden transition from fear and apprehension to a feeling of safety, put us in the highest possible spirits, and we laughed at ourselves and joked each other hugely upon our late fears, wondering how we could have been so stupid as not to consider that the commodore could not inflict any very serious punishment upon us without exposing himself, which he would naturally be rather loth to do. In view of this fact, we felt assured of safety so long as we maintained a wise silence touching his flirtation. Accordingly, throwing dull care to the winds, and donning our newest and best uniforms, we proceeded to request the officer of the deck for permission to go on shore, as usual. The first luff—who had the deck—regarded us with a grim smile as we approached to make known our wishes.

"So you want to go on shore, do you, young gentlemen?" he remarked, with a malicious grin, as Tommy meekly preferred his request for a day's liberty. "Well, it gives me sincere pleas-

ure to inform you, that all four of you have put your feet for the last time on the soil of France, during this cruise, at least."

"May I ask, sir, of what have we been guilty, to have our liberty stopped?" persisted Tommy, respectfully touching his hat, as the first luff turned to continue his walk across the deck.

"You are the best judges of that, yourselves," he returned, with evident gratification at our chop-fallen appearance. "I only know that it is the old man's wish for you to remain on board while the ship lays at Marseilles."

"And how long is she likely to lay here?" we inquired, with no little interest.

"Two months, perhaps three, possibly longer, for the commodore is in no hurry to leave, at present, I believe; and I will tell you, young gentlemen, as a friend, you had better not get in the old man's way, at present, for I can assure you, he could find it in his heart cheerfully to string you all up to the yard arm; and, in my opinion, he could render the country no greater service, not particularly for this last prank of yours, whatever it may be, but for your disgusting and villanous behaviour generally. And I think every one would justify him in inflicting such a punishment. For my own part, I think I never beheld four persons, in whose countenances crime and villany of the deepest dye were more strongly depicted, than in yours. That will do, young gentlemen; you can now go to your duty."

"So saying, he continued his walk, glancing at us, occasionally, over his shoulder with a look so full of gratified malice, that I could have cheerfully decapitated him, had it been in my power to do so. There was no contradicting his remarks concerning our personal appearance, even if the rules of the service allowed us to enter into an argument with our superior officer; so, with hearts full of all uncharitableness, we proceeded below and divested ourselves of our now useless go-ashore garments. You may be sure, the time hung heavily enough upon our hands. Had the ship been at sea, we could have borne the confinement, and thought it no hardship, whatever; but to be laying where we were, within sight of the city, to see our fellow midshipmen, who, not having been connected with our unfortunate frolic, were not deprived of their liberty—going and coming from the city, at their own sweet will, and bringing us news of all sorts of adventures, was perfectly unbearable. And more than all, our innocent little flirtations were being interfered with by our mischievous shipmates, who set themselves at work to 'cut us out,' as they were pleased to term the—to us—decidedly

unpleasant operation, adding the pangs of jealousy to our already sufficient disquietude, and a very sulky set of midshipmen we were, indeed, for the succeeding three or four weeks.

"Innumerable were the plans formed to compass our liberty, and almost as quickly rejected as impracticable. Indeed, it was hardly to be expected the commodore would be disposed to forgive our insolence, even if he did not fear we might play another and still more provoking trick upon him. All but Tommy gave up the hope of regaining our liberty, while at Marseilles, but he was not the person to despair of anything. He was determined, he said, to have his shore-leave again, or that the ship should leave Marseilles, and that speedily. Either object seemed so unattainable to us, that we gave little heed to his repeated asseverations that he would accomplish no less. Accordingly, it was with no little surprise and wonder that we listened, one evening, to his declaration that he was going on shore that very night.

"How? What do you intend to do?' we asked, with no little earnestness. 'Not desert, surely!'

"No, not so bad as that,' he replied; 'but I think it's nothing more than right to put an end to our imprisonment, or attempt it, at all events.'

"We assented to this with great unanimity.

"And I think it is equally proper that the young woman, whom the commodore is hoaxing at such an unmerciful rate, should be relieved from his addresses.'

"And so you intend to inform her that he is a married man, do you? A nice little muss you are preparing for yourself. Her very first act would be to inform the commodore of your officiousness.'

"O, no,' returned Tommy, 'you don't understand it, at all. I'm only going to make the old man a little jealous, that's all, and that will do our business for us, as well as him, I'm thinking. I have made up my mind to go ashore to-night, and as there is but one boat—the commodore's—going, I must go in her.'

"Impossible!' we all cried in the same breath. 'There is no possible chance to stow away out of sight. You would be discovered in an instant.'

"I do not intend to stow away,' he replied. 'Getting on shore will be the simplest part of it. Indeed, that is already arranged. I've made friends with the boat's crew, and am to go in disguise as one of their number, and pull the bow oar. The night will be dark, and the chances are altogether in my favor.'

"The experiment was a dangerous one, but

Tommy was not to be deterred. Accordingly, at the accustomed hour, which was considerably after dark, the commodore's gig was piped away, and Tommy, with a sailor's white duck frock and trousers over his uniform, slipped into the boat along with the boat's crew. A moment after, the commodore passed over the gangway, and the boat started for the shore. So far, all was well. Tommy had said truly, getting on shore was the easiest part of the affair; but he was equal to almost any emergency that required only perseverance and impudence, or rather 'brass,' to use a very expressive term. Upon reaching the stairs, the commodore, with the order to be ready to start at any moment, proceeded up the pier, while Tommy, divesting himself of his outside garments, leaving him in his very pretty uniform, quickly followed.

"The commodore was a spacious and heavy man, whose step had lost some of the elasticity and speed of youth, so that Tommy quickly overtook and passed him. He knew, by the unusual care the old gentleman had bestowed upon his toilet, that his destination was the residence of his fair one; so hastening onward, with all possible speed, to the distant quarter of the town in which she resided, he arrived, as nearly as he could judge, about ten minutes before the commodore could possibly traverse that distance.

"Marching boldly up to the door, he rang and was admitted. His inquiry for mademoiselle was answered by his being shown into a parlor, in the rear of which, and opening out of it, was a large conservatory, in which was the lady herself busied in arranging a bouquet.

"The situation in which he stood was so favorable to his plan that he at once proceeded to the part of the room where she was, as rapidly as possible, to prevent her approaching nearer the door than she was at the moment. She recognized his uniform as belonging to our tremendously gallant navy, and with a sweet smile, answered his salutation, doubtless thinking he bore a message from the commodore.

"To discover whether she understood English, he accosted her in that mellifluous tongue; but her look of surprise convinced him that he was all right upon that head. So far, all had gone better than he could have hoped. His main object, now, was to pass the time in some manner until the arrival of the commodore. With this object in view, he commenced a long rigmarole speech, in his frightfully imperfect French, taking care to get into such a position that the lady would be back towards the door, while he partially faced it.

"She seemed surprised at the total want of

sense and reason in the speech that he was with no little difficulty composing; but the ludicrous accent which he contrived to affect kept her in good nature the few minutes that elapsed before the commodore's arrival.

"The rooms were large, and the Turkey carpet soft and thick, so that any one, coming in by the door at which he had entered, would scarcely be heard by a person in the conservatory whose attention was engaged, as hers was, with the tale which Tommy was delivering as slowly as possible, and which he intended her to understand as a prelude to a message of some sort. He began to get quite alarmed, as minute after minute elapsed and the commodore did not come. He felt that his story must be brought to a close some time, and how to get out of the scrape, in case he did not come at all, was rather more than even he could imagine; but his ingenuity was not called in requisition for that purpose. As he kept his eye upon the door, it gently opened, and the commodore stepped into the room, but stopped short, upon seeing a gentleman in conversation with the lady. Fortunately, the very slight noise occasioned by his entrance did not attract her attention, and Tommy, resuming his native English, and raising his voice sufficiently to be heard by the commodore, threw himself into an interesting stage attitude, and, notwithstanding the amazed look of the young lady, went on as follows:

"Say once again you love me, dearest Marie. O, how kind of you, to remove my jealous frenzy! Repeat those words again and never, never will I doubt you more. Repeat once more that you abhor and detest the commodore, for, dearest Marie, I have been jealous even of him, although you *do* call him a silly, conceited old booby, whom you only encourage for the sake of the presents he makes you. But how is it possible, dearest Marie, that you have been able to make him believe, all this time, that you did not understand English? I should think the old goose would—"

"But the commodore, who had been turning all sorts of colors during this pretty little speech, stopped to hear no more, but jerking open the door, rushed out, closing it after him with a furious bang.

"Tommy's object was accomplished; and leaving the lady the picture of bewilderment, he, too, fled, and rushed with all speed for the boat. Nor was he a minute too soon, for scarcely had he arrayed himself in his frock and trousers, and taken his seat at the bow oar, when the commodore, puffing and panting, made his appearance, and throwing himself into the stern sheets, or-

dered the boat back to the ship, in a voice like the roaring of a winter's gale. With the silence and rapidity always observed in the naval service, the boat was propelled through the water, the ship's side reached, and the commodore, rushing up the gang ladder, bellowed for the officer of the deck. The first luff, who had the deck, was on the spot in an instant.

"How dare you, sir," he fiercely growled, as that functionary made his appearance, "how dare you allow any one to leave the ship against my express orders?"

"To what do you allude, sir?" inquired the first luff, in astonishment. "I was not aware that any one had disobeyed your orders."

"But they *have*, sir—they have, and you know it. What boat has left the ship, since dark?"

"None besides your own, sir."

"Then, how, let me ask, does it happen that one, or perhaps all, of those confounded midshipmen, are prowling about the city? By Jupiter, they shall be expelled from the service. Every one of them that has been on shore to-night—"

"I think you must be mistaken, sir; the midshipmen are all on board—"

"I tell you they are not. Don't dispute me, sir—don't do it," he yelled, in a complete rage. "Turn up the midshipmen, and we'll see who is missing."

"The word was passed for the mids, and in no time we were on the quarter deck, Tommy, who had had ample time to divest himself of his externals, among us, looking, at the very least, ten per cent. meeker than Moses.

"You perceive they are all on board, sir. It is utterly impossible that any one of them could have been on shore to-night," said the first luff, triumphantly.

"As we all filed before the astonished commodore, he gazed piercingly at Tommy, but his honest look of perfect innocence dispelled whatever suspicion there might have been in his mind.

"Is it possible I could have been so mistaken?" muttered the commodore, with a bewildered air; "probably some chap belonging to that English frigate." Then turning away with something very like an oath, he ordered the first luff to have everything in readiness to heave up anchor at daybreak.

"Next day, the ship left Marseilles, and after a pleasant run, dropped anchor in the bay of Naples, where, as the commodore had no flirtation on hand, we were not deprived of our shore liberty."

THE AUTUMN FLOWER.

BY F. A. SHELTON.

The leaves were falling around me,  
In a wood far away;  
Where I stood alone and thoughtful,  
On a bleak autumn day.  
No sound was heard but the singing  
Of fall birds on the trees,  
Or the sighing through the dense woods  
Of the autumn's breeze;  
But amid all this sad decay,  
A little wildwood flower,  
Modestly raised its tiny head,  
Beneath the colored bower.

I saw it and I was gladdened,  
And hope came to my heart,  
And I thought that when death bids us  
From this vain world depart,  
We are pierced with grief and sorrow,  
Till like this simple flower,  
Religion sheds its light around,  
And consoles us in that hour.  
When we leave this world behind us,  
And those whom best we love,  
To fly to heavenly regions,  
And be with God above.

MARRIED AND SINGLE.

BY SUSAN R. BLAISDELL.

THE latest rays of sunset shone fadingly in through the long windows of the lofty library, resting brightest upon the figures of two persons who sat opposite each other, at a paper-strewn table in the centre of the apartment, and shedding long lines of light upon the wall beyond; but leaving the rest of the place, with its many nooks and angles, in gradually deepening shadow. It was a winter sunset, silent and mournful. There was desolation and sadness in its feeble radiance; and the dusk that was everywhere growing about the old library, made it seem more desolate—more lonely and melancholy still.

The brother and sister sat opposite each other; she, facing the light, that fully illumined her calm and handsome countenance, which was somewhat more serious than usual, to-night, and somewhat paler, as well; he, with the outline of a finely shaped and haughty head strongly defined against the background of the sunset glow, his dark face, with its proud features, and present sharp and impatient expression, left in shadow, so that its peculiar traits were scarcely perceptible; but no incorrect estimate of them might be formed from the cold, yet hasty and irritated tone with which he addressed his sister.

"You are blind to your own advantages,

Caroline!" he was saying. "That you should refuse Hartley Colverton is entirely incomprehensible to me. I insist on an explanation of your reasons."

He waxed hotter as he proceeded. She answered, calmly:

"An explanation would, in this case, be useless, Maurice. For so inclined are you to favor the suit of Mr. Colverton, that any reason which I might choose to render, would have no weight with you. I merely say, then, that I do not wish to marry him."

He regarded her in silence for a moment; but the frown on his brow was blacker than the shadows that surrounded it. He would have sworn, if he had dared. As it was, for bare self-respect, he kept down his wrath; but the bitter sneer that accompanied his next words, quite revealed to Caroline Morton the smothered volcano that she had almost, by her woman's rebellion, caused to burst forth.

"So! You are not too perfect, notwithstanding the declaration of your admiring friends, to betray the childish whimsicality belonging to your sweet sex! And, by my faith!—but you exercise your prerogative gloriously!"

She slightly colored; but returned, with unruffled quiet of manner:

"I am not whimsical, Maurice, and you know it perfectly well. You know it too well to repeat your words."

Maurice Morton did know it. And knowing it, was sufficiently wise to refrain from contesting the point. But it only angered him the more, that he was unable to prove her in the wrong.

"In any case, it is due to me that you should specify your reasons, if you have any worth stating, for declining him."

"I do not perceive the obligation. I am not aware of being accountable to any one for my actions; and especially in a matter which, like this, concerns the happiness of myself alone."

"Then you disown my right to a voice in the affair?" he uttered, wrathfully.

"Not so, Maurice. Since the death of our parents," she glanced sadly downward at her moaning attire, "I have, in every instance of importance, sought your advice, deferred to your opinion; and we have seldom differed. I have always felt happier in knowing that I had some one stronger than myself to lean upon, in the consciousness,"—her voice quivered—"that I was not quite alone in the world. Now I see but too clearly the path which it is necessary for me to take in order to avoid much unhappiness in the future; and believe me, it is deeply painful to me that we do not think alike on this sub-

ject. Yes, Maurice, it is yours to advise me—to be my support; but O, my brother, I entreat you to let your judgment be unbiassed! To open your eyes to the true aspect of things; for—”

“All this, I suppose,” he interrupted, coldly, “means, that so long as I am pliable enough to mould my judgment by yours, so long you are content to yield to my opinions; but the moment that sees our views at variance, gives you an excuse for freeing yourself from my direction. So be it!”

“Maurice, Maurice!” she cried, “you misunderstand me—wilfully misunderstand me!”

“I do not think so.”

“It is true. You know that I ever sacrificed my will to yours, where I knew you in the right; and now it should be the same; but you are in the wrong. You are deceived with regard to Mr. Colverton’s principles; your friendship for him blinds you to his defects; and I cannot—nay, I will not trust my well-being to the care of such a man!”

“Aha! there it is—his principles!” exclaimed Maurice Morton, catching at her words. “Well, what have you to say against Hartley Colverton’s principles?”

“I will say nothing, Maurice,” returned Miss Morton; “and if you were not so strangely infatuated, that no words can show you his defects, you will not need to ask me.”

“Indeed!” he said, sarcastically. “Well, what appalling defect can it be, I wonder? Curious that no other woman was ever fortunate enough to discover it! You are marvellously particular,” he continued, while his tone became most bitter, “that you can take the trouble to pick out a flaw, imperceptible to others, in a man who leads the world of fashion, and has never shown himself other than a gentleman! And most singularly fortunate, too,” (ironically) “that you can afford, with the pittance you possess, to throw away a magnificent fortune, and a home that another in your circumstances would be thankful to secure.”

“Maurice!”

She rose from her seat, with a glance of calm and sorrowful rebuke.

“I know that the Morton estate belongs to you,” she said. “I know that I have no right here; and especially since you are married. I know that the time is fast approaching when I must be expected to seek another home; but I did not need you to tell me of it.”

And straightway Caroline Morton left the library; left it to its shadows and its gloom, and her somewhat discomfited and irreful brother to

his own reflections. He had not expected she would make such direct application of his last words. “But since it is so,” he said, hotly, “let the rebellious girl take her own course. She will soon learn to repent her folly.”

Miss Morton had scarcely taken her departure, before the hall door was heard to open and close, and directly there ran into the library a handsome young girl, with flushed cheeks and animated dark eyes, laughing happily, and bringing in a current of the fresh and frosty air from out-of-doors. She was the youngest of the three—Jessie Morton—and the pet of both Maurice and Caroline, as she had been the pet of her parents.

Her brother’s severe countenance relaxed into a smile, as she came running to the amply-filled grate, laughing, and looking so charmingly happy and careless, to warm her hands. Her warm gray eyes sparkled in the pleasant firelight, and her red cheeks grew redder, as she leaned over the fender. Maurice Morton thought she had never looked so lovely; and there came, besides, the exulting reflection that for her, at least, he was about to secure a brilliant position, an eligible parti. No wonder he grew bland—self-satisfied.

“Where have you been, Jessie?” he said.

“Down on the lake, sliding. O, glorious, Maurice! I had such a grand time, sir!”

He looked a reproof.

“What you, Jessie Morton?—my sister, who is to be married in three weeks?”

She glanced up in his face with mirthful eyes, and a saucy, confident smile.

“O, don’t be severe, Maurice! Wait till my stiff, starched-up lover—”

“Jessie! I must insist upon your taking a more appropriate tone in speaking of Mr. Wellicourt.”

“Ah, well; I mean to behave well enough when he comes, as I was about to say when you had the impoliteness to interrupt me;” and the incorrigible maiden cast a sidelong, mischievous glance at her brother; “but until then, why, I intend to have my liberty. But where is Caroline, I wonder? I expected to find her here. She was to come in at four, you know, to give you an answer to that all-important question of Mr. Colverton’s.”

“Your sister has been here,” was his reply.

“She has? And of course Hartley is to be—that is to say, he is accepted?” she said, eagerly.

He looked straight into the fire.

“On the contrary, Caroline, from some motive best known to herself, has decidedly refused Mr. Colverton’s offer.”

Jessie sprang from her chair.

"It is not possible, Maurice! O, how could she!—and at twenty-six, too! She never will have another offer, never. She will be that most detestable of all horrors, an old maid! But she *shall* have Mr. Colverton, if I can make her." And the impetuous Jessie was springing to the door.

"Stop—stop a moment, Jessie!" said her brother, hastily.

But he was unheard. The impulsive young girl was already half way up stairs; and he sank back in his chair again.

"It is as well, perhaps, after all," he murmured, "to dispense with cautions. They would only make the matter worse. But at all events, *her* eloquence will never prevail."

And it did not. Jessie Morton's dread of seeing her sister an old maid lent her appeal the most passionate and persuasive earnestness; but all to no purpose. She enlarged on every advantage, possible and probable, attendant on the proposed union; she extolled the elegant personal appearance, the address, and the talents of Mr. Colverton, to the skies; she begged, and coaxed, and reproached, by turns, till she was at a dead, despairing loss for further argument; and in vain! It was like the vexed beating of a tiny rill against the sides of a rock-based tower. Caroline smiled and was grave, alternately, as she listened to Jessie's pleading; but not an inch did she yield. What the anger and severity of Maurice had been unable to effect, the persuasions of little, volatile Jessie were equally hopeless in their attempts at forwarding.

"And I did so hope," pouted the young girl, "that we should be married at the same time! And now to think that you utterly and altogether refuse Mr. Colverton's offer! What can make you so obstinate, Caroline?"

"What should make me, Jessie?" said the elder sister, half gravely, half smilingly; "what do you suppose makes me?"

"Indeed, it is more than I can tell," answered the young girl, with slight and pretty pettishness; "and it is as much of a puzzle, I am sure, to tell why you have refused every offer that has been made you since you were eighteen. And here you are unmarried at twenty-six, and throw away such a chance!"

"Jessie," said Caroline, seriously, taking her sister's hand, "should I marry a man to whom I am perfectly indifferent?—who, I am confident, would make my life an unhappy one?"

"Caroline, that is just all nonsense," exclaimed Jessie, despairingly. "All I know is, that you, the handsomest and most graceful woman

in the county, who has had six proposals to every other girl's one, and for whom half a dozen gentlemen have broken their hearts; you, Caroline Morton, the lovely and admired daughter of the late Charles Morton, of Morton Place, —Shire—will be an old maid, after all!"

And in a very undignified passion of grief and passion, the old maid-hating Jessie ran out of the room.

Caroline was somewhat amused at her potent vehemence, and for a moment could not forbear laughing at her; but the laughter was soon quieted, and a time of serious and most painful reflection followed. For the first time in her life, she found herself at variance with her brother; his anger was severely distressing to her; and more distressing the remembrance of the unguarded words, which, in his wrathful mood, had escaped him, giving rise to the sorrowful and rebuking answer with which she had left him.

"Am I, am I, indeed," she said, to herself, with grief and shame, "growing an encumbrance here!—or did I apply to his words a meaning which did him injustice?"

In the winter twilight that was fast deepening into night, Caroline Morton sat in her lonely chamber, wrapt in a most unhappy reverie. What her thoughts were, may not be known; but ere that hour passed, her resolution was made, her path for the future marked out.

Emily, the wife of Maurice, met her in the drawing-room that evening; and she, too, made it a point to mention to Caroline her opinion concerning the all-engrossing subject. In her calm, business-like way, she spoke of the incalculable advantages of such a match as the one under discussion, and advised her sister-in-law to reconsider the subject.

"You will take a very unwise step in sending so decided a refusal to his suit," she said; "a step which you cannot but repent hereafter. Hartley Colverton would be an eligible husband for any woman. Of course, we should be sorry to part with you, here; but you will naturally marry in the lapse of a year or two, at any rate; and you will do well to accept the present opportunity, since it is scarcely probable that a better will present itself."

Caroline, serious, even bitter, as was her mood, could not but smile.

"You think it, then, a matter of course that I shall marry at some time?" she said.

"I do. You will not lead a single life. No woman, in my ideas, would do so, of her own free will."

"You are slightly mistaken," returned Caro-



me, gently. "You see that I can have Hartley Colverton by uttering a single word. That word I never shall utter. Whether, if I live and die a single woman, the case is a compulsory one, you will be judge."

"Then you have fully determined to decline his proposal?"

"Fully. I have other views. I shall leave Morton Place immediately on the marriage of Jessie, and—"

Mrs. Morton's beautiful blue eyes were raised with a glance of surprise to Caroline's face. Caroline paused an instant, and then concluding: "You can tell this to Maurice to-night if you like," turned away to chat with a gentleman visitor whom the domestic had just announced, thus briefly dismissing a subject, the discussion of which had become intensely distasteful to her. She could not judge of the reception which the announcement of her intention would meet with, but her mind was firmly made up.

Mrs. Morton acquainted her husband that night with the design of his sister. Slightly startled by this, he made a point of waiting instantly on Caroline, to ascertain if it were actually her intention to leave Morton Place. Miss Morton assured him of the fixedness of her determination.

"May I ask," he said, "what course you propose taking, if you go from here?"

"I shall reside at the Home Farm, which was left me by our father," returned Caroline, very quietly.

Maurice Morton took two or three turns up and down the apartment, with folded arms and head bent. There was a stern and disturbed expression upon his haughty features, that told of perplexity and annoyance. Consciousness was there, too.

Presently stopping short, he came and sat down by his sister.

"Caroline," he said, uneasily, "I cannot help thinking that this sudden resolution of yours has some connexion with our yesterday's conversation in the library."

She was silent.

"If it is so," he continued; "if you were hurt by any observation of mine, I have only to say that I think you must have misapprehended my meaning, as, from your parting words, I concluded you had done. I simply alluded to the somewhat narrow income you possess, not to your position here. That you should have placed so injurious, though perhaps not unwarrantable a construction, upon my somewhat ill-advised remark, is, believe me, exceedingly painful. It has been a happiness for us all to have

you make Morton Place your home. To feel that I have been the means of causing you to entertain a different view, touches me nearly."

And it did; it cut his pride, his delicacy, most keenly, thought at first he had been too angry to feel it so deeply. Morton Place belonged to Maurice since his father's death; and having taken up his residence here, with his wife, he had also prevailed upon Caroline and Jessie to continue to dwell in their old home. As a matter of course, Caroline felt differently about remaining now that his brother's wife was mistress where she, herself, so long had reigned; but Maurice had delicately managed to banish hitherto everything like a consciousness of dependence on his sister's part. Now he had, by his own hasty temper, brought on the very evil he had striven to avert.

Miss Morton saw the pain this affair caused him, and sincerely regretted now the wrong done.

"Maurice," she said, gently, "I am sorry for this. I feel that you would never have given me pain intentionally. I know that you have never been otherwise than pleased to have me remain at Morton. But—"

"Caroline, do not say it," he uttered, energetically. "Say only that you forgive me, and will remain here, in your rightful home; for being mine, it is also yours."

"I think it better not, Maurice; but do not imagine that you are the cause," she hastened to add. "The truth is, I have for a long time been contemplating a visit at the farm; and since I have been dwelling upon the matter so seriously it would be as well, perhaps, not to change my plans. I shall continue, however," and she smiled, "to regard Morton as a kind of second home, where I may come when I please, and be always sure of a welcome. I shall be very happy, also, to receive you and Emily at the farm, whenever you feel inclined to make me a visit."

He looked dissatisfied. It hurt him that Caroline should persist in her intention; but he was forced to yield.

"The marriage of Jessie will take place shortly," she said, "and directly she goes away, I shall leave for the farm. I think, in such a lovely place as that, my life will be happy, notwithstanding it is destined to be a single one."

Her brother met her light smile with laughing eyes.

"Then you never mean to marry? You intend to remain that horrible abomination, that bugbear of Jessie's ideas—a single woman?"

"I do. I desire no nearer ties than those that bind me at this moment; and never will assume

them. I am free; I have none to control me; and I may shape my way as I will. Let me make my own course, Maurice, and then nobody will be to blame if I am discontented."

"De as you like, Caroline. Perhaps, as you say, you will be happier as a single woman; but I cannot help expressing my disappointment that you have refused Mr. Colverton."

"You will be glad some day that I caused this disappointment."

"You perplex me, Caroline. What do you mean?"

"Wait, Maurice, and you will see."

He was silent and thoughtful for some moments, reflecting upon his sister's singular penchant for—singularity.

"Caroline," he cried, suddenly, "tell me, do you think there is no happiness in married life?"

His sister laughed.

"How prone you are to catch at extremes, Maurice! No, indeed, I do not think so. I have seen married people the happiest in the world. Our own parents, for instance;" and she grew serious; "but in my creed, it is set down that there is as much happiness in the single as the married state, if people could only think so. I hold that each one, provided he has only sufficient self-dependence, can make his own happiness."

And notwithstanding the wonder and disapprobation of her friends, called forth by her peculiar modes of thinking, and by her repeated refusals of the many offers she received, Caroline Morton held her quiet course, unruffled and serene, and professed herself perfectly willing to own the careless, and often spiteful, appellation bestowed upon her by the many, heeding little the estimation depending upon a mere title. The old maid was a very contented and happy old maid, for all their sneers.

Time went his tireless round, and Jessie, the pet and the beauty, was married. As the bride of the aristocratic and elegant Mr. Wellingcourt, and mistress of unnumbered luxuries, with her country residence and her town house, her magnificent equipages, her jewels, the envy of a thousand wealthy dames, and gold in Midas profusion at her command, Jessie was now pronounced the most fortunate of women. True, she was a spoiled and petted child, scarcely seventeen years old, full of whim and caprice, and merry as a bird; while Mr. Wellingcourt was a man of nearly forty, precise, stiff and methodical, fond of quiet, and accustomed to enjoy it. Jessie and her husband were paired, and that was all. But, of course, they were expected to be happy.

As soon as the bride and bridegroom had departed from Morton, Caroline also bade adieu to Maurice and his wife, and sought the retirement of her new home, to enter upon the life she had chosen. There was nothing to make it otherwise than a pleasant one. Caroline had no dread of solitude, for in her own resources she found ample food, both for employment and amusement. But she was not entirely dependent upon these either; for in the care of the well-stocked and well-kept farm on which she lived, there was enough to do.

It was a busy place. The farm was a large one, and the work-people employed upon it, who had been for many years in her father's employ, being accustomed to the place, seemed as a part of it. All things went on harmoniously. The man whom Caroline kept to look after the farm, kept everything in order, and maintained a close and faithful watch over her interests. Thrift and plenty followed his efforts; and with honest zeal, he took pride in adding to the little fortune of his master's daughter.

Caroline was a happy woman. The life she led here was a busy and cheerful one; and not only busy and cheerful, but useful as well; for she cared not alone for her own well-being, but for that of others. She found ways of doing a great deal of good among the village people with the means that Providence had bestowed upon her, and there was always some one whom she could benefit in one way or another. For many poor, she obtained employment; among the sick, Caroline Morton's name was a beloved one; to all she was a true and noble friend, and a Christian neighbor—the neighbor, who "passed not by on the other side." Everybody was the better for Caroline Morton's coming to the Home Farm.

She had no moment unemployed, for her attention, scarcely free from one engrossing object, was directed to another, calling forth equal energies and equal interest. She laughed at the idea of loneliness; she had no time to be lonely. A year passed before she could think it half gone, and another went by; and another; and the quiet, sincere happiness she felt, only grew deeper and more abiding. Living not for herself so much as for others, she realized the true value of life. She enjoyed that life to the utmost. It was most sweet to her, for her own noble efforts lent it its actual zest.

Maurice and his wife made her a visit during the first year of her residence at the farm. They made no allusion to Mr. Colverton, or any of the many suitors whom she had discarded. It was already evident, from the general appear-

ance of things, that Caroline had mistaken neither herself nor her sphere. They found her happy, cheerful, industrious, and more beautiful than ever.

Mrs. Maurice Morton beheld the daily avocations of her sister-in-law with no little curiosity and interest.

"Caroline, how do you find time to do all this, and to see to so many people?" she said.

"They are all I have to see to," she answered, smilingly; "and I have twenty-four hours in every one of my days. You can tell now, perhaps, how much better it was that I should not marry. A husband in addition to my household, would effectually prevent me from attending to anything beyond them, so that I could do nothing of all that I find to do now; for husbands are selfish creatures, Emily," and she glanced laughingly up towards Maurice.

"Then, I suppose," said her brother, with an air of amusement, "I suppose you consider your household, your neighbors, and your pensioners, in the light of a husband?"

"Exactly. I wish for no better. I am very happy, Maurice."

And in her clear beaming eyes and truthful smile, the brother read the truth of her assertion.

They had anticipated a rather dull and tedious visit, at a quiet farm house, with little to relieve the tedium of a country life. They found a most agreeable difference; they became convinced that Caroline's judgment was better than theirs. Instead of subsiding into a selfish, capricious old maid, leading a forlorn, solitary, monotonous existence, Caroline made life beautiful, both for others and herself, and became more agreeable every day. Maurice and his wife allowed that they had been wrong.

They had not seen Jessie since her marriage. Several letters had been received from her while travelling with her husband; letters describing the thousand-and-one gaieties into which she entered, the society in which she mingled,

"And other brilliant matters of that sort."

But lately, these epistles came more irregularly, were more brief and hurried, and altogether less satisfactory. Maurice grew thoughtful, and as he spoke of it, sighed. Emily, with all her natural indolence and apathetic indifference of manner, was roused into interest as the matter was mentioned, and the why and wherefore discussed.

"You may be confident," she would say, to Caroline, "that she is so engrossed in the general gaiety everywhere she goes, as to find a multitude of excuses for not writing as she used to."

Another month, and Maurice and Emily left the farm, earnestly pressing Caroline to come to them soon, and gaining from her a kind of conditional promise to comply with their request during the approaching winter. Then she was left alone once more to continue her customary routine of duties. And once more, in the midst of those duties, she forgot the great world that stretched beyond the circling hills which bounded the horizon, finding quiet and serene contentment in the lot she had chosen, and the places where that lot was cast.

Autumn came. The harvest was gathered in, and in all Caroline's barns and granaries there was not room for the plenty that flowed in upon her from the full and prosperous year. The poor flocked round her doors, and were sharers of her abundance, and went away with glad and grateful hearts. And Caroline Morton, rejoicing in her prosperity, was glad for the sake of those about her. "Freely ye have received—freely give." She bore in her heart the command, and scattered, with unsparing bounty, the largeness of her many blessings.

The winter came. And then leaving for a time the scene of her labors and her happiness, she went to pay the expected visit to Morton. She found Maurice and his wife well, and truly glad to receive her. From Jessie and her husband no news had come very lately. All were perplexed. But Caroline saw that Maurice was more than perplexed. He was anxious—uneasy. And her own fears and suspicions, within a little while awakened, grew with tenfold strength.

"Maurice," she said, earnestly, "this is very strange. These letters—so brief, so abrupt, so strained and artificial in their style—are not like our merry, rattling Jessie. And latterly, that even these should cease. Maurice, tell me what you think!"

He was grave. A heavy sigh, struggling for utterance, was repressed.

"I do not know what to think, Caroline," he answered; "I do not know what to fear; but I am afraid there has been a mistake; and if so, I have helped to make it!" And his voice grew hoarse; his manner desperate.

The subject was not often reverted to; but there was not a day in which each one did not think of it with anxiety and suspense. The time of her visit being expired, Caroline returned to her own dwelling; but she carried with her a less careless heart than she had borne away from it. The sight of her beloved home, with its gladdening welcome and pleasant associations, revived and cheered her; yet in the midst of her many engrossing duties here, would ever

and anon steal in a thought of Jessie, to disturb her otherwise perfect peace. The winter wore away, and no news came from the petted younger sister. But it was coming soon enough.

One day, when spring was garlanding the wide and lovely land with bloom, a magnificent carriage drove slowly up the wide green lawn leading to the door of the farm house; and as Caroline, sewing in her cool sitting-room, bent forward to look from the latticed window, the coachman lowered the steps, a lady attired in a brown travelling dress, and a plain straw bonnet, descended from it, and immediately entered the house. She advanced directly into the apartment where Caroline sat, and paused just within the threshold, regarding her silently.

She was young and beautiful, but pale as death. A reckless, weary, careworn look stamped itself upon her delicate features, and the sweet, dark eyes were almost haggard.

Slowly Caroline rose, and the work fell from her unconscious hand, while, with paling cheeks, she gazed upon the stranger's face.

"Surely, surely, this is not Jessie!" she uttered, in a tone scarcely audible for the emotion that filled her.

"Why yes, it is Jessie!" answered the wife. "Am I so altered, then, that Caroline does not know me?"

She tried to laugh, as of old, in her happy girlhood; but the tears sprang first, and quenched the false sparkle of mirth. Without a word, Caroline's arms were about her; Caroline's soft and loving kisses were pressed upon her pale brow, and the poor, weary child laid her head once more on her sister's breast—the shelter of her maiden days—where never such mournful tears had she shed before.

"O, Caroline, I am so glad to see you—so glad!" she said, looking up into the gentle, pitying face above her with mingled smiles and weeping. "I have wanted so many times to come, and I never could!"

"Why not?" asked Caroline, quietly removing the bonnet and shawl, and smoothing with caressing tenderness, the young girl's bright hair.

A painful flush stole over the sweet face.

"He would not come." The words were almost whispered.

Caroline's eyes grew stern.

"And now?"

"I came without him. He dared me, and I came!"

"Jessie!"

"It is true! He was cruel, cruel, not to let me come! And at last I thought I might die

after I got here, and then it would make no difference to him, afterwards, that I had been disobedient; so I came alone. And I am so tired now, Caroline. Let me lie down."

So Caroline led the poor child to her chamber, and there, sitting by the couch in the darkened room, she listened to Jessie's story. It was a sad one; and the young girl's tears fell fast and free while she told it.

It was the history of an almost broken heart. Jessie had seen little happiness since her marriage. She had pleased her husband at first with her piquant, merry ways, with her childlikeness and careless abandon; he had indulged and petted her to excess, gratifying every possible wish, and pleased in seeing her admired and courted; but the novelty wore off, and old habits asserting their sway, he sought to withdraw her from the sound of gaiety into which he himself had introduced her, to seclude her from society, young as she was, within the stately and solitary home which he had hitherto occupied alone.

"But I could not bear to go," said Jessie, sobbing. "It was so soon to shut me up in that grand old house! And I would not yield. So he gave it up, for a little while, and went about with me, as he had been used to do. But he did not like it, and told me so. I did not mind it. I knew I should be obliged to give up my liberty soon enough, and I meant to enjoy it while it was mine.

"Then he used to speak plainly sometimes. He told me, more than once, that he would not have me go out so much. He said I attracted more attention than he chose that his wife should do. But whose fault was it?" and her cheek flushed. "I had never known what it was to be courted, and flattered, and admired, before he took me out into the world, and I found it very sweet—so sweet that I would not leave the path I had been led into. Evening after evening we were out together, and I grew fairly bewildered with gaiety, so that I never could bear a quiet hour at home. Then he grew jealous, irritable, ill-humored. He could not bear to have me looked at or spoken to; and at last he declared that if I would not withdraw from society, there should be a separation. Think of it, Caroline!"

She wept passionately; but Caroline, even while she pitied her beautiful, ill-fated sister sincerely, could trust herself neither to pity nor rebuke. If Jessie had been wrong, might not her youth excuse her?

"Finally," continued Jessie, "he commanded it so sternly, that I was truly afraid to resist any longer. I let him take me away; but it was so

hard! I cried every day. I would not speak to him sometimes; and that made him more angry still. He reproached me continually. I answered him angrily; and so it went on. At last I told him I desired to come to Morton, and see you all. He declared that since I had been so unwilling to please him, he should not trouble himself to please me. He said I only wished to go away from him, when I had but settled down at home; he would not come with me.

"For a time, I submitted; for I did not know what to do. I was so lonely, so helpless, so sorrowful, Caroline! You would have pitied me, if you had thought me ever so much to blame, I was so miserable! I was dying with homesickness. I asked him again to take me to Morton; still he refused. I told him I would come alone, then—if I walked every step. He dared me to do it. He told me—and swore it, Caroline!—that if I came, I should never enter his doors again. But it was too late. I had grown reckless—desperate; and I came!"

The story was ended.

"My poor Jessie! You have been very unhappy," said Caroline, with tender pity.

"Unhappy? O, yes!" and her tears streamed afresh. "How I wish I were free again! O, if I had not married! I would gladly live single all my life. Do you remember, Caroline, how angry I was because you said you never would marry?—I despised an old maid so much; and now I would give all I possess to be one."

"It is too late for regret, now," said Caroline, sadly. "You could only learn by experience, and that experience has been severe. I am sorry for you, Jessie. Let us pray that the heaviest of the evil is passed."

\* \* \* \* \*

But Jessie Wellingcourt had come home to stay. She never returned to her husband. A reconciliation was attempted by Caroline, but the effort was fruitless.

Maurice Morton repented most bitterly his own short-sightedness in marrying Jessie to a man of more than twice her age, merely because the match promised to be an advantageous one. He had passed lightly over the fact of their dissimilarity of disposition, of habit, and of taste, never considering that a union of two so exactly opposed, in all these points, to each other, could never be happy together; and now he suffered deeply in his sister's unhappiness. Jessie and her husband never met again. Mr. Wellingcourt settled upon her a handsome allowance, which she received quarterly, through his lawyer, and henceforth they two were twain.

Caroline continued to dwell at the Home Farm

Jessie made her home alternately there and at Morton Place, and always seemed to be happy; but it was a happiness the mere wreck of that of old days, changed as much as she was herself. She never quite regained her former beauty, or exuberant spirits; but gradually a quiet calm stole over her, from the deeper and more serious thought induced by her sorrows and her trials. They made her wiser.

Two years from the time when Caroline had so angered her brother by her decided rejection of Mr. Colverton, Maurice one day made his appearance at the farm. He was graver than usual, as his sister instantly observed, and the cause was soon betrayed.

"Caroline," he said, "Hartley Colverton is dead."

"Dead!" echoed his sister.

"He died a month ago, in France, at the gaming table; shot through the heart by a man whom he had just begged."

Caroline shuddered; but a sigh, that was almost a sigh of gladness, escaped her, as she reflected on her own freedom.

"I can interpret that sigh," said Maurice; "and it is a gentle reproach to me, Caroline. It is not my fault that you did not become a gambler's wife—that you are not at this moment a gambler's widow. Hartley Colverton was addicted to gaming at the very time when I so strenuously urged you to marry him; but let me do myself the justice to say that I was unconscious of the fact at the time. Caroline, can you pardon me for all that passed that day when I became so offended with you for your refusal to comply with my wishes in regard to him? I was harsh, unkind—unmanly, even. Forgive me!"

He held out his hand. Caroline clasped it warmly.

"You were not to blame, Maurice," she returned. "You thought it all for the best; but I could not yield. I had heard of his propensities, and resolved to avoid him. I liked best the path I had chosen. I do not think I would have married the best man on earth. Each one has his own taste you know, Maurice; and I cannot help thinking that I am one of those few women who are happier in the single than the married state. There are two ways, and one is as happy as the other, if a woman chooses to make it so; and a great deal more so." And she glanced laughingly at her brother.

And Caroline lived, content and cheerful, at the Home Farm, through her many and pleasant years. She never married, reader. I cannot spoil my story.

THE LOST AT SEA.

BY IMOGEN APTON.

Outward bound, with a hopeful heart,  
I saw a young sailor from home depart;  
The future glowing fair and bright,  
Mingling with the shades of night;  
And thus he bade his friends adieu,  
To breast the waves of the ocean blue.

And swiftly borne from his native shore,  
That he was doomed to see no more;  
Ah, little he thought, as he onward sped,  
That soon he must lie with the silent dead;  
And find a grave in the mighty deep,  
Alone to lie in death's dreamless sleep.

But there came a night o'er that fragile bark,  
When the wild winds howled, and the sky grew dark,  
And she was borne 'neath the whirling wave—  
Then sank with her the true and brave,  
To sleep in the caverns of the deep.  
And o'er his fate we are left to weep.

And thus he died—no bell there tolled,  
But the ocean moaned as it onward rolled,  
A requiem o'er the sailor's grave;  
And oft we have wept for the true and brave,  
That afar from his kindred alone must sleep,  
Till summoned on high from the mighty deep.

But why do we mourn the frail body that dies?  
That beneath the ocean slumbering lies?  
The spirit hath soared to its home on high,  
To dwell with God beyond the sky,  
And sing glad songs forever more,  
With angels on the immortal shore.

MADEL FLORENCE.

BY ANSON B. CLIFFORD.

In one of the private apartments of the Astor House, sat Mabel Florence. She was now an orphan, and the only relative with whom she was acquainted, was her own brother William. She was eighteen years of age, and as beautiful as the evening star. Her dark golden hair fell in glossy, curling clusters about her neck and temples, and her eyes, which seemed almost too dark for her hair, were deep and lustrous, with a sparkle which betrayed a quick, energetic mind. Her features were faultlessly regular, and her form was naturally full and erect. But Mabel Florence was now pale and sad, and her form was wasted. She had not been in possession of perfect health for some months. She held an open letter in her hand, which she had just been reading. It was from her brother, and ran as follows:

"MY OWN DEAR SISTER: You will forgive me, if I do not write much at the present time.

I have seen Mr. Winslow, and he is very anxious that you should come and take charge of his children. He will pay you a good salary, and will treat you, in every respect, as a member of his family. You can take the boat to-morrow morning, and he will be at the landing in Troy for you. I hope you will be anxious to please him, and also to make yourself pleasing to all. I have secured a berth as supercargo on board one of the ships our father used to own, and shall sail for the East Indies this very day.

"And now, Mabel, let us forget the severe blow which has fallen upon us, and give our hearts to God. I am resolved that no man shall ever hear a complaint from my lips. My own energies shall lift me up again, and I know that you have as much energy of character as I have. O, find peace and joy, if you can. Look never again upon the past only for lessons of experience, but remember that life lies in the future. God bless and protect you ever. Write me often, and I will do the same. Courage, Mabel, and pray.

"Your brother, truly, WILLIAM."

This letter Mabel had read twice.

"O!" she groaned, starting to her feet, "and has it come to this? Mabel Florence a governess!"

The very thought seemed overpowering, and she sat down and wept aloud. It was, indeed, a fall for her. Among the gay of the metropolis, she had been the gayest; among the rich, the richest; and among the proud, the proudest. Beaux had been at her feet, and favored maidens had envied her; and even duels had been projected on her account. And now she had the offer of a place of governess over a family of children in Troy! At first, she had thought only of rejecting the place with scorn; but a few calmer thoughts brought a different result. Her mother had been dead several years, and her father had passed away only about six months previous to the present time. She had thought her father wealthy, but when his affairs came to be settled up, she saw, by the result which was presented to her, that both she and her brother were penniless. So she must either accept the proffered place, or beg, or starve. She resolved to go to Troy, but the resolution came with many bitter tears.

Closely veiled, Mabel Florence stepped into the coach, and was conveyed to the steamboat landing, and shortly after her trunk had been put on board she was on her way up the noble Hudson. She kept her state-room all day long, for she feared there were people on board whom

she knew, and she dared not see them. It was nearly dark when she reached Troy, and she found Mr. Winslow waiting for her. His greeting was kind, in the extreme, but it could not make her happy. That man had once been one of her father's customers, and now she was going to be a servant in his family! That was the thought that dwelt uppermost in her mind.

Nathan Winslow was about forty years of age, and was a merchant in Troy. He had formerly bought goods of Mr. Florence, and had been among that gentleman's warmest friends, so that when the old merchant was taken away, he was among the first to offer his services to the orphans, and had, at the request of William, made a place for Mabel in his family. Mrs. Winslow was an excellent woman—one who had been schooled in the rough ways of life, and who had helped her husband up to his present position. They had only four children. Lucy was fourteen; Mary, eleven; Fanny, seven, and the youngest, which was a boy, was only two. It was the three girls Mabel was to take charge of, but she rested a few days ere she commenced her labors. She found Mr. Winslow's dwelling to be plain and simple in finish and furnishing, though everything that real comfort could ask was there. She was to receive four dollars per week, and her board, and in consideration thereof, she was to devote six hours per day to teaching the children, and also to give Lucy such music-lessons in the evening as might be convenient and agreeable.

After this bargain was made, Mabel went away to her little chamber and cried for an hour. To think that she had been hired, for so much per week, to work for another, was painful, and, in her eyes then, degrading. But she could not escape from it. Her head ached, and she threw herself upon her bed, and there she went to sleep. Four days passed away, before she commenced her duties as governess. She had by this time learned that her mistress (*mistress!* O, how that word galled her!) was a kind and affectionate woman, and she could not but feel grateful for the favors that were bestowed upon her. Only the thought that she was a dependent embittered every other feeling. Mabel commenced the task, but her head often pained her when she did not own it, and she was weak and faint when she professed to be strong. But Mrs. Winslow could see, and she made the governess take another week of respite. By that time, Mabel was in reality stronger and better, and she now commenced her work in earnest.

For a while, things moved on coldly and formally. Mabel treated the children *politely*, but

not affectionately. Mrs. Winslow sat one evening, and talked with her husband on the subject, and on the next morning, she called Lucy into her room and had a long talk with her. Lucy was a pretty girl, and very intelligent; and, added to this, she possessed a sweet and loving disposition. And so did the other two children; but only Lucy was yet old enough to reason with on the subject of winning their teacher's love.

From that time, Lucy's peculiar mildness and sweetness of manner won gradually upon the governess, until, at the end of two weeks, love began to manifest itself in the study-room. Mabel had been gaining health and strength, and with ease of body came ease of mind. She now kissed her little scholars, and when she saw how delighted and happy they were with her caresses, she felt a new bond of union with them.

The summer passed slowly on, and the rose came back to Mabel's cheek. The unsteady, riotous life she had led in the city, had almost broken her down, but she had at length regained her lost health. The regular hours she now kept, restored repose and quiet to the frame which had suffered from the nightly debauches of the great Babel; and the simple, nutritious food which she found at Mr. Winslow's table, restored purity and vigor to her blood and whole system. When the cool winds of autumn came, Mabel Florence was a new being. Her fullness of frame, the elasticity of step, the rosy flush of cheek, and the deep, warm light of the full, dark eyes, all told that she was strong and healthy.

But her body was not alone in the blessing. Her mind was as new as that. First, the gentle love of the innocent children had won her soul away from its gloomy thoughts, and when once the light of true affection found its way to her heart, the whole flood was not long in pouring in upon her. She now sang as blithely as ever, and in the evening, when her merry laugh rang through the house, the good people almost fancied they had given home to one of the fairy spirits that carry sunshine around to distribute in dark places.

"Well, Mabel," said Mr. Winslow, as he came in, one evening—it was after the snow had come—"we are to have a visitor to-morrow."

"Ah! And who may it be?"

"Mr. John Lambreth."

Mabel's countenance fell in a moment. This was a man to whom she had been affianced about a year and a half before. She thought she loved him then, but she thought so no more.

"Don't the news please you?" inquired the merchant.

"Ah, no," quickly replied Mabel. "I wish he wouldn't come."

"Why, I thought he was your affianced husband?"

"So he was, but—but—that was a year and a half ago. I was different, then. Then, I only looked upon the outward show and glitter of life. I fancied I was happy amid the wickedness and sin of those who flattered me. Mr. Lambreth then pleased me, and I promised to be his wife; and I remember how angry I was with my brother because he objected to the match. Lambreth was rich, and my father favored him. But, O, I could not love him now!"

"But John Lambreth is not rich, now," said Mr. Winslow. "A year of dissipation in Europe has altered his circumstances, somewhat—or, at least, so a friend writes me. The young man has not probably heard of your misfortune, and may be coming up to draw upon the purse which he thinks you now hold."

"Do you think so?" asked Mabel, starting with sudden hope.

"Wait and see."

Yet Mabel was not wholly happy. She had once pledged her word that she would be Lambreth's wife, and she feared he would now hold her to her promise. And again she looked into her own heart, and she fairly shuddered when she reflected upon the fatal life she was so thoughtlessly leading, a year before. And she knew, too, that she could never be happy with a man of Lambreth's character.

But the morrow came, and with it Mr. John Lambreth. He was a young man, not more than six-and-twenty, and was dressed in the very height of fashion. He was not a bad looking man, by any means, only so far as the marks of dissipation were concerned, and they were not to be disguised or mistaken. He greeted Mabel most lovingly, and his protestations of love and delight upon "once moah beweholding the object of his affections," were without bounds. After dinner, he gained an opportunity to speak a few moments with Mabel alone. He had already told of the wondrous things he had seen in "Euwope," and he was now prepared for business.

"Mabel," he commenced, "what the deuce made ye run away from the city?"

"I came up here on business."

"You on business? Ha, ha, ha. But you must make a capital hand. Up to see about yer father's pwoerty, eh? What a dem foined time you must have had."

"You mistake, sir," returned Mabel, calmly.

"My father left no ptoerty. After he was gone, I found myself absolutely penniless, and I came up here to accept the place of governess in Mr. Winslow's family."

"Eh? Aw, confounded rich joke. Ha, ha, ha."

"It's no joke, sir, I assure you. Did not my friends in New York inform you of this?"

"No. I didn't see 'em. I only found out where ye was. But d'ye mean that ye're done up—cleaned out—not a red—eh?"

"Really, sir, your terms are rather mystical. But I can simply assure you that I am now actually obliged to teach these children here, to find myself in food and clothing."

For some moments Mr. Lambreth moved uneasily in his seat. Then he looked at his watch, and started up.

"Six o'clock!" he cried. "By the mass, I promised to meet a man at six. Excuse me a moment."

And with this, Mr. John Lambreth left, and Mabel never saw him again; but on the following day, she received a note, which read after this fashion:

"MISS MABEL FLORENCE: Perhaps you may have thought that we were bound, by former vows, to be married; but you must be aware how circumstances can alter cases. In fact, you are not the female to whom I promised my hand. She was an heiress—you are only a governess. Of course, you are henceforth free to bestow your hand where you choose.

"JOHN LAMBRETH."

A cloud rested, for a moment, upon Mabel's face, but soon a smile drove it away, and finally, as she threw the note into the fire, a loud, merry laugh broke from her lips. She was astonished at herself. The reference to her pecuniary misfortune affected her not at all. She looked back upon the past, and in her soul she vowed that the misfortune was a blessing in disguise, for not for all the wealth of the great city would she exchange the health and content she now enjoyed.

In a little while, a new visitor came. It was Mr. Winslow's youngest brother, a young man only four-and-twenty years of age, and who had just graduated from the medical school, having left college at the age of twenty-two. He came to spend a few weeks at his brother's, previous to commencing practice. Of course, it was natural that he should seek Mabel's company, seeing that she was the only one in the family near his own age; and when he found how richly the maiden's mind was stored, he made himself very familiar—in fact, dangerously so, for he seemed uneasy now only when Mabel was near him.



And how was it with her? Edwin Winslow was not only one of the handsomest young men of his time, but he was noble looking, too. None of your effeminate, dandified fellows, but a man of sound, practical common sense; and one, moreover, who never spoke a foolish thing in his life until he became acquainted with the governesses of his brother's children. He was a man, too—tall, stout, erect and full, of energy and noble emulation. In truth, Mabel wondered what she should do evenings, when Edwin had gone—and the thought was unpleasant.

At length, the two young people became suddenly timid, and seemed afraid to speak to each other. Instead of sitting down upon the sofa and taking their books, they selected opposite sides of the room, and from these strange positions, they cast quick, tremulous, furtive glances at each other.

This state of things lasted a week, and at the end of that time, Mabel had become unhappy, and Edwin resolved 'twouldn't do. So that very evening, he sought Mabel's side, while they were alone in the sitting-room.

"Mabel," said he, very plainly, but yet tremblingly, "you will pardon me, if I speak to you bluntly, and to the point, for no good can ever come of hiding truth. Do you think you can ever love me well enough to be my wife?"

Surely, that was blunt and plain. But Mabel was not to be outdone, for she replied:

"Yes, Edwin, I can love you well enough."

"Then you will be mine?"

"Ah, that is a different question. You do not want a wife now."

But Edwin didn't believe that. He *did* want a wife, right off. Mabel asked him how long he had thought so, and he told her ever since he had known her. However, she finally referred him to his brother.

"Ask him first," she said. "I am but a poor, penniless dependent upon him, and cannot promise you my hand, without his consent. My heart is yours."

"But what has Nathan to do with me or mine?" cried Edwin.

"He has much to do with me?" Mabel answered. "He took me here, and gave me a home, and I cannot become your wife without—"

The remark was cut short by the entrance of the elder brother, and Edwin at once said:

"Well, we'll have it settled now, at all events."

"What is it?" asked Nathan.

"Why, I have asked Mabel, here, to become—" Here Mabel left the room, as though something had frightened her. "The gipsy!"

But I'll tell you, Nathan: I asked her if she loved me well enough to become my wife, and she told me yes. But she says she won't marry me, without your full consent. How's that?"

A cloud came over the elder brother's brow in a moment, but he tried to hide it.

"Wait—wait, Edwin, until you know what to do with a wife. When you get settled in practice will be time enough to think of that."

"Pooh! I'm settled enough, now. I can have practice right here in Troy, or in Albany."

A few moments of silence ensued, and then Nathan said: "Let this matter rest until Miss Florence's brother returns. If you have the least regard for my honor, speak not on the subject again to Mabel until you can first see her brother."

The next morning, Mr. Winslow took Mabel aside, and asked her if she would promise not to allow Edwin to speak with her upon the subject of marriage until her brother returned. She gave the promise readily.

But they did not have to wait so long as might have been expected, for within a week of that time, Mr. William Florence himself walked into the house. With a low cry of joy, Mabel sprang forward and fell upon his bosom. He held her off, and could scarcely believe his eyes.

"So rosy—so healthy—so lovely—so happy!" he uttered. "O, is it—is it, my own Mabel?"

"It is," cried the happy sister. "But not the same Mabel you left."

That evening was a joyous one; but Edwin was uneasy, and he could not sleep until he had spoken privately with William. So, after the rest had all retired, he took Mr. Florence by the hand, and told his love for Mabel.

"But," said William, "you may find a wealthier—"

"Stop!" cried Edwin. "If you have objections to make, make them against me. Mabel is all I want for a wife, and if I cannot, with my health and education, and by the energies God has given me, support my home, then let me die at once."

"I will speak with my sister, sir," replied William, with a moistened eye.

"And you will not refuse her request?"

"Of course not."

So Edwin Winslow went to bed very happy, and as he passed his brother's door, he could not help snapping his finger at it.

In the morning, William saw his sister alone, and he soon found that she loved Edwin as truly and fondly as he loved her.

"But," said her brother, "you must remem—"

for that, as a physician's wife, you will have many duties to perform."

"And have I not had duties to perform for the last nine or ten months?"

"But do you not sometimes hope that some fortunate marriage will place you back amid the glitter and amusement of your old city life?"

Mabel started to her feet. A strange flush overspread her features, and her dark eyes burned.

"My brother," she said, slowly, and with thrilling power, "do you think I have found the spring of true life only to cast it from me again? I have worked here, and my work has been a source of such joys as I never before knew. Health, peace, joy and virtue are secured to me here. William, ere I would go back to the city, and live the life I lived there two years ago, I would calmly lie me down and die!"

William Florence caught his sister to his bosom in deep feeling. "Mabel," he said, "did I not see that you were dying by inches in that great Babel? That false pride held you aloof from gentle persuasions, and designing sycophants held you in their power? I saw but one way to save you, and that I determined to adopt. But I resolved to bear all that you bore. If you have been a simple governess, for nine months, I have imposed upon myself a task equally arduous, and during all that time, I have not used a penny that I did not earn. And now I know you will forgive me. Mabel, our father left us a fortune of eight hundred thousand dollars!"

"William—"

"I speak truly. He left that sum of money in safe, solid funds, and it is now ready for us at any moment. I forged those papers I showed you, and our banker helped me. You know, now, why I did it."

The astounded girl could not speak in words. She flung her arms about her brother's neck, and wept a long, long while.

At length, she became calm, and then William explained more fully. He told her how long he had pondered upon the plan, before he dared adopt it—how he made sure of Mr. Winslow's help, by explaining all to him—and how it pains him to leave his sister as he did.

"But I dared not see you on that day when I sent the letter," he said, "for I feared your tears would smother me."

"And Mr. Winslow knew all?" Mabel said.

"Yes. I had to tell him, of course."

So Mabel now knew why her employer had been so earnest in his objections to his brother's proposal. But all was bright, now.

Nathan Winslow was informed by William that Mabel's salary might now cease, and shortly

afterwards, Edwin was informed that he might go up and see the governess, and make any proposal to her he pleased. He leaped up two steps at a time, and in a moment more, he was by Mabel's side.

"But suppose I was worth four hundred thousand dollars," said she, looking up with a merry twinkle.

Edwin laughed. "I never hope to reach that figure," he said; "but you shall have a comfortable home, and you shall have a faithful, loving heart to beat in unison with your own."

But finally Mabel made him understand that she was really worth four hundred thousand dollars, and the knowledge made him look sad.

"Can you love me, now?" she asked.

"I won't be a fool," he uttered, energetically, "by being the first to show a shade of doubt of the love of one like you. But you are not the governess, now, and I'll propose anew to the heiress. Will you take a poor but honest, loving man, like me, for your husband?"

"Yes. There's my hand, and it's your's forever."

And so the young doctor found wealth sooner than he had expected; but, truly, he thought little of the dollars, when compared with the sweet, gentle wife who brought them. And Mabel, though this last life-lesson was a joyful one, could not but look upon that other lesson which her brother had given her as the very foundation of life itself.

#### A FINE STREAM.

A good story is told of a Philadelphia judge, well known for his love of jokes. He had advertised a farm for sale, with a fine stream of water running through it. A few days after, a gentleman called on him to speak about it.

"Well, judge," said he, "I have been over that farm you advertised for sale the other day, and find all right except the 'fine stream of water' you mentioned."

"It runs through the piece of woods in the lower part of the meadow," said the judge.

"What, that little brook! why, it does not hold much more than a spoonful. I am sure if you empty a bowl of water into it, it would overflow. You don't call that a fine stream, do you?"

"Why, if it were much finer, you couldn't see it at all," said the judge, blandly.

We never heard whether the gentleman bought the farm, but we rather suspect he didn't.—*New York Dutchman.*

Before you ask a man a favor, consult the weather. The same person that is as ugly as sin while a cold rain is rattling against the window panes, will no sooner feel the gladdening influence of a little quiet sunshine than his heart will expand like a rosebud.

## THE FAIREST FAME.

BY GEORGE H. COOMER.

Dark clouds that wing the thunder,  
Still wield the shaft of light;  
They thrill all earth with wonder,  
And shake the dome of night;  
But their's is glory mad and vain,  
Where passion and despair  
Are pictured in the shivered chain,  
Hurled downward from the air.

When morning sweet upspringeth  
O'er all the dewy vines,  
The bird that sang still singeth,  
The sun that shone still shines;  
And from her green tree springs the dove,  
And from her bud the rose;  
And from the fount of heavenly love  
The same deep current flows.

With stormy passions human,  
With all the power of woe,  
Have soul-struck man and woman  
Pierced wondering hearts below;  
But never torrent, storm or flame,  
The bliss of love can bring;  
And his must be the fairest fame,  
Who sweetest breathes of spring.

## MR. APTHORPE'S WILL.

BY HARRIET A. DAVISON.

THIS summer I spent a few weeks in the village of Carmel, a very pretty place, situated at one hundred and six miles south from Albany. The scenery was very beautiful, and I spent very pleasant hours there. When I entered the village, I was surprised to see put up for sale a very handsome brown villa, which stood rather out of the village. The house was very large and handsome, standing on a slight elevation, with a very fine lawn sloping in front down to the main street of the village. The lawn was belted by a double row of trees, which were on each side of the winding avenue. On the street were two very massive freestone gateways. When I made my first visit in the village, some four years ago, a Mr. Bemus Apthorpe lived there, with his three daughters; and I expected to find him still living there, but no—the house was closed and the gates also. The grass had grown up here and there in the middle of the avenue, and the borders were overgrown with weeds. I wondered at the changes which had taken place since I was last there, and determined to ask my aunt what had become of the family. My aunt lived in a pleasant little cottage in the centre of the village. It was nearly tea time when I reached that, so I had to curb my curiosity till evening. When the

table was cleared off, and my aunt had resumed her sewing and I produced my everlasting crochets, I eagerly demanded why the Apthorpe house was for sale. Aunt Sarah seemed surprised that she had forgotten to mention it in her letters, because the circumstance made such a stir in the village. This is the story she told me, and I hope it will be as interesting to my readers as it was to myself.

Mr. Bemus Apthorpe moved into the village twenty years or perhaps more ago, with his wife and one child, a little girl about three years old. The brown house on the hill had been recently built by a speculator from New York, whose transactions failing, he had been obliged to give up the house and move away. Bemus Apthorpe had purchased it, and it was whispered in the village that he had not been wholly fair in his dealings; but be that as it may, the house was his, and he intended henceforth to live in it, and among us.

The Apthorpes lived very secluded, scarcely ever making their appearance save on Sundays. Few of the inhabitants of Carmel knew them much; but Mrs. Apthorpe's gentle, sweet face made all who saw her, love and feel interested in her. About eight years after their settling in the village, Mrs. Apthorpe died, leaving three daughters, of the respective ages of twelve, nine and eight. They were pretty little girls, and everybody felt a deep interest in them when they were left to the care of their very morose father. Mr. Apthorpe had made himself generally disliked for his hardness and very evident neglect of his wife. All the villagers shook their heads sadly when they heard of Mary Apthorpe's death, and murmured, 'She is happy now.' The three girls were named Hope, Faith and Patience: strange names for such a man to give his children, but I suppose as those feelings were no dwellers in his breast, he thought he would have them as familiar spirits, that no man could say he was without hope, faith and patience. But that is a digression.

The three girls attended the village school, and afterwards the academy, and proved very brilliant scholars and endeared themselves to all their schoolmates and friends by their gentle, amiable ways. But though they were children of the richest man in the village, and living in one of the handsomest houses, with closely-shaven lawn and well-kept paths, they were dressed very shabbily, and oftentimes so thinly and poorly clad as almost to suffer from the cold. They grew up, notwithstanding all this, into pretty, genteel girls, beloved by everybody who knew them, as much as their father was disliked.

About ten years after Mary Apthorpe's death, it was reported that Bemus Apthorpe lay on his death-bed. The neighbors were very kind with offers of services, but Hope Apthorpe, then an elegant girl of twenty-two, declined their kind offers, saying that her father was unwilling to receive anybody but the lawyer who was with him. The next day the news of his death spread through the village. None, I dare say, were sorry when they heard that Bemus Apthorpe, the miser, was dead. His funeral was large, owing to the interest that all felt in the orphans, who were loaded with kind, unobtrusive attentions. The news soon circulated through the village that, agreeably to his dying injunctions, the will of Bemus Apthorpe was to be read aloud, the Sunday after his death, in the three village churches. Everybody was astonished at such a request, but when Sunday came, of course everybody went, curious to hear what the will could contain. Some thought that at the last moment, repenting of his harshness and parsimony, he intended to leave a sum of money to each church. The day was beautiful, and every pew in every church was filled. After the services were ended in the church my aunt attended, young Mr. Harris, the minister, rose; he seemed very much agitated, and his face was very pale; pausing for a few moments, to recover his composure, he read as follows:

"I, Bemus Apthorpe, dying, make this command; that my will be read aloud the Sunday after my death, in the three churches in the village of Carmel. If this be not complied with, my curse shall rest upon whosoever opposed it and upon my undutiful children."

Then came the will, which read as follows:

"I, Bemus Apthorpe, give and bequeath the sum of seventy five thousand dollars, together with my real estate, to my three daughters, Hope Apthorpe, Faith Apthorpe and Patience Apthorpe, to be divided equally between them while they remain unmarried; but if any of them marry, the whole property shall be given to the unmarried ones, or if they all marry, the whole property shall go to the one last married."

Such was the strange will that was read one Sunday morning from the pulpit. The congregation could scarcely suppress their general feeling of indignation; for this will seemed like the final act of injustice and tyranny and malice, too, for the two oldest girls were already engaged, and had been for some time previous to their father's death, to very enterprising, fine men: and that Mr. Apthorpe knew and had given his free consent to. Hope was engaged to Mr. Harris, the minister, and Faith to a young farmer who lived about three miles from the vil-

lage. Nobody could conjecture why this will had been made, for Bemus Apthorpe had never taken any particular notice of his children, and was not known to have any favorite.

About two months after Mr. Apthorpe's death the girls closed the house, and went away to remain for an indefinite time with an aunt—Mrs. Kenny,—their mother's only sister. All were sorry to lose them and feared they would never wish to come back to the village, which seemed only filled with sorrow and trouble for them.

A year rolled away, and still they came not, neither did any tidings of them reach us. Mr. Harris, upon being questioned, had said that he had freed Hope from all engagements with himself, when he knew that she would lose all property by her marriage; but Hope had refused to be liberated, and went away, telling him she should not write, but he would see her again. We were beginning to think it a settled thing that they were never coming back, when all the village were surprised and rejoiced with the news that in one week they would come back to their home. At the appointed time back they came, attended by their aunt and three servants. The house now assumed a cheerful, sunny look; the grounds were cleared of all rubbish, the walks nicely cut and rolled, and the borders filled with bright flowers. The house had always had a grand, cold look, but now it looked cheerful and pleasant. After the first excitement was over everything went on as usual, and the thought of Bemus Apthorpe rarely entered people's minds.

About two years after Mr. Apthorpe's death the village was thrown into an intense state of excitement and expectation by the reception of invitations for the coming week, to attend the wedding of Miss Hope Apthorpe and Mr. Harris. The will came vividly to the minds of all, and many were the conjectures as to who would be married last or remain single. All concurred in calling Hope high-minded and just, and the congregation of the little Unitarian church looked forward with delight to the prospect of her becoming their beloved minister's wife, and determined that they would do all in their power to prevent her from ever regretting the course she had pursued.

The evening so anxiously expected arrived at last, and the Apthorpe mansion was one blaze of light, and filled almost to overflowing with company. Mrs. Kenny received the guests with grace and dignity. Everybody was on tip toe with excitement, and the minutes seemed to move on heavy-laden wings; at length the hour arrived and a door opened, and the three girls—dressed almost exactly alike—entered the room, each

leaning on the arm of a gentleman. The girls were dressed alike, save that Hope was clad in white satin, and almost shrouded by an elegant wrought veil, fastened by a tiara of pearls, and her sisters were clothed in white silk, with plain veils.

Hope and Mr. Harris walked in first; next came Faith, leaning upon the young farmer's arm; and lastly, Patience, accompanied by a gentleman—a stranger to the company. A murmur of admiration filled the room; for three more beautiful, queenly girls were never seen in the village, or elsewhere, I think. Hope and her sisters were dark eyed and haired, dignified girls. The sisters and their companions ranged themselves at the upper end of the room. As they so placed themselves, three clergymen separated themselves from the company, and stood each before each couple, and simultaneously began the ceremony. Side by side they kept, and together pronounced the words which made them man and wife. The company were voiceless with surprise. When the ceremony was ended, a lawyer,—the one who had drawn up Bemus Apthorpe's will,—stepped forward and read the will; upon concluding the reading he said to the company:

"Ladies and gentlemen, friends:—You have just heard the will; neither young lady is unmarried; neither was married a second even after the other, and I consider if the property is equally divided, the will is not set aside or violated. Any one who thinks this not so will please come forward and give his reasons."

A cheer filled the room, and very warm and heartfelt were the congratulations which were offered on all sides to the blushing brides.

Such was the story my aunt detailed to me. Mr. and Mrs. Harris lived in a pretty, brown Gothic cottage, not far from the church; Faith and her husband lived on a farm out of the village; and sweet little Patience had gone with her husband to Albany, and the house was put up for sale.

#### THE VILLAGE IDLER.

Everybody knows him. He is an easy, harmless, lounging, good-for-nothing creature! He has time, but it is wasted; talents, but they are utterly uncultivated; opportunity, but it is never improved; he spends it without object, or use, or aim, or end. In youth he neglected school, disobeyed his parents, was a stranger to the house of God, made no effort to prepare for the future, and now, without character, respectability, employment, or a home, he wanders about from the bar-room to the street, and back again to the bar-room;—a burden to himself, a disgrace to his relations and to all a warning, that a mis-spent youth brings after it a useless manhood and miserable old age.—*Sciota Gazette.*

#### AN UNFORTUNATE HABIT.

Some persons are in the habit of dwelling upon and greatly magnifying every little injury they receive at the hands of others. They thus render themselves very disagreeable to those in whose ears they are continually pouring their complaints; and at the same time greatly injure themselves in the estimation of such, whilst they are contributing very much to their own personal misery. How much better would it be, were such persons to bury their little troubles, or at least to keep them entirely out of sight! It is to be presumed that they do not sufficiently reflect upon the true nature of their conduct, else they would be more careful to avoid it than they are. Jamieson forcibly exposes the great folly of such conduct by the following illustration:—"A man strikes me with a sword, and inflicts a wound. Suppose, instead of binding up the wound, I am showing it to everybody, and after it has been bound up I am taking off the bandage continually and examining the depth of the wound, and make it fester till my limb becomes greatly inflamed, and my general health is materially affected; is there a person in the world who would not call me a fool? Now, such a fool is he, who by dwelling upon little injuries, or insults, or provocations, causes them to agitate and inflame his mind. How much better were it to put a bandage over the wound, and never look at it again."—*German Reformed Messenger.*

#### DO BIRDS REASON?

That the inferior animals have intelligence distinct from that instinct which is common to them and to man, is a notion now generally prevalent. An interesting illustration of this opinion was related at a late meeting of the Literary and Philosophical Society of Liverpool. The authority for the fact is such as to leave no room for question. A pair of goldfinches had built their nest on a small branch of an olive tree, and after hatching their brood, the parents perceived that the weight of the family was too great for the strength of the branch which supported the nest, it had begun to yield. The provident parents, with an intelligence which cannot be resolved into instinct, were seen to fasten, by means of a small string which they procured, the branch which supported their nest to a stronger and higher branch of the tree. Thus redeeming, by an extraordinary effort of reason, the original error which they had committed, and guarding their parental hopes from the threatened ruin.—*New York Tribune.*

#### FILIAL OBEDIENCE.

"How old are you?" said Major Garver to a dwarfish young man.

"Twenty."

"I wonder you aint right down ashamed of being no bigger; you look like a boy of ten."

"All comes of being a dutiful child."

"How so?"

"When I was ten, father put his hand on my head and said, 'Stop there!' and he then ran away. I've never seen him since, and didn't think it right in me to go on growing, without his leave!"

I'M THINKING NOW OF THEE.

BY CLARK DORR.

I'm very sad to-night, love,  
I'm thinking now of thee,  
Of days now long since past and gone,  
That ne'er again we'll see;  
Of the old school-house, the youthful forms  
That there I used to see;  
And why I think of them, beloved,  
Is because I think of thee.

There I used to sit and on my book,  
My task to perfect learn—  
Why was it that such pains I took?  
Tears & smile from thee to earn.  
At noon, the happiest in the throng,  
I joined with merry glee;  
Those days are long since past and gone,  
But I'm thinking now of thee.

O, those were happy hours I spent  
Upon those rough, rude seats,  
And oft I gazed on thy soft blue eyes,  
And drank their luscious sweets;  
Those eyes were filled with treasures rich,  
More dear than gold to me,  
O'er all the galleon monarch's crowns,  
Beyond the rolling sea.

But those days are past and gone, love,  
Those happy days of yore,  
Though many comes we since have passed,  
But we ne'er shall see them more.  
But we'll hope for happier days to come,  
Beneath our own roof-tree;  
Cheer up, my love, my own Louise,  
I'm thinking now of thee.

LOVE WITHOUT SIGHT.

BY ANNE T. WILBUR.

THE sound of the opening gates was no longer heard; that of the carriages even was about to cease. In a saloon, lighted by a multitude of wax candles two thirds consumed, before the remains of a large fire, were still seated two persons, a woman nearly thirty, and a young man who might have numbered some years less.

"There is one malediction," said the baroness, "which I have often had occasion to repeat in my life."

"I hope, madame, that it is not against preceptors."

"No, Ralph; it is against the people who, leaving a ball at two o'clock in the morning, take with them in their flight the whole assembly. When one has danced till two, one cannot retire to rest and sleep immediately. Do not withdraw yet; my children are fatigued, and I have given them permission to rise late; their

teacher may therefore do the same. Have you not some story to tell me? or rather will you answer me a question suggested by your attentive examination of the different ladies who were here a quarter of an hour since. Of all the number you have ever known, who have you thought the prettiest?"

"Exclusive of yourself, madame?"

"A woman whom I have never seen."

"This is a strange folly."

"Not so strange; I judge of beauty not by the mathematical proportions of the body and the countenance, but by the effect which it produces, and whatever love-affairs I may hitherto have had, the most passionate, the most vehement, the most poetic, is unquestionably that with which I have been inspired for a woman, even the extremity of whose foot I have never seen."

"Not excepting that lady dressed in blue, whom I sent you to invite to dance."

"The one whose beauty you praised so very highly?"

"The same."

"I did not see her. When I attempted to approach her through the groups of dancers, she passed into another room, giving her hand to a more fortunate man."

"Or a more active one. But will you commence your story?"

Ralph commenced.

"A few months since I was on the coast of Brittany preceptor to two young sons of the last member of a noble Armorican family. I had with pleasure accompanied my patron to his summer residence. This was a beautiful mansion, somewhat in ruins, but picturesque, and so near the sea that the breeze from the bay sometimes left on the lips a saline taste. The day was entirely devoted to the studies of my pupils and to walks on the sea-shore. In the evening I played at chequers with their father.

One pleasant evening being indisposed to sleep, I descended into the garden. As I was enjoying the quiet and coolness of the night, I suddenly heard a female voice singing to a simple and monotonous air a song I had heard hummed by the inhabitants of these coasts. This song is neither harmonious nor poetic, but it is naive and odd.

"White sea-gulls, have you not seen, floating the planks of a wrecked vessel? I have promised my wife a broad ribbon, red as a flame, to adorn her infant."

"The wind has destroyed my poor roof, and it has rained all night in my cabin. The revenue-officers have taken my powder and guns; they have taken my net which was drying on the

beach. Among the green algae, sea, bring me to the deserted shores, wood for my roof, dry powder, a Damascus gun, fishing nets, a ribbon for my newborn child."

I sought for a long time, in vain, to discover whence this voice proceeded—this voice which seemed to fall, if not from heaven, from the trees which, tall and tufted, concealed the wall terminating the garden. At last I perceived a light at a little window masked by the foliage. It doubtless belonged to a house on the opposite side of the wall; this house was inhabited by two women only, with their domestics. The voice ceased, and the light was extinguished. I remained some time longer in the garden under a magical impression. That night, I could with difficulty sleep. On the morrow, I forgot it.

Nevertheless, in the evening, the light reminded me of the little window and the voice, and as soon as I had finished my game of chequers, I descended to the garden. There was a light at the window, and this light, through the leaves, looked like a glow worm in the grass. But there was no singing. My mind lost itself in vague reveries; I sought to represent to my imagination the occupant of the little chamber. She must be young; this was the only conclusion which the voice allowed me to form.

Several days passed, during which I was a little more interested in my dream than was desirable for my tranquillity. One day as I was walking with my pupils and my gun on the seashore, I saw pass near us a child who sometimes came to our house to sell fruit. I called him, and by chance or thoughtlessness asked him whence he came. He replied that he had taken a long walk unavailingly. Mademoiselle Pauline was very sorry not to have had flowers for his mother's fete; but the north wind, which had been blowing for several days past, had withered them all.

"And who is Mademoiselle Pauline?" asked I.

"Your neighbor; a very good lady and beautiful as the angels. She teaches me to read and write, that I may one day be a clerk, and pays me generously for doing errands."

My curiosity was too much piqued not to gratify it by other questions. I learned that these ladies never went out; that the little window among the leaves belonged to the chamber of Mademoiselle Pauline, and that after leaving it in the morning, she did not occupy it until she retired for the night. I passed the rest of the walk in deep thought. When my pupils had re-entered, I took my way to a garden at a little distance, which I knew to be always adorned with flowers, because of the care which its proprietor took to shield it from the sea-breezes.

At night, when I was sure everybody was asleep, I climbed one of the trees, and felt my heart beat violently as I approached the window; it was closed and all was dark. I fastened a box of flowers to one of the bars, and descended, a little bruised.

I dared not be in the garden at the moment when she should notice the flowers; only, I perceived during the day that the flowers were no longer there.

I soon attracted to myself the little errand-boy; I was happy to converse with some one who had seen her, who had heard her voice. I also wished to teach him something, and I gave him lessons in arithmetic. A short time after I had commenced, he said to me: "Mademoiselle Pauline is very glad I am learning to cipher, and has told me to be very grateful for your instructions." As I saw by this that he had spoken of me, I dared not ask too many questions about my neighbor. Nevertheless, one day, little Louis had a blue ribbon with which he had proudly decorated himself; he told me that this ribbon had been given him by Mademoiselle Pauline. I offered him a piece of money for it; but he obstinately refused to give it up. Only I concluded from the ribbon that she must be a blonde. All this interested me more than I can tell.

One evening the sun had set in a horizon radiant with long red stripes, the southeast wind was beginning to blow with violence, and the sea appeared to be heaving in its depths. It rose to the horizon, and seemed to advance in long billows upon the shore as if to engulf it. At last the most terrific tempest burst upon us. The whole neighborhood was in great agitation; several boats had gone out for fishing the preceding day, and had not yet returned. The women and children were on the beach, and vainly watching the horizon. A wooden Christ, near the church, was surrounded with people on their knees. At last, we perceived in the yellowish tint which the setting sun still left on the horizon, the black outline of the sails of the boats so anxiously expected.

At this moment I returned to the house, not to be absent at the hour when I saw the light among the leaves. The chamber was illuminated; I heard the sweet voice: "Genevieve," it said, "to-morrow morning, as soon as you awake, come and tell me whether any misfortune has happened. This tempest terrifies me!" Then I heard a door shut, and by the fainter light, saw that one of the candles had been extinguished. Then I returned to the sea-shore; the two boats were at two gun-shots from the coast; but the sea broke with such fury, that the fishermen,

as it was easy to see by their movements, were using all their efforts not to be thrown upon it.

There was a moment when the wind ceased to blow, and only a heavy and distant roar was heard; the sea rose up like a mountain, seemed to touch the sky, then this immense wave broke into foam and rolled towards the shore. A cry of despair was heard from the land. The two boats rose upon the wave and disappeared from our eyes.

But we soon saw them again, half wrecked. Besides the blow from the wave, they had struck against each other. The wave caught them and brought them to the shore, then ran far up the beach; but on returning seized the boats and carried them back. A second wave had risen, meanwhile, and threw them again on the shore, where they were dashed to pieces. The fishermen, with the exception of a man and child, were saved.

In the midst of this scene of desolation, my prominent thought had been of my neighbor. I could have wished that an opportunity might present itself for useful devotion. I was in love, but with that love of noble souls, that love which ennobles and elevates, and gives as it were a necessity for heroism. The sea brought the body of the child; everybody believed it to be dead; I thought I perceived some signs of life, and hastened to bestow upon it those cares, for want of which ignorance would have left it to perish. I had the happiness of restoring it to life. The mother did not stop to thank me, and carried away her child. As for me, I re entered the garden; I hastily wrote on a piece of paper: "*The tempest has wrecked the two boats. All the men, with the exception of Jacques, are saved.*"

Then I climbed up to attach my note to the bars of the window.

The next day as I was walking in the garden, about dusk, several persons suddenly entered, took me in their arms, and overwhelmed with caresses; they were the relatives of the child whom my cares had recalled to life. I was affected by this gratitude, and, by a natural and instinctive movement, turned towards the little window; I saw there a movement as if some one was retiring precipitately. Pauline had seen me; my heart dilated with happiness.

The day after, it was about the middle of the day, the window was open; I climbed a tree, and could look into the chamber; it was simply furnished. I saw a white bed, the carpet on which she stepped, and the slippers which her little feet had worn. I drew one inference from all, from the size of the slippers and that of a pair of gloves forgotten on a table.

I soon saw little Louis again. Pauline had questioned him respecting me; she had seen the gratitude of the fisherman's family; she had heard the narration of the simple act which had awakened it, and had said: "I cannot help weeping to see the joy of these good people."

Precious tears. I would have given half of my blood to have possessed the handkerchief which had wiped them. "I must go," said little Louis, "for Mademoiselle Pauline, may need me; she will soon return."

"Return!" exclaimed I; "has she then gone out?"

"Yes, she has gone to mass with her mother."

I hurried out and ran towards the church. Louis followed me; but, at the moment of our going out, he showed me afar off two women returning. "There they are." I saw only the folds of the white robe of the one who entered first. Louis said to me: "It is she," and went to join her. As for me, I returned home sadly depressed.

Another day, when Louis had expressed the desire to have a fine jacket for an approaching fete, I caused to be made for him mysteriously, a neat costume which Pauline found in her room with a word of writing announcing that it was for Louis. One evening, the light did not appear in her chamber, and I learned on the morrow that the mother of Pauline had been very sick, and that they wished to send to the neighboring city, for a physician. I immediately mounted my horse; I quickly reached the house of the physician, to whom I gave my horse, and returned on foot. He was beside the invalid, before the other messenger was half-way towards his house.

The mother was sick for a long time, but Pauline was rarely permitted to pass her nights beside her. She always found in her chamber whatever she had desired during the day, whatever might be agreeable to the invalid. I interrogated the physician; he told me that there was no longer any hope, that the malady might be prolonged for a month, but that Pauline's mother could never come out again.

Then I was plunged in the deepest grief; I represented to myself in advance the despair of the young girl, her loneliness, her isolation. Nothing would give me a right to console and sustain her, in these moments of mourning and desolation, what were daily approaching.

It happened that one day as I was conversing with the physician, a man who was leaving the house of the father of my pupils, after a visit of a few days, and whom a post-chaise was awaiting at the door, stopped, seeming to listen to



me attentively. When the physician had gone, he approached me and said: "This doctor is an ignoramus who is killing his patient, when bleeding would save her life."

"O, sir," said I, clasping my hands, "go to her, and save her."

"I cannot," said he to me, "I am a physician, and cannot interfere with a brother. Besides, a quarter of an hour's delay would prevent my attending to the business which causes my departure, and on what my fortune and that of my children is involved. Let your brother bleed the invalid, and all will go well."

"Sir," said I, "are you sure of this?"

"I have been a physician for forty years," replied he, "and have never prescribed with more certainty and confidence." He departed.

I fastened a note to the bar of the window. "In the name of heaven! demand that your mother be bled; a physician of great talent has promised that this shall save her."

For three days I heard nothing, and was a prey to the most intense anxiety. On the fourth day I thought I saw my note still attached to the bar. Nevertheless, it had been removed. What had happened?

I hastened to take it. It was not mine; it was another paper, on which was written: "Sylph, or angel, thanks."

It was she. Her mother was saved; she had felt the necessity of manifesting her gratitude to me.

A short time afterwards, I was obliged to take a journey of a week. On my return, I found that the mother and daughter had left the neighborhood. I was astonished. No one knew whither they had gone; all that I could learn was that they would not return, and that the house was for sale. I left this spot, now become insupportable, without delay; and after two years travelling which has softened somewhat my regret, leaving me in profound melancholy, I was admitted to your house, where I have ever since remained."

"My dear Ralph," said then the lady composing the assembly, "you ought to be very much obliged to me. Never was auditor more benevolent; I have listened to your story, and yet I knew it all before."

Ralph made a gesture of surprise.

"I will tell you the sequel; Pauline married, and became a widow at the expiration of a year."

"Ah! madame!" said Ralph, "this jesting is cruel."

"I am not jesting. It was from herself that I received her story and yours, and at the same

moment I spoke to you, she is on her way to rejoin her mother, already installed in the house with the little window."

"What! do you know her?"

"That lady of whom you only saw the blue dress—"

"Well!"

"Was Pauline."

"And she has gone?"

"She has gone."

"To Brittany?"

"Yes. If you had appeared before her as I requested, she would have recognized you without fail."

"What, did you know that I was spoken of in her story?"

"No."

On the morrow, Ralph set out. Never did a carriage travel so slowly. While it is on its way, let us see what is passing in the place of its destination.

Pauline had rejoined her mother; she had seen with emotion the little chamber and the barred window; she had seen her pupil, her favorite. Louis had become a young man. He was very happy at seeing Pauline. On the morning after her arrival, Pauline wished to go to the sea shore. The weather was fine, the sky was cloudless, the sea was blue and transparent, and its smooth surface ruffled only by a light eastern breeze; the birds flew aloft, and seemed like motionless specks in the high regions of air.

Louis invited the two ladies to take a sail; the serenity of the weather induced them to accept.

How pleasant it is to glide over the water! How the sea air refreshes the brow! How the mind becomes free, and disengages itself from the cares which it leaves on the land!

What charming harmony is that of the water rippling before the keel, and gurgling against the sides of the barque! What sweet reveries seize the imagination and hold it captive!

Pauline gave herself up without restriction to the charms of this smooth gliding over the water; she soon forgot Ralph, in this life, when, for her, the events which usually compose human existence, had rolled away in the space of a few hours. But the impressions which seized upon her then returned to attach themselves to some remembrance or some hope; as she looked upon her home, her chamber, her window, she recalled that mysterious being so submissive to her will, who had anticipated so many of her desires. Louis, who was now his uncle's clerk, was not a skilful navigator. A false movement

which he made against the boat in such a manner as to terrify Pauline and her mother; by all instinctive movement, they both threw themselves on one side, and the boat, which no longer retained its equilibrium, was upset.

Then a loud cry was heard on the shore.

At that moment, a man on horseback was traversing the beach. He urged on his horse and quickly arrived.

"Who are these! what is the matter?"

See! her white robe is floating.

He threw himself into the water.

The sea was calm, blue, and transparent. A beautiful sunset was reflecting on the water its hues of purple and gold. He reached the shore; Pauline clung to him, and he clasped her in his arms. He was a skilful swimmer; he bore his burden safely to the shore, and returned to seek the other. It was not too late; all were saved.

Need we pursue the story further? The ties which were already formed were but strengthened by the new relation of deliverer and rescued. The home of Pauline became the home of Ralph, and the ample fortune left by her first husband served to enhance their happiness. Often as they looked upon the little garden beneath the window of that room, associated in the memory of both with days of hopes and regrets, did their hearts expand in gratitude to Him who had through so many vicissitudes, given them to each other.

#### SPELLING WORDS MORE THAN ONE WAY.

Several years ago, "when the country was new," Hon. Myrum Reynolds, of Wyoming county, enjoyed quite a reputation as a successful potterogger. He wasn't very well posted up either in "book-larnin" or the learning of the laws; but relied principally upon his own native tact and shrewdness—his stock of which has not failed him to this day. His great success created quite an active demand for his services. On one occasion he was pitted against a "smart appearing" well dressed limb of the law from a neighboring village, who made considerable sport of a paper which Reynolds had submitted to the court, remarking among other things, that "all law papers were required to be written in the English language, and that that one under consideration, from its bad spelling and penmanship, ought, in fairness, therefore to be excluded." "Gen'l'men of the jury," said Reynolds, when he summed up—and every word weighed a pound—"the learned counsel on the other side finds fault with my ritin' and spellin' as though the merits of this case depended upon such matters! I'm agin lugging in any such affairs, but I will say, that a man must be a fool that can't spell a word more than one way." The jury sympathized with Judge Reynolds, and rendered a decision in favor of his client.—*Omaha Herald*.

#### THE PILGRIMAGE OF THOUGHT.

BY WILLIAM S. PASON.

Through the solemn gates of silence  
Went I into quiet land,  
Where the angels keep surveillance  
Over all who in it stand.

In a solitude enchanted,  
In the holy hush of awe,  
Roamed I down the angel-haunted  
And the angel-guarded shore.

And my thoughts were with me ever,  
Floating on the wave of mind,  
Like a white ship on a river,  
Or an eagle on the wind.

They were like to forms of beauty,  
Seen in visions of the night,  
Leading evermore to duty,  
Until duty seemed delight.

With their eyes so full of pleading,—  
And their fingers, white as snow,  
As the moments were receding,  
Pointed out the way to go.

And I followed, till the dawning  
Of a glory undefined  
Raised the mist that draped the morning  
Of the summer of the mind.

Floating down a sylvan meadow,  
Like a cloud in April day,  
Went the sad and solemn shadow,  
Followed by the sunny ray.

'Twas as if had been uplifted  
Curtains in some Persian hall,  
Where the golden sunshine drifted  
Round about and over all.

Glory seemed to blend with glory,  
In mosaic rich and rare;  
As one sometimes reads in story,  
Of a rainbowed earth and air,—

THU it seemed as if my spirit  
Had asunder rent its clay,  
And had risen to inherit  
Bliss as endless as its day.

In beatitude eternal,  
Such as angels feel above,  
In a lease that was eternal,  
It was living out its love.

THE TURQUOISE.—The name of this gem is supposed to be derived from Turkey, whence it was originally brought. Nicol ascribes to it a wonderful property. He says it is reported "that if it be worn in a ring of gold, it will preserve men from falls, and from the bruises proceeding of them, by receiving that harm into itself, which otherwise would fall upon the man: yet these virtues are said not to be in the gem except the gem be received of gift."—*Barrett*.

## TAKING THE WRONG PATH.

BY EMILY B. PAGE.

THE Walnuts were a strange family, so all the neighboring gentry remarked, and so said the simple country-folk throughout the whole township of Kent; and so, indeed, they were, to be sure. What I am about to relate of them is nothing to their discredit—(peace to their ashes!) Indeed it touches others much more than them, so I trust they will lie quiet in their graves, and never rise up to trouble me because of the liberty I now take with their name, and a fragment of their singular lives.

General Cavendish Walnut, although numbering nearly seventy years, was still erect and commanding, with a tall, military figure, and an air of stern dignity that repelled all approach. The fine, broad sweep of his ample forehead, combined with a noble but severe cast of features, imparted to his countenance an appearance of majesty that awed the beholder. Towards his sister, who was his sole companion, he preserved a stately and unvarying courtesy, but with all others, he was haughty, reserved and forbidding. His sister, Miss Elizabeth Walnut, a little, lean and laboriously precise lady of sixty, in French crape caps, and stiff black silks, who was always distant and self-possessed, treated her brother with formal deference, but politely discouraged every external advance, from whatever rank or position it was made.

Thus it fell that the Walnuts lived on in utter isolation, unknown to all surroundings, and a perpetual mystery to the wondering commoners, who, as they leaned upon their spades at moon-day, were often seen gazing curiously at the sombre, desolate-looking pile, half ruin as it was which, for many successive generations back, had been the grand old family mansion of the Walnuts. Strange that these, the last lineal representatives of so ancient and once powerful a house, should retire in gloomy solitude within the ancestral walls, and thus suffer them to decay idly away, year after year, above their heads, in the mournful grandeur of decay.

Time was, indeed, within the memory of many an honest villager, when the old hall thronged with beauty and rank, and up and down the stately avenues passed and repassed the lordly equipages of the nobility; but that, they marked, was before the titles had been forfeited, and a portion of the estates confiscated, through the recklessness and crime of the young Lord Derby, the elder brother of the present survivors. Now, there was no head to break the

strong-turf that closed gradually over the deserted ways, except that, at long intervals, there came grand carriages down from London, bearing grave-looking people, who were formally received by General Cavendish, in full military dress, and still more formally, by plain Miss Elizabeth, rustling in stiffer silk than was her wont.

Lights were then visible from the tapestried windows of the old dining-hall, and shone softly through the stained oriel; and on one occasion a blabbing groom, being warmed by wine at the village inn, talked freely of the dignity of the guests, and the splendor of the feast at which they were entertained.

By all this, it became known that the Walnuts had not forgotten the ancient hospitality of their house, albeit, as before said, it was never extended to any of the surroundings. As soon, however, as the last carriage rolled away upon the great high-road, the lights expired in the oriel—solitude reigned again, and the mystery of their strange life deepened.

Many rumors floated busily about, of the lawless acts of Lord Derby, which had brought reproach upon his name, and disgrace to his honored house, and some, even, whispered mysterious hints of a low marriage, contracted with a beautiful peasant girl, whose heart he had broken by his subsequent neglect and contempt, and many there were, who hesitated not to say that to his misdoing was owing the present profound seclusion of the proud remnant of the family, who, bowed down by his shame, had retired to hide their haughty grief from the curious eyes of the world.

But none knew the truth of this, and at length conjecture exhausted itself, upon the subject, and settled down upon the probable disposition which would be made of the estates by the succeeding heir, a handsome, dashing, and somewhat dissolute youth, fresh from the classic portals of Oxford, who, being a distant and the only supposed existing relative of the decayed house of Walnut, was looked upon as the future proprietor of its vast lands, now laying waste and untenanted.

And so young Richard Olney, for that was his name, had been taught to regard himself; and with this princely prospect before him, and with the first delightful sense of freedom from the restrictions of grave professors, and prying tutors, he pushed gaily up to London, joined a party of his college associates, and in the whirl of alluring pleasure into which they hurried him, it is scarcely strange that he plunged thoughtlessly into extravagance and excess, and soon scattered the abundant patrimony, which, moderately expend-

ed, would have been sufficient for a comfortable maintenance.

Not that young Richard was lawless or vicious, but volatile, spirited, and greatly inclined to be making merry with his high-born companions, and indulging in the light sports of the gentry, rather than betake himself to anything earnest or solid. Early bereft of parental guidance, he had suffered from unwise and fitful authority, until his entire emancipation from control precipitated him headlong into the extreme of gay abandonment.

It was at this point that I chanced to stumble upon him, as I was hurrying through London, on my way to my brother's manor, in the north of England. We had been playmates together in boyhood, and though during all his Oxford term we had never once met, it was with none the less pleasure that I shook him by the hand, and begged him to accompany me on my visit to Lord Raleigh.

Nothing could be more exhilarating than our six weeks at Derne, passed almost entirely in the saddle, for my noble brother was devoted to the chase, and no one could relish its excitement more keenly than young Richard and myself.

One day that we had been, since high noon, in hot pursuit of a fine deer, our party had become dispersed, and when, as the twilight began to fall, the signal for return was sounded loudly from a high cliff, and after an interval repeated, and re-echoed with startling distinctness by the surrounding rocks, we grew restless and alarmed that there came no answering blast from Sir Richard's bugle.

The groups of retainers, together with the dogs, were despatched in various directions in quest of the missing, while Lord Raleigh and myself rode anxiously along the base of the mountains, only taking our horns from our lips to listen for a reply. Our only answer was a dismal echo, and at last, wearied by our vain search, which the deepening darkness prevented our continuing, we gave our hunters the homeward rein, and galloped back to the castle, with a faint hope that something unforeseen might have called the object of our solicitude there before us.

We were disappointed. In the fever of apprehension, Lord Raleigh ordered fresh horses, and was now about sending forth an armed equipment, of sufficient strength to encounter successfully the gangs of marauders which at that time were numerous among the mountains, when a sharp clang of hoofs sounded from the court without, and Richard, covered with dust and foam, came riding furiously up. To our

hurried and anxious inquiries, he answered quietly that he had unconsciously detached himself from our number, and by accident taken the wrong path, which led him a wide circuit over rock and flood, and but for the sagacity of his well-trained steed, might have cost him a night in the forest.

Politely expressing his regret for the uneasiness he had caused us, and complaining of drowsiness and fatigue—a most unusual plea with young Richard—he retired at an early hour. Being convinced that no one save myself had noticed his strange and abstracted manner during the evening, I resolved to forgo any remark, but determined to observe him closely, feeling confident that something had occurred to cloud his accustomed buoyancy.

Two or three days of ill-weather detained us within the castle, during which time he was restless, moody, and seemingly ill at ease, except when roused by some bantering attack from Lord Raleigh, who attributed his lack of spirits to want of excitement, and finally declared desperately that his unfortunate guest must have surrendered his heart to some fair divinity of the forest—nymph or goblin or will-o-the-wisp—whose treacherous smile had led him his late unwilling ride across the country. Richard colored violently, cast a searching glance at his lordship, and stammered a staunch denial.

The following day we were again in the saddle, but little heed paid Richard to the splendid game that startled up from the thick under foliage and shot across our path at every new turn. He remained thoughtful and pre-occupied, apparently taking no interest in his favorite sport, except to ride out of sight at near sundown, in chase of a miserable fox, scarcely half grown, and very lean and unsightly. An hour later, he cantered back at high speed, but his game-pouch was empty, and the poor fox had probably escaped with his life.

In the same manner, however, he contrived to disappear for a short time just before our return, at every successive day's chase, but as this attracted no marked attention from others of the party, I remained a silent but amazed observer of his movements.

His altered manner continued the same during the remainder of our stay at Derne, and although I apprehended some serious cause for so abrupt a change, I never ventured an allusion to the subject until on our return to London, when his troubled face struck me with so much pity that I no longer hesitated.

Richard grasped my hand, and thanked me warmly for my friendly sincerity, and I then

turned the mystery which I had always attached to this solitary ride at Dorne, and his subsequent inexplicable conduct.

It seems that at a late hour he had been attracted by a fine flock of rare birds, and in the hope of seeing them re-unite, that he might obtain a better shot, he followed them in their scattered flight to the mountains, and there, in one of the wildest ravines, down which he was dashing at the height of speed, he was suddenly startled by a vision of the rarest female loveliness that had ever met his eye.

Not to give place to poor Richard's enthusiastic ravings, which consumed nearly half our homeward journey, I will merely say, with a rational composure which he, half-mad lover as he was, could not be expected to command, that this guardian maid of the spot, this enchantress of the wild, whose charms, like those of the syren Lorely, were swift and fatal to the unwary victim, was the daughter of a bandit chief, reared in rugged solitude, and accustomed only to the savage life of an outlaw.

All that it behooved a gallant knight to do, did Richard. He leaped from his saddle, and with gentle courtesy reassured the startled maiden, himself filled her rude water-jar, and in the hour that followed, he had won her whole history from willing lips, and, as he nothing doubted, her innocent heart besides, in fair exchange for his own!

But alas for Richard and his beautiful nymph! the vision passed away, and up from the hollow glen came the muffled tramp of approaching feet, and then a quick shrill whistle.

"It is the clan," gasped Theresa, with a sudden pallor: "there, there"—pointing to a dense thicket near at hand—"I will come to you at dusk;" and Richard lost no time in betaking himself to the friendly shelter, leading in his track his faithful steed, which, seemingly unconscious of danger, trod cautiously and silently.

From this point, he could see distinctly the stout, brawny forms and dark ferocious faces of the desperado band as they filed singly up the rough ascent, but they passed rapidly from sight, though he heard their high words and foul curses long after they had disappeared, and shuddered as he thought that they fell, too, upon the shrieking ear of the beautiful being so lately by his side, and then and there arose within him the stern resolve, to secure from such terrible associations, at whatever risk or peril to himself, the gem, that even in so rude a setting, shone with pre-eminent lustre, out-dazzling the brightest dames of court or hall, and he was busy with a half formed plan, selected at random from a

hundred others floating through his brain, when, with a slight rustle among the shrubbery, Theresa stood beside him.

"All is safe," she said, enchantingly; the clan had returned unexpectedly, but had marched again, upon a new expedition in another quarter, and the way was open for him to proceed unmolested; but Richard was in no ungallant haste to take advantage of his escape, and tarried till the interrupted plan was perfected and proposed, and she had refused, with a tumult of pretty sobs and tears, to accompany him to London, and be placed under the protection of a female friend—a lady of station and influence—for though longing for a different life, her duty lay at present with her suffering father, who was sinking in a slow decline and required her utmost care.

Richard admired her filial devotion, and though it had defeated his dearest hope, he yet dared to look forward to the fulfilment of another still as dear, and so it was afterwards understood, at the frequent meetings which the chase afforded them, that Richard should sometimes apprise himself of her welfare by a trip up to Dorne, and that, if it should please God to take from her her father, who, though stained with atrocity and crime, was still a fond parent and protector, she should find in him an even dearer and closer demand upon her duty and affection.

With this point at rest, Richard was secure and content, so far as that lay. Howbeit, in the midst of so much anticipated happiness, he found room to be miserable.

A fertile source of perplexity and care was his wasted fortune—gone, now that he had reached its greatest need—and he tortured himself with a thousand regrets and reproaches that he had so recklessly squandered his ample means, only to reap the idle wind. A thousand times he cursed his heedless folly, and his heart misgave him as he glanced a span's breadth forward into the blank future, but "I forced upon him my assistance, adding an injunction to put himself as he had previously determined, to a useful profession at once, which should serve his necessities until such time as he should claim his expected estate.

Richard overwhelmed me with gratitude, and we both parted happy at London. I took a long road back to Kent, making many pauses by the way, at the fine country-seats of my friends, and arrived there at nearly two months from the day I waved my adieus to Richard as I rode out of London.

I found the whole parish inflamed with reports of the incredible overturnings and remodellings

at Walnut Hall. Not a word could I hear, save the marvellous transformation which everything there was undergoing, and in truth I found it not a whit exaggerated. The mystery of silence had suddenly become a mystery of sound. Life had sprung up and spread itself in broad channels, and everything took a new look, a new bloom and freshness.

Here, a fallen terrace was replaced, a decayed entrance restored, or a sunken gable rounded into form—there, a moulded lintel stonewas re-carved, or a dimmed and richly fretted panelling re-chased. Walks were graded, grounds re-flowered, and the noble old park enclosed and shorn.

I inquired what had led to these extraordinary movements, and was surprised to be told that they were supposed to be in honor of the anticipated reception of a newly discovered heir, whose claims would utterly supercede those of my poor friend Richard.

This would be a bitter reality to succeed his long-cherished expectations, and I set myself to learn what cause there had been forso apparently unreasonable a belief, and discovered that the wisened family lawyer had twice remarked in various hearings that young Master Richard was no longer the heir elect, and the sooner he looked to the making of his own fortune, the better; and also that the discreet old butler had once been heard to let drop the significant—"When young mistress comes."

I discredited such trifling testimony, and wondered much at the state of things at the hall, until a letter came by post from Richard, confirming the unfortunate fact! He had received legal advice of it from the obnoxious lawyer, but he had most nobly resolved that the rude wrestling away of what he had so long been taught to regard as his own, should not disconcert nor discourage him so long as his abilities and energies remained, and the star of affection, his guiding-star, hung large and bright above his path.

Full of lively hope, and ardent as a school-boy, he was just setting out on his first journey to Derne, as he clapped seals to his letter—and I internally rejoiced in his composure and spirit, and bade him godspeed, at the same time nearly bursting with wrath, at this unmannerly usurpation of his long conceded right!

Meantime, if there had been any doubt of the existence of a new heir, it was now crushed into silence.

General Cavendish, in his plain but stately carriage, newly polished, and no longer bearing the emblazoned crest of the Walnuts, had rolled slowly out on the great coach road toward London, and returned betimes, bearing (as many an

inquisitive pair of eyes peering out from behind hedges could testify) a beautiful lady, who thrust her bright, queenly head constantly from the window—pointing here and there, energetically and delightedly, and keeping the grave general bobbing in and out, responsively, in a manner ill-suited to his lofty dignity, which, however, seemed to have relaxed a point or two, since the villagers looked upon him last.

This strange bird of paradise, as she seemed, had been but a week at the hall, and had set half of Kent in ecstasy at her great beauty and magnificent horsemanship—for she was always seen galloping across the park at daybreak, followed by her groom—when down from London came Richard, looking thin and worn, the ghost of himself—and having altogether the air of a madman!

His bird had flown! He had hastened up to Derne—hunted with Lord Raleigh, strayed from the party as usual, and given the accustomed signal; he had repeated and multiplied it, but received no answer; and dreading, he scarce knew what, he drew nearer and nearer, and at length, in his suspense, he ventured to set foot in the gloomy retreat of the robbers, and found it deserted!

Day after day, he explored it in vain; there were no traces of the sweet presence that had so long dwelt among and glorified its rude haunts! She had gone, and left no sign or message for him, and Richard was distracted!

He knew not where to seek her. He was paralysed by the fear that her father had been suddenly snatched away, and she, unprotected and unable to resist, had been dragged by his lawless followers to a life of horror in some inaccessible den, which only accident might discover.

Determined never to abandon the search, he had come down to beg my aid in his prosecution. This I was only too glad to grant him, but insisted that he should remain at Kent until a little mended, and better able to draw his plans wisely, and follow them out successfully. I had great difficulty in compelling him to do this, but seeing me firm, he subdued his impatience, and I soon had the pleasure of finding him calmer and more hopeful.

It was on the third morning of his stay, as we were making our accustomed early stroll, that Richard growing vehement in urging the impossibility of a longer delay, and the necessity of setting out as soon as practicable, that very morning—we prolonged our walk abstractedly to the very border of the Walnut lands, from whence the high rocky and clustered roofs of

the hall were plain and distinct in the mellow gray of the dawn.

Fearing an unpleasant effect upon Richard, I grasped his arm, and was endeavoring to draw him in another direction, when suddenly a light female figure swept past us on a splendid hunter, almost rustling with her drapery the thick sward at our feet, and wheeled gracefully at a few rods in advance of us.

"That," said I, seeing Richard's intense stare, "is,"—but disregarding my intended explanation, or even my voice, with one quick bound he was by her side, and the haughty head, with its shining hair and tossing plumes, inclined tenderly to the supporting shoulder of my friend.

I waited to witness no more, but divining sufficient of the riddle for my own satisfaction, and reflecting profoundly upon what had transpired, I turned homeward.

An hour and a half beyond our breakfast hour, Richard rushed impetuously in, with a violence which overthrew Lady Rockford's pet mocking-bird, set to sun himself at the inner entrance, giving him spasms of terror, but which Richard paid no heed to, nevertheless.

"My dear fellow," said I, intercepting and dragging him into the breakfast hall—"pray have the coffee brought in at once, and be served instantly—the horses wait."

"For what? For where?" asked he, in amaze.

"I believe you proposed to go first up to London, to obtain the aid of the police, and—"

"But—I shall not go there; that is—I—"

"What course then will you take?" I demanded; perseveringly.

"I shall go nowhere, at present, if still permitted to claim your generous hospitality;" and here he proceeded to tell me precisely what I had already presumed—that the heir and future lady of Walnut Hall, and the lovely equestrian of the morning, were identical with his lost Theresa!

Her father, the former Lord Derby, had caused his situation to be made known to General Cavendish, at a period before his death, desiring that his child should be restored to the dignity of their house, and, arranging that at his decease, she should be taken immediately to London.

This occurred very suddenly. News of it was transmitted through a faithful follower to Kent; and ere she had recovered from the terrible shock which had accompanied her father's loss, she found herself in a light post-chaise, hurrying away, she knew not whither.

In the city, she was set down at the mansion of the disagreeable solicitor, with his lawfully

phs, hard and yellow, and seemed all over like shrivelled parchment—his sagacious-looking nose, and small, keen, bird-like eyes. From him, she learned everything relating to herself and her future position, and much that interested her more, touching the disappointed heir expectations, who was one Richard Olney—a cleverly youth, though gay and luxurious, and taking to nothing, so far, but his pleasure.

Thus set at rest, as to all that concerned her promised lord, she had gone down to the hall in rare spirits, when the general came in his carriage to fetch her, and from thence had sent a despatch up to town, at the kind suggestion of her uncle, on the morning of her arrival, to summon him there. This had failed to meet him, since he was too much crazed in pursuit of her, to pause for a moment in London on his return from Derne.

But in spite of his rashness, which he condemned with sufficient asperity, he had been destined to be happy—and who had he to thank for the working out of that destiny? Certainly not himself—and he seized my hand with an energy which he, evidently, was not aware of, but which made every nerve quiver long after, as with an ague—protesting the most intense gratitude for services which I modestly disclaimed, and dismissed him to his apartment to regain his reason and moderation.

A short time after, at the lamented death of Gen. Cavendish, who had given over many of his singular ways, and become accessible and esteemed, Richard succeeded him at the hall, and soon becoming eminent and conspicuous in the political strife of the day, arose to the distinction of Sir Richard—the control of several boroughs, and the high favor of the crown.

Happy and honored in private, high and powerful in public life—consulted in all the momentous secrets of state—with a seat in the cabinet, and unlimited influence in the house of peers—Sir Richard never ceased to attribute his brilliant fortune to his hazardous adventure in the wrong path among the mountains, which had led to the three distinct and greatest blessings of his life—a lovely wife—a prudent self-reliance, and a vast estate!

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A REMARKABLE CASE.—The Auburn, N. Y., American states that Joel Schoonover, a man ninety-eight years of age, was sentenced in that city, recently, to two years' imprisonment in the State Prison, for the crime of arson, he having been convicted of burning no less than three barns belonging to near relatives—children, it is said. He exults in the commission of the deed, which consigns him to the convict's cell.

## STANZAS.

BY NEAL HOWARD.

Maiden! thy heart is light,  
 Falsely deceiving;  
 Blushed o'er with beauty bright,  
 Cupid's spells weaving,  
 Flaming vows breathing,  
 Bringing the heart to thee,  
 Till it is heaving,  
 Till the foot parts from thee,  
 Weeps his believing.

Why bow thy head so low?  
 Tremble, when boldest?  
 Showing thy neck of snow,  
 Shining when coldest?  
 Catching the oldest?  
 Glancing with swimming eyes!  
 'Tis thus thou moudest  
 The fool that becomes thy prize,  
 And thus thou holdest.

Beware then this maiden,  
 Be not confiding,  
 She will not be laden:  
 From the noose sliding;  
 Seeking—yet hiding.  
 Trust her not—I've seen her  
 Falsely deriding,  
 When St. Fillomena  
 Scarce looked as abiding.

## THE LOVERS OF CLOFTON BRIDGE.

BY FRANCES F. PEPPERELL.

The sun was setting over the Avon, throwing red radiance on dipping bough and rippling water, transmuting the great stone piers of Clofton bridge into massy gold, and half hiding with long, level shadows the two young figures upon a low abutment beneath the shoreward arch; the figure of a young man, who, sitting carelessly, over and anon threw his line far into the river, unmindful of piscatory success, while his eyes were bent upon his companion, an English girl wearing the beauty of sixteen summers, who stood, half leaning over the broad stream from her nook of masonry; and they both wore the costume of the peasantry.

"Thou wilt never fill thy basket, O agile fisherman!" said the girl, stooping to admire the changing hues of a brace of fish straggling on the rushes therein. "How vivid the colors of their shining sides, like the sparks of half burned embers. In dying, methinks they enince a beauty that all their lives between cool, flowing currents, they never owned. Dost thou not perceive it?"

"I perceive only a beauty before which all other fairness fades to an ashen paleness," answered the youth, seriously.

"Away with thy flattering speeches!" she replied. "Hast found another ladie-love, that thou must needs revert to idle phrase, here in the cool, rural shadows whither we have fled in our simple garb, to speak truth and be earnest, away from all those trivial palace whims."

"I could have no other love, for my eyes give not one glance at other form than thine."

"What aileth thee to-night?" asked the girl, with a merry laugh. "Thy mood is tragical, yet thou art somewhat melodramatic, nevertheless! hast been hearing the plays of the Jolly Childe, or the significant French mystery?"

"Ay, thou hast it. A French mystery but which reads plain enough."

"Why wilt thou persist in thy moodiness? Thou art sad, tell me why, Suffolk!" and she sat down beside him, laying her hand caressingly on his shoulder.

"Has thy heart changed, Mary," he replied, touching the hand with his lips, "since that hour, by my tablets, two years ago this very day, when under the great elm at Winsor, thou didst vow—"

"Yes, I know!—Foolish boy! and do true hearts change so? Am I a fish, that I should vary with every ray of light, every gasp of breath? Thou, thou art changed. Thou lovest me no longer, or thou wouldst never doubt me. Thou wishest to be free! Go! I release thee! Never will Mary Tudor exact love from any!" and she arose proudly, yet with tears coursing over her cheeks.

"But if love is exacted from Mary Tudor?" said Suffolk.

"Never," she answered, "will any one enforce my will. My brother, who is king, will protect me!"

"Thou thinkest thy brother loves thee, then?"

"I know it."

"And if thou and I should part, Mary. If I should be forced to resign thee?"

"Leave thy enigmas!" she cried, imperiously. "Speak plainly, Duke of Suffolk!"

"Speak lower, Princess Mary," he answered, smiling. "For what do we wear a disguise, if we proclaim our rank to all the world?" and rising, he drew her gently to a seat beside him.

"Ah! thou smilest," she responded, half relieved. "Why dost thou pain me so? Has thy heart gone astray, has another of nobler name or greater wealth and beauty, won thee?"

"Greater beauty all England does not hold. Of wealth, Suffolk himself possesses sufficient; and whose weds the sister of England's Eighth Henry, can mount no higher on the ladder of rank."



"Then why art thou so strange?"

"I have been thinking of possibilities, remembering what I pray to be but idle, court gossip. Swear faith again to me, Mary! Swear that if danger threatens our love, thou wilt fly with me, into Germany or Spain! France is indeed no refuge for us. Fly now!"

"Is there danger now?" she asked, laughingly.

"Why should I, who have my brother's sanction on our love, fly anywhere? I, who, in another month, become wholly thine?"

"I fear constantly! I fear lest our happiness be visionary. Lest images of our wedded future may be only like the mirages of the desert, that deceive weary travellers with delightful pictures of luxurious rest. Detestable thought! Dreary words! Let us leave them, and dwell only on the present; that at least is ours."

"When the old alderman spanned the tide with these arches, dost think he dreamed of foolish, princely lovers fleeing across them?"

"All men who live in a kingdom, imagine and expect royal reverses and flights, but other lovers than one's-self enter no man's thoughts, when dwelling on the future."

"And why should we not walk over? Why fly? Prudent one! will any fine court lady come running after to seize my lover's mantle, or is there any David to snatch thy lamb, Uriah? Moreover the moon is rising, and the palace lies beyond the bridge, and thy shiner and thy red-finned perch are dead. See those long-necked, white swans swim up that sea of silver beneath the pollard willows, to their nest! Come, my love! leave thy rod and booty, I will wait for thee no longer!" and mounting the rough, stone steps she sprang lightly on the parapet, and skilfully balancing herself, easily tripped along the narrow, dangerous beams. Another instant, and her lover's arm encircling her waist, lifted her down to the foot-path.

"Play me no more such pranks!" said he.

"Where is the haughty dignity that erewhile made my heart to tremble?"

"That was because thou wert foolish. Three hours I have been no princess, but a happy girl, nor will I call to my lost dignity till, when I am again weighed down with splendor, it recognises me."

"Walk beside me while thou mayest, darling," he said, dreamily.

"Is thy crimson order across thy shoulder, and thy rapier dangling at thy other side? Methinks I hear thy spurs clattering on the hard stone. One would know thou wert no fisherman. Thou walkest as though a crown lay on thy head."

"Heavier than a crown lieth on my heart."

"Hush!" she answered, coming back to him.

"I will never play thee false, thou knowest; leave thy sadness. Hark! the good market folks are coming. My good fisherman, be merry, as all poor people must needs be! Wear this in your cap!" and she plucked a stem of purple bells growing in a crevice of the wall and handed it to him; and while the country people passed across the city to their homes, the two lovers went the other way and became lost to notice in the crowd and the shadows.

"Robin Blake!" cried one marketman at the other extremity of the bridge, to a companion. "No more war for us, and corn again comes into our barns."

"And how may that be, Lee," returned his mate, "when our king makes war next month, on the French one, the cur?"

"Thus! stupid clod-heaver! The Princess Mary, blessings on her sunny head, ere that will be Queen of France, and will marry the cur who for a wife sells a kingdom!"

Suffolk, the betrothed of the princess, also knew it.

It was later of the same evening, and long sitting in the rich dusk and semi moonlight of the boudoir of Queen Katherine of Arragon, not as yet divorced, the lovers had tasted a pleasure too deep and pure not to be the precursor of evil.

The page had just lighted the wax tapers, and in the sudden brilliancy, Suffolk and Mary sat quietly, half obscured by the heavy drapery of the deep window. The queen sat pale and sad at a distance (for she had lately buried her darling and youngest child), and had no part in the conversation. A light step on the stair and a ringing laugh, and as the door opened the lovely Anne Boleyn with a sweeping courtesy presented herself before her mistress. Arranging the queen's footstool she placed in her hand a pretty bunch of fragrant garden roses, and tripped to the window where the lovers sat. Mischievously raising the curtains, "What have we here?" she cried. "A pair of doves, as I live, billing and cooing. 'Hide thy head under thy wing, my dear, and let thy pretty mate sing, my dear!' Why doth thy highness mope there? Ah, a lover's quarrel! Send melancholy away! Step out and have a *pas de trois*!"

"Why speak French?" asked Mary, half angry at the interruption.

"It is a language we shall all speak more of anon," answered the gay maid of honor.

"Would I could hear some one murmur my

beautiful Spanish—soft sounded Arragonese," sighed the queen, laying her forehead on her hand. The Lady Anne turned roguishly, and smilingly breathed a sentence of purest Spanish, half-hissing the conclusion between her teeth, while with darting glances from the narrowed apertures of eyes partly closed, she steadily surveyed the queen who started at the purport of her words. A heavy step without sounded at the moment, and the king entered unattended; the King Henry the Eighth, who, then in the prime of manhood, was, at this date, by no means of the unprepossessing appearance that characterized him later in life. As Lady Anne stood poised on tiptoe, with slightly extended hands, looking at the queen whose bewildered eyes were raised to hers, and whose whole figure bespoke keen attention, and as the two lovers peered forward from their seat, Henry stayed his impetuous course, and cast an inquiring glance at Anne for an explanation of the tableau.

"Was it pleasant, that Spanish accent?" said Anne. "Am I not, thy majesty, an apt pupil?" and then perceiving the king's unspoken question, "Her majesty sighs for Spain, and its pleasant tongue," she added, with the least touch of malice. "Our dull English hours weary her. Shall we summon Don Godoy, thy majesty, to lighten the tedium?"

"English hours have been light snow hitherto, ha, Kate?" said the king, stooping to kiss his wife.

"Ah—Ay. Be careful nor rumple my ruff. Thou hast brought in so much cool air, Harry! the night is very damp; your English dews—!"

"English dews, new? Well, they have not killed thee in a score of years, thou may'st yet escape them. Thou art so fond of Spanish, perhaps thou may'st like, as Lady Anne said, a Spanish lover?"

"Are Lady Anne's words to be repeated to me? I have an English husband!"

"Dear lady, be gentler, or thou may'st not keep him long!" whispered Anne in her ear, as she pretended to arrange the royal head-dress.

"Leave the room, hussey!" cried the queen, starting to her feet, her dark, wan eyes sparkling with anger, and pointing at the door.

"Nay, but thy majesty—"

"Leave me, I repent! dost dare to hesitate?"

"What hath the wench done now, Kate?" demanded Harry.

"Alas! I am deeply in fault!" said Anne, with mock humility. "I desire her majesty's forgiveness. I dared to beseech her majesty's use of a gentler mode of speech!"

"Pooh! Let the child stay!"

"I will be obeyed."

"Let me beseech thee to pardon her."

"I say she shall leave me!" reiterated the queen.

"And I say she shall stay!" cried the king, stamping his foot. "Sit down, Kate! I came to have a word with my sister. Where is she?"

Katherine of Arragon fell into her seat with a sigh, while Suffolk led Mary forward. The king presented her a low chair, and Suffolk stood leaning his arm on the mantel, and growing paler and paler beneath the light of the branching candelabras; for he felt that the fear and bere suspicion he had entertained at sunset were fast waxing into a dreadful reality.

"Thy highness taketh pleasure in masquerading, albeit thy satins are donned again," said the king, "yet I doubt if such disguise as a peasant's dress be suitable for the bride of a king!"

"Ah, thy ambition leads thee high, Harry! Do not think to put thy courtiers on the thrones of thine enemies; a crown would be a weight to Suffolk, and I but a sorry queen!"

"What hath Suffolk to do with the affair? I speak of a king. Louis the Twelfth of France. Louis of Orleans! Prepare thyself; to-morrow thou wilt leave England, with thy maidens, and the next day, wilt be his wife! Dost understand me? Speak!"

The princess sprang to her feet, throwing up her arms as if stung by an adder. "And thou hast known it, Suffolk, and hast hidden it!" she cried at last. "All this time when we might have flown—"

"Flown, girl?" queried the king, in sudden wrath. "Ye could fly nowhere from me! Not all Europe could shelter thee!"

"It is true," murmured Suffolk.

"Have thy conquests made thee mad, Henry Tudor?" she cried, catching the king's arm. "Hast thou no pity, no compassion? Canst thou sacrifice thy sister thus?"

"I have pity on my people, as thou shouldst have. Thy marriage will save millions from death."

"What care I for them? It is my happiness that is at stake, and the happiness of one I love better than life. All my future the wife of a greybeard? Never! I will die first!"

"Dying is no such easy matter that every love-sick girl should prate of it, as thou canst find, sweet!" retorted the king. "But thou may'st exert a preference. Marriage—"

"O, I cannot! I cannot!" she cried.

"Or death!"

"Suffer the death to be mine, that she may go free!" shrieked Suffolk, earnestly.

"Silence thy romance, or I will give thee a taste of what ye both seem to covet!" interrupted the king, brutally. "Marriage with Louis girl, voluntarily; or the death of the Duke of Suffolk, and marriage forcibly!"

"Do not hesitate, Mary!" said Suffolk. "I am ready, if it will save thee!"

"But it wont!" laughed the king.

"Find Louis another bride, Harry!" begged the queen, moved from her querulous anger to gentle pity. "There are enough other fair, English ladies. Here is Lady Anne would well like a queen's rank," and Katherine, quite satisfied at having repaid Anne, now plead long and earnestly.

"Be silent, Kate!" at last said the king. "It is finished. All summer we have negotiated concerning this. None other will answer."

"None but I? None but I?" cried Mary, pressing her hands upon her burning brow. "Thou art breaking my heart. O my brother! Hast thou forgotten how our pale, long-suffering mother gave me into thy hands, thou vowing perpetual affection and protection for thy sister, a child then, scarcely more now. I am but sixteen; young and joyous; I feel my life a constant spring of nerve and strength within; wilt thou blight it all, dear Harry? Threescore years and ten, save the short time which I have lived, wilt thou doom me to drag on in misery?"

"Not at all. I gild thee with titles and a crown. I protect thee as our mother would have best liked. Come! no more words about it, thou minx! Go thou shalt, and that, this night, for thy obstinacy! No time for prayers, nor tears, nor plans!"

"His majesty forgetteth," said Suffolk, hollow-eyed and livid, and looking as though in the last few moments he had suffered ages of torture, "that my oath of loyalty obstructs all plans and every escape."

"It is about as well, by Heaven!" roared the king, "since every avenue is guarded and six thousand men are under arms in the square!"

"He swore—cruel brother that he is!—he swore!" cried Mary, "to love and save me!" but the king only laughed gleefully and rubbed his hands while he gave Anne Boleyn some few directions, who, thereon, left the place.

"Finish up, little one!" he cried, turning to the princess. "I will see thee again in a moment; meanwhile await here. I see thou art rather distressed now; recover thyself; be a woman and show thy royal blood! We pity no foolery! Yet thou may'st say farewell, and after all the French are not such strict moralists! Little Boleyn has known of this from the first,

and has already attended to thy wardrobe. She will remain with thee in France!" A glad glance shot from the queen's eye, not unobserved by Harry. "For the present," he added, and left the room.

A long time the lovers stood, silent and apart. At last the princess turned, went calmly and knelt at the feet of the duke.

"Pity me!" she cried, and burying her face in the mantle that hung from his arm, she wept wildly. But Suffolk, contending with as fierce a grief, remained motionless as a statue.

"Suffolk, wilt thou never forgive me the wrong I do thee? Wilt thou hate me always and hereafter! O God! thou must do nothing but forget me!"

He stooped, and lifting her in his arms held her clasped closely to him in silence. "Better we both lay dead in one another's arms!" at last he hoarsely said. A concourse of steps became audible without, a rustling of silken dresses and a clash of swords and scabbards.

"For the last, last time, beloved!" cried Suffolk, straining her to his heart, and sealing his lips to hers in one long kiss, then releasing her from his embrace, he stood by her side as the door opened and the king and all his retinue filed through. "The Duke of Brittany," said the king, as a courtier, raising the princess's hand to his lips, placed a cloak lined with ermine upon her shoulders, and saluted her as his most royal mistress; and out into the dark night, fit litters and on horse, the train wound away from town to town, seeking the broad coast-line.

Louis the Twelfth of France, the destined spouse of Mary Tudor, had already passed his fiftieth year. His person was tall and obese, his hair entirely gray, his cheeks fat and puffy, and his whole disgusting exterior far more that of a man who, now on the verge of the other world, should be repenting his sins, in sackcloth and ashes, than that of a gay, young bridegroom. But hopes of a longer extension of his life-lease of pleasure warmed his imagination like a cheerful blaze, and though adverse storms had driven the ships containing the bridal train far out to sea, yet on the evening of one day, three weeks from the parting of Suffolk and Mary, all Paris was decked in festive garb, to welcome the bride, once proxy wedded, and now again that day blessed and crowned by archbishop, cardinal and priests.

The halls of the palace were a-blaze with splendor and brilliancy, silver spouts poured forth mouths of flame in every niche and corner of the cornices, crimson draperies tapestried into heavy

gold, relieving white, antique busts, swept the velvet cushions and gorgeous carpets woven in distant Persian looms. Flowers of every climate hung bloomed and budding from wall and ceiling; banners and trophies of a thousand conquered nations adorned the great saloon; clusters of colored lamps illuminated far alleys of the gardens and shot rainbows over dancing fountains and the torrents of diamond threaded water-spouts, and every fiction of art, every grace of nature, were here brought together to celebrate the marriage feast.

Sitting on a throne at the further end of the grand reception room, was the young queen of the French, wrapped in robes of some rich, snow-white stuff, contrasting brilliantly with the gorgeous tinting of her surroundings, and slightly lightened by the paler shades of a rosy mantle lain upon her shoulders; a veil of shining and transparent silver tissue, like a web of woven dew, was half flung aside, displaying the snowy brow, the blushing cheeks, the perfect features of this vision of northern loveliness, and the golden hair was bound in rich, jewelled braids beneath the crown, the crown itself a mass of jewelry, resplendent as the hidden treasures of gnomes in an eastern tale. Yet notwithstanding all her magnificence, an inexpressible languor reigned over the queen's form as she half lay in the large throne chair, and now and then spoke dreamily to some gallant French nobleman, some stately dame, or oftener to her pretty English maiden, the lovely Anne Boleyn, who already coquetted admirably with the chevaliers, and added lustre to the queen's prestige; a languor visible in the parted, quivering lip, the half-closed eye, and the *abandon* of posture. All hearts and eyes admired, and very few but pitied the young victim of the hoary man who stood beside her throne.

The merry hours swept by. The queen had danced her measure, and the banquet rooms being thrown open, the noble groups entered beneath the entwined banners of England, France and Scotland. The hall was hung with tapestries of wine color, richly pictured with arabesque of silver work, and festooned with myriad ribbons of glittering whiteness. Fruit pieces, and hunting scenes of masters whose works lived after the creating hand was dust, hung here and there above great vases of sun-fed leaf and blossom, delicious strains of music floated from far distant galleries, and the tables, dazzling in their loads of fine linen, and golden and crystal vessels, in cups whose rims were embossed with rubies and emeralds, and flagons whose necks were carbuncles, and in which the sweetest juices of

long-lost southern summers had been wrung, in viands, fruits and liquid of every zone, were reflected in mirrors that flashed back with them, from their costly, panelled frames, the wave of plumes, the sheen of satin, the glimmer of the loveliest faces of all France, and above all, like an ugly reptile on a bed of flowers, the form and face of Louis the Twelfth, beside his shrinking bride.

Yes, his bride now, and with no retrieve. Every trivial annoyance with which in mischievous sport she had teased her lover, lay now like a mountain on her memory; for she herself had said the fatal words that riveted her chains, and she grew pale as her heart answered that death was the only emancipator.

The glee ran high, jests circled and wine poured freely, the king had nearly gorged himself, course after course had been swept from the board and still it groaned anew before the guests, when by a sudden movement of Brittany, all eyes were turned upon his majesty. Sitting erect, as though he had suddenly heard one speak, his eyes fixed and glassy, his face purple with the swollen veins of apoplexy and his chin fallen, sat the bridegroom. His earthly sands were almost run. All the court exclaimed with horror, but the queen sat still as her husband, not daring to glance upwards, lest she should behold a dream too happy to be realized, till she shuddered at the wild hope that half formed itself in her heart. At length she raised her eyes. The spectacle was too horrible, and she shrieked aloud with mingled joy, relief and terror. Those who had waited for her movement, now bore him to a couch, and all the physicians of the court essayed their skill upon him in vain, while breathing low and heavily he dragged the hours along, through which his young wife, who had sworn to honor and obey, never flinched, but with soothing compassion bathed his brow, gently chafed his hands and sought to alleviate his pain by all pitying art, even while her heart loathed him. At last it was over; she was free! The eyes were closed, the minions bade to weep, Francis, the heir was loudly proclaimed, and the wife was a widow.

A year of widowhood had passed over Mary Tudor, and yet her seventeenth summer found her smiling, dimpled, happy, and more beautiful than if she had known no pain. Henry the Eighth had sent for her to rejoin him in England, and like the blunderer he was, had made the Duke of Suffolk his ambassador, whom King Francis receiving with cordiality, entertained with a private interview.

"Thy grace is well aware," said the French king, "how materially it would interfere with my interests were her majesty, who is the loveliest woman in the kingdom, to wed a subject of mine. She is too young and beautiful to remain a widow, therefore the Duke of Suffolk had best bethink himself, and—"

"My duty to my king must annihilate all intrigues and all thoughts of self. His majesty mistaketh in thinking otherwise."

"Think again! Few have a queen's hand and dower at their option. Thy peace with burly Henry, Wolsey will make for thee. Thou art silent! Let me call an advocate!" and the silver bell he tinkled was answered by the royal page. Writing and sealing a brief note the king handed it to him, and they were again alone. A few moments elapsed, and the large door swinging on its hinges, "Her Majesty the Queen Dowager!" was announced.

Suffolk saw only a shimmer of soft violet shades and a sparkle of amethysts, ere his sight swam wildly and all senses became absorbed in hearing, where he stood concealed by the dark tapestry, while her voice like a silver chime broke the silence:

"My maidens were masquerading, and it was more convenient for me to wave ceremony and visit thy majesty, than to receive thee!"

"The queen dowager," said Francis, with a mischievous twinkle of his eye, "hath not forgotten one Suffolk."

"Mention not his name to me!" she cried vehemently; "have not I tasted the beginning of quiet pleasure, that thou must taunt me with recollections of a dead joy!"

"We were about to mention that this duke once lost a bride by too scrupulous observance of what is, at best, a form—loyalty. He hath now the golden chain of opportunity in his hand, let him not lose it. I leave thy majesty alone with him!" and the magnanimous Francis passed from the room. A moment the queen glanced amazed around her, the next, she perceived the duke, and sprang gladly forward, but hesitated and stopped half way, while, laying her hand on the back of a chair beside her, her eyes fell and fell, till the long lashes swept her cheek. At last a hand took hers; an arm on her waist drew her forward; a face bent to meet the downcast glance.

"Whom seeketh his grace of Suffolk?" asked the queen, coldly.

The arm and the hand relinquished her. "The queen forgetteth the lover!" he replied, reproachfully.

"The lover hath a long time forgotten her!"

"His memory sufficeth to recall the eve when she vowed never to play him false. Was it possible he could forget?"

"A question easy to answer."

"The ambassador to Spain and the Indies knew nought of the deeds of those two courts around which all his thoughts revolved, till a few long days ago."

"And what errand now bringeth him to our poor company?"

"His majesty of England requested the presence of his royal sister once more."

"And if his royal sister refuse?"

"Nay. His messenger can but bear back such answer!"

"And if," said she, raising her laughing eyes, "he should bear back with him the royal Duchess of Suffolk! an old flame of his, yet but just seventeen."

"Can it be! Do I dream?" cried Suffolk, a rich color flushing his dark cheek. "Speakest thou truly?"

"New—or thou shalt never wed her!" answered the happy Mary, as meeting his welcoming embrace, the tears and joy she had been so well restraining, burst forth together.

There was rejoicing and revelry at the palace that night, not half so rich and gay as that of a year past, but owing no sadness nor any tearful mist on its shining surface, for Wolsey, who had accompanied the duke, had united the long separated lovers, and all the court joined in their delight with happy and radiant festivity.

But although bluff King Hal, having taken no part in the ceremony, had, on first being apprised of it, withheld his congratulations and uttered in their place sundry threats of the tower and axe, yet he finally, at the intercession of the pretty Anne Boleyn, it was said, and the powerful Wolsey, granted his royal forgiveness and vouchsafing an equal amount of approbation, sealed it with all brotherly appointments and all princely decorations, as he rode with Suffolk along the golden lists, beneath the smiles of lovely ladies, to meet Francis the First in friendly tourney on the plain between Ardres and Guisnes, known as the FIELD OF THE CLOTH OF GOLD.

#### SENTIMENTAL.

A young lady thus describes her feelings, and courts sympathy.

My heart is sick, my heart is sad—  
But oh! the reason I dare not tell—  
I am not grieved, I am not glad,  
I am not ill, I am not well.

I'm not myself—I'm not the same:  
I am—indeed, I know not what;  
I'm changed, in all except my name—  
O, when shall I be changed to that?

GOD IS NEAR.

BY MISS A. FRYMAN.

Though the world with sin surround you,  
Never fear;  
Faithful through the clouds around you,  
God is near.  
Though bright hopes that once endears you  
All be gone,  
And away the hearts that cheered you,  
Still trust on!

Though glad tones no longer woo you  
With their love,  
And this life seem dreary to you,  
Look above!  
Though the path that lies before you  
Be not bright,  
And no guiding star shine o'er you,  
Still there's light.

Though the lyre once tuned within you  
Be destroyed,  
And its stillness cease to win you  
Back to joy,  
Though the world may place battle you  
Fetters' cup,  
And all earth with scorn deride you,  
Still look up!

Though no hand be ever near you  
Like your own,  
Still some hope will come to cheer you,  
When alone—  
Though no spirit-love connects you,  
Never fear,  
One throne is, whose power protects you—  
God is near.

GEORGE BLOOMFIELD.

BY ANNIE CAMERON.

We had emptied the third bottle of champagne.

"George," said my father, at the same time drinking my health, "you are dull and desponding this evening. You do not argue with your accustomed eagerness. From whence comes that billet-doux? It has not the appearance of ever having been a bouclair in Bond Street, or Piccadilly, and you are crushing it with a grimace capable of converting the best French wine into vinegar."

"This billet-doux, as you call it, is my tailor's bill," I replied, with a sigh; at the same time uttering an energetic oath, the repetition of which I will dispense with.

"Boot fellow!" exclaimed my father.

"Do you speak of my, sir?"

"No, George, of your tailor; however, I do not know but the epithet might suit you. But never mind, fill your glass, and do me the favor to name the sum due to your tailor."

"Five hundred pounds, sir! a round sum, as you perceive."

"Is that all?" said my father, in an ironical tone; "that is very moderate indeed! a mere trifle!"

"Yes, sir," I replied drily, "but when it shall amount to a thousand, it will be all the same; for there is very little chance of his ever seeing my money."

"You talk very lightly, George, upon this subject, when you ought to consider in what way you can best redeem your credit. This course of life will not last always. How long do you flatter yourself you can continue on this footing with the world?"

"I cannot answer that question immediately, the calculation is too deep for the present state of my brains; a disappointed man resembles a cannon ball, shot from some powerful engine, it runs a long way before it stops."

"True, but it will stop at last, and remember, my dear George, that in this case the charge is not as heavy as the projectile force. But, I have only one thing to say, and though I have repeated it many times before, you have never availed yourself of my counsel: You must marry an heiress, or a rich widow."

"Heaven preserve me from widows!" cried I, vehemently, (for there was one, I recollected at that moment, one, as rich as—but I will not speak of her now). "As to heiresses, I do not believe in them; they are like ghosts, syrens, goblins, or wolves; we hear them spoken of, and even cited as facts, which appear authentic, but one never encounters them face to face—at least, I never have had that good luck before me."

"That is to say, you have never taken the trouble to inform yourself of their existence. You are so wholly absorbed in your selfish pleasures, as to be indifferent to everything that will render your success certain. Without some little manœuvring you will not be likely to win their admiration; though it cannot be denied you are a very handsome fellow."

"That is what all the ladies say," replied I, casting a rapid glance at the mirror.

"Five feet, eight inches."

"Nine inches, six."

"Still young enough, in all conscience."

"I think so, in spite of my wig."

"Captain in the horse guards, too."

"That is true, and I have been so for ten mortal years; time enough to become weary of the title."

"Your presumptive to an old baronetcy, and land worth three thousand a year, in the county of Yorkshire."

"An estate encumbered with debts, and the dowry of two old women who will live forever."

"The greater reason for following my advice, my dear George; you well know you have nothing to expect from me; if this projected dissolution of parliament takes place, I shall be obliged to go to the continent for the benefit of my health, for I do not count upon my re-election—but I perceive you are weary of listening to me. Do you go to the opera this evening?"

"I shall just look in for a moment; Lady Hornsey has sent me a ticket as usual."

"Ah, well! my dear fellow, follow up your chance in that quarter. Lady Hornsey is worth the trouble. A fine woman I am told, with a clear income of five thousand a year."

"Yes, and a face the color of a dark nutmeg, squint-eyed, and old enough to be my mother."

"The carriage is at the door," said the servant; very opportunely interrupting our conversation.

Thereupon my respectable father departed, leaving me with no other companions than the empty bottles and my own bitter reflections.

"George," said I, to myself, in this forced soliloquy, "your father is right, you must marry now or never. Thirty years old next month! Time has slightly thinned my hair; and my moustache now and then betrays its age by a silver thread shining through the dark mass, my skin still retains its smoothness, and my step its elasticity. Thank Heaven! it is not too late yet; but time will not tarry—the spring is rapidly approaching, that will put an end to all my prospects, even to the patience of my most obliging creditors. It appears to me more than probable that before the next season, I shall be reduced to the option of Lady Hornsey or the King's Bench. Whatever it be, let it come! Death, rather than the dowager! In the meantime there is no reason why I should not profit by her opera ticket."

"Habit, says the proverb, is second nature; and one can become accustomed even to the most wretched existence; upon this principle, I gallily supported my uncertain position. Happily long practice had taught me to bear with fortitude the contrarieties of life, without which, my entrance into Lady Hornsey's box would have been torture the whole evening; for, exactly across, and nearly closing up the passage way, with his elbow upon the railing, stood my honest tailor, elegantly dressed, and giving himself the airs of a dandy. I lost nothing of my assurance, but approaching him with much politeness, suffered him to see I did not shun his sight. He was only too proud of having been noticed by me.

"Upon what brilliant star are you directing your astronomical observations?" I demanded, after having passed the usual compliments, and seeing his eye-glass resume its former direction.

"My admiration is fixed upon Miss Mary Henderson," replied he, "in that box under the chandelier to the right. Miss Henderson, the great heiress; do you not know her?"

"What! a beauty, and an heiress! that is a conjunction unknown, even in the planetary world of London. Can you not favor me with an introduction to the lady?"

"I wish it was in my power to do so, captain," replied the tailor with a smile, and a respectful bow.

"I wish so, too, with all my heart," I answered, coming out of my box. "It would be as fortunate for you, as for me," added I, trembling lest he should make some personal application.

Approaching the box of this new divinity, I raised my eyes to her face, and was perfectly enchanted, for she was in fact, the most beautiful person I ever beheld—she was truly angelic!

In Miss Henderson, were joined the regularity of the Grecian, with the characteristics of English beauty, black eyes, full of liquid softness, an alabaster brow, and complexion of the most delicate tint; a head of classical beauty was supported by a swan-like neck, the graceful motion of which gave a dignity to the whole; a hand and arm of such perfect proportions, as would have defied the talents of a modern Phidias.

"It is an angel!" I mentally exclaimed, "but an heiress—O, no! that is impossible!"

In despite of all my inquiries, I could obtain only in part any positive information concerning the charming Miss Henderson, who seemed to have attracted universal observation; all those, to whom I addressed myself to obtain either genealogical or financial knowledge, seemed as ignorant as myself, in respect to the sudden apparition of this brilliant star in the firmament of fashion.

It is useless to say, that before the end of the first act, I had placed myself in such a position, as to see my divinity pass to her carriage when the play should be over. The time at length arrived, and she quitted the box, leaning upon the arm of an aged man, evidently her father, accompanied by a man, who seemed to value his moustache far above the attractions of the lady beside him—how I envied the fellow! If she had appeared charming in the distance; her beauty lost nothing by a nearer approach, and the sweetness of her voice, which occasionally reached my ears, completed the fascination which was partially begun.

I followed the father and daughter until they entered the carriage, and the door closed upon them. I felt a strange sensation of despair.

"A carriage, sir? a carriage? a cabriolet, sir? a chair all ready, sir?" resounded on all sides of me, and suggested a thought I could not resist. A moment after the equipage of Miss Henderson departed, I threw myself into a cabriolet.

"Follow that carriage," said I, rapidly to the coachman. "Whip up, whip up, or you will lose the trace of it."

"Do not fear, sir," replied he, with a leer, "I will not lose an inch of ground—but one must not follow too nearly, or those fellows the footmen will guess our purpose and give us trouble, perhaps, defeat our project."

"What a worthy confidant," thought I; "but it matters not, the end sanctifies the means."

We crossed many streets in the pursuit: at length the carriage of Miss Henderson stopped before a house situated a short distance from New-Road. My coachman at the same time reined up his horses, out of breath with fatigue. In fact, at that moment a strange idea came into my head, some trouble to be sure, but one can obtain nothing without trouble—worth the keeping.

"My boy," said I, to the coachman, "I promise you a sovereign, if you will upset me near that house, without breaking any of my bones."

"I understand you," he replied; "but it is not necessary to upset my cabriolet. I will run against that post—you will jump out, fall upon the pavement stunned, and unable to rise—then, I will take care of the rest."

Everything had turned out better than I could have hoped. I was fortunate in having made choice of such a wily coachman in this affair, so I agreed to his proposal. He took his measures so well, he touched the post with so much skill, that his cabriolet was overthrown by the shock and caused great confusion, while I fell very gently upon the pavement, without a wound, escaping with only a few slight bruises.

It is useless to say that the cries of my coachman (who played his part to admiration), upon seeing me extended apparently lifeless, quickly brought the people of the house, which was only a few steps distant, to our assistance, and I heard the voice of Miss Henderson inquiring anxiously if the gentleman was much hurt? Her father was the first to approach me; in another moment two vigorous footmen had borne me in their arms to the house, where I was carefully placed upon a large sofa.

"Are you wounded, sir?" demanded Mr. Henderson, with an air of kindly interest, which touched me exceedingly.

"No, sir, I think not," replied I, in a feeble voice—"but I am distressed and embarrassed at the trouble I have given you."

"Do not mention it, my dear sir," he replied; "take some repose; I beseech you, endeavor to calm yourself till the arrival of the physician, he will be here immediately."

If that is the case thought I, I must decamp before he arrives; but I must think of some plan to secure myself admission to the house to-morrow.

"I thank you a thousand times, sir," said I, resuming a little more strength. "I have no need of his services. My left arm is somewhat sprained—but the bones are not broken. I have been giddy from the sudden fall, but in a few minutes I shall be entirely recovered. I will no longer intrude upon your hospitality; my name is George Bloomfield, captain in the horse-guards. I shall return immediately home. I hope you will permit me at some future day to testify the gratitude I feel, for the attentions you have so kindly bestowed upon me."

"I shall be charmed to see you at all times, Captain Bloomfield, for I must tell you I have the pleasure of knowing your worthy father—but I will not suffer you to depart yet; you can scarcely sustain yourself—or, if you insist upon quitting us, my carriage shall conduct you home with all possible precaution."

"Sir, I beseech you—not to—"

"I exact it, my dear sir. But where were you going when the accident happened?"

"You are much too good, sir, my head is confused, I can scarcely remember—I believe, I think—I was going to meet some friends in Regent Street, we were to sup together after the opera; but since you are so kind as to lend me your carriage, I shall return to my father's home immediately."

During this discussion, I furtively surveyed the countenance of the charming Mary, whose interest did not appear to have diminished since the return of my strength.

I was certainly very pale, for a slight bruise and pain in my left shoulder warned me that there was sufficient of reality in the adventure to sustain the progress of its romance. I took my leave at last with as much ease as I could assume, without compromising the good impression I had made, and leaning upon the footman, advanced slowly to the carriage; but having reached the door, I recollected it would be proper to inquire the name of my new friend, of which I must ap-



peer ignorant. With as much earnestness in my manner as I could command, I begged to be informed to whom I was indebted for so much kindness and attention. Mr. Henderson replied by giving me his card, and as I had only asked it for form's sake, I put it into my pocket without looking at it.

The domestics of Mr. Henderson took me home with all the precaution which my feeble condition exacted. My father had not yet returned from his club; I forbade any one to inform him of my accident, supposing that, according to his usual custom, he would return in a condition which would require immediate repose.

After passing an excellent night, my sleep embellished by golden dreams, in which the most romantic love, in magnificent contrast with the leaden arrows of Cupid, gracefully intermingled, I awoke in the most comfortable condition imaginable, having nearly forgotten my fall. I had scarcely completed my toilet, in which I had not neglected a black silk handkerchief to support my left arm, a powerful means of attacking ladies' hearts, when I saw upon my table the card which I had received the evening before, and which I had taken out of my pocket upon going to bed. What was my surprise, on reading, instead of the name of Henderson, that of Sir George Dunsmith. Was it certainly the same card? Without doubt it was, for it also bore the number of the house in Morley Street. After my first expression of astonishment was over—I began to reflect in what respect my position would be changed. I took him for her father; he is her uncle, I suppose. Her father is dead, that is so much in my favor, for these parents have always some objections to make, when young persons desire to form disinterested marriages.

I entered the breakfast-room with this consoling thought, and was received by my father with forced compliments upon my evening's adventure, of which he had heard a most exaggerated account.

I then recounted to him the true history, and after my own fashion, taking the liberty of suppressing some circumstances which were better kept to myself. I did not then speak of Miss Henderson, but dwelt a long time upon the kindness of Sir George Dunsmith. He told me, added I, that he had had the pleasure of dining with you a few days since.

"That is true," said my father, "no longer ago than last week at the Seymours. I was seated beside him at the table; he is an amiable, worthy man. The dinner was given in honor of his young wife."

"His wife!" cried I, jumping up from my chair.

"What is the matter with you now?" said my father, regarding me with astonishment.

"His wife, sir! did you say his wife?"

"Yes, sir, his wife, a charming young woman, I can assure you! Above all I was struck with her magnificent black eyes; and what is more to the purpose—an heiress. They have been married about three weeks. She was a Miss Henderson."

I rushed from my chair, upsetting two or three china cups by the rapidity of my movements. I tore off the handkerchief from my arm and threw it into the fire, and then commenced to walk the room with gigantic strides.

"O, heavens!" exclaimed my father, truly frightened. "The unfortunate man is certainly crazy! there is no doubt of it; he has injured his brain in that unlucky fall; and this is the consequence of it."

While thus speaking, he rung the bell with as much violence, as if the house had been on fire.

"For mercy sake, sir," said I, stopping him, "do not thus alarm the neighborhood. I always conduct myself like a fool—an idiot—that's all."

"Ah, well! I am delighted to find it is nothing worse, George; but as it is not the first time, to my knowledge, you should act your part more quietly."

"Act my part!" cried I, "when I have been upon the point of breaking my neck—all for nothing! but I am going to tell you all that has passed, and you shall judge of my disappointment."

I then rectified my former statement, and put my father in possession of my true position. He listened to me with the most provoking glee, and after having complimented me upon what he called my impudence, finished by declaring, with an energetic oath, that I was the son of a worthy father, and resembled him perfectly.

"My son," said he, "let not this failure discourage you. You will find heiresses everywhere, and even pretty ones, if you take the trouble to look for them; besides—at all events you have always a happy resource in the person of Lady Hornsey."

"Never talk of that old sorceress, sir! I shall have nothing more to do with her, nor wish any other, I am going to throw myself into the Thames."

"Since such is your irrevocable decision," said my father, without showing the slightest emotion, "the pond in Green Park would be much better for your business."

"As being much nearer, apparently, sir, but I

desire to do ~~the thing~~ in an agreeable manner ; I cannot dispense with depositing at the house of Sir George Dunsmith a note containing my parting compliments. His house is on the way to the river."

In fact, I presented myself at his door ; and in spite of my cruel discovery, I was not the less desirous to show myself to the adorable Lady Dunsmith, in the most interesting light. I had taken care to replace the black handkerchief, in case I should be received into her house. But this slight favor was denied me ; Sir George Dunsmith and lady were not at home, and I was obliged to leave my note, with my verbal compliments to testify my gratitude to them.

The mildness in my character was never put to a severer proof than on this fatal day ; but whether happy or unhappy, sad or gay, I must finish with a dinner. I recollected in good time that I was invited to dine with Lady Hornsey.

Whether I was deceived in the hour, whether I had given too much time to my toilet, or whether I had been withheld by the sole desire of creating a sensation by my entrance, I cannot determine ; but the fact was evident, I arrived late at Berkeley Square, and found the company seated at the table. The first object upon which my eye rested, was the beautiful Lady Dunsmith. I placed myself in the only vacant seat, and, very fortunately, found myself placed at her side. A recognition immediately followed, and my arm still in a sling, provoked questions which indicated anything but indifference on her part.

We were soon engaged in the most animated conversation ; her mind and manners appeared as seducing as her angelic beauty ; every word she uttered increased my adoration and despair.

I drank wine with Sir George, and could almost have wished, that instead of wine his glass had been filled with a dose of prussic acid. But as I could not act upon such a murderous thought, the only vengeance in my power was, to pay assiduous court to his young wife. 'So I endeavored to do my best in this act of natural justice, as Bacon calls vengeance.

She listened with complacency to the many complimentary speeches I made to her. Meanwhile, I observed from time to time an expression of surprise upon her countenance which I could not explain. At last, in addressing her, I gave her the title of, your ladyship ; she interrupted me with hesitation, while a deep blush suffused her cheeks.

"I think," said she, "you are in error in regard to myself."

"Indeed !" replied I, with apparent calmness, while my heart beat with such violence, I could

scarcely prevent ~~it from leaping~~ from my chest, "have I not the honor of speaking to Lady Dunsmith ?"

"No," she replied, while directing my attention to a very pretty person, with black eyes, seated at the right hand of Lady Hornsey ; "that is Lady Dunsmith. You did not see her last evening, because she was not well enough to accompany us to the opera. She is my sister, and I am on a visit to her. My name is Mary Henderson."

Is there any need of a continuation ? No, I think not. Do you not guess the result of my adventure ? Two months after this wild freak of mine, I had the pleasure of changing the name of Henderson to that of Bloomfield ; a transformation, which, I assure you, neither of us has ever had cause to regret.

#### ANECDOTE OF FRANKLIN.

Benjamin Franklin was called on by a committee appointed to collect subscriptions towards building a church in or near the city of Philadelphia. The committee was introduced to him in his study, and, after paying their respects, handed him the subscription-paper, soliciting him to commence the same, being desirous he should be the first to contribute, with a view to influence others—he being at that time president of the Supreme Executive Council of the State of Pennsylvania. The doctor took the paper, read the heading, and wrote, *Benjamin Franklin—five pounds* (hard money, as it was called, was very scarce, and paper money at a discount), and handed the paper back. The gentlemen looked at the amount, then at each other, and at the doctor, they still holding the paper in their hands. "What is the matter, gentlemen ? Have I made a mistake ?" "Why, your excellency, we were rather surprised at the smallness of your donation." "Let me see again," and taking the list in his hand, immediately wrote opposite his five pounds, "*paper money*," and handed them a five-pound bill of the State of Pennsylvania, saying : "Every man is the best judge of what he can give, and I wish to give no false impression. He that gives more than he can afford, is a fool." The committee left, wishing rather that he should have written fifty pounds and not paid one shilling, rather than write five pounds and pay it.—*N. Y. Picayune.*

#### MAKE A BEGINNING.

Those who are continually thinking what is best to do, seldom do anything. The great incentive to success is to make a beginning. The first dollar saved, the first mile travelled, are something towards amassing a fortune and to completing a journey ; they show earnestness of purpose. How many a poor, idle, erring outcast is now crawling through life in a state of wretchedness, who might have held up his head and prospered, if, instead of putting off his resolutions of amendment and industry, he had only made a beginning.—*Channing.*

## THE FOREST FLOWER.

BY MRS. E. T. HENDERER.

Lovely, simple forest flower,  
 Blooming, fading in an hour;  
 Precious to the heart awhile,  
 Calling forth one glad smile;  
 How I love thee, simple thing,  
 Friendship's humblest offering.

Bloom and fade, still I will shrine thee,  
 In thy forest home I'll find thee,  
 Garner up thy fragments fair—  
 Whilst their odor fills the air;  
 In some book I'll fondly press them,  
 Love them, shrine them, and carees them!

## BRIGAND LIFE.

One incident was related to us, which is not calculated to show their domestic transactions in a very favorable light, in spite of the usual romantic ideas of the eternal fidelity of a brigand's bride. The chief of a band which infested this province had a young wife, very much attached to him, who followed him in all his perilous wanderings, and presented him with a son and heir worthy, she hoped, of imitating the glorious exploits of his sire. This unfortunate little *bambino*, however, so disturbed the peace of the brigand's tent with its infantine cries, that he threatened more than once to put an end to its wailing; and one night, when returning savage and disappointed from an unsuccessful expedition, he was again provoked by its squalls, rising suddenly in a fury, he put his threat into execution before the eyes of the terrified mother.

From that moment love gave place in her heart to hatred and the desire of vengeance; while her husband, enraged at her continually regretting the child, and perhaps suspecting some vindictive intentions on her part, resolved, after some domestic squabbles, upon putting her also to death. One night, having confided his project to his nephew, whom he had left at the head of the camp of brigands, he told him not to give the alarm if he heard the report of a gun, as it would merely be himself giving a quietus to *la Giuditte*: and with this warning he departed to his own tent, a little distant from the others. Now it so happened that his loving spouse had fixed upon this very evening for the performance of her own long nursed schemes of revenge; and having deferred her own fate by her more than usually amiable demeanor, and artfully got her victim to sleep, she discharged the contents of a rifle into his body; and cutting off his head, escaped with it to *Reggio*, where she claimed and obtained a reward from the authorities for his destruction. The nephew heard the report of the rifle in the night; and before warned, merely muttered to himself, "*o zio ch' ammazza la Guiditta*," and turned quietly round to sleep again.—*Travels in Calabria*.

In a factious and barbarous age, the greatest men, as well as men of the best regulated minds, adhere to some one of the epidemic frenzies that trouble and agitate the world at that moment.

## A LUNATIC DOCTOR.

Recently, while one of the patients of the State Lunatic Asylum, who was formerly a doctor, was taking his accustomed stroll for air and exercise, he was attracted to a house not far from the asylum by the cries of a young girl, who, in climbing over a fence, had fallen and broken her arm. On entering the door he ascertained that the poor, decrepid, bed-ridden mother and the unfortunate girl, whose labor was the only support of the two, were the only occupants. A boy had been sent for a physician or surgeon. The doctor could not witness the young girl's distress, so he instantly went to work and set and splinted the broken limb. The old lady with tears of joy and gratitude, exclaimed, "Doctor, what's to pay?" "O, nothing," he replied; "I am amply repaid in the satisfaction this opportunity has afforded me to relieve your daughter's distress." "Thank you, dear doctor, and God bless you! But when the doctor we have sent for arrives, who shall we say set the arm—what name and residence, doctor?" "Tell him," said our doctor, "that a patient from the New York State Lunatic Asylum did it."—*Utica Telegraph*.

## WHAT IS NOT CHARITY.

It is not charity to give a penny to a street mendicant of whom nothing is known, while we haggle with a poor man out of employment for a miserable dime. It is not charity to beat down a seamstress to starvation prices; to let her sit chilled in wet clothes sewing all day; to deduct from her pitiful remuneration if the storm delay her prompt arrival. It is not charity to take a poor relation into the family, make her a slave to all your whims, and taunt her continually with her dependent situation. It is not charity to turn a man who is out of work into the streets with his family, because he cannot pay his rent. It is not charity to extract the uttermost farthing from the widow and orphan. It is not charity to give with a supercilious air and patronage, as if God had made you, the rich man, of different blood from the shivering recipient, whose only claim is that he is poor. It is not charity to be an extortioner—no! though you bestow alms by thousands.—*Boston Journal*.

## THE EMPEROR OF FRANCE.

Faith in his star is his all-dominating conviction. Louis XI. had not firmer reliance on his leaden angels than Louis Napoleon on a certain "lucky penny" he got from a Norwood gipsy, representing herself as the granddaughter of that zingaro who foretold that Josephine would be an empress. Describing his acquisition of that enchanted coin, one day, shortly after his escape from Elam, when a very disconsolate looking man about town here, and being asked what he thought would become of him? he replied, he had not the smallest doubt the prediction of the fortune-teller would be fulfilled, that he should become emperor of the French, the arbiter of Europe, and—die by the hand of a woman! How ridiculous! you exclaim. Well, is it any more so than his whole career for the last seven years would have sounded, if spoken of as a thing of possibility seven years ago?—*Liverpool Advertiser*.

## ALL SORROW IS REAL

BY GEORGE B. GORDON.

All sorrow is real, how'er it arises,  
And all of our theories, thoughts and surmises,  
Concerning the begging of trials and troubles,  
Have only the basis of so many bubbles.

Othello, possessing a glorious treasure,  
Was deaf to the pleadings of quiet and pleasure;  
Yet doubtless he would, if he could, have enjoyed it,  
For who will be wretched that e'er can avoid it?

To me may your troubles seem purely ideal;  
This mattereth not, for to you they are real;  
Nor lighter to-day is your burden of sorrow,  
Because it may seem but a trifle to-morrow.

For sorrow, whenever its shade it unfoldeth,  
Is not in the scene, but the mind that beholdeth:  
Napoleon grieved over nations unruly,  
And so does the man in the mad-house as truly.

At pleasure we move in our various stations,  
Yet who of us maketh his own inclinations?  
Who ruleth his love, as it swells or abateth?  
Or who can help hating the thing that he hateth?

The power of accepting, and power of refusing,  
Are ours, yet our passions are not of our choosing;  
And over the viands of various dishes,  
We gladly wish, but we make not our wishes.

## THE CANDY GIRL

BY FRANÇOIS W. SAWTELLE.

It was a cold, stormy night; the rain poured down in torrents, and the wind, alternately dying away almost calm, and again rising in furious gusts, howled mournfully through the rigging of the ships, as, dark and silent, they lay moored to the wharves. The river, roughened with rain, swept swiftly and silently onward in circling and whirling eddies, swinging our boat round and round, now out into the stream, now bringing it in with a thump against the stairs to which the painter was made fast. The distant lights from the city winked feebly through the rain, as though they too felt the dampness that was penetrating us; and altogether it was such a night as any reasonable man would have chosen to pass in his dry hammock in preference to an open boat, such as we were at the time occupying.

Three hours before, after a long pull against head tide, we had landed the captain at the stairs, who left us with strict orders to remain by the boat until he returned. The situation was far from pleasant, but sailor-like, we endeavored to put a good face upon the matter, consoling ourselves with the thought that a top-

side-yard would be an infinitely worse situation, and beguiling the time with such varnicious and intellectual conversation as is common to discontented mariners under like circumstances.

As there had been every appearance of rain before leaving the ship, we had taken the precaution of bringing our water-proof clothes and son'westers, which, in a measure, protected us from the wet; and as a further shelter, a large tarpaulin, with which the boat was provided, was stretched from one gunwale to the other, and made fast to the rowlocks, so that with our bodies snugly coiled away upon the thwarts, leaving only our heads protruding between the gunwale and tarpaulin, the whole concern bore a rather distant resemblance to an immense turtle with four heads, each ornamented with a son'wester.

Among other topics of conversation, the subject of love had been introduced, and as that had begun to flag, one of the boys fished out from the stern locker a large bottle of "something to take," (this was a good many years ago, when it was as fashionable to partake, as it is now to abstain), to which we immediately paid our respects (just to keep the fog off our stomachs), and as the last one, after a gradual and protracted elevation of the bottle, accompanied with a gurgling sound, returned it with a graceful flourish to the perpendicular, and gave vent to the feeling of gratification which it afforded him by an emphatic "Ha," he resumed his remarks by turning to old Joe Grummet, the coxswain, with the inquiry:

"Well, Joe, what do you think of love? You have been knocking about the world for a good spell, and ought to have some little experience by this time."

"As to that," returned Joe, "I've always been more or less in love with plum duff, swamp seed, and such like, on a banyan day, besides which, I entertain no slight affection for the chap whose son'wester and jacket I'm wearing."

"Yes, I know," returned the first speaker. "We are all of us a little tender-hearted in that respect. But the kind of love of which we are now speaking, is that which usually terminates in a five-shilling ring, and a couple of dollars, or so, to the parson."

"O yes, I believe in that, too; not that I have had much experience myself, but I've played second fiddle to a good deal of love-making in my day. One affair, in particular, I remember, came near getting one poor fellow twelve dozen at the gangway, but turned out in the end for all the world just like a story book."

The prospect of a story to pass the time was

by no means unimportant, and edging closer to the speaker, we made big ears to hear what Joe had to say.

"It's not far from a good many years ago that this I'm going to tell you of took place, when I was a bit of a youngster. I was in the service then, as I have been, off and on, ever since. We had been stationed at Boston for some time, and were getting rather weary of remaining so long inactive, when orders came down from the Admiralty to fit out a frigate for a cruise up the Straits, and I was chosen as one of her crew. I was highly delighted, as you may suppose, with the idea of going into the Mediterranean; for, being young, I was of course romantic, and thought all that was requisite to my perfect happiness was to visit the classic scenes of which I had read a great deal too much for my own good, and such a fool did I make of myself, that instead of turning into my hammock to get my regular sleep, as I should have done, I used to poke about the decks moonlight nights, looking at the stars, and repeating to myself some verses of Byron's, that began :

"The Isles of Greece! the Isles of Greece!  
Where burning Sappho—"

did something or other she ought to have been ashamed of (I forget what now), and altogether I was as happy in anticipation as you can well imagine.

"As is usually the case, when a person has placed his whole mind and hopes upon any one thing, I was disappointed, for happening to be ashore one day on liberty, I cut up a bit of a shine (it isn't necessary to the story to tell you *what*; even if it was, I shouldn't do it), for which my name was removed from the list for the Straits, and I was ordered on board the receiving ship for one year.

"I bore the disappointment with the fortitude and philosophy of a boy of eighteen. Had I been a Frenchman, I should have written a very pathetic epistle, addressed to mankind in general, and at once taken leave of a heartless and unsympathizing world; but, unfortunately, being a full-rigged John Bull, I was merely sulky, a state of mind which procured for me a genteel sufficiency of kicks and cuffs from my shipmates, for what they chose to term my very unsocial behaviour. Nothing could have been better for me than such treatment; for what with whipping one chap, getting whipped by another, and the pair of us being flogged at the gangway the next morning for fighting, I was thoroughly cured, and acknowledged to be a good shipmate before I had fought my way half through our mess.

"Among the many good fellows stationed on board the receiving ship, was one Royal Backstay, a young chap, who slung his hammock next to mine. He was about two years older than myself, a general favorite, and belonged to an excellent family (the Backstays of Staffordshire), was next of kin, and would inherit the title and estate of his uncle, Sir Topmast Backstay, a rich but penurious old codger, and a member of Parliament, who had kept Royal on such an extremely short allowance that, partly in consequence of some little debts, and partly from a spirit of adventure, he had shipped for a five years' term in the navy, a proceeding which caused his uncle to swear tremendously, and set about getting his discharge. Royal, on his part, swore still harder, and utterly refused to accept his discharge, and here the matter rested.

"I had given him some cause of offence the first day on board, which led to a severe and protracted combat, resulting in four black eyes and a pair of broken noses between us, neither being declared the victor; from that day forward we were the Damon and Pythias of the ship. He was a remarkably fine looking fellow, was Royal, and as active as a whole colony of monkeys; a description of talent that seldom goes unrewarded in the service, and he was in consequence promoted to the office of coxswain of the captain's gig, whereupon he lost no time in procuring for me a berth as one of the gig's crew, and I pulled the stroke oar. This was a piece of great good fortune, for while the liberty days of the other men were like angels' visits, we had every day, our only duty being to pull the captain on shore in the morning, and he, being a very indulgent man, allowed us to run about the town wherever we chose, only requiring us to be at the boat in season to take him off again at night, a requirement which we scrupulously complied with.

"The rest of the boat's crew used to take themselves off to places where the web-footed portion of humanity most do congregate; but Royal and myself, being a trifle aristocratic or so in our ideas, found more amusement rambling about up-town among the gentry, and many a nice, little adventure we fell in with by so doing. The spot most infested by us was some two or three miles back from the docks, among the very pretty suburban residences of the better class of citizens, a favorite haunt of nursery maids when taking their little charges out for an airing, and who were not unfrequently accompanied by the ladies of the family. By dint of a lavish but judicious distribution of candy, or 'taffy,' as they call it in England, we suc-

ceeded in establishing a pretty extensive acquaintance among the infantry and nursery maids; and from the children the acquaintance soon spread to the ladies, who were evidently not at all displeased with the respectful familiarity of such a man as my friend Royal; for although his dress showed him to be but a common sailor, yet with his very pleasing address, and uncommon fine figure, which the picturesque costume of the navy set off to great advantage, and evidences of refined taste, such as dainty, little patent leather pumps, elaborately striped stockings, and handkerchief of the finest linen, perfumed with the choicest and most delicate extracts, he fairly realized the ideal sailor-boy of romance and the stage; and many a time have I waited for hours, while Royal, seated upon one of the benches beneath the trees, held long and, apparently, very interesting conversations with some aristocratic young lady, who, with sparkling eyes and suspended breath, listened with intense interest to the thrilling recital of wonderful adventures, and perils by sea and land, through which he had not passed, and many a sigh and regret did the thought occasion that he was *only* a sailor.

"Although this state of things continued for some time, and we were constantly meeting the same people, yet Royal appeared to have no preference whatever, which I considered something quite remarkable in a young fellow of his temperament. It is morally impossible that I could have been in his place without falling desperately in love with half a dozen of them, at least. There was, however, a marked difference in their treatment of us. Me, they addressed in a patronizing and condescending manner, and to save my life I couldn't get upon a comfortable footing with any one whose rank was more exalted than that of a nursery maid; but although our station in life was supposed to be precisely similar, they always treated him as an equal, which was conclusive evidence to me that a real gentleman will always command respect, though for the time he may be under a cloud.

"Two or three months passed in this manner, and we became as well known as the trees under which we lounged, when a circumstance occurred that gave a new turn to our pursuits. One bright aushiny morning, having pulled the captain on shore rather earlier than usual, we took a longer and more circuitous route than usual to reach our accustomed place of resort, when in passing a sort of variety store, and noticing a display of confectionary in the window, it occurred to us that our supply of candy for the children was exhausted; accordingly turning

back, we entered the store to replenish. There was no one in when we entered, but a variety of sounds issuing from a room in the rear of the store, showed that it was not entirely deserted. Se, bearing a tattoo on the counter with our knuckles, to attract attention, we awaited the appearance of some one. Presently the door of the rear room opened, and a young girl of, I should say, not more than seventeen, tripped behind the counter, and awaited our wishes. I really think I never beheld a more beautiful creature since I was christened than that same candy shop girl. The pretty pink dress she had on went right to my heart, and Royal's, too, I should judge by the way he gazed at her, saying never a word. She looked at us a moment, but as we did nothing but stare, she blushed vigorously, dropped her bright black eyes, which were fringed with lashes of not quite a fathom in length—at least, pretty near it—and stammered something about her father being out.

"The poor little thing's embarrassment reminded us of our rudeness, of which we did not before consider, so surprised were we at finding such a divinity in such a place, and Royal, who was famous for pretty speeches, assured her he was delighted that her father was not in, as he only wanted a little candy, which would doubtless be all the sweeter for being put up by such a charming young lady. The poor child blushed harder than ever at this, and assumed a very solemn expression, which looked oddly enough on such a pretty young face, mixed up with so many blushes. Royal saw that she did not admire the style of his conversation, and became more respectful.

"I don't know how it happened, but it took a long while to do up that candy. First her little fingers would tremble, and she would drop a stick, which Royal would pick up and return; then the paper wouldn't get in the right position, or the string became tangled, and she and Royal would try a long while to clear it—or, rather, she tied, and Royal only pretended to do so—she, all the time, endeavoring to look as sober as possible; but the string, instead of getting better, got worse and worse; indeed, there seemed some danger that their fingers would get tangled up together in their efforts to clear it, until it becoming evident she would never get the parcel done up in her flutter, she dropped the whole affair on the counter, and burst into a merry, little laugh, so contagious that we joined with as much heartiness as though it had been the funniest thing in the world. This broke the ice, and we chatted away a long while as pleasant as possible; or, rather, Royal and she did; and

for all I know, we might have stayed till this time, so pleased did they seem with each other, had there not entered the shop a little, hard featured old man, who glanced sharply and angrily from us to the girl. We interpreted her anxious and rather distressed look as a wish for us to go. Accordingly paying for our purchases without any more words, we took our leave.

"I expected Royal would have a good deal to say about our adventure as we continued our walk, but to my surprise he was silent as a post, and seemed rather displeased than otherwise at my remarks concerning the little lady; so after two or three trials, I gave up the attempt to make her the subject of our conversation, and we continued our walk in silence.

"We did not remain as long as usual at our accustomed lounging place, but having disposed of the candy, Royal dragged me off to the business part of the town, where we spent the whole day shopping. There was no end of fine things he seemed to have occasion for. You would have thought he was fitting himself out for a four years' cruise with a wedding party, by the nature and amount of the articles he bought that day.

"The following morning found us again at the candy shop. The young lady made her appearance as before, and though a little surprised, not very displeased at our advent. Very much the same performance was gone through as on the day before, except that there was more freedom on both sides, and, as had been agreed upon between us, I sat drumming my heels upon a sugar box outside the door, watching for the old man, who appeared to have some regular business abroad at that hour every morning, while Royal negotiated with the little lady the important trade in candy. As the old fellow made his appearance round a distant corner, I gave the concerted signal, and we quickly took ourselves out of sight before he could be aware of our visit. A look of intelligence passed between Royal and the girl at my signal, and his abrupt departure, and from that day there was a tacit understanding between them. It is astonishing how a mutual understanding, if ever so slight, helps along an acquaintance; that or something else must have done so in this case, for day after day, and week after week, found us at the same spot. I have always been at a loss to conjecture what became of so much candy; the price of sugar, I think, must have advanced very materially during that period.

"At length, one morning, upon going to the shop as usual, the girl was not to be seen, and in her place was the old man, and very cross he

was, indeed. It was easy to perceive that something was in the wind, and what, Royal was determined to find out; for though the old fellow treated him with anything but civility, he persisted in remaining in the shop, while I—more from habit than anything else—took my accustomed seat on the sugar-box outside. I had sat there some minutes, while Royal was trying every possible method to learn something of his little friend, when, quick as a flash, the young lady herself darted from the door adjoining the store, slipped a bit of a note into my hand, and flew back again so rapidly that I hardly saw her myself, and am sure no one else did. By this time, Royal had rendered himself so obnoxious to the old man: that he fairly turned him out of the shop, with the request that he would never enter it again. I think I never saw a more dejected countenance than Royal's, as he joined me on the walk, and we left the spot.

"What's the matter, shipmate?" I asked, as we walked slowly away. 'You couldn't look more down in the mouth if some one had stolen your chest of go-ashore clothes. Has your little bird flown, or sick, or what?'

"I don't know; that is the worst of it," he replied, with a face as long as the fore-to'-bow-line. 'I must manage somehow to see her again before I go on board the ship to-night, even if I have to desert for the purpose. She would, I feel certain, have communicated with me in some manner had it been in her power. It is from her neglect to do so that I fear something serious has occurred.'

"Why, the fact is, Royal," I replied, 'you are not smart. Now, although you have had so much talk with the little gipsy, and I so little, it is clear that I am the favorite, as is evident from her not taking the trouble to communicate with you, while she did with me, though I haven't had time to read her note yet.' At the same time I drew from my pocket the little letter, which Royal snatched from my hand as though his life depended upon getting it away from me.

"The instant change in his countenance would have been sufficient evidence that the contents were not of a very unpleasant nature, even if he had not passed the note to me upon finishing its perusal. It was evidently hastily written, in a round school-girl hand, with many erasures, and an occasional spot, which may have been made by tears. She commenced by saying that her father had discovered his frequent visits at the store, was very angry, and treated her with great severity in consequence, forbidding her to go into the store again when gentlemen were

present; that she feared she had done wrong in having had any conversation with him whatever; that now they must never, never meet again; she wished they never had met; and concluded by earnestly desiring that he would not call at the house again, as her father would be so angry; and, in particular, she hoped he would not endeavor to meet her in the park, where she walked every afternoon from three till four.

"Of course we respected her wishes—all except the last, with which Royal could hardly be expected to comply. At least two hours before the time she wished us not to see her, we were posted in the park, watching every female that passed, as though we suspected her of an intent to pick our pockets.

"At length, after what seemed a young eternity, Mary made her appearance, looking brighter and prettier than ever, and accompanied by a maid-of-all-work, whom we had often seen at the house. Royal and myself, like heartless wretches as we were, to plague such a dear little innocent, hid ourselves behind a clump of trees, that we might have an opportunity of seeing whether she expected us. Upon entering the park, she glanced furtively in every direction, but not seeing the person, her look became more anxious, and upon reaching the spot near where we were concealed—from whence she could obtain a view of the whole place—the certainty that we had not come forced itself upon her, and the poor little thing, raising her handkerchief to her eyes, burst into tears.

"This was rather too much for me, and I gave Royal a tremendous kick to rouse him into action; but he needed no hint from me, for at the instant he was in the act of springing from his hiding place, and coming softly behind them, gently touched Mary on the arm. Starting suddenly, she looked up into his face with an expression so full of joy, and love, and confidence, that my heart smote me for having had anything whatever to do with the affair; for, of course, I had no means of knowing Royal's intentions, and I inwardly resolved if he did not swear to me to deal honestly by her, I would inform her father.

"Mary's first act was to have another little crying spell, and, woman-like, to reproach Royal for doing that which, if he had not, would have broken her heart altogether. Mary's companion soon fell behind, to keep company with your true, which she did for an hour, at least, on that day, and a score or two of days subsequently. According to all the rules of storytelling, I ought to have fallen desperately in love with the girl, but that was rather more than

I could do. I tried hard enough, and so I believe did she, but the fact is, I was nearly as much in love with Mary as Royal himself, and the coarse, though good-natured, servant-girl could hardly supplant her, while at the same time Royal was so much more splendid than your humble servant, that I was completely eclipsed.

"The interview, as I have said, lasted a full hour, and it was with a countenance radiant with happiness that Royal parted from Mary at the park gate.

"Joe, my boy, I'm the happiest dog alive," said he, as he joined me. 'She's to meet me here again to-morrow.'

"I felt sorry to mar his happiness, but true to my virtuous resolve, I was determined to find out his intentions; so giving him a peculiar look, I ejaculated 'if—'

"'If what?' he exclaimed, in astonishment.

"'If I don't prevent it by informing her father,' I said.

"'What the deuce do you mean, Joe?' said he, angrily. 'I can bear a great deal from you, but you'll oblige me by not joking upon that subject.'

"'It's no joke,' I continued; 'I never was more serious in my life. Now listen attentively to what I am going to say, and your answer will decide whether I put a stop to these interviews or not. I want to know what it is your intention to do with our little friend; no doubt you like her, and would not see her injured for your right hand. But consider what you are doing. If you were always to fill the same station you do now, it would be right and proper, no doubt, to keep up the intimacy, and some day marry the girl; but it is not so. In a few years—a few months, perhaps—you will be a rich man, with a handle to your name; one of the aristocracy in fact, and expected to take your wife from your own class. When that time arrives, you will hesitate long, and do much violence to your feelings, sooner than wed one of her station, however much you may like her; and so the poor child must have her heart broken to gratify a passing fancy of yours. Indeed, it is the fable of the donkey and the frogs realized—while it is fun for the donkey, it is death for the frogs. Mary is the innocent little frog, who must die, because you, a great strapping jackass, must needs kick, and flap, and flounce about in the little pond which she inhabits, when you might as well, with the whole world before you, choose some other spot to amuse yourself, where you would then injure no one.'



"Well, really, Joe, I didn't suppose there was so much talk in you," said Royal, with a laugh. "I'm certainly very much obliged to you for the simile. But seriously, I had long ago considered all that you have said, and fully and decidedly made up my mind as to what course I shall pursue in regard to the child, as you call her; so set your mind at rest upon the subject. I intend to marry her as soon as possible, and before I leave Portsmouth. Her father, to be sure, is opposed to such a proceeding, because he hopes for his child to do better than to marry a common sailor; for which I do not blame him; indeed, she is worthy a better fate. Did he know what my prospects really are, he would doubtless be as anxious to promote the match, as he is now to thwart it; while, on the other hand, did Mary suspect the truth, the poor little thing would be frightened by the same doubts that have found a place in your stupid brain. Besides which, it will be a great pleasure and a matter of no little pride to me, if she consents to marry me as a sailor. You perceive, therefore, there are no grounds for your fears, and also why I keep my real condition a secret from Mary. Were I free from the service, I should marry as soon as I could obtain her consent. I would apply to my uncle for my discharge; but if he thought I really wished to be released from the navy, he would keep me there as long as possible. My only course, therefore, is to wait patiently until he himself offers to release me, which will be soon, I fancy; so give yourself no uneasiness about Mary. No one can be more solicitous for her real welfare than I am myself."

"Royal's words carried conviction with them, and I was satisfied. The next day, and the next, and for many succeeding days, did the lovers enjoy their stolen interviews uninterrupted, until one afternoon, while walking, as usual, to and fro, on one of the paths, our second lieutenant made his appearance in the park, and seeing Royal in company with a lady, turned his steps in that direction, and gazed earnestly, and in a manner calculated to give offence, to say the least, at Mary. Royal, aware that he would get himself into serious difficulty by resenting his conduct in any way, passed on without any remark, though I could see he with difficulty controlled his feelings. I was overjoyed to see the lieutenant continue his walk without molesting them further; for knowing Royal's proud spirit, I feared an explosion, which would inevitably have resulted in his being deprived of his liberty; for the lieutenant was a person who would stoop to any meanness to revenge the slightest

injury; indeed, he was universally disliked by both officers and men, for his insolent and overbearing manner; but being the son of an admiral, and possessing considerable influence, every one stood more or less in fear of him.

"From the character of the man and his manner upon meeting Mary, I feared we had not seen the last of him; nor were my fears without foundation, for, upon returning to the boat-landing that afternoon, we found him waiting for us. Approaching Royal, he addressed him in a condescending manner, and after a few casual remarks, inquired:

"Where did you capture that pretty little craft I saw you conveying this afternoon? Who and what is she?"

"A friend of mine," answered Royal, coldly.

"A friend of yours, eh? You may as well tell me who she is, for I have taken quite a fancy to her, and intend to make her a friend of mine, also."

"That she will never be," retorted Royal, angrily.

"Be careful of your words, young man, or you may get yourself into difficulty," returned the lieutenant. "It would be strange, indeed, if a young wench, who keeps company with a fellow like you, should refuse the civilities of an officer."

"The approach of the captain at this moment, prevented the angry retort which Royal could scarcely refrain from uttering, and in silence we pulled the boat to the ship's side.

"Both Royal and myself were troubled with anxious forebodings that night, for the lieutenant had it in his power, if he saw fit, to prevent our going on shore again while we remained at Portsmouth; a prospect of a not very cheering nature to a young fellow in Royal's situation; and it was with a great deal of trepidation we awaited the hour for the captain to go on shore, when it would be apparent whether or no our liberty had been stopped. To our joyful surprise, we found, when the gig was piped away, that our places in the boat had not been supplied by others, and it was with light hearts we pulled the boat to the landing, reproaching ourselves with having entertained so bad an opinion of the lieutenant.

"Having roamed about the town as usual through the morning, we turned our steps toward the park at the accustomed hour, and seating ourselves near the entrance gate, awaited the appearance of Mary, and her shadow, the servant girl, from whom she appeared never to be separated; at least, when she came to the park. We had been there some little time, and so busi-

ly engaged in conversation 'that for a minute or two we had forgotten to look toward the gate to observe whether our friends were in sight, when we were startled by the sound of voices, and looking up, beheld Mary running hastily towards us, while her companion was in a violent altercation with the lieutenant, upon whom she was bestowing a "piece of her mind" with exceeding emphasis.

"O dear, I am so glad you are here!" exclaimed Mary, as Royal flew to meet her. 'Who is that man, and what does he mean?' and she pointed tremblingly at the lieutenant, who having disengaged himself from the girl, was hastily approaching them.

"Ah, my darling," said the lieutenant, 'so you are playing the modest, are you, and pretending to be frightened? Come, come, that won't do with me; it's a very pretty dodge, but I understand it perfectly.' And he extended his hand toward Mary.

"Stand back, sir!" roared Royal, in a furious passion. 'Stand back, or I'll show you a dodge you don't understand!'

"So you dare threaten your superior officer, do you, fellow? You may consider yourself good for four dozen at the gangway to-morrow morning. So you may as well leave the girl to my care, and go quietly down to the boat, and I may, perhaps, overlook your insolence.'

"Take that, you cowardly whelp!" roared Royal, striking him a crushing blow in the face, which sent him reeling into the centre of a muddy pool by the side of the path, from which he extricated himself, dripping with water, and, without saying a word, walked rapidly away.

"The instant the blow was struck, we became aware of the disagreeable situation in which we had placed ourselves; the rules of the service were strict, and the punishment for striking an officer severe in the extreme. We well knew with what intention the lieutenant had walked away so quickly, and that we might expect a file of marines after us at any moment.

"That Royal should be adverse to having Mary see him arrested, and perhaps brutally treated before her face, was very natural; and he consequently, after soothing and relieving her agitation as much as possible, hurried her departure with an apocryphal story of some business he was obliged to attend to immediately.

"The whole affair had been so strange, and Royal's evident anxiety to terminate the interview so unusual, that it was with a very sorrowful and bewildered countenance Mary left the spot. No sooner had she disappeared round a corner, than with a simultaneous action, though

without exchanging a word—for we both knew too well the necessity of expedition—we hastened toward the boat-landing, to avoid, if possible, being dragged through the streets as prisoners; nor was there a moment to spare. We no sooner reached the landing than we were seized by a file of marines, a pair of handcuffs slipped on to our wrists, and in five minutes more we were in confinement in the brig, or ship-prison.

"The punishment for such an offence as Royal had committed, and in which I was implicated, could only be inflicted by order of a court martial, and our greatest source of apprehension during the first part of our confinement, was that the trial would not take place for a number of days, during which our friends would naturally experience no little anxiety, to say nothing of the indignities the lieutenant might offer Mary, who would be sure to visit the park as usual. But our anxiety upon this point was speedily put at rest, for the lieutenant, in his solicitude to have us punished at once, did the very thing which of all others we could have wished. By his urgent solicitation, the officers convened, and the court martial was held at once, so that scarcely an hour intervened between our arrest and our being led into court.

"The trial was soon over; there being little more necessary in such cases than for the officer making the complaint to state the circumstances, little or nothing being allowed to be said in behalf of the defendant. In our case, the proceedings were unusually abridged, no witnesses being necessary—the lieutenant's magnificent black eye being sufficient evidence, even if we had not pleaded guilty to the charge.

"The court conferred for a moment, when the senior officer proceeded to read the sentence, which was, 'that Royal Backstay, seaman, for assaulting and wounding an officer of his British Majesty's naval service, be, and hereby is, sentenced by a competent court martial to receive twelve dozen lashes upon his bare back, well laid on; immediately after receiving which, to be transferred to the sloop-of-war Teazer, to proceed to the East India station, there to remain during the four years remaining of the term for which he shipped. And that Joseph Grummet, seaman, who appears to have taken no active part in the assault, receive the ordinary punishment of four dozen and four on the bare back.'

"Immediately after the reading of the sentence, we were led back to the brig, and the irons were again fastened on Royal's wrists, while my own hands—on account of the lightness of the punishment—were left at liberty. My own sentence was a mere nothing. Many and many a

time had I received the same number of lashes ; indeed, it was the usual punishment for light offences ; besides which, my back, from repeated and generous flogging, had become hard and callous, as is frequently the case with fun loving men-of-war's-men, and I could take four dozen, and put my jacket on top of them without winking. But the case was different with Royal ; a lash had never touched his back ; consequently the infliction would be much more severe, for in first floggings the back is tender, and the lash enters deeply into the flesh, drawing blood at every stroke, and leaving a scar for life. Besides, twelve dozen are a great many lashes. Men have died before now ere the number was completed, and I had great fears for Royal. But he professed to think nothing of it. At the worst, he thought, it could but lay him up for a month or so ; but then it must be considered he had never tasted the 'cat.' The remainder of his sentence, however, gave him the greatest uneasiness. The Teazer was to sail immediately, and although his uncle might procure his discharge, it would be too late, the ship must have sailed, and a year must elapse, before he could return to England ; and a year is a long while to a young fellow in love.

"We talked the matter over, pro and con, until night, when with the darkness we relapsed into silence, each being sufficiently occupied with his own thoughts. Suddenly Royal turned to me, and said, earnestly :

"Joe, I must communicate with Mary to-night, that she may be prevented from going to the park to-morrow. I would not have her see the lieutenant, and hear his account of my punishment for the world. I must get a message to her to-night."

"Impossible !" I exclaimed. "There is no boat going on shore to-night ; besides, who would take a message to her if there was ?"

"No, it's not impossible," he replied, slowly.

"I understood him in a moment.

"True," I replied, "my hands are at liberty, the brig door is open, with only a marine to guard it. It is possible I might succeed in escaping. I will try if you wish it ; but consider to what you expose me. It is neither more nor less than desertion, and you know the penalty. Is the object to be gained worth the risk ?"

"He made no answer at the time, and for nearly half an hour remained silent, absorbed in his own thoughts. At length, in a low and scarcely articulate voice, he said :

"Joe, I would do as much for you."

"That is enough," I replied. "What shall I say to her ?"

"Whatever you think best. You know my wishes, and can best judge what to say when you see her."

"It was already late, and there was no time to be wasted ; so creeping close to the door, I waited till the marine on guard passed, and slipping softly by him, gained the side of a gun before he turned. Crouching down in the shadow, I waited until he turned again, when quickly and silently I crawled to an open port, and sliding down by the fore chains, dropped noiselessly into the water, and struck out for the shore.

"It was a long swim, and I was nearly exhausted before reaching the land. So clambering up the pier wall, I sat down to recover my breath ; but a single glance toward the ship showed me that my escape was already discovered. There was now no time to rest. Springing up, I ran with all speed toward the part of the town in which Mary resided. Arriving at the house, I saw to my dismay that the store was closed. To alarm the house, would be to arouse the old man, and before I could succeed in seeing Mary, the guard from the ship would be at my heels. As I stood hesitating what to do, I glanced upward, and to my great comfort saw a light in one of the upper windows. Scraping up a handful of gravel, I threw it against the sash. Immediately some one came to the window, raised it, and looking out, inquired who was there. I recognized the voice as belonging to the girl I had seen so often with Mary. Stepping to the spot where the light shone upon me, I answered :

"It is Joe. Don't you know me ?"

"She knew me at once, and telling me to remain where I was, closed the window and vanished. In another minute the store door opened, and entering, I found myself in the presence of Mary, and the girl I had seen at the window.

"What is the matter ? What has happened ?" exclaimed Mary, with the greatest anxiety.

"Nothing, nothing—only Royal wishes you not to go to the park again till you hear from him," I replied, determined to deliver the more important part of my message at once, in case anything should suddenly occur to interrupt our interview.

"Something has happened, I know there has," persisted Mary, not at all satisfied with my reply.

"No, nothing, I assure you," I answered, with as much boldness as though I was speaking the truth.

"Then what makes you so wet ? Tell me, has anything happened to him ?"

"I had forgotten about my clothes, which were sticking to me from the effect of my aquatic performance, giving me very much the appearance of a plaster image. The question was a poser, but I was relieved from the necessity of framing an answer by the regular tramp of a body of men approaching the house, and a succession of heavy raps upon the door, while a voice called :

" 'Open, in the king's name!'

" 'What does all this mean?' asked Mary and the girl in affright.

" 'Why, the fact is,' I replied, fairly forced to tell something near the truth. 'Royal is in confinement for striking that officer to-day, and I have deserted to tell you that nothing serious has occurred, and bring Royal's request not to go to the park at present. These men at the door are after me as a deserter. But is there no way to escape from here?'" I asked, as the raps continued.

" 'Yes, this way,' said the girl, going to a door in the rear of the shop.

" 'No, no, not there!' exclaimed Mary. 'Don't you hear? My father is coming down stairs.'

" 'Where then shall we put him?' asked the girl, in a flutter. 'O, here's a place, come here,' and she opened the cover of one of a long row of boxes, such as you often see behind the counter of a grocery store. The box was about two-thirds full of meal, so scooping out a hole in the centre, I jumped in, and making myself small as possible, they closed the cover, and pushed a heavy box of coffee on top of it. In another minute the old man entered the shop, and opened the door to the officer and marines, who were besieging the front. The box was so close that I could hear but little that took place; but it appeared that the marines, having entered, searched every part of the shop and house in vain, and were about giving up the search, when the circumstance occurred which revealed my hiding place.

"Upon the cover of the box being closed upon me, I became aware that the place was too close to support respiration, no air entering the box. From my confined position, I found it impossible to raise the lid; and to add to my discomfort, the commotion I had kicked up on entering, caused the meal to rise in a cloud, entering my mouth and nostrils in such quantities as to almost suffocate me. I held on, however, resolved to suffer all but death sooner than be taken. But human nature cannot endure everything, and at the last pinch of the game, when the marines were in the act of leaving, I found it impossible to restrain a

thundering sneeze, which made the box rattle. In an instant the cover was raised, and myself pulled out, looking more like a miller than ever did the proprietor of any grist mill.

"I must have made a ludicrous figure, for not a person in the shop—not even Mary—could refrain from a hearty laugh at my appearance. Being saturated with water, the meal adhered to every part of my person—my clothes, hair, every part in fact, to the thickness of an inch. I must have seemed like nothing so much as an animated pudding. That, however, did not prevent their hurrying me off, and in a few minutes, I found myself again in confinement on board the ship; this time, however, in a separate room from Royal.

"The events of the day had fatigued me not a little, and weariness overcoming my anxiety, I fell asleep and was only awakened by the boatswain's whistle the next morning, piping all hands to witness punishment. At the same time a marine entered, with a change of clothes, and materials for making a decent toilet, which being completed, I was then marched to the gangway. Royal, who was already there, looked eagerly at me. I gave him an affirmative nod, which seemed to raise his spirits wonderfully.

"Everything was in readiness for the punishment to proceed. The men were grouped upon the forward part of the deck, the officers farther aft, while in the centre, the boatswain's mate flourished his cat, and the surgeon stood ready to see that the torture did not quite kill the victim. The only persons to be flogged that day were Royal and myself. His turn came first. His shirt was stripped from his shoulders, leaving him exposed from the waist upward. Two men now stretched his arms outward and upward, making them fast by a lashing, while another lashed his feet to the grating to prevent the slightest convulsive action.

"Already was the boatswain's mate swinging the lash around his head, preparatory to the first blow, only awaiting the word, when a slight confusion at the gangway announced that some one was coming on board. The order was given to delay the flogging; for naval officers are somewhat averse to letting a stranger and a civilian witness the brutal act, which to a person unused to such things, is horribly sickening.

"I stood quite near the gangway, and, though I hardly know why, watched the stranger as he stepped upon deck with extraordinary interest. He was a little, hatchet-faced man, with sharp, twinkling eyes, that seemed to look through you. Going at once to the captain, he asked some questions, but in so low a tone that I could not

catch the words. The captain, in reply, pointed to the grating where Royal was scooped up.

"Impossible!" exclaimed the little man, in amazement. "Why, he is now, since the death of his uncle, a baronet; a man of station; one of the first men in his county. Besides, here is his discharge, signed at the Admiralty."

"I am very sorry," returned the captain; "but the rules of the service are strict. The punishment ordered by a court martial for a crime committed, while the person committing it belongs to the navy, must be inflicted. I would gladly remit his punishment were it in my power, for it is more painful to my feelings than you can imagine."

"How do you know this crime, as you call it, was committed while he belonged to the service?" asked the hatchet-faced man. "When did this affair take place?"

"When was it, Mr. Smith?" asked the captain of the second lieutenant.

"Yesterday afternoon, between three and four," he replied.

"Between three and four, eh?" said the stranger, drawing a paper from his pocket. "You will perceive that this discharge is dated twelve o'clock, yesterday; therefore the assault was committed when Sir Royal was as free from the service as I am. Your injured officer can only bring a suit for simple assault, and that, too, in a respectable court;" and the little man glanced contemptuously at the officers about him.

"You are right, sir," returned the captain; "he did not belong to the service at that time."

"Then turning to the officer in charge, he ordered the prisoner to be released and sent aft."

"Royal was speedily let down, and resuming his shirt and jacket, followed the captain and the stranger into the cabin, while—as there was now nothing to prevent punishment going on as usual—your humble servant was seized up, and took his four dozen and four like a gentleman, and being let down was at once removed to the brig, there to remain to answer for desertion. That, however, didn't trouble me much, and as Royal's affair was all right, I had nothing to do but lay on my back, kick up my heels, and make fun of the sentry. Toward noon, the monotony of the scene was pleasantly varied by the appearance of an officer, who, setting me at liberty, and putting into my hand a pass for a month's leave of absence, informed me that a gentleman wished to see me aft. At the cabin door I found Royal, who, in a civilian's apparel, was chatting familiarly with the captain.

"Mr. Grammae," said the captain, jocularly, "allow me to introduce you to Sir Royal Back-

stay, late of his Britannic Majesty's naval service now of Backstay Hall, Staffordshire."

"There is but little more to add. Royal married Mary, and she, being a female, was tickled to find after her marriage that she was the wife of a baronet instead of a sailor. I accompanied them home to Backstay Hall, where I passed one of the pleasantest months in my life. Royal tried to persuade me to quit the service; but being born for a sailor, I had to fulfil my destiny."

#### A BATH IN THE DEAD SEA.

I proposed a bath, for the sake of experiment, but Francis endeavored to dissuade us. He had tried it, and nothing could be more disagreeable; we risked getting a fever, and besides, there were four hours of dangerous travel before us. But by this time we were half undressed, and soon were floating in the clear bituminous waves. The beach was fine gravel, and shelved gradually down. I kept my turban on my head, and was careful to avoid touching the water with my face. The sea was warm and gratefully soothing to the skin. It was impossible to sink, and even while swimming the body rose half out of the water. I should think it possible to dive for a short distance, but prefer that some one else should try the experiment. With a log of wood for a pillow, one might sleep as on a patent mattress. The taste of the water is salt and pungent, and stings the tongue like saltpetre. We were obliged to dress in all haste, without even wiping off the detestable liquid; yet I experienced very little of that discomfort which most travellers have remarked. Where the skin had been previously bruised, there was a slight smarting sensation, and my body felt clammy and glutinous, but the bath was rather refreshing than otherwise.—Bayard Taylor.

#### AN ECCENTRIC.

Died in Marblehead, lately, Mr. Robert Haggis, aged 90 years. This individual was probably one of the most eccentric of our day. In company with his brother, who died a short time since at an equally advanced age, he carried on a farm, keeping "bachelor's hall," and nothing so much disturbed the even tenor of their way as to have a feminine enter their doors. Together they accumulated a large sum of money from the products of their labor, and on the death of one the other found money on the premises that he never dreamed of. Possessing a large tract of land, no money would induce them to part with an acre or even a foot of it; and when money came into their hands it was held with an equally tenacious grasp. Their wants being simple and few, they were supplied by their labor in husbandry, and as a natural consequence their worldly possessions increased to an extent, which when divided among the respective heirs, will make a fine slice for each.

There are no words so fine, no flattery so soft, that there is not a sentiment beyond them that is impossible to express, at the bottom of the heart where true love is.

## THE JOYS OF LOVE.

BY FLEMING JOHNSON.

When hopes we cherish quickly fade  
 Within the shadowy past;  
 When loudly roars around our path  
 Misfortune's bitter blast;  
 When nature to our stricken souls  
 A dreary aspect wears,  
 And we are bowed beneath the weight  
 Of life's unchanging cares;  
 When winds are howling wildly round  
 Life's dark and gloomy skies;  
 O, then the faded joys of yore  
 Around our pathway rise.

Though faded now, yet once I thought  
 That they could ne'er decay;  
 Yet, like the fragile summer flowers,  
 They all have passed away;  
 And the emotion of my heart  
 Is chilled above the scene,  
 As on the wreck of love I gaze,  
 And think what once has been;  
 And vain, O vain is the attempt,  
 Within the past to find  
 One charm, one hope that cheers the soul,  
 Or gives peace to the mind.

## A LUCKY HIT.

BY C. H. BILLINGS.

HIRAM VEAZIE was a plain, good hearted, honest farmer's boy, whose parents lived on the farm where his grandfather was born, not half a dozen miles from Augusta, Me. With a good common school education, and a natural aptitude, Hiram was considered at the age of twenty to be a very promising young man, and was certainly of great service to his father upon the farm. Old Mr. Veazie was comfortably situated as to pecuniary means; first, because his wants were few, and secondly, because his land very nearly supplied them all. But when Hiram asked his father to advance him some small amount with which to commence business, the good old man frankly acknowledged his inability, and rather wondered that his son could not content himself on the farm, as his father and grandfather had done before him.

The truth was, that Hiram had from boyhood, and during all his school hours, been the intimate friend and companion of pretty Lucy White, the squire's daughter, and this childish friendship had ripened with years into love. Lucy's father understood the position of affairs perfectly, between the young people, but never interfered, until one day when Hiram took the old gentleman one side, and asked him for Lucy as his wife. Old Squire White, as he was universally

called, replied kindly, but firmly, that Hiram must first acquire some trade, and means enough to support Lucy, before he could give his consent to such an arrangement. The future looked blank to Hiram, therefore, for he was but a poor farmer's boy.

Lucy was a gentle and lovely girl of nineteen, as intelligent as she was pretty; she loved Hiram sincerely, but she was too sensible to sit down with him and pine over the situation of affairs. She was a practical Yankee girl, and her advice to Hiram was sound and loving.

"Go," she said, "to Boston or New York. You are active, good-looking, intelligent and industrious; the very characteristics that command place, I should say, in a large city, and see if you do not find the means of earning such wages, as shall help you to lay by something. I, too, will be industrious, in the meantime, and what little I can save shall go to make up the necessary sum for the purchase of a snug little home for us."

Hiram kissed his sweet little school mate, and promising her that she should never for one hour be out of his mind, soon gathered a small sum of money together, and with a kind farewell and the blessing of his old father and mother, he took the cars for Boston. It was his first visit to a large city, and at the outset he was almost bewildered; but seeking economical lodgings, he began at once to look about himself for employment. This he found it hard to obtain, but he was daily growing more and more conversant with city life and ways, and he wrote every few days to Lucy a digest of his observations and fortunes. A fortnight or three weeks in Boston made fearful inroads into his slender purse, and at the suggestion of some new acquaintance he determined to go to New York.

Here he passed some two weeks with various adventures, but without finding an hour of paying occupation. He wandered everywhere, observing and searching out places, inquiring freely of all, until at the close of the third week, he had but a single dollar left in his pocket, and felt for the first time nearly disheartened. In this mood he strolled through one of the up town cross streets above Union Park, and found his attention attracted by the operation of a steam saw mill, which he entered, and quietly watched the business of. He saw a small, but efficient engine driving four saws fed by four men, while there stood at a desk hard by, one evidently the manager of the establishment.

Hiram felt a strong interest in what he saw; there were large piles of excellent lumber in the building, an article he was familiar with from

childhood; and he watched the process of sawing it up, carefully observed to what purpose the wood was put, and saw a couple of hands in a further part of the shop engaged in dovetailing the pieces together, and forming the lumber into boxes of various sizes. He consumed so much time, and was so minute in his observation, that at last the proprietor came up to him and addressed him pleasantly:

"You seem to be quite interested?" he remarked, to Hiram.

"Yes. I have seen a good deal of lumber in my day, and I was calculating how much you probably used up in this way."

"We use a good many thousand feet every week."

"So I should think, and best number ones, too."

"Yes, we require the very best stock, and lumber is 'up' now."

"How much do you pay?"

"Twenty-four dollars a thousand, all clear and assorted."

"What do you do with all these boxes?" continued Hiram.

"O, we can sell them faster than we can make them, for packing soap, chemicals, etc."

"Rather heavy for that purpose, I should say," added Hiram.

"Well, they are rather heavy, but we can't get boards sawed any different, they are down to the lowest gage of the lumber mills."

Hiram looked thoughtful, handled the boxes, examined the saws, talked good common sense, business style, to the man, and at last he said, half seriously, half in jest:

"You don't want a partner, do you?"

"Why, no, not exactly; though if I had one who would put in a couple of thousand dollars, and would take hold heartily himself, I wouldn't mind sharing the thing with him, and throwing in the machinery."

"I haven't got any money," said Hiram; "but I will give you an idea about this matter, and will take hold and give my time, in a way that I think it will be worth as much as the sum you name, in a short time, provided you will give me half the business."

"I like the way you talk," said the man, honestly; "but this is an odd proposition!"

"You say you pay twenty-four dollars a thousand for the boards?"

"Yes."

"Supposing I bring them down to twelve at once, and make neater and better boxes for your purpose?"

"If you can do that, I will share with you at once, for my fortune would be made."

"Will you give me a chance to try the thing after my own fancy, for one day, say, commencing to-morrow morning?"

"Yes," said the man, after a moment's hesitation. "I can see no harm, though I am to be away to-morrow forenoon."

After a little longer talk, and a careful understanding that there should be no experiment tried that should risk the machinery, Mr. Hurd, the box maker, gave orders to his people that Mr. Veazie was to be obeyed on the following forenoon, the same as though he were himself to give the orders, and that he should return at noon.

Hiram at once took off his coat, measured one of the saws and asked if it was the largest; he was told that it was, this he was at first sorry for; but still, carefully taking his measures upon a piece of paper, he soon disappeared. He remembered a hardware store, not far distant, which he had passed that very afternoon; to this he repaired, and selected a circular saw, twice as large as any that Mr. Hurd had in his shop, and of a different make in the teeth; he also got some braces and bolts of a size and style which he appeared to understand, and telling the store keeper that he wanted them for Mr. Hurd in the next street, he found no difficulty in getting them on credit. With matters thus arranged, he returned to his boarding-place and studied in his own mind as to how he would carry out the plan he had conceived.

It was about twelve o'clock noon, on the following day, when Mr. Hurd returned to his shop, where he found Hiram Veazie in his shirt sleeves, and with a pair of "overalls" on, at work before a large splitting saw which he had erected upon one of the benches, and to which he had applied the steam power. He was splitting the boards, which were fully thick enough to admit of it, and thus was making the boards produce just twice as many boxes as heretofore, with an equal amount of labor. Since those who finished them up into boxes after they were sawed, could work enough faster with the thinner lumber to make up for the occupation of one hand to tend the splitting saw.

Mr. Hurd looked on with astonishment; already were a score of boxes and more manufactured of the new thickness, and they were actually more valuable, as the thickness was ample for all purposes of strength, and the weight was reduced one half. He was also delighted at his new acquaintance, who took hold of the work so handily, and above all felt that he had at once given him an idea worth half his business and more. Mr. Hurd was an honest and faithful

man, and unhesitatingly kept his promise, installing Hiram in the business with one-half the profits.

The reader may imagine the letter which Hiram wrote to his faithful Lucy, and how she encouraged him in return; and how the business proved exceedingly prosperous, and how it was enlarged, and Hiram found himself at the end of a twelvemonth, worth some two thousand dollars; and how Squire White pressed his hand warmly, when he returned to ask for Lucy, and told him to "take her," and how Lucy blushing laid her fair cheek bathed with happy tears upon his shoulder, and her kind, old mother, said that she had but one regret, and that was to part with Lucy, "who must now go away to live in York state."

But all this was so, and Lucy and Hiram were married, and their friends declared that Heaven made the match, and worked a miracle for Hiram Veazie, who was so good, and industrious, and generous-spirited. But these are not the days of miracles, and the reader knows very well that it was all brought about by the most natural agencies.

Three years only have passed since Hiram was married, as we have related in this *veritable story*, and on the Bloomingdale road, not a long walk from the large factory of Hurd & Veazie, lives Hiram and his lovely companion. The large and pleasant house in which they reside, is his own, and a handsome surplus besides. Each annual Christmas, they return to their childhood's home, and Lucy thinks the journey is healthy for little Hiram.

#### A FAIR OFFER.

Dr. Franklin made the following offer to a young man: "Make," said he, "a full estimate of all you owe, and of all that is owing to you; reduce the same to a note. As fast as you can collect, pay over to those you owe. If you cannot collect, renew your obligation every year, and get the best security you can. Go to business diligently, and be industrious; waste no idle moments; be very economical in all things; discard all pride; be faithful in your duty to God, by regular and hearty prayer morning and night; attend church regular every Sunday; and do unto all men as you would they should do unto you. If you are too needy in circumstances to give to the poor, do what else in your power cheerfully, but if you can, always help the worthy and unfortunate. Pursue this course diligently and sincerely for seven years, and if you are not happy, comfortable, and independent in your circumstances, come to me and I will pay your debts." Young people, try it.

We do not despise all those who have vices, but we despise all those who have not a single virtue.

#### MALEFACTOR DEVoured BY A LION.

Several years before the French occupation of Constantine, in Algeria, amongst the numerous malefactors with whom the prisons overflowed, were two persons condemned to death—two brothers, who were to be executed the next day. They were highway robbers, ham-stringers, and cut-throats, of whose courage and strength the most surprising tales were related. The bey, fearing they would make their escape, ordered them to be shackled together—that is, each of them had one foot riveted in the same ring of solid iron. No one knows how the matter was managed; but every one knows that, when the executioner presented himself, the cell was empty. The two brothers, who had succeeded in escaping, after vain exertions to cut or open their common fetters, proceeded across the country in order to avoid any unpleasant meeting. When daylight came, they hid themselves in the rocks; at night, they continued their journey. In the middle of the night they met a lion. The two brothers began by throwing stones at him, and shouting with all their strength, to drive him away; but the animal lay down before them, and would not stir. Finding that threats and insults did no good, they tried the effect of prayers; but the lion bounded upon them, dashed them to the ground, and amused himself by eating the elder of the two at the side of his brother, who pretended to be dead. When the lion came to the leg which was confined by the iron fetter, finding it resisted his teeth, he cut off the limb above the knee. Then, whether he had eaten enough, or whether he was thirsty, he proceeded to a spring a little way off. The poor surviving wretch looked around for a place of refuge, for he was afraid the lion would come back again after drinking. And therefore, dragging after him his brother's leg, he contrived to hide himself in a silo, which he had the good luck to find close by. Shortly afterwards, he heard the lion roaring with rage, and pacing to and fro close to the hole in which he had retreated. At last, daylight came, and the lion departed. The instant that the unfortunate man got out of the silo, he found himself in the presence of several of the bey's cavalry, who were on his track. One of them took him up on horseback behind him, and he was brought back to Constantine, where they put him into prison again. The bey, scarcely believing the facts related by his vassals, desired to see the man, and had him appear before him, still dragging after him his brother's leg. Ahmed Bey, notwithstanding his reputation for cruelty, ordered the fetters to be broken, and granted the poor wretch his life.—*English paper.*

"Is tender sensibility peculiar to confectioners in this country?" asked the Brahmin Poo-Poo of Old Roger in Washington Street, pointing towards Heigle's window.

"Not that I know of," replied Roger, slowly, as if ashamed to give up at once; "why do you ask?"

"Because," said the Brahmin, "from a glance in every confectioner's window, I see that they all sell candy in broken size."

Roger whistled audibly, and made a wild gesture, as if about to jump over an omnibus, but simmered down to a faint smile.—*Boston Post.*



## THE HARP OF THOUGHT.

BY J. SARGENT.

Touch light the string of memory's harp,  
No harsh, unpleasant thoughts awake;  
Let not the discords of the past  
The harmony of life's tenor break.

Breathes gently on these tender chords  
That vibrate to the touch of time,  
And send its music to the heart  
Of grief's wild notes or soothing rhyme.

Tune all its strings in concert sweet,  
That not one false note may be given,  
Let its harmonies take their flight,  
A messenger from us to heaven.

That when its chords are snapped by age,  
And death has hushed each silver note,  
May others' thoughts their echoes catch,  
And ever in their memory float.

## ADVENTURE AT A FRENCH PARTY.

My friend and myself were preparing for a party, given by the Count de Lindley, in honor of the birthday of his only daughter.

"But," said I, resuming the conversation, which had been interrupted by the entrance of a servant, bearing wine and refreshments that we had ordered, "but what am I to do? You know I am wholly unacquainted with the customs of the French people, besides being almost unacquainted with the language itself, all my knowledge being limited to 'Parley vous,' and 'Oui, Monsieur.'"

"O, as to that," replied Frank (fair reader, allow me to introduce you), "we will manage it finely. You know that in a handsome man (here Frank glanced at the mirror, and complacently stroked his mustache), a great many faults will be overlooked. Now, as Nature has been very bountiful in bestowing her favors upon you in that respect (I bowed), and as you are not entirely ignorant of it, I think, with a little observation, and a little of my aid, you will be able to make a very favorable impression on these French playthings."

"Jupiter!" exclaimed I, impatiently interrupting him, "I have no fear but I shall appear well enough, as far as that is concerned, but how shall I talk? Am I to sit as though I had lost my tongue, or, what is as bad, did not know the use of it?"

"By no means," he replied, "and if you will listen without interrupting me, I will tell you. You must be a very talented young man, much given to observation, and but little to conversation; or you can be mourning for some friend

pro tem, and after much entreaty I have prevailed on you to accompany me, hoping to divert your—"

"Then I must needs give up dancing, and that I will not do!"

"Well, leave it to me, leave it to me, and I will see that all is right, especially if you should happen to discover any lady who is like to cause a peculiar sensation in that region where your heart ought to be, though I very much doubt your having one."

"I humbly thank you," I replied, laughing, "both for your implied compliment, and for the offer of your services, which I will gladly accept. Meanwhile, let us drink to your health, and to that of your lady-love."

The toast was drank with mock solemnity by me, and as I fancied, with real earnestness by him. But though I entered so willingly into his arrangements, I own I had some misgivings as to whether my roguish friend would aid me in a manner entirely to be desired. However, I could do no better, so I must make the best of it.

We were soon equipped, and the carriage being announced, we sprang in, and were rapidly whirled towards the mansion of the Count de L. Arrived there, we entered the splendid saloon where the guests were assembled. Everything was as beautiful as wealth and a refined taste could render it. Soft carpets, that echoed no sound, rich velvet hangings, elegant furniture, mirrors supported by marble tables, or reaching from the lofty ceiling even to the floor, splendid paintings, that many an artist would have given his all to equal or possess, statues of rare merit, were scattered about the apartments; the fairest exotics, in vases of the most exquisite workmanship, breathed forth their rich perfume, and everything was beautiful as the heart could wish. Then there were fair ladies, leaning on the arms of their attendant cavaliers, others laughing and chatting merrily with each other, or anon listening to the magic tones called forth by unseen musicians.

All this I had time to notice, while making our way toward our host and his fair daughter. After the usual greetings had ended, Frank having given me all necessary instructions, we separated, he, to enter into conversation with the fair ones, I, to observe what was passing around me, to study the different persons assembled there (for I am something of a physiognomist), and to amuse myself as best I could. I soon wearied of this, however, and passed from the saloon into a large conservatory, filled with the richest plants, from the delicately nurtured ones of the *Sorah*, to the more rugged but not less beautiful ones

of the North. Birds of rare plumage sported among the green boughs, while others less tame hung suspended in their gilded cages, ever and anon sending forth low, chirping sounds, as still louder bursts of music roused them from their dreamy repose.

As I stood leaning against one of the marble pillars that supported the high, arching roof, I heard a slight rustling among the branches. I looked in the direction from whence the sound proceeded. Could it be possible, that Frank, who had vowed (with a sigh), that though he might play the agreeable, he could never love a French woman, and from his heart he despised a man who would profess what he did not feel, could it be possible, I ask, that he, in spite of his (heretofore) strict integrity and undoubted principles, could stand there, talking soft nonsense, and that to a French woman? My curiosity prevailed over my better feelings, and I remained a silent spectator to what was passing. More astonishing than all else, they are speaking English. My first glance at the face of the fair served to solve the enigma. She was an American! But ah—listen!

"My dearest Fannie," Frank says, "how could you ever doubt my faith? The mere thought is absurd! Think you I could ever forget my plighted vows to one I loved so dearly? O, Fannie, you little knew how desolate I felt, when obliged to relinquish my cherished hope of claiming this little hand," said he, tenderly pressing it to his lips (very lover-like for Frank). He was silent a few moments, then resuming his usual careless, laughing manner, continued:

"Why, Fannie, what in the name of the seven wonders could have led you to believe that I could have forgotten one whom I had sworn by all the saints in the cal—"

Fannie's white hand was held over his lips.

"Well, well, I won't swear, but answer me!"

"I heard," she replied, gazing from under her long eyelashes, "that you were engaged to be married to a lady by the name of Lila Granger. Of course I did not credit the account; but one day my brother came home, telling me that he had seen you place a letter in the office, which he was sure contained a locket, directed to Miss G. Soon after, I attended a concert given by Jenny Lind. I had not been seated long, when I saw you enter, with a beautiful girl leaning on your arm. I shrank behind the curtain that you might not see me. By so doing I became an unintentional listener to the following conversation, carried on in under tones, between two gentlemen, whom I knew to be friends of yours:

"So that is the beautiful Lila Granger, whom Remmington is so enamored of?"

"Yes, is she not lovely?"

"She is indeed! What a prize Remmington will own."

"But do you really think he intends to marry her?"

"O, certainly, it was only this morning that he told me so, and wished me—"

"I heard no more, I felt faint and sick. My father perceiving my illness, as he supposed, immediately took me home. You know the rest."

"True," replied Frank, "and now hear my version of the story. Lila Granger was the betrothed of my brother. Owing to some misunderstanding, she had returned the locket containing his likeness. The mistake was soon explained, and my brother, not being very well, desired me to mail his letter. After Lila arrived in the city, she heard of the concert, and my brother not having recovered I accompanied her there. And so, Miss Fannie, that is what caused you to send that little perfumed note, which sent me off so suddenly among these French dolls? Who would have thought of meeting you here? Indeed, darling Fannie—"

At this moment, thinking I had already heard too much of what was not intended for "other ears," I ventured out, hoping to escape unseen into the saloon; but of course, as my unlucky fate would have it, I stumbled over a flower-stand that stood near me, nearly knocking it down, and sending me, with something of the velocity of lightning, against these two victims of Cupid.

I will pass over the surprise of Frank and his lady, of my apologies, and of Frank's vowing he would never forget it, and lead you, gentle reader, once more, for the last time, into the saloon.

Frank seems to have forgotten the occurrence in the conservatory; his Fannie is dancing with a young Frenchman, and Frank and I are conversing at the farther end of the room.

"Come," said he, at length, "why don't you dance?"

(By the way, I pride myself very much on my dancing).

"Who is she?" I exclaimed, unheeding his question. Look! look! Frank. Did you ever see such loveliness? Even Venus would bow her head for very envy! What eyes! And look at those curls, Cupid, himself, might play hide and seek among the! Whom is she, do you know?"

"Well, really! if you will give me an opportunity of answering your question, I will do so

with pleasure," replied he, smiling at my enthusiasm. "She is the Countess of Marenford, is possessed of one of the richest estates in France, of which she is the sole mistress. As to her beauty, you seem fully sensible of that, and when I tell you her beauty of mind is equal to that of her personal (which is very uncommon for a French woman), you will, I think, respect as well as admire her. But come, I will introduce you, and you shall judge for yourself."

"What shall I say?" I exclaimed, in despair.

"Poor fellow," he replied, mockingly, "I shall be obliged to teach you. What do you wish to say?"

"Tell her," I replied, acting from the impulse of the moment, which, by the way, is rather unusual for an American, "that she is the most beautiful person I ever saw; that I love, adore, worship her; that if she will only be mine I will—I will—"

"Be as kind as husbands generally are, I presume. Methinks you are pretty strong; however, your handsome face will absolve you. So you must say—Attention! (useless request, I was all attention), you must say, '*Ah, Mademoiselle, quelle grand pieds vous avez!*' She will probably reply, '*Merci, Monsieur, mais vous me flattez.*' (Thanks, sir, but you flatter me). To which you will reply, '*A present que j'y pense, vous me faites resouvenir d'une femme-de-chambre, de ma mere.*' "When she replies to that, you must say, '*Il est etrange qu'une personne nee d'un si bas ordre que vous, soit admise dans la compagnie ou je vous trouve.*' Say this with a very dignified air, and your success will be certain."

All this I learned, carefully repeating each sentence until I had it at my tongue's end. As I turned away, I thought I perceived a merry twinkle in Frank's dark eye. What can Frank be up to now? thought I, but by this time I was beside "my fair." I gently took her hand, murmuring the first sentence. She stretched out her tiny foot, saying something I did not understand; then, as she caught my admiring gaze, clapped her little hands in triumph; I saw she did not understand me, so I pronounced the next sentence slowly and distinctly. Her cheek flushed, and her eyes flashed fire. In a hurried, excited manner I repeated sentence number three. Had an earthquake shook the mansion, or a precipice yawned at my feet, I could not have been more astonished, than at the reception I was met with. Dashing her magnificent fan in my face, she drew herself up to her full height and poured forth such a torrent of words, that had they been in English, I doubt very much my being able to understand them. A crowd of

gentlemen gathered around her, and seemed to be questioning her on what had occurred. The next moment, card after card was placed in my hand, and in less time than it has taken me to tell it, I had received and accepted over a hundred challenges. At this moment, I perceived Frank gazing over some one's shoulder, with his roguish, comical eyes fixed laughingly upon me. In an instant I understood it all! I had been duped! How I longed to spring upon him, and throttle him, but at that instant he stepped forward, and gracefully bowing his handsome head (how proudly Fannie looked at him), explained to them how it was. Each one burst into a hearty laugh, and all crowded round to offer me their hands in token of reconciliation. Even the lady, after relieving herself with a shower of tears, smiled sweetly on me, and gave me her hand.

For the benefit of those who are unacquainted with the French language, I would say, that the first sentence Frank gave me was—"Ah, miss, what large feet you have." This she knew was not so! The second was—"Now I think of it, you put me very much in mind of a waiting-maid of my mother's." But the third sentence, was the climax—"How strange it is, that one so low born as yourself should be admitted into such society as this in which I find you."

Need I add, gentle reader, that it was not long ere I spoke the language like a native? and that when Frank and Fannie stood at the altar, they were not alone? Or need I tell you, that the countess made as good a wife as she was beautiful. Your sleepy eyes say "nay," so I wish you good night.

#### THE LORD OF THE SOIL.

The man who stands upon his own soil, who feels that by the laws of the land in which he lives—by the laws of civilized nations—he is the rightful and exclusive owner of the land which he tills, is by the constitution of our nature under a wholesome influence not easily imbibed from any other source. He feels—other things being equal—more strongly than another the character of a man as lord of an inanimate world. Of this great and wonderful sphere, which, fashioned by the hand of God, and upheld by his power, is rolling through the heavens, a part is his—his from the centre sky. It is the space on which the generation before moved in its round of duties, and he feels himself connected by a visible link to those who follow him, and to whom he is to transmit a home.—*Plough and Loom.*

The passions are like those demons with which Afrasiah sailed down the Orus. Our only safety consists in keeping them asleep, if they wake, we are lost.—*Goethe.*

GUARDIAN SPIRITS.

BY J. HUNT, JR.

How precious, pure, those moments are,  
Which memory's mirror holds to view,  
When I on early friends reflect,  
Who've long time since bade earth adieu;  
The heart which this frail bosom warms,  
Will silent, cold and lifeless be,  
Ere it forgets the love they bore,  
Who in my youth remembered me.

I feel, at times, a yearning love,  
A strange, unearthly sense of bliss,  
Which could not so my bosom move,  
Unless it does consist in this:  
That they who now live in the skies,  
Return in spirits to me near,  
And guard me with their watchful eyes,  
As they were wont, while dwelling here.

How all-sustaining then, the thought,  
That death—the wages paid by sin—  
Cannot divide our souls from those  
Who sleep the mouldering tomb within;  
In all our days of dark despair,  
When pain and want our hopes possess,  
Those Guardian Spirits come like dreams,  
And lighten us of loneliness.

They tell us, too; that all our ills  
Are as the prelude to some song,  
Which, when 'tis sung, gives heart and mind  
A nerve and purpose to be strong;  
God grant this prayer: when green grass grows  
Above the rest I trust to find,  
That I may come in mercy's name,  
And cheer the friends I leave behind.

Yea, come, as floats the summer breeze,  
O'er fertile vales of blooming flowers,  
When nature sings with blithe some birds,  
That build and brood in bosky bowers;  
And they give heed to what's impressed,  
And battle firm life's every foe,—  
How more than recompensed I'll be,  
For all my suffering here below.

TRIAL OF THE BISHOPS:

—OR,—

THE TIMES OF CHARLES I.

BY ARTHUR DEWOLF.

It was the 27th of July, 1687, and Westminster Hall, with its environs, presented a most lively spectacle. There were gathered there men from every corner of England, the sturdy men of Essex and Northumberland, men who loved liberty more than their king, the men of Norfolk, of Suffolk, and last of all, the burly men of Cornwall, all had hastened thither, to witness the trial of those men, who, despite the threats and persuasions of a profligate court and despotic king, dared to speak as they thought.

London was in an uproar, and the mighty concourse of people, of all ages, and all ranks, flocked towards the scene of trial. Long before the appointed hour, was that great hall filled with the excited thousands; loudly did the usher proclaim that no more could be admitted; yet, heedless of his cry, the multitude pressed on, until the vast building was packed to its utmost capacity.

At the furthest extremity of the hall, was erected the stage of justice, once resplendent from its illustrious dignity, venerable from the learning and wisdom of its judges, now debased by fawning parasites, and yet awful from its high authority.

There, looking down upon the mighty assemblage, which rocked to and fro, his lip curling with scorn and contempt, sat the servile Wright; near him, upon the right, sat the ignorant and arrogant Allybone, through whose veins the thick blood flowed sluggishly. There, too, was the bold and honest Powell; and his quick, penetrating eye, noble and yet stern countenance, proclaimed him one not easily daunted, or intimidated by empty threats.

Below the stages, and still on the right, surrounded by all the parasites of the court, sat the crown lawyers. There sat Williams, whose knit brow, deep-set, flashing eye, and thin, sallow countenance, betrayed a fiery and unconquerable spirit. By him, sat the clumsy Powis.

On the opposite side, sat the bishops, with their counsel—men of the most powerful and exalted talents, the determined friends of constitutional liberty, and the sworn enemies of despotic power. There were Sawyer, and Finch, the humane Pemberton, and the stern Pollexfen. There, too, sat the young but strong minded Somers, his countenance betokening unquestioned talent, his large, black eyes flashing with excitement, and a smile of scorn playing upon his thin, bloodless lip, as he fastened his eye upon the servile judges.

Still further to the left, sat the jury, composed of the freeholders of England; and among them, was Michael Arnold, brewer to the palace, whose alderman-like proportions, and scarlet face, rendered him conspicuous among his fellows. A servile tool of the king, he was thought one who would steadfastly oppose the cause of the devoted bishops, and cause the jury to disagree, if not to deliver a verdict sustaining the usurpations of the crown.

Without the bar, were assembled men of every rank and station. In the gallery, close to the prisoners, sat Lord Halifax; and by his side, in all her queenly beauty, was the Countess

of Dorchester, known to favor the cause of the bishops. On the other side, almost opposite, sat Clarendon, and the Lady Rochester, her placid eye marking, with calm yet observing scrutiny, every movement which took place below. Far down the hall, in the midst of the multitude, were the profligates Dover, Peterborough, and Mulgrave, who seemed to wish to remain unnoticed and unknown.

The trial had been some time in progress; the evidence was all completed, and the chief justice had arisen to charge the jury, when a noise was heard at the further extremity of the hall, and the usher shouted, "make way for Lord Sunderland." Hope sank within the hearts of the people, as the sedan chair, which bore the apostate, passed by them; and from every part of the hall, deep curses were showered upon the head of the "Popish Dog." On, on, on, passed the sedan chair, in spite of the opposition of the crowd; but now it stopped before the scaffolding on which the judges sat.

Slowly, Sunderland rose from his seat, and with a quick, irregular step, that readily betokened the irresolution and anxiety which were working within his breast, he stood before the court. His face, naturally pale, was paler than was its wont, and his keen gray eye twinkled with excitement, yet otherwise he bore no sign of disquiet. Calmly, he raised his hand, and took the solemn oath. Proudly did he look around him, nor did his eye quail before the glance of any, until it met the quiet, sarcastic gaze of Somers. Then his haughty spirit was humbled; he looked no more around him, but with drooping head, and eye fixed upon the floor, gave in his evidence. He finished; and returning to his chair, was borne from the hall amid the hisses and execrations of the multitude. Even the cautious Halifax was wrought up to such a pitch of excitement, that he cried out, "Spit upon the traitor;" and the shout was taken up by ten thousand voices, and rung through the arches and colonnades of the lofty building.

The apostate's evidence was conclusive; the publication was proved. Still, the dauntless Pollexfen smiled, as he saw the look of triumph which sat upon the countenance of Williams, for well he knew that the most difficult thing yet remained to be proved.

Now came the trial of strength; and for three hours did Pemberton, Finch and Sawyer pour out all their logic and eloquence in favor of constitutional right and privilege.

At length, his long black hair thrown back from his forehead, and his dark, saturnine coun-

tenance overcast with gloom, Somers arose. As he commenced, the hurried whispers went around: "Who is he? What is he?" But soon these ceased, and the whole audience was hushed to a pin-fall silence. Slowly he continued, and made bold by the strong belief of the justice of his cause, he hesitated not to rouse still higher the excited feelings of his audience.

He spoke of the tampering with popery, and of the imprisoning the prelates contrary to the privileges of English subjects, and at length, overcome by his feelings, he exclaimed: "The offence imputed to them is a false, malicious libel. False, the petition is not; malicious, it is not; for these men have not sought strife, but have been forced by a despotic king into such a position, that they must oppose themselves to his most royal will, or violate the most solemn obligations of conscience and of honor. They chose the former.

"The Grand Jury of England have delivered their charges; their allegations are referred to proof. That proof is wanting, and by the collective justice and wisdom of the nation the question comes to be determined: 'Are the accused guilty?' I tremble with rage, that I am compelled to ask this question of Englishmen.

"Shall it be endured that a subject of this country must be tried because he has made use of this right of petition? Shall he be condemned without proof, and executed by the sentence of a mock court? If this be law, such a man has no trial. This great hall, built by our fathers for English justice, is no longer a court, but the shrine of a new Moloch, and an Englishman, instead of being judged by God and his country, is made a victim and a sacrifice. I have done."

As the orator sat down, a tremendous shout of applause broke from the silent and eager audience. With the echoes of that shout still ringing in his ears, Williams arose, not to answer, but to palter, not to argue, but to abuse; nor once did he attempt to question or deny what had been asserted.

At length he finished, and the chief justice arose and charged the jury. The scene, the hour, and the almost breathless multitude before him, inspired him with awe; his tone was deeper than usual, and the expression of malice which his countenance had worn during the earlier part of the trial, had given place to one of deep interest. But still he condemned the prelates.

Powell followed, and openly declared the constitution infringed on, and thought if these things were permitted, liberty would soon flee.

The sun had sunk beneath the horizon, leaving behind a sky covered with clouds of every hue; the moon had begun to shed her mild and gentle light over the excited city, before the jury retired to consider their verdict. Midnight came; the pale queen of night still lighted the earth, and illuminated the quiet surface of the Thames; hours passed, and yet nothing was heard from that jury.

All night did Pollexfen walk as guard before the door which led to the apartment in which they were consulting, lest the tools of the king should tamper with them; still, nothing was determined.

The vapors of night were passing away, the eastern sky seemed to rise, and a long line of light to spread along the horizon. Morning had dawned, and as yet all was in doubt. Nothing had been heard from them, no sounds, save those of sharp and angry altercation, had escaped from their room. At length, as the distant clock of Westminster Abbey tolled the hour of six, the door opened. Arnold had yielded, and the jury were agreed.

The news flew like wildfire, the bells of the city were rung, and before eight the hall was even more densely crowded than before. Minutes seemed hours, and seconds minutes; but at length the jury appeared. Not a sound disturbed the silence of the hall; every mouth was closed, and every noise was hushed. Sir William Astley spoke:

"Do you find the defendants, or any one of them, guilty of the misdemeanor whereof they are impeached, or not guilty?"

"Not guilty," announced the foreman—Sir Roger Langley.

Then there arose a shout which pierced the roof, and reverberating through arches, colonnades and galleries, rolled away into the remotest corners of Westminster Hall, and was echoed by thousands of glad hearts throughout all England. The king was conquered.

#### WHEN TO WEAR INDIA RUBBERS.

We have noticed that many persons in our city wear India rubber overshoes in cold, dry weather to keep their feet warm. This is an injurious and evil practice. India rubber shoes are very comfortable and valuable for covering the feet in wet, sloppy weather, but they should never be worn on any other occasion; their sole use should be to keep out water. They should therefore be put off whenever the wearer enters a house, and be worn as little as possible, because they are air tight, and both retain and restrain the perspiration of the feet.—*Medical Journal.*

If you wish to succeed in life, govern your temper.

## THE VACANT CHAIR. A THANKSGIVING STORY.

BY F. A. DURIVAGE.

THE declining sun cast its horizontal rays into the west window of a neat parlor in a small New England cottage. From that west window, the eye beheld a pleasant and undulating country—now an open field, now an orchard, and now a clump of dark, green hemlocks, contrasting finely with the brown, withered herbage of the pasturages. The south view was even more extensive. Here lay a broad valley in which the white houses were clustered along the margin of a small stream, that flowed over its pebbly bed with many a musical murmur in the summer season, but the liquid surface of which was now covered with skaters, whose flashing skate-steels, as they whirled and flew like swallows on the wing, caught the last rays of the declining sun. Far, far away in the distance, over the village roof tops, over the threadbare woods, over the far distant meadows, were seen the spires of a great city, dimly sketched on the horizon, so vague and vapory, indeed, that the eye of the stranger might have confounded them with the lower stratum of mist that floated over them.

But we are forgetting that our business just now lies with the interior of Maple Cottage. The small, snug parlor we have mentioned, was furnished cheaply but tastefully. Neat white curtains were looped beside the windows. A plain sofa, and a few cane-seated chairs—a small mirror, an engraving of General Washington, a secretary and bookcase, composed all the furniture. Yet everything was neat, and well-arranged.

A cheerful coal fire was burning in the grate. The table in the centre of the room was loaded with the plentiful cheer befitting Thanksgiving Day. At the head of the table, sat a pale, dark-eyed man, with deep lines marking his thoughtful countenance, and snow-white hair parted from his forehead, and waving over his shoulders. Opposite him sat a very handsome woman, whose soft, brown hair was beginning to be streaked with threads of silver, showing that she had sometime since passed the heyday of her youth. On one side of the square table was a beautiful girl of nineteen or twenty, fair and blooming as a rose in June, with the warm hue of health on her cheeks, and the bright blood burning in her dewy lips. Opposite to her was placed a vacant chair.

And now one word of the tenants of Maple Cottage. That white-haired man presiding at

the table, is Miles Milford; the lady opposite, his wife; the beautiful girl, a guest, Rose Darling, a neighbor's daughter; she has come by invitation to enliven the Thanksgiving dinner. But who should fill that vacant chair? No guest is expected—yet the plate and knife and fork, and napkin and water glass, are duly set. With a certain sect, it is customary when a member of a family dies, ever after to retain his place at the table—his seat by the fireside. It is fondly believed that his spiritual presence fills these vacancies, obedient to the attraction of a love that the grave cannot cover up. As the beautiful eyes of Rose Darling glance towards that vacant chair, they fill with tears. Is it true then, that there has been a death in the Milford family? No—not death—but separation!

Miles Milford was a carpenter by trade. He had served his apprenticeship, wrought for himself, and married his wife in that city, the spires of which can be seen from the dining-room table. He had led a hard life. His early youth was cursed and saddened by the intemperance of his father—early orphanage and poverty accompanied his first steps in youth. But he made his way, married, made a good living. One child only—a boy—blessed the union of Miles and his wife. He was a fine, healthy little fellow, and was dearly beloved, though not idolized or petted by his parents. And now we come to a sad confession. Whether it was weakness, perversity, or the fruit of a fatal legacy of blood transmitted by an erring parent, but, at that very period of life when his father had abandoned himself to bad habits, Miles Milford became addicted to drink. He did not become an habitual sot—but at times he drank deeply, and was incapable of taking care of himself. This was the shadow on his hearth-stone—this wrung the heart of his wife, and agonized his boy—his boy who had met him in the streets and led him home when the father did not know him.

Suddenly, Miles Milford, when on the brink of utter ruin, when poor and in debt, when friends were forsaking him, and reputation was tarnished, broke from his evil courses with a sudden wrench. The shadow fled from the hearth-stone, sunbeams played there in its stead. Frugal, industrious, energetic, Miles soon freed myself from his indebtedness, and in a few years he had amassed several hundred dollars.

He had from early boyhood cherished a longing desire for a country life; a desire, which his occasional visits to the rural districts ripened into a passion. Since toil was to be his lot in life, agricultural labor seemed the most attractive. His boy, now eighteen years of age, who

shared his confidence and his hopes, imbibed insensibly his tastes, and urged his father, when he had become a little forehanded, to make the experiment of farming. This step was finally decided on. A small farm, to be paid for in yearly instalments, was purchased, together with a horse, cow and farming implements. Such was the history of Maple Cottage. The future now seemed bright and cloudless—not a shadow on the hearth-stone. In the pure air and healthful occupations of the country, Miles Milford and his wife renewed their youth. The little farm blossomed like the rose. Father and son worked together manfully, side by side; and at the close of the first season had acquired practical knowledge enough, to warrant a conviction that the experiment would prove completely successful.

The next year, though the annual payment on the estate was made with some difficulty, yet the produce of the land paid a handsome profit over the expense of cultivation, and young Milford brought back a considerable amount of money from market. The next year the crops were large, and additional help was necessary. Young Milford, now twenty-one, was obliged to go to market four or five times a week. He would return jaded and worn out—frequently so fatigued that he would be obliged to throw himself on the hay in the barn, and sleep for four or five hours. His father was afraid the business was too laborious for him, and often urged the expediency of sending the hired hand to market; but his son readily convinced him that this would be a ruinous expedient—and the hired man could not be expected to do them justice. One morning, young Milford made his appearance very much agitated. He had taken in a valuable load of fruit the night before, delivered it to a wholesale customer, and set out on his return before day-break. In a lonely part of the road, while dozing on his wagon, he had been set upon by a man who suddenly made his appearance, and robbed of all his money—nearly fifty dollars. Miles was very much excited at this narrative, and proposed instantly to offer a reward—but his son begged that he would say nothing about the circumstance, as he suspected the individual, and thought with the aid of the police, he could bring the guilty home to him and secure him.

Weeks passed on and no discovery was made. But young Miles proved unlucky in his sales. He could not get near as much as his neighbors for better articles. They were going behind-hand with their cash. One evening he did not return at his usual hour from market; the day passed on, and no Miles. Evening came—hours

passed—he did not return. Milford insisted on his wife's going to bed, while he sat up and watched for his son. Long after midnight—the rumble of the wagon wheels was heard. The father lighted a lantern and went out. The son clambered down from his cart, and staggered towards his father. He was intoxicated. He essayed to speak—but he could not find utterance. The afflicted father took him by the arm, and led him up to his room, and, after assisting him to bed, went down to take care of his horse, and then retire, broken-hearted, to pray and weep for the remainder of the night.

The next morning he had an interview with the misguided boy, who, full of contrition and promises, then confessed that he had been going downwards for months—that he had drank, had gambled, had lost large sums of money, and now stood on the brink of ruin. The wretched father conjured him to retrace his steps, implored him to be true to himself by the love he bore his mother and himself, and the fair girl who had confessed she loved him; and the young man, with tears streaming from his eyes, knelt down and took a solemn oath never to bring sorrow to the breasts of those he loved by his misconduct.

Again, after days of anxiety, the shadow passed from the hearthstone—again the sunshine basked on them; but again it darkened, as sun and shade succeed each other in a fitful April day. The young man's promises proved of little worth. In the language of Scripture, he was "joined to his idols." Habitual intoxication, habitual falsehood, and habitual dishonesty wore out at last the forbearance of his father. When his heart was breaking, he pronounced sentence against the sinner; he must go forth and seek another home, and leave father and mother to struggle alone against their misery. And the wanderer went forth.

Thenceforth, at each Thanksgiving anniversary, a plate was laid, a chair set for him at Maple Cottage. Four years had passed since his departure—since he had been heard from—and still the custom was kept up; still industry and neatness held sway within the cottage, though hope was growing faint, and it seemed almost certain that the Milfords must relinquish it, and the farm revert to its former owner.

Now we see why Rose Darling's eyes filled with tears when they rested on the vacant chair; why Miles Milford's hair was white as driven snow, though he was not yet fifty; and why those silver threads were woven in the tresses of his wife.

Miles had just craved a blessing on the feast

before him, when the door opened. A tall, sunburnt man entered, with hesitation. He was clad in a long, ragged overcoat, soiled and patched; yet the color in his face was healthy, and the light of his eye pure and unclouded. The two women suppressed a scream at his appearance, but the master of the house stood up, and said, with a quivering lip:

"Miles Milford, answer me truly. Are you worthy to claim the welcome of a son, and to take your place at your father's table?"

Bursting into tears, young Miles clasped his father to his breast, and then rushed into his mother's arms and sobbed like a child upon her bosom. Rose Darling, also, gave him a warm welcome.

"You have given me the prodigal's welcome, father," he said, with deep emotion, laying his hand on the back of the vacant chair; "but I am hardly dressed well enough for a festival occasion."

"If the heart be in the right place, no matter for the garb it wears," said Milford.

"I cannot masquerade it any longer," said young Miles. "I was not born for a playactor, though I exclaim with Lear, 'Off—off—ye lendings!'" And throwing off his ragged surt-out, he appeared in an elegant and befitting suit. "And I'm not in all respects like the prodigal son, father," he said, sitting down. "A kind Providence has favored me for your sake and mother's, and for one as dear as either. I have been in strange lands, where gold was to be had for the gathering. A traveller's tale, you'll say; but I have the proof about me. Here, father, are your notes to old Myers—they are all paid, and Maple Cottage is now your own."

Need we add that there was indeed a Thanksgiving in Maple Cottage that night? The next anniversary there was no vacant seat; but young Miles Milford sat in his old place, and on his right hand, Rose, his wife. Thenceforth no shadow ever rested on the hearth-stone.

EARLY RISING.—Few ever lived to a great age, and fewer still ever became distinguished, who were not in the habit of early rising. You rise late, and, of course, commence your business at a late hour, and everything goes wrong all day. Franklin says, that he who rises late, may trot all day, and not overtake his business at night. Dean Swift avers, that he never knew any man attain to eminence who lay in bed of a morning.—Tedd.

The first step to reason is to feel the want of it; folly is incompatible with this knowledge. The best thing we can have next to wit, is to know we have it not.



## THE FLOUNCED DRESS.

BY MRS. W. MONTAGUE.

"THE pattern is exceedingly pretty, Lizzie; but what a quantity of work it comprises. Seven flounces, and the lower edge of each to be wrought in button-hole stitch, besides that little heading which it must be difficult to execute neatly. It would look very pretty, daughter, but I don't think our Agnes will find time to do it before we start. Your father expects to hear from the Belle Isle House to-day, which will determine whether we go there or not."

"Well, mother, I must have the dress—it would bear off the palm at any watering-place in this country. You know how young ladies are gazed at in such places, and really the dress seems to form a criterion by which to judge of their position in society. Unless one carries some consequence in name, or fame, or wealth, one is literally pushed aside at such times; so I will carry my passport to public favor with the beaux, in my flounced dress." And every time Lizzie looked at the pattern-plate, she grew more delighted with the style and trimming. But first of all she must secure the material.

Lizzie had already a somewhat lengthy account at the establishment of Bendley & Co. It had vexed her whenever she thought of running up the amount and passing it over for her father's inspection; she was tired of hearing the old stereotyped phrases, "girls are good for nothing now-a-days; why, my sisters never had but one silk gown in their lives, and they only wore it upon choice occasions; none of your flaunting bedizened stuff hung around their waists; they didn't imitate the men with jackets, and pockets, and sacks, and other tom-fooleries when I was young; it costs more to maintain you, child, one year, than my father ever spent upon my whole education; you must never run up another bill; I don't like book accounts; I shall speak to this firm about it when I settle with them." Yet whenever Mr. Budd stepped in to adjust his bill at this store, the good-natured book-keeper used to begin in his complimentary vein: "If all our customers were as prompt as you, sir, we should not be vexed with a collector's report—this man out of the city, and that one removed, and another gone into chancery; and your family, too, are very judicious in their purchases—the best articles are always laid before your lady for inspection, for we respect her taste, knowing that a good thing is always the cheapest." Mr. Budd was somewhat flattered by the reputation thus conceded to all parties, and had never yet ex-

ercuted his threat in forbidding Bendley & Co. from trusting his wife and daughter. It would certainly make him appear very mean in the eyes of the firm, and so the threats were reserved for home conversations and chiding.

Lizzie, therefore, had already her memorandum book filled with items; but somehow she gained courage to insert one more sky-blue silk dress, at the cost of thirty dollars; then the trimmings and laces which were added, brought it up to nine more; and "what is forty dollars more," thought she, "to add to my account!—the scolding process must be encountered on pay-day at any rate." Therefore the silk dress and trimmings were ordered forthwith.

When Lizzie returned home, she found her father already there, consulting with her mother about the expediency of paying so high a price as the hotel-keeper demanded for board at Belle Isle. The note from the landlord ran thus:

"MY DEAR SIR,—My terms for board are fourteen dollars per week for each person. I can accommodate yourself, wife, and daughter, and give you two good rooms (parlor in common), for forty dollars per week, which will be my lowest mark; and an answer is immediately solicited, as many are waiting for your decision.

"Your ob't servant, J. BOYCE."

"The terms are frightful," said Mrs. Budd; "but everything is so high. Besides, you know it costs us something to live at home. We shall close the house in the event of our going, husband, and Dinah will stay in the kitchen and prepare your dinners, which is one great consideration."

"And how much will my good dinners cost, wife, even at home? We had better shut up altogether, and I will dine at the club."

"Then there will be the extra cost of our washing, father," interposed Lizzie—the truth was, the name of Club House had become rather obnoxious to mother and daughter. Finally, the two prevailed, and Dinah promised to be faithful, and the terms were accepted; and as they were to be complied with in the course of a few days, "our Lizzie" proceeded forthwith to secure the making of her flounced dress. Agnes, the house seamstress, declared she could not do it—it would inflame her eyes, and she had "father's dickeys" to make, and lots of work to do; it must be put out. So Mrs. Bush, the dress-maker, was waited on, who declared her inability to complete the dress before the tenth of August, a period five weeks hence, and her terms would be twelve dollars for the work. It would take an expert button-stitch sewer five days to embroider the flounces; for her part she would not try the experiment for twice that sum; but

she employed poor women who were willing to labor upon the lowest terms, articles for living were so high.

"And could you direct me to such an one?" inquired the courteous Lizzie. "I could barter for the dress cheaper than you."

"Why, yee, there is Mrs. Lety, an English-woman, who works beautifully; but she has a sick baby, and a feeble boy, and how in the world she could find time I cannot divine; but if she does it, you will be satisfied with reasonable terms and nice work."

Lizzie took her address, and proceeded forthwith to Dark Alley, where, up three flights of stairs, in a neat, but poor room, she found the woman of her search. She was administering a dose of castor oil to her poor, sick baby. A boy of fourteen, tall, lean and puny, rose, and politely offered her his seat. An elegant embroidered cashmere blanket lay nicely folded upon the work-table, and Lizzie, seizing it, remarked upon the exquisite needle-work.

"And pray how much pay do you receive for this, Mrs. Lety?" she inquired.

"Only three dollars, ma'am; it is the christening blanket for little Rollo Stearns. It must be sent home to-night. He is to be baptized to-morrow."

Mrs. Stearns was a very rich lady, who had the reputation of "grinding the poor," but she gave large fruit parties, and splendid balls, and kept a princely establishment. "Now if such a person can get her work done so cheaply," thought Lizzie, "it is surely no harm for me to try my skill." Thus we see the influence of example.

"Now, Mrs. Lety, for what would you make, after it is all fitted, a sky-blue dress, with seven narrow flounces, each button-holed at the edge, and trimmed slightly at the top, according to the last fashion-plate, and when could I have the same?"

Mrs. Lety looked at the poor baby—a tear stole down her cheek.

"This little wee thing," replied she, "ought to have all my care, but she is the best little creature in the world. She lays for hours in her cradle, looking at me, so busy with my needle, and yet it grieves me to the heart that I cannot find time to carry her out in the fresh air; she is pining for it, and Eddy, my son, who just stepped out, is getting thin. His employer sent him home, last night, and kindly gave him three dollars to take him into the country; but I was obliged to borrow it of him to pay my rent, and now I am afraid Mrs. Stearns will not pay the cash down for her blanket. These

rich people often make me wait for my money; they do not consider how indebted the poor are to a little cash to secure their comforts."

Lizzie thought within herself, where in the world should she raise the eight dollars, which was the very lowest terms Mrs. Lety could name, when her work was done. Still, it was her maxim "to trust to luck;" so she carried the flounces that very day, while the dressmaker fitted the waist. There were thirty-five yards of button stitching to be done, besides the heading and making the dress.

Mrs. Lety sighed, as Lizzie inquired "if it could be done in just eight days—a cash job?"

Lizzie soon found her way out in the fashionable thoroughfare, and the recollection of Dark Alley, and poor Mrs. Lety, and the sick baby, and the feeble boy, made little impression. She was about going into gay scenes, and the inequalities of life were foreordained. She only hoped her flounces would be done nicely, and finished at the time. Her mother, too, had complimented her upon her "good luck" in getting the work done so cheaply.

The next morning, Lizzie complained of bad dreams. She called, the next day, to see how her flounces would look. Mrs. Lety had sat up all night, and finished one of them already. She was hindered in the day, by the sick baby. Lizzie pitied her, but it did not occur to her if she partly prepaid her, what a burden it would remove from that worn spirit. She forgot even to be grateful that she was not poor.

In eight days after, Lizzie was among the gay throng at Belle Isle. Her dress was completed; it was the most splendid one that had appeared. The workmanship was exquisite. But she had sent her father's porter for it, and requested him to ask Mrs. Lety to make out her bill, and when she returned to the city, she would call and pay for it.

"I pitied the woman," said the porter; "her baby had just breathed its last. The mother bent over it in agony. 'Poor thing,' said she, 'I fear I have neglected it, but I felt obliged to work, as I promised the job, and expected my pay as soon as it was executed.'"

"An' faith," said Jeremiah, "here's a five-dollar bill, if 'twill do you any good. It may help light the baby through purgatory."

"The babe is already in heaven," replied Mrs. Lety; "but it will give it a decent burial, as the undertaker gives me his services."

Lizzie appeared that evening in her flounced dress, and was the admiration of the crowd. She had recommended her friend, Ada Sumner, to Mrs. Lety, to do a similar job, but when she

sought her, Mrs. Lety was not to be found in Dark Alley. The good angels had borne her away to the Father of spirits, and her weary head was at rest. Her sick boy had found a home with his employer, and there was no bill ever made out for the flounced dress. Such "deferred accounts" may be called up when the glare and follies of life have passed away, and there is no distinction, save that which character bestows, at the Great Tribunal of Justice. We should dread to settle them there.

#### THAT JOINT SNAKE.

"About that joint-snake, 'thereby hangs a tale.'"

"A 'stranger' was describing the wonderful powers of this 'pizing sarpiant' to a knot of individuals congregated somewhere out west. They listened with open eyes and mouth agape with astonishment at the startling account. But the assurance that it could separate itself 'clean apart in five or six places, and come together again as slick a jint as ever you see,' was a little too much to believe all at once. As a public speaker once remarked, they 'doubted fact,' and intimated as much.

"That's so, I've seen it," quietly remarked a very honest and innocent-looking hoosier, who stood by.

"Sho! ye don't say so! Tell us about it, went ye?" exclaimed two or three in a breath.

"Wall, I don't mind tellin'," said the hoosier, "Ye see, I was comin' 'long the edge of the perrayri one mornin', down in Indyanner, when fast I know, I come across one of these 'ere jint snakes, as they call 'em, a great nice feller, stretched out in the sun as pooty as ever you see. I didn't scare him, but jost stepped back a little ways, and cut a saplin' about four feet and a half long, and trimmed it out slick with my jack-knife. Thinks I, old feller, I'll find out pooty quick how many jints you got in yer. So I stepped up kinder softly, and hit him a right smart lick across the back, and by thunder——!"

"Did he come apart? What did he do then?" asked the listeners, very much excited.

"Why, he flew into more'n forty pieces! and I'll be doggoned if every darned one of 'em didn't take right after me!"—Knickerbocker.

#### ABSENCE OF MIND.

The oddest instance of absence of mind happened once to Sydney Smith, in forgetting his own name. He says:

"I knocked at a door in London, and asked, 'is Mrs. B. at home?' 'Yes, sir; pray, what name shall I say?' I looked in the man's face astonished—what name? what name?—ay, that is the question; what is my name? I believe the man thought me mad; but it is literally true that during the space of two or three minutes I had no more idea of who I was than if I had never existed. I did not know whether I was a Dissenter or a Layman. I felt as dull as Sternhold and Hopkins. At last, to my great relief, it flashed across me that I was Sydney Smith."

#### HIGHWAYMEN IN THE DARK.

BY HORACE B. STANIFORD.

It was towards the latter part of the afternoon that I stopped at the inn of a small village in the southern part of Boone county, Indiana. I was on my way from Indianapolis to Terre Haute, and had come thus far out of my way to bring seven hundred dollars to a Mr. John Hall, who was an old friend of mine, and who lived somewhere near here. I ordered my horse to be taken care of, and then taking my heavy saddle-bags I entered the inn. In the bar-room I found some half-dozen men collected, who were smoking and drinking, while the landlord stood behind his bar. I asked him if he could let me have a horse until morning, or until sometime during the next day.

"Don't know ye," he responded, rather gruffly.

"O," I replied, seeing his drift, "I have left mine in the hands of your boy, and I don't think you have a better beast. But my animal has travelled hard to-day, and is tired, and as I wish to ride on a little distance from here on business, I should like a fresh one. I will pay you what you wish."

"How far ye goin'?" he asked, more mildly.

"You'll have to tell me that. I wish to find Mr. John Hall."

"Ho—you're from the west," the landlord uttered, with an enlightened look. Mr. Hall's expectin' ye, aren't he?"

"I think it very likely."

"Ho—yes. He was here himself, this very arternoon; and he said he was expectin' a friend along to bring him some money. I'm glad you've come, for he's owin' me a trifle. Yes, yes—I'll let ye have a horse. But must ye go to-night?"

"Yes," I replied, "for I must be on my way to Terre Haute to-morrow."

"Yes, yes, he said you was going to Terre Haute. But supper's most ready—wont ye stop and eat first? and then I can have the horse ready for ye."

I consented to this, for I was really hungry; so I sat down and gazed about me. One fellow I noticed particularly among those present from his peculiar make of frame. He was about as large a man—as stout, I mean—as I ever saw. He was certainly six feet and a-half tall, and with shoulders like an ox. He wore a wide-brimmed, white felt hat, and a white coat. He sat by the bar smoking an old pipe, but he seemed to take no notice of me, so I left him to himself. Next I noticed an Irishman who had alighted at the inn just before I did, and he had also ordered the hostler to feed his horse, but not for a long stop,

for he intended to be on the road again soon. He was an original-looking genius, with an old, black hat upon his head which had been smashed down, while the long, matted hair hung over his ears and eyes almost alike.

"Do you stop to-night?" asked the host, addressing the Irishman.

"Me is it, ye mane?" cried the Hibernian, starting out of a reverie.

"Yes, sir."

"Och—the divil a bit could I shtop if I wanted to, for 't 'll take me last penny to pay for me supper. I'm affther findin' one Billy McGuire, that's dumped hisself down somewhere hereabouts. Maybe ye's afther knowin' Billy, now?"

"Yes—he lives close by Mr. Hall's, where this gentleman is going."

"Och hone! I'll have company, thin—if the gentleman doesn't object."

I assured him that I didn't, and shortly afterwards we were called to supper. After this I asked the landlord to direct me to Mr. Hall's. He told me that the regular road took a long sweep around the swamp to get there, and that the distance was some ten miles. There was a sort of footpath across the swamp, where a person thoroughly acquainted could sometimes drive a horse, though it was a dangerous way, Mr. Hall himself, never venturing in it except on foot. By that way, he said, it was only four miles. I looked at my watch, and it was a little past five o'clock—later than I thought. It would be sundown in less than an hour. However, a respectable horse would take me ten miles before dark.

The landlord's horse was brought to the door, and I went out. I didn't like the looks of the animal much, but its owner assured me he'd go.

"You'd better stop till morning," the host said, after he had cast his eyes over the heavens, "for there'll be a rain before you reach your journey's end."

I looked around. There was a sort of dull looking haze to the northward, but I didn't fear that. I simply asked the host to take care of my saddle-bags, and see that my horse was well provided for, and then I started, the Irishman, whose name I found to be John Leary, being ready to set out with me. We had not ridden far before I found that my horse would "go," to be sure, but not over and above fast. However, 'twas about as well, for my companion's beast could no more than keep up with me.

Leary was a jolly fellow, and I blessed my stars that I had him for a companion. He informed me that he had been on the road once before—that his friend, McGuire, who, it seemed, lived

beyond Hall's, had hired him to come and help him get his corn off to market, and do his fall work.

Ere long we found that our road ran around the edge of a long swamp, and that we had to travel our first three miles directly south, the next three nearly west, when the course we wished to go was nearly north. But another difficulty soon arose. The host had told me truly about the weather, for in less than an hour the heavens were completely overspread with clouds, and the wind began to puff up cool and damp. Just as it was becoming duskish, we saw a horseman approaching us from ahead.

"Be me sowl, it's Billy McGuire!" cried my companion. And so it proved. The two shook hands cordially.

"Now ye'll turn back wid me," said McGuire, "for I'm goin' down here a bit to stop all night. Come wid me, and we'll go home together to-morrow."

I was sorry to lose my companion, but there was no help for it. He bade me good-by, and then turned about. After this I put spurs to my horse, and while I kept the rowels in his flanks he would go quite respectably, but as soon as the source of pain was removed he lagged again.

The sun was down, and darkness followed quickly afterwards. I now judged that I had about four miles to travel, for I had just turned the last curve, and was now on the right course. Ere long a low peal of thunder rumbled among the bluffs to the northward, and big drops of rain began to fall. It grew darker and darker, until I could no longer see the road, but my horse now proved himself good for something, for he knew the way, and trotted slowly and steadily on. The sharp lightning was not long in reaching me, and by its assistance I got occasional glimpses of the road. I could see that the woods were upon both hands, and that upon the right the path was still by the swamp.

I was peering out into the darkness ahead, so as to be ready to catch a view of the road, when the lightning should come again, when a flash opened upon the way, and I distinctly saw, not more than two rods ahead of me, and upon the right hand, two men crouched down by the path. One of them I knew in an instant. I recognized the wide-brimmed, white hat, the white coat, and the Herculean frame. Of course those men could be there but for one purpose. They had heard the landlord's remarks touching my business with Mr. Hall, and of course they knew I had the money with me. They had taken the path across the swamp, and had thus "headed" me. Instinctively I felt for my pistols, but I had left

them in my saddle-bags! What was to be done? A thought struck me. I smashed my hat down, and pulled my hair over my eyes, and then crouched low in my saddle.

"Hold, my friend!" shouted a voice close by me, and as my horse gave a start backward I knew some one had caught him by the head. "Your money we want! Come down here!"

At that instant a streak of lightning flashed beyond the trees. It was not vivid where we were, but yet it gave light enough for me to see the stout fellow, whom I had seen in the bar-room, holding my horse by the head with one hand, while in the other he held a short club.

"Och! howly mither o' Moses!" I cried, imitating the peculiar voice of Leary as well as I could—and I flatter myself 'twas pretty good—"ye's 'll find poor pickin' on the bones o' Johnny Leary, now. For the love o' heaven, gentlemin, don't be afther murderin' me intirely!"

"Eh!" grunted the stout man, in a disappointed tone. "You aren't bound to old Hall's?"

"Me? Och-ho—an' isn't it to Billy McGuire's I'm goin', if the impudent, nasty storm doesn't benight me?"

"But ye had a companion," growled the big highwayman.

"Ha—an' wasn't it a mighty illigant baste intirely as the landlprd was afther lettin' the poor man have. Be jabbers, I lagged along for 'im till it began to rain, an' thin I towld 'im, seein' as I'd got the furthest to go, I'd jist be afther biddin' 'im good night. But he's a comin' through the dark behind me. Don't kape me here, kind gentlemin. O, mither ov me, if I had a bit, I'd give it till ye's wid pleasure; but the landlord—bad luck to the likes ov him—took me last penny, when I towld him I'd got not a blessed ha'-penny more."

"Well—away ye go," cried the highwayman, "but mind now that ye keep straight ahead."

"It's straight ahead Billy lives, isn't it?"

"Yes."

"Thin I'd be a fool to go anywhere else."

With these words I put spurs to my horse, and he started on. A flash of lightning showed me the road straight ahead, and I ploughed up the poor beast's flanks savagely. He leaped away from beneath the pain with more spirit than I thought him capable of, and in half an hour from that time, I was sitting before a blazing fire in my friend's house. I described to him the man who had stopped me upon the highway, and he remembered to have seen him at the inn that afternoon, but he did not know him.

I paid Mr. Hall seven hundred and fifty dollars in all, and on the next morning I returned

to the inn. On the way I met McGuire and Leary, and I stopped to tell my transient companion how I had assumed his guise and speech to my salvation, for well did I know that I should never have seen the light of another morning on earth had the highwayman known me. The two Irishmen laughed heartily at my ruse, and after some comical remarks from Leary, we separated. As I was in a hurry—absolute necessity demanded my presence at *Terre Haute*—I said nothing of my adventure at the inn, fearing that in some way I might be detained. And moreover, I knew that if Mr. Hall saw the villains he would know one of them at least, and that might be the means of clearing them out. But I looked about for my stout friend in vain. Perhaps he "smelled the rat," and had gone. At all events, I have not seen nor heard from him since though I have by no means forgotten him.

#### ANIMAL CHARACTERISTICS.

In Buck's "*Beauties, Harmonies, and Sublimities of Nature*," we find many curious and important facts recorded, some of which exhibit a striking analogy between human characteristics and those of animals: "Thus in the jay, we may trace the petulant airs of a coquette; in the magpie, the restlessness, flippancy, and egotistical obtrusiveness of the gallant; while the green macaw is the perfect emblem of a suspicious and jealous spouse—for if its master's creases are transferred to a dog, a cat, a bird, or even a child, nothing can exceed its anxiety and fury, nor will it be appeased till he forsakes the new favorite and returns to it. Envious men and calumniating women we may compare to the porcupine and the secretary-bird; and the selfish will find their type in the rhinoceros, since it is said to be incapable either of gratitude or attachment; while the inebriate may also be classed with the rougette bat, whose propensity to become intoxicated with the juice of the palm-tree is no less proverbial. Again, obstinate or perverse persons may read their lineaments of character in that of the Lapland mouse or the Arctic puffin; for if the latter should seize the end of a lough, thrust into its hole, rather than let it go it will suffer itself to be drawn out by it and killed; and the former will not move out of its course for anything or anybody."

The *Philadelphia Sun*, which has a rare eye for "queer bits," gives the following as a warning specimen of what a reporter once did when duly armed and equipped according to law, with a brick in his hat, snake in his boot, and a shot in his neck:

"Yesterday morning, at 4 o'clock, P. M., a small man, named Jones, or Brown, or Smith, with a heel in the hole of his trowsers, committed arsenic by swallowing a dose of suicide. The verdict of the inquest returned a jury that the deceased came to the fates in accordance with his death. He leaves a child and six small wives to lament the end of his untimely loss. In death we are in the midst of life."

## HOPE.

BY WM. W. GRANDY.

Fond hope! thou animating star,  
That, brightly glimmering from afar,  
Shines forth and cheers with flattering rays,  
Our early, happy, youthful days.

Fair as the beams of morning light,  
Sweet hope around our pathway bright,  
O'er all our future prospects twines,  
And with resplendent beauty shines.

'Tis hope, sweet hope, that heals the smart,  
Sent by affliction's withering dart,  
Dispels the gloom of grief, and brings  
A healing balm upon its wings.

Then o'er my soul, in visions bright,  
Shed forth, fair hope, thy radiant light;  
Let me enjoy thy blissful dreams,  
More sweet by far than murmuring streams:

Until life's pilgrimage is o'er,  
When earthly hopes can charm no more;  
Then find a hope from sorrow free,  
Of blessed immortality.

## OUR DISTRICT SCHOOLMASTER.

BY ANNA MACDONALD.

MANY years have passed, since I went to school in that dear, old, comical-looking, brown school house, under the shadow of the hill. But the memories of those winters and summers when I trudged merrily to and fro over the shortest quarter of a mile ever known in my experience, seem yet very fresh, pleasant and beautiful. I always carried my dinner, and O, the splendid times we children looked forward to at noon-time, which was generally an hour long. Our diners despatched with speed, and the sweeping of the school room achieved, we were then all ready for "Puss in the Corner," "Blindman's Buff," etc., which all who have played them know are very exciting games, and highly productive of bumped heads, torn pantalettes, loss of breath, and physical exhaustion generally; besides being very convenient arrangements for those who are particularly pleased with having their toes trodden upon.

I remember one day when we were in the full glory of a game of "Puss in the Corner," that John Sykes, one of the big boys, in a headlong dash for a corner, made a slight miscalculation in the definition of a straight line, and brought up with a crash against the master's desk, and as a natural consequence, over it went, and its miscellaneous contents lay scattered on the floor.

Hostilities were immediately suspended, and

we stood aghast. There lay books, slate, a pile of corrected compositions, three rosy apples, a present to Mr. Gray from bright-eyed Linnie Adams, rolling innocently about under the benches. But worse than all, the inkstand had had the insufferable impudence to empty its ebony-colored contents all over the floor, the new register, containing all our names, and the new copy-book, in which the master had just set new copies. Nothing had escaped, and what to do we knew not.

This was the first week of the winter school; we had a new teacher, and we did not yet know what his disposition was, whether pacific or pugnacious, and we were rather doubtful as to the consequences of the noon's performance. However, the overturn of the desk was a fixed fact, and there was nothing for it but to prepare and arrange matters as well as we could for the advent of the master in the afternoon. John Sykes, rubbing his side, and looking rather solemn, wiped up the ink with the papers that could be gathered from our dinner baskets, we all the while rating him soundly for being so careless.

Before it drew near the time for the master to arrive, everything was prepared; the desk was in its place, its lid concealing the dreadful sight within; the black stains on the floor alone betrayed us. Never did a schoolmaster behold a more meek, well-behaved set of scholars than we were, when Mr. Gray rapped on the window with his ferule that afternoon to call the school to order. He sat down before his desk, not an eye but was riveted to the book; we dreaded to look that way, and I imagined John Sykes's feelings must be something like those of John Rogers at the stake.

The master's clear voice broke the spell. "I find my desk in rather a more disorderly state than when I left it. You played 'Puss in the Corner,' this noon, did you not? Some one ran against this desk and overturned it. It was an accident, and I freely forgive whoever did it, with a request that you will be more careful in future."

We were thunderstruck. The reaction was overwhelming. Forgiveness with a mild reproof, when we expected stern questionings, and a whipping for the most guilty one! We had been taught to look for very different proceedings, by the experience of former administrations in the Millwood district. It was too much for poor John Sykes, who was as tall as the master, and who had always been the bravado of the school. The kind voice, and the gentle manner, touched a tender chord in his heart, and he could not study his algebra lesson in peace, till he had

been to Mr. Gray, told him that he was the unintentional author of the mischief, and begged his pardon for his carelessness. It was an astonishing condescension for John Sykes, he was usually as stubborn as a mule, and possessed the "don't care" spirit to perfection, and we all looked at him with perfect amazement, when he went up with such a penitent expression to the master's desk. Mr. Gray spoke to him with such a beautiful smile, that John was his firm friend ever after, and Mr. Gray marched triumphantly into the affections and confidence of us all, on the bridge of that simple act. It was the first time in our lives that a schoolmaster of Millwood district had behaved in such a manner about so serious a matter, accident or not, and children as we were, it gave us new opinions upon the system of moral government. After that, Mr. Gray had the respect and love of us all, from little Amy Foster, just learning to spell cat, up to John Sykes, and Dick Mansfield, studying algebra, and geometry.

There were about thirty scholars in "our district," of all sizes and ages. I was fourteen that winter, and quite a tall girl for my age, but there were several girls in school, older than I. Bessie Allen, Carrie Mansfield, Mary Ellis, and Cora Linn. Bessie was a merry girl of sixteen, the veriest witch I ever saw, the heroine of merry makings, and the most ingenious of fun-concocters. We called her our attorney general. (We had a class in United States government that winter.) Carrie Mansfield was postmaster general, because she had been appointed to transact all business of weight and importance connected with the post-office, an edifice consisting of three books built up together, and covered with a pocket-handkerchief, which was lifted for the deposition of inch-square letters, postage twenty-five cents, paid. Mary Ellis, queen of the spelling contests, was elected secretary of state. Cora Linn, a fair haired angel, whom we all loved, acted as secretary of the home department, while I was named secretary of war, an appointment which I stoutly declined, till I found I was reduced to "Hobson's choice, that or none," for secretary of the navy did not mean anything, and ditto of the treasury would have been splendid, but unfortunately there was no money to be taken care of.

My office was a responsible one I can tell you, for on me devolved the task of arranging amicably, all little squabbles, and of being a mediator between contending parties, excepting all cases in which I was a party myself, then, of course I could not act. Was not ours an august cabinet, gentle reader? But I have not told you about

the president yet. She was dear, lovely Agnes Foster, the pet and delight of the whole school. Not a girl that did not trust and look up to her, nor a boy, but would give up the best sliding-place, and resign the swiftest sled to her. She was sixteen, fresh and lovely as the roses of June. She and her little sister Amy were the only children of their widowed mother. They were very poor, now, and Agnes was striving to gain an education sufficient to qualify her for the situation of teacher in some academy or select school. To her we went for sympathy in childish troubles, to her we carried a knotty question in grammar, or a puzzling sum in fractions; the same kind smile always comforted us, and her calm mind and patient skill helped us speedily to overcome the difficulty.

Agnes was beautiful, though she seemed perfectly unconscious of it, and that was the greatest charm of all. The girls were always praising her, calling her eyes "blue violets," and her hair "braided sunbeams," her cheeks "dawn roses," and her teeth "pearls set in coral." But she always laughed, and told us we need not imagine she believed our nonsense, that we must see her through green spectacles, etc. Mary Ellis said, "sure enough, the glasses are love, and the bridge and bows are made of your goodness." We called this very smart of Mary Ellis, and admired it enthusiastically. We used to imagine that Mr. Gray stayed at her desk longer when he wrote her copies, or explained her geometry propositions, from some unaccountable reason, than he did to any of ours, and Mary Ellis actually declared that Mr. Gray's eyes had a peculiar expression when Aggie Foster was reciting, but of course it was all imagination, we thought. Mr. Gray "boarded round," and great were the preparations at home, and great the joy of the delegation from the family, when it came their turn to escort the master home with them from school.

The tea-table was set with mince and pumpkin pie, doughnuts, cheese, dried beef, pickles, and from two to five kinds of preserves. The more viands the table could be made to contain, the better, for no precious culinary stores were spared when Mr. Gray came. The parents admired him as much as the scholars, for he had a kind word and a cordial smile for all, from the old grandmamma, holding her knitting work in the corner, with thin and withered fingers, to the innocent baby creeping about the floor. He could talk of politics and agricultural improvements with the fathers, with as much ease, and to as perfect satisfaction, as he could invent new games, and tell little stories for the children. In

short, all regarded him as a paragon of teachers, and the most charming of men. Joseph Gray was indeed a pattern young man. He had come into the town the week before school was to commence, and stopped at the village inn. None knew from whence he came or whither he was going, he did not take pains to gratify any one's curiosity on these points. When school-meeting night came, and the committee men of Millwood district assembled in the old school-house, Joseph Gray presented himself there as a candidate for the office of teacher. He declined presenting testimonials, acknowledged himself a stranger to all in the town, but he asked for a month's trial, and if at the end of that period the district were not satisfied, he would resign the situation, and require no compensation for the month's time. This was rather a singular proposal, but it was a very generous one certainly; and after some consultation, Deacon Sykes and Squire Ellis agreed to install Mr. Gray lord and sovereign over our seven by nine brown school-house. Mr. Gray had informed the committee that he was as well qualified for the post as district school teachers are generally expected to be, and expressed himself ready for the examination. Armed with a formidable array of geography and arithmetic, Mr. Ellis and Major Thornton commenced operations. They considered themselves an examining committee "par excellence," *au fait* "at all puzzling questions, and attacks upon points least expected. Many a poor youth had they led into an arithmetical or grammatical quagmire, in which he floundered, and vainly endeavored to escape. This time they found their match. Mr. Gray was a little more than enough for both of them. Ready on every subject, prompt and clear with an answer to the most far-fetched question, the committee vainly tried to trip him up with an arithmetical problem, or turn a geographical stumbling block in his way. Major Thornton's great gun, the famous plaster sum, among the miscellaneous questions in Adams's arithmetic, was fired off in such an expert and masterly manner, that it provoked an emphatic expression of admiration from that gentleman, and the proposition of Euclid, the triangle described in a circle, another bugbear, was vanquished in an equally sure and speedy manner. Squire Ellis took off his spectacles, Major Thornton looked at Squire Ellis, and that gentleman returned the compliment. The looks said as plainly as words, "I am perfectly satisfied, are not you?" In fact, they were both delighted, and decided that if Mr. Gray's governing talents were as good as his book-learning, Millwood district had gained a treasure indeed. The school went on as I

have before described it. Dismiss Mr. Gray indeed! Every day he increased in value, and every day we loved him better.

It was a perfect delight to look at him, for he was very handsome. A broad intellectual brow, from which masses of raven hair were carelessly thrown back; eyes, glorious with the light of enthusiasm and feeling; a mouth which for sweetness we thought could not be surpassed; and you have his portrait. Mr. Joseph Gray and his perfections formed a subject for perpetual discussion in the councils of that august body, "our cabinet." We might start upon themes as far removed from it, as the Black Sea is from Lake Superior, but by some strange and irresistible influence we always came round to Mr. Gray at last.

How amused he would have been if he had heard our nonsense. We used to wonder if his right ear ever troubled him with a certain burning sensation which the old sign declares one to experience, when people are saying good things of them; but we never ascertained the truth of the matter in regard to Mr. Gray.

From some inexplicable cause, we never could get Agnes Foster to say one word in praise or blame of Mr. Gray. She listened with a smile to our talk, but in vain we tried to extract any sort of an opinion of him, from her. One day Carrie Mansfield, fairly out of patience, broke forth: "Why, Agnes Foster, I do think you are the strangest girl I ever saw in my life. I've been trying here half an hour to get you to talk about Mr. Gray, and you won't even acknowledge that he's handsome. You think him a fright, I suppose. Pray tell me if you consider him at all to be compared in beauty to old Daddy Dickman, who carries the mail, and who wears a gray wig, and smells of whiskey?"

The tears came into Agnes's eyes. Carrie was melted in an instant, and begged pardon for her sneering tone.

"Indeed," said Aggie, "you do me injustice; those that say the least, sometimes think the most. Because I do not lavish praises on Mr. Gray so enthusiastically as you do, or talk myself breathless in admiration of his talents or his fine face, do you think I dislike him, or do not appreciate him? You are famously mistaken. He has not a warmer friend in school than myself, and I do not consider it necessary to say more. There he comes now."

We were in our seats and studying our lessons as demurely as possible—with a most unconscious air—when he entered the room.

December, January and February fled by, and it was the first of March, just a week before the



close of school. How we dreaded to give up Mr. Gray. School had been a delightful place, and the winter had seemed so short. Where had the days and weeks gone?

One morning, two or three days before examination, Agnes Foster came to school with a very sad expression on her beautiful face, and her eyes looked as if she had been weeping. With eager questionings we gathered around our favorite, and in a faltering voice, she told us that her mother had the evening before received news that the bank in which her little all was invested had failed, and she had lost every farthing she possessed, and they had not even enough money left to pay their rent. They must leave Millwood and go to the far west, where they had relatives in moderate circumstances, who would lend them the money to pay for travelling expenses. What they were to do there she knew not. Poor Agnes, our hearts bled for her. Generous Cora Linn cried: "O, if I only had money of my own, I would make up all you have lost. In the midst of the sorrowful scene, Mr. Gray came in. Agnes flew to her seat, and bent her head over her book, to hide her tears from him; we all remained standing by the desk, undecided what to do. The master looked inquiringly from one to another. "What is the matter?" said he, at length; "and why do I see such sad faces? what has happened?"

Carrie Mansfield, without seeing Agnes's agonised telegraphings to her to stop, told Mr. Gray the story in a low tone. He changed color, and looked more agitated than we had ever seen him. He went and sat down by her side at once.

"Dear Agnes," said he, possessing himself of her hand, spite of her gentle opposition, "what is this that Carrie has been telling me? Is it indeed true?" Agnes bowed tearfully. "I feel for you deeply," said he, "tell your mother I will call on her this evening, perhaps I can be of service to you in your distress."

Agnes gave him one grateful, admiring look, and took refuge in her open geometry, lying upon her desk, to hide her blushes and tears. Mr. Gray said no more. We fancied he looked unusually happy all that day, but never did he seem so absent-minded. We did not know what had possessed the man. He sent out little Sammy Jones after an armful of wood, and when he appeared with it, told him to bring it to the desk and he would show him how to spell it. In our history class, he said "very well," when stupid Sarah Wright put the Norman conquest in Queen Anne's reign, and smiled at Mary Jones when she told him that William Carleton was the author of the Gunpowder Plot.

Mr. Gray's eyes looked at Agnes, when she passed out of the school-room, that afternoon to go home, with an intense expression that brought the crimson blush to her forehead. You may imagine we felt interested in Mr. Gray's movements that evening. Carrie Mansfield, at whose house he was boarding for a day or two, promised to watch his operations and report to the cabinet next day.

Joseph Gray came home to Squire Ellis's from school, and went straight to his room, staying there till tea-time. Carrie told us his behaviour at table was as mysterious as it had been at school. Nobody could get him to talk. His cup of tea was untouched, and all he did was to keep up appearances with a piece of biscuit and butter in one hand, and pretend to eat preserved plums with the other. Tea over, that gentleman, telling Carrie with a bland smile he was going out, asked her for his hat. As soon as she had brought it, he seized it with nervous haste, and escaped from the house. Carrie began to guess at the state of matters, and she rightly guessed, Mr. Gray was in love with our Agnes. No wonder he was absent-minded, poor man. Young gentlemen in his state of mind are apt to be, and Carrie went about washing the tea-dishes, wishing Mr. Gray success, and fancying how happy Agnes would be with him.

Mr. Gray made the best of his way to Mrs. Foster's abode, and his hand trembled as he knocked at the door. Agnes opened it; "How kind you are, Mr. Gray," she said; "my mother will be very glad to see you."

Stooping his head to enter the low door of the sitting-room, he took a chair beside Mrs. Foster, who thanked him with earnestness for his kindness in coming to them.

"Listen to me a few moments, Mrs. Foster," said he, "and perhaps you will alter your opinion of the disinterested benevolence you say I possess. I am come, not to restore you a treasure, but to ask one of you. You know the scripture proverb, 'from him that hath not, shall be taken away, even that which he hath.'"

Mrs. Foster was speechless with astonishment. Mr. Gray's eyes looked for Agnes. She was sitting the other side of the room leaning her elbow on the table, the color coming and going on her sweet face. Mr. Gray continued: "Allow me to tell you a short story. I came to Millwood an utter stranger to all its good people. I came, seeking to escape from the emptiness of fashionable life. I wanted to find a rest, and a refreshing change, in a quiet, simple life, in a country village, and see if I could be loved and esteemed for myself alone. Why should my wealth and

position forever be my only title to public favor? I presented myself as a district school teacher, and was accepted. No time in my life has been happier to me than this winter, for I have felt a thousand times repaid for the sacrifice I have made, in assuming a humbler capacity than I ever dreamed I could fill contentedly, by the love I feel sure my beloved pupils have felt for me, and the kindness I have found everywhere. And my dear madam," Mr. Gray's voice became more earnest, "I seek your daughter, and I ask you to give her to me as the richest treasure I ever can possess. If I can teach her to love me," and he turned with a passionate glance to Agnes, who sat transfixed with astonishment, "I promise to devote my life to make her happy. Will you give her to me, if she herself is not averse to the transfer?"

The widow sat silent. She could not speak. At last she said: "You are too kind, too generous. I cannot realize all this. Agnes must decide. If she loves you as you desire, we are too happy;" and she left the room to hide her emotion.

"Agnes," said Mr. Gray, "you have heard my story. I have sometimes fancied that as a schoolmaster I could win your love; shall I fail to do so in my new capacity?" and again his eyes seemed to read her very soul.

Agnes made a brave effort to speak calmly. "Mr. Gray," she said, "how could I help loving you long ago? But I am not fit to be your bride—I am a simple country-girl—I know nothing of the world, and should disgrace you in your own rank. I am not worthy of you."

"Let me be the judge of that," said Joseph Gray, holding fast both her hands. "If you can love me, that is all I ask. To be loved for myself alone, is the proudest joy that could ever come to my heart. Dear Agnes, you have made me happier than I ever dreamed I could be."

The next day the story went flying all over the village, "how the school teacher had turned out to be a very rich man, who had only taught school because he liked it, and not at all for the eighteen dollars a month." "How he had offered himself to sweet Agnes Foster, and been accepted, and her mother had 'concluded not to go west at present,'" and "how Agnes would live in a magnificent house, and need not lift a finger." Everybody rejoiced at Agnes's good-fortune. You can imagine there was quite an exciting time at the next meeting of the cabinet, and many significant looks were launched from roguish eyes at poor Aggie, who endured them with the patience of a martyr.

School closed and Mr. Gray went away. In two or three days came a thick letter directed to

"Miss Agnes Foster, Millwood," in the same graceful hand that wrote the copies in our writing books.

In June, Mr. Gray came back to Millwood, what for, we could guess without the slightest difficulty. The roses that twined her hair were not so fresh and beautiful as "our Agnes," when she stood by Mr. Gray's side, on her wedding morning.

Cora Linn and Mary Ellis were bridesmaids, and they said so, and we all believed them, of course. Mr. Gray took Agnes away from us to his splendid home, and so the cabinet lost its president.

### JOKING WITH A BARBER.

Stopping for a day or two at a village a short way from Boston, Jeems went to a barber's to get shaved. On entering, and casting his eye about the room, he perceived that the barber drove a double trade of tinsner and small grocer.

"Shave, sir?" said the barber to his customer, whose face sufficiently indicated the object of his visit.

Jeems made no reply, but drawing himself up to a lofty height, proceeded, in the attorney fashion, to interrogate the barber as follows:

"Sir, you are a barber?"

"Yes, sir; have a shave?"

"And do you also keep this oyster cellar?"

"Yes, sir; have any oysters?"

"Well, sir, this occupation of yours gives rise to the most horrible suspicions. It is a serious thing to submit one's head to the manipulations of a stranger; but if you can answer a couple of questions to my satisfaction I should like to be shaved."

The barber said he would try.

"Well, sir," said Jeems solemnly, "do you shave with your oyster-knife?"

"No, sir," said the barber, smiling.

"One question more," continued the interrogator, "and remember that you are under an oath, or rather, recollect that this is a serious business (the barber started) one question more; do you never open oysters with your razor?"

"No, sir!" exclaimed the barber, indignantly, amid a roar of laughter from the bystanders.

"Then shave me," said Jeems, throwing himself into the chair, and untying his neck-cloth with the air of a man who has unshaken confidence in human nature.—*New Orleans Picayune.*

### THE BUTTER TREE.

On the banks of the Niger, in Africa, they have a tree called the Shea, from which excellent butter is obtained. The tree is like our oak, and the fruit somewhat resembles the Spanish olive. The kernel of the fruit is dried in the sun and then boiled, and the butter thus obtained is whiter, firmer, and of a richer flavor than that obtained from a cow, besides keeping sweet a year without salt. The growth and preparation of this article is one of the leading objects of African industry, and constitutes the main article of their inland commerce.—*African Researches.*

I'M ROAMING ALL ALONE.

BY MARIAN DESMOND.

O, when I'm roaming all alone,  
I'm happier than when  
I mingle in the many dance,  
Or tread the haunts of men.

I love to gaze on other scenes,  
The fair, bright, azure sky,  
Upon whose peaceful bosom blue,  
The white clouds wander by.

And the fair, bright golden flowers  
Have each delights for me;  
For in their tender leaves and buds  
God's handiwork I see.

I love the music of the winds,  
Whose notes are soft and low;  
And when the notes more loud and rough,  
The leafy branches bow.

MRS. BUSH'S BAY WINDOWS.

BY MRS. E. WELLMONT.

Mr. Bush had just such a store as suited his fancy, and Mrs. Bush had just such a house as suited her taste. There was only this difference between the two—the store never needed remodeling, but the house did. It was now ten years since Mrs. Bush introduced a set of Parisian furniture into her drawing-rooms, and having been often stripped of the white linen covering which justly belonged to the varied ottomans, chairs, divans and window-seats, the sun had made very free with their bright tints, and like many a rouged maiden, their brilliancy began to fade. This apparent decay was very opportune, as it happened at the very time Mrs. Bush was thinking of introducing two bay windows—one to adorn her drawing-room, and the other her library above.

And this was no new idea of which Mrs. Bush came possessed; so her husband's reply, "that it was all nonsense, and never worth while to incur such a useless expense," affected her not in the least. She always remembered that she brought some property into the marriage bond—a circumstance which is rarely forgotten, and sometimes too often alluded to for the comfort of joint partners in common stock. She would have the bay windows; they must be built before the arrival of the new furniture, which would be brought in the fall steamers or packets. Mr. Bush was about to take a western tour "to look after bad debts," and in his absence Shingle the carpenter would attend to the job.

All things were progressing; the carpenter's plan was well adapted to the place to be extended out, the terms were agreed upon, the time the work should be finished stipulated, and Mrs. Bush made herself and household busy in packing away and storing in an upper loft all the furniture which the upholsterer or auctioneer did not convey away. She then prepared to vacate the premises, taking lodgings where she could have a daily overnight—thus retarding by suggestions and provoking, by remarks the foreman entrusted with the job. The work did not advance so rapidly as Mrs. Bush desired—she would have it finished, by all means, before her husband's return. She had almost felt that she wished she had never undertaken the business—it was a great deal more work than she had supposed; it sent rubbish and confusion to every part of the house; they were blinded by old lime, blockaded by laths, exposed to the most driving storms, and altogether, the neat, trim house which a week or two ago presented such an attractive appearance, had become converted into a tool-shop and mortar-bed—hod-carriers and carpenters alternating, as the work demanded. Truly, to build Mrs. Bush's bay windows was quite a heavy job.

We doubt whether any proprietor ever undertook to remodel his dwelling for mere fancy, without feeling heartily sick of the business, if it occasioned the removal of the family and the tearing down that about which we had some doubts whether, when built up, we should look upon with more satisfaction. We must quote a case in point:

A friend of ours not long since became fascinated with the idea of removing the folding-doors connecting his large drawing-rooms. He sent for the carpenter, and stated his intention. Not intent upon undertaking a job, the workman remarked, carelessly:

"It will occasion you a world of confusion; the lime-dust will reach from attic to cellar. And then, again, are you sure you will like the change when it is finished? Don't you ever like to close these doors, in a cold wintry night, when a few friends are gathered, and feel that within a smaller space there seems to be more an air of comfort?"

Some of those cozy evenings were brought afresh to our friend's recollection. "What shall I pay you, sir, for thus intruding upon your time and giving your advice, for I have concluded I will not undertake the work?" demanded Mr. A.

Our friend only reflected upon one side, and this was just the position in which Mrs. Bush

found herself. In the space of two months, however, the work was completed. The bay windows were tastefully inserted, the house was rendered far more pleasant, a beautiful extended view was opened, and you had only to open the side blinds, and every enraptured beholder exclaimed: "I wish we could have bay windows in our dwelling!" Mrs. Bush was sure her husband could not but approve her improvement—in a financial view (this was the point he would consider), the house would bring double the cost of the outlay.

Unluckily, however, there are two sides to other subjects besides bay windows. Mr. Grundy occupied the next tenement to Mr. Bush—indeed they were in the same block. Shingle the carpenter had hinted that Grundy did not like the idea of thus being shut out of his prospect; but Mrs. Bush forgot Mr. Grundy had rights which he held sacred as herself, and that had he reversed them, and built a window which would overlook on one side of her drawing-room, she should have remonstrated. She therefore saw her neighbor, and apologized; but she had violated a principle of right, and he had left the affair with his attorney to be adjusted. Grundy was cool, but decided. Mrs. Bush recognized him as a good neighbor, very peaceable and kind, and she did not fear any trouble. Grundy had ordered his attorney to defer matters till Mr. Bush should return; and Mrs. Bush, taking silence for consent, proceeded to improve her drawing-room, and an upholsterer beautifully draped her bay windows.

Mr. Bush returned. "Yes, it suited him very well; he didn't know but the rooms were more pleasant, but it was an enormous outlay—five hundred dollars for each window; it would buy a small cottage in the country." The bill, however, was discharged, for Mr. Bush kept no running accounts. On going to his store one morning just after his return, he received the following note:

"J. BUSH, Esq.—Dear Sir: Mr. Grundy, who occupies a dwelling adjoining yours, informs me that by the erection of two projecting windows, you have exceeded the restrictions by which his property is legally shielded, having thus deprived him of air, light and prospect, in such cases made and provided. Your removal of such incumbrances is forthwith demanded; otherwise, a suit at law will be speedily commenced.

"With respect, your obedient servant,  
"J. TWIGGS."

Mr. Bush immediately consulted legal authorities, and found the bay windows, thus erected, were a gross infringement upon an adjoining tenant. What could he do, but apply to Shingle

to remove the same forthwith, and close up the aperture as before?

Mrs. Bush did not appear in public for some time after this affair; it was rumored that she had failing health and depression of spirits, and great doubts are expressed whether, in her husband's absence, she will ever again undertake any great job requiring the aid of a housewright.

It is needless to add that the aperture being closed, Mr. Bush's dwelling looks just as it did formerly, only it will take time for the bricks and mortar to become so discolored as to be a perfect match, where the bay windows were inserted; and it would be no marvel if Mrs. Bush should be constantly reminded of her mistake every time she surveys the outside of her dwelling.

### THE HYENA.

"Cowardly as a hyena," is an Arab proverb. Perhaps, the main cause of the universal hatred which this odious beast inspires, arises from its habit of violating graves. Whether resurrection-men or hyenas are concerned, the feeling is the same in the popular mind. What else can we do but execrate the insulters and devourers of what remains of those we have loved most dearly on earth? Now, the hyena, who fears to attack any other creature than a solitary, wretched, ailing, half-starved dog, not daring to make an onslaught on a flock of sheep, the vile hyena dines on the dead and eats their very bones. Is it likely that such a beast should meet with anything but detestation? As a precautionary measure, which is not always effectual, the Arabs bury their dead very deep. In some districts, they even build two vaults for the reception of the body, putting their precious deposit in the lower one. Consequently, the skin of so dastard an animal is looked upon as valueless. In the majority of tents it would be refused admittance, for fear it should bring bad luck with it.—*Animal Kingdom.*

### WORKMANSHIP OF HAIR.

The workmanship of hair, to be worn as ornament, has been brought to the perfection of an art. Bracelets, brooches and necklaces of various shades of hair, are elegantly wrought with jewels. I have admired, lately, several of these new and beautiful ornaments, among them a necklace forming a wreath of tulips; the flowers were wrought in hair and the leaves formed of emeralds. Also, a bracelet of blonde hair, worked in a wide, beautiful tress, through which runs a strand of turquoises; the clasp is of turquoises in the form of a medallion, on which are worked in hair the initials of the name.—*Paris Letter to N. Y. Journal of Commerce.*

In any adversity that happens to us in the world, we ought to consider that misery and affliction are not less natural than snow and hail, storm and tempest; and that it is as reasonable to hope for a year without winter, as for a life without trouble.

## EDITOR'S TABLE.

MATURIN M. BALLOU, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

### WINTER SCENERY.

Those who complain of the dreariness and monotony of winter, can have no true perception of natural beauty. All the features and phases of nature are beautiful. Even in a desert there is vastness and sublimity, as in the seemingly illimitable expanse of ocean in a calm. It is true that in the early winter, there is a period of rest, of immobility, of cold, statue-like inaction—a transitory image of death. But the spirit of beauty is silently at work preparing scenes of exquisite splendor to gladden the eyes of those who are trained to look with love and admiration on her handiwork. The first snow that falls, robing the hills and plains in its spotless ermine, bending with its weight the plump pines, achieves the task of an enchantress. Even the roofs of town and city wear a new and strange aspect from the gentle ministration of the snow.

But there are other scenes of natural magic which surprise even the coldest into hyperboles of admiration. A few weeks ago, a fall of sleet and rain, accompanied by frost, produced on the following day one of the most gorgeous spectacles which old winter offers to the eye. Attempts have been often made to describe it, but language fails of conveying an adequate idea of its magnificence to those who have never witnessed it. Nothing in the gorgeous glory of the tropics equals it; Art fails, and drops her pencil in despair, from a hopeless effort to imitate the peculiar phenomenon of which we speak. The world's wealth of precious gems would be exhausted before it conveyed a glimmer of the glory of this marvellous frost-work. Every blade of grass, every spray of lilac bush, or roadside shrub, or garden flower, bends and sways with a weight of diamonds, that flash forth their prismatic rays in the glory of the winter sunshine. The pine trees are masses of plumes and jewels; the pendulous branches of the willow descend like tresses of sultanas, braided heavily with precious stones. There is nothing in field or forest that—

—“Doth not change  
Into something new and strange.”

By broad daylight this phenomenon is sufficiently remarkable. But who can form an idea

of its magic effect who has not rode along the skirts of New England, with the full moon shimmering on the glittering branches and twigs of the trees—a maze of almost unearthly brilliancy? The spectacle thus sketched is rare, and fortunately so; for the weight of splendor attached to the trees often proves their injury and destruction. While it lasts, this spectacle is the most magnificent to be witnessed in the whole range of Nature's glories.

### HOPE DEFERRED.

The heart of Mrs. Gaines—the widow of General Gaines—is one of those brave robust hearts that “hope deferred” does not “make sick.” Through every discouragement and loss, from court to court, from year to year, she has battled to secure the legal recognition of the will she alleges to have been made by her father, in 1813, bequeathing to her property worth several millions. If, as we understand it, the recent decree of the Supreme Court of Louisiana be final, Mrs. Gaines is this day one of the richest ladies on this shore of the Atlantic. As she is a very generous woman, she will probably waive her claim to the whole amount, and, after paying costs, be content with a few millions.

**BRITISH ANNEXATION.**—The kingdom of Oude, in Hindostan, the revenue of which is ten millions annually, is about to be annexed to the British East India possessions. Why does England blame us for doing in America what she is doing in Asia?

**A GOOD ANSWER.**—A lady ordered her Irish servant girl to say she was not at home when certain persons called. “Yes, ma'am,” replied Bridget, “and when I go to the parson, will I confess it as your sin or mine?”

**SHOES.**—The French soldiers in the Crimea wear wooden shoes, which are said to be a preventive against consumption. They must be nice articles for tender feet.

**HIGH STYLE.**—The New York Sunday Courier says that the tickets to a colored ball, recently given in Gotham, were \$10 apiece.

## AMERICAN PRODUCTIONS.

In a paragraph, going the rounds of the papers, we find a sentence which is worthy of being printed in letters of gold—"Foreign supply of thought is not enough." No truer words were ever uttered. We have manufactured, and are manufacturing, everything material required by the necessities and the artificial wants of social life, supplying not only ourselves but the old world; and the time has now arrived when we must manufacture thought for the supply of our spiritual wants, as well as clothing, machinery and furniture for our physical wants. We have opened untold wealth in the mines of California; we must now coin untold wealth from the El Dorados of imagination and thought.

Not that we have hitherto been unproductive in the lofty sphere of intellect. The American mind was never without its creative representatives. Our literary annals, as epitomized in Dayckinck's recent admirable work, show that, in the very infancy of the colonies, brilliant minds were at work to illustrate our mental glory. But yet there was a lack of genuine native vigor in all these early efforts. Men moved in the shadow of Europe. For a long time after our political severance from the old world, our mental dependence on it was quietly acknowledged. The American public still preferred to read the works of English authors, waited for English criticism to stamp its seal of approval on the works of our own authors, and believed with difficulty that there were prophets in our own land.

At last one or two American authors were ranked by the English themselves with their own best living writers. Irving was compared to Addison, and Cooper was admitted to be not a great way behind his illustrious model, Sir Walter Scott. The public then began to think that there might be others capable of weaving brilliant romances and building lofty rhymes. Once the demand created, the supply followed as a matter of course, as air rushes in to fill a vacuum; and not only now do we supply the home demand, but we export for foreign consumption. In every department of letters, we are now fairly represented, and what is better still, a spirit is abroad, among authors, booksellers, and the public, which shows that our literary firmament is destined to be irradiated, not by a few transitory meteors, but by constellations and galaxies of brilliant stars. Truly, says the anonymous writer, whose striking remark we quoted at the outset, there is a better and brighter future. A national literature is springing up

in the track of prosperous industry, as the crowning harvest rises after the plough and industry of man—as the tasteful villa succeeds the log cabin of the forest farmer. Men of genius are appearing among us—poets and philosophers are slowly winning the ear of our own people, and who command the admiration of the best audiences of Europe. *Let us cherish them; for they are needed. They make the country healthy and habitable.*

## "OLD MASTERS."

The almanacs for the present month ought to have among their current warnings, "about this time look out for the old masters." Two or three times in the course of the winter, many original works of Titian, Raphael, Murillo, Vandervelde, Poussin, Teniers, Guercino, Rembrandt, etc., are exposed for sale at public auction. There is no doubt of their being genuine originals—for the catalogues say so. Fortunate Americans! While these old masters command in Europe from 5000 to 20,000 guineas each, they are knocked off here at prices ranging from \$50 to \$100. Another thing has struck us in view of the repeated sales of these old masters, their industry must have been little less than marvellous. Since we can remember, about forty thousand cords of their works have been disposed of, and yet the supply seems inexhaustible. In the mean time our artists—fellows of merit—are starving for want of patronage, and doomed to see cracked canvasses smeared with red ochre and asphaltum, purchased with avidity, at fabulous prices.

## BINDING.

Having extended the facilities for prompt and neat work in our binding department, we are now prepared to bind all works handed in to us, at the lowest prices, and in the best possible manner. Books, pamphlets, magazines, newspapers, will be bound in any desired form; our own works being finished as heretofore, and at the same rates.

**DRY GOODS.**—The falling off in the imports of dry goods at New York, for the last year, from the total of the preceding year, amounted to \$15,864,874.

**A FAÇT.**—The young lady who had a repugnance to kissing a man with mustachios, has been practising on the shoe-brush.

**QUEER.**—It was lately decided by the Irish Court of Queen's Bench, that a clergyman of the Church of England could legally marry himself.

## OLD AND NEW.

As we voyage adown the stream of time, that flows on eternally towards that vast ocean from which no traveller has returned, there are moments of calm, when our vessel seems to stand still for a moment, and when the older of the passengers look back with fond regret to the scenes they are leaving, and contrast the new prospects on which they are entering with those which they have already proved. The younger passengers are little given to retrospection; with them the future is all in all, and they chide every day which holds them back from those Delectable Mountains, ever looming in the distance in the eye of inexperience, and piled with "cloud-capt towers," and such gorgeous palaces as those which gild the vision of the youth in the first picture of Cole's Voyage of Life.

We are now in one of those moments of calm. We have lately doubled a cape, and apparently new scenes lie before us. In other words, we have bidden farewell to one year, and have entered on another. For a moment our minds dwell upon the past, and then the present or the future absorbs us, as the Maelstrom of Norway involves every bark whose keel once touches its revolving circles. The facility with which we forget an old year as soon as it has passed away, is anything but creditable to the sentimental part of our nature. The funeral is a merry one—the mourners never think of shedding tears. The requiem quickens into a wassail song, the knell into a "triple bob major" of joyous bells. It is from mere force of habit that we write once or twice the figures that represent the old year, not from any lingering affection; but we soon shake off even that equivocal sign of respect. Who dates a letter now 1855, even in a thoughtless moment? 1855! we don't know the gentleman.

We, Americans, are eminently gifted with oblivion. We don't like to dwell on by-gones. The present generation abhors things antiquated and out of date. Old houses are no longer looked upon with that degree of respect they ought to command. The quaint old manor-house, with its heavy gables, its low-studded rooms, and its small-paned windows, must give way to the modern villa, or chateau, with lofty arches and huge plates of glass, and an air of magniloquent gentility. Old trees are grudgingly, here and there, permitted to stand, though the slightest symptom of ailing, a little delay in vegetating in the spring, the smallest shadow of shabby gentility, is an excuse for the axe. They are "put out of their misery," just as old horses are; their claim to existence is hardly recognised.

So with old men. The respect for age, the reverence for white hairs, is fast becoming obsolete. In this hurry, and drive, and whirl, and bustle, amid this insane shout of progress, and craving for change and novelty, many good things are condemned in the indiscriminate warfare of the new on the old.

"I sometimes wonder," said one of our finest poets, lately, "that the present generation suffers an old man to live. There is scarcely any conservatism now-a-days, and there is danger in the fact." At the risk of being branded with the heinous charge of old foggism, we will venture to say that we think there is such a thing as progressing a little too fast. Hence, in our voyage of life, we would now and then pause, and see if we derive no lesson from our past experience. In our style of living, we think it would be well to retain some of the republican simplicity of the pest. And as to food, the editor of the New England Farmer says truly, in speaking of our ancestors: "Plain meats and vegetables—the turnip instead of the potato,—and principally rye and barley bread, made up the sum of their frugal meals; and there was less dyspepsia and despondency in those times than in our more artificial life."

Our predecessors knew nothing of hygieens and gymnastics, and calisthenics, which we do; but they were certainly a hardier race. We should do well, therefore, to peruse their records once in a while, instead of dismissing them to oblivion with the remark, that they were a "parcel of old fogies."

**FIRST PRINCIPLES.**—When Lockmann was asked, who had given him the first principles of wisdom, "The blind," he replied; "for they never take a step without first having made sure of the ground with their sticks."

**IMPORTANT.**—Since the success of Hiawatha, some of our young "poicks" have been studying the Choctaw and Ojibway dialects. This is interesting to dentists.

**FLATTERING.**—Mr. Thomas Rossiter, the American historical painter, received a gold medal, valued at a thousand pounds, at the exposition of Fine Arts in Paris.

**THE DIFFERENCE.**—The mayor of Philadelphia says the "million loan is ready for subscribers." Are subscribers ready for the million loan?

**TAXES IN NEW YORK.**—The taxes in the Imperial City were \$2 50 a head in 1830; they are now nearly ten dollars a head!

## ANOTHER ARCTIC EXPEDITION.

Dr. Kane's account of his observations in the Arctic regions has produced a deep impression, and notwithstanding a full conception of the inevitable sufferings and perils it must entail, another expedition to the far, far North is seriously talked of. Dr. Kane's discoveries have stimulated curiosity, and excited the spirit of scientific investigation. The existence of a vast open polar sea presents so many problems to be solved, that we cannot wonder at the anxiety manifested to arrive at a solution. The phenomena that other adventurers only glanced at, Dr. Kane scanned with a vigilant eye. "He is not the first," says the *New York Herald*, "as most people are aware, who has suggested that there existed a tract of open water in the neighborhood of the Pole. The Russians, who, for a century or more, have had a system of Polar explorations on foot, have named the sea Polynia, which means a 'lane,' or interval of water between tracts of ice. Sir Edward Parry, in 1827, stood on the borders of the sea, and noticed with surprise that a strong wind blew no ice towards the shore. Similar observations were made by Phipps and Wrangel. There can, therefore, be no possibility that Dr. Kane has been misled. He has merely seen and noted what had fallen previously on the retina of other's eyes without producing any impression.

"What is the nature of this sea? What its extent? Its temperature? Its office in the economy of the world? To these questions, Dr. Kane, when catechised, could give no satisfactory answer. All that he knows is, that the temperature of the air rose as he approached it, that the water of the sea appeared warmer than that of the arms of the ocean further to the south; and that ducks, and seals, and herbivorous animals appeared plentiful on its surface, and apparently migrated towards it from the neighborhood. These discoveries, slender as they are, tend to overthrow the old theory that the Pole is the centre of atmospherical frigidity; and throw open the door to conjecture as to the nature of the globe's surface around the Pole, and the principle on which cold is distributed throughout the Arctic regions."

It is thought that with proper preparations and precautions, another expedition might be pushed farther to the north without peril of life. Such an expedition would probably unravel the mysteries that shroud the story of the great Polar Sea, and set a vexed question at rest forever. Such a result would crown with fame the daring adventurer who commanded the expedition; and it would be honor enough for a life-time.

## IMMIGRATION TO GEORGIA.

A company of New England men have made arrangements to make Georgia their future home. There is an immense import to the movement. New England men, with all the varied resources of Georgia to draw upon, will make their mark wherever they locate. Waste material will be made use of, and coined each day. Thrift and energy will have a permanent abiding place together, and a genial climate will assist every effort toward improvement. The heat of summer, inland, is less oppressive than here, though it may seem strange to one unacquainted with the clime, and spring begins actually, as well as nominally, in March. May-day there has its abundance of May-day fruits and flowers. Going "Maying" has a pertinent meaning and a good reward. This movement cannot fail to promote good feeling and a correct understanding between the two sections of country, whose members will be thus thrown together. We learn that an excellent water power has been purchased, with considerable extent of surrounding land, and that the company will go out prepared to trade and manufacture on an extensive scale. An assortment of various practical working machines will be taken out, more especially wood-working and other labor-saving and ingenious contrivances. It is a novel and promising enterprise.

**A PROFOUND REFLECTION.**—A Connaught ranger was asleep during the siege of Badajoz. A cannon ball struck him and carried away his head. A comrade, who had witnessed this sudden death, said: "By my sowl! Jemmy'll be bothered intirely when he wakes in the morning and can't find his head!"

**AFRICAN INLAND SEA.**—Dr. Robman, a missionary, has verified the existence in Africa of an immense sea, without outlet, twice as large as the Black Sea, between the equator and ten degrees south latitude, and between the 23d and 30th meridian—called Ukerewo, or Inner Sea.

**MARSHAL PELISSIER.**—This brave general is sixty years old. He is now a military lion. If he had failed to take the Malakoff, "none so poor to do him reverence."

**GRUMBLING.**—An editor says he was taught, when a boy, to refrain from grumbling at two things: one, at what he couldn't help, and the other, at what he could help.

**TERRIBLE.**—The total number of deaths by cholera in Italy, last year, was 150,000.



## THE SOUL OF WIT.

There is no doubt that "brevity is the soul of wit," as a celebrated Roman consul once pithily remarked. It is of the first necessity that language should adapt itself to the diverse forms exacted by narration; but a man, under pretence of ornamenting his discourse, ought not to wander away into far-fetched comparisons, tedious details and interminable dialogues. Every narrative should be brief, and brevity consists here, not in expressing oneself in a few words, but in rejecting all details useless to the understanding of the facts or the interest of the recital. The same event may be told in such a manner as to seem short in four pages, and long in ten lines. The latter will be long, in fact, if it contains repetitions and useless circumstances; the first will be short, if it have nothing superfluous, and if it is interesting from beginning to end.

A speaker having made his appearance before Henry IV. at his dinner hour, and having commenced with these words, "Agésilas, King of Sparta," the king, who feared, from such an exordium, that the harangue would be something of the longest, interrupted him by exclaiming: "*Ventre-saint-gris!* I have certainly heard something about this same Agésilas, but he had probably eaten his dinner, and I shall follow his example."

The late General Taylor was a mortal enemy of long speeches. On one occasion, during the war with Mexico, he was marching past the gates of a certain town, where the inhabitants sent forth a deputation to meet him, and an orator addressed him a complimentary speech of half an hour's duration. Old Rough and Ready, who never could master a single word of Spanish, called up a soldier, who was supposed to be acquainted with the language, and stammered out: "Wh—what's all that he's been saying?"

"He says, please the general, that he's very glad to see you, and hopes you're well."

"Is that all?" said the general. "Why then couldn't he have said it in so many words? Tell him I'm very well, and hope he is the same."

And he ordered the column to move on, without wasting more words on the Mexican Cicero.

**WANTS.**—The London Times says the English are in want of a general, a poet and a historian. What will they pay for the articles? That is the question.

**IMMIGRATION.**—The decrease in the Irish immigration to New York for the past year, was fifty per cent.

## WORTHY OF CONSIDERATION.

The influence exerted by a good family paper in a home circle is almost incalculable. One of the first duties of a parent is to make home happy: to combine, if possible, amusement with instruction; and there is no surer way of doing this than by supplying the fireside with a good family paper. In such a paper there should be food for every mind, in each stage of development. Politics and polemics, every jarring topic, should be rigidly excluded from its columns. It should be national, not sectional, and cosmopolitan in spirit. It should reflect, as far as space will allow, the busy movement of the great world, with glimpses of its poetry, as well as its reality. The day has gone by when a rigid severity debarred the young from those enjoyments which a true culture of the imagination supplies. The interesting tale, and the well chosen miscellany, are now found to exert happy influences, when mingled with the discussion of graver themes. Such a paper, various in its contents, and strictly moral in its tone, is a welcome and reliable addition—we will not say to home luxuries, but, to home comforts and necessities. It suggests topics of conversation; it provokes in the young an inquiring spirit; it adds insensibly to their stores of information, without coming in the severe guise of a teacher. In a word, such a family paper proves a family friend; and the failure to receive their accustomed weekly sheet would be regarded by hundreds of thousands in this country as a positive calamity. These are reflections that are worthy the consideration of parents, guardians, and all who have charge of youth of either sex. Let no home be without its well chosen weekly journal.

**LIBERAL CANDIDATE.**—A candidate for the English Parliament, lately, in reply to the inquiries from the voters as to what line of politics he should pursue, if elected, answered, "Whatever you please." This is promising all things to all men. We wonder if he was elected.

**INCOMPATIBILITY OF TEMPER.**—A couple were lately legally divorced on the ground of incompatibility of temper. This reason would sever a vast number of united destinies.

**GOOD.**—In the New York Society Library a ladies' reading-room has been opened, and it is hoped the advantages for mental improvement it presents will be eagerly embraced.

**FASHION.**—The Post says that coopers are to be substituted for milliners, on account of the rage for hoops exhibited by the ladies.

## A MAD MINISTER.

Mr. Gaillardet, formerly editor, and now regular Paris correspondent of the *Courrier des Etats Unis*, of New York, gives the following account of the insanity of Mr. Silivergo, lately one of the ministers of King Otho, of Greece: "He has purchased a hundred and fifty clocks, and fifty dressing-tables, that he might receive two of his colleagues honorably. His first symptom did not appear very extraordinary to amateurs of furniture. Shortly afterwards, he bluntly asked the United States minister if he had a white vest, and if he didn't want a washerwoman. It seems even this remark was not regarded as a perfect proof of mental aberration, which was not very complimentary to the American minister's waistcoats. In an audience with the king, Mr. Silivergo asked him which he preferred, the polka, the masurka, or the minuet. 'For my part,' said he, 'I am a legitimist, and go in for the minuet.' Whereupon he executed a few steps for the enlightenment of his Grecian majesty. He was deemed mad this time, and yet there was no absolute want of logic in a statesman who associated the worship of the minuet with that of legitimacy, and no want of philosophy in a minister who talked polka instead of politics to his sovereign.

**LITERARY CURIOSITY.**—A letter was lately deposited in the New York post-office, bearing the following superscription: "For the pasture what preaches in methodist church morton street in caro. Of the saxton W. vitchon new York Sitty." It is hoped the schoolmaster will soon return from abroad.

**NO DOUBT.**—Dr. Hall, in his *Journal of Health*, expresses the opinion that "prosperity is the best pill for poor health." We have no doubt an ounce of gold is a much better tonic than an ounce of laudanum.

**PRaisEWORTHY ECONOMY.**—Hamlet's father's ghost was a very economical spirit; for we are told he "wore his beaver up,"—instead of exchanging it for a new one.

**IRRITATING.**—It is said to be provoking to be paying your addresses to a young lady, who thinks you joking when you mean to be tender, and only stops laughing to reject you in earnest.

**Is IT TRUE?**—A late English report says that turners are more liable to insanity than any other mechanics.

**SPIRITUALISM.**—"W," a correspondent of the *Boston Post*, whom we know, and know to be a man of veracity, clear-sighted and logical, has been describing in that journal some most extraordinary performances effected through spiritual "mediums." The demonstrations set at naught the theory of gravitation and were truly so wonderful that none but seers could be believers. The phenomena witnessed by the inspired author of our favorite infant melody, when—

"The cow jumped over the moon,  
The little dog laughed to see the sport,  
And the dish ran away with the spoon,"

were nothing to these modern marvels which "W" witnessed with his own eyes.

**"BALLOU'S PICTORIAL."**—No subscriber of *Ballou's Dollar Monthly* should fail to read regularly this favorite illustrated weekly journal. Its elegant engravings alone—averaging twenty in each number—are worth more than the subscription price. In addition to the illustrations, it contains as much original reading matter—tales, sketches, poems, adventures, news and miscellany—as any literary paper in the United States. For sale everywhere, at six cents per copy, or three dollars a year. See advertisement on last page.

**JOHN FROST.**—A memorial, on behalf of John Frost, the exile, who is now more than 70 years of age, is being signed in Keighley, praying her majesty to allow him to return to his native country.—*English paper.*

Can this J. Frost be our old friend, Jack Frost? If so, his "native country" is the North Pole, and we sincerely hope her majesty will permit him to return to it.

**DELICATE VEGETABLES.**—A provision store boy, the day before Thanksgiving, being reproached by a housekeeper for the quality of the potatoes he had brought her, said, in excuse: "This year, ma'am, potatoes is remarkably consumptive."

**NEW DISORDER.**—The mania which induces treasurers and cashiers to run off with corporation funds, is now called the *chest disease*. De-falcations in future will be treated pathologically.

**WHAT'S IN A NAME?**—Some of the Belgians have very pretty names. Their minister at Washington rejoices in the name of Bosch!

**MUSICAL.**—Georgia has turned out a musical prodigy in the shape of a blind negro boy.

## Foreign Miscellany.

Franconi, the original hippodrome man, died recently at Paris.

There is only one paper in Egypt, a small monthly, at \$4 per year.

The Life of Charlotte Bronte, author of Jane Eyre, will shortly appear in England.

In Turin, the Chevalier P. Stradd offers a prize of 1000 francs for the best treatise on the organization of field hospitals.

M<sup>r</sup>. Lorieux and Eugene de Fourey are preparing for publication, in seventeen large maps, an atlas of subterranean Paris.

The third and fourth volumes of John Ruskin's "Modern Painters" are to appear, next month, in London. A fifth will complete the work.

The emperor Francis Joseph intends to visit Italy in February next. He has accepted an invitation from the pope to visit Rome; and without doubt, he will be most honorably received.

By the death of Michael Vorosmarty, in the city of Pesth, Hungary has just lost one of her greatest poets. An epic, entitled "Zalen Fataass," is his principal work.

The Great North of Scotland Railway Company have placed on the floor of each compartment of their first class carriages flat jars of warm water, very pleasant comforters to the feet of travellers.

Said Pacha is still waging war with the Bedouins of the desert, and recently, having induced a number of them to give themselves up with the delusion of reconciliation, they were all put to death.

The Emperor Napoleon has presented to the Princess Royal of England a fan once belonging to Marie Antoinette, and to the Prince of Wales a small watch, of which the case is composed of a single ruby split in half.

In Preston, England, a chimney has just been completed which is 250 feet in height; its width at the foundation, 34 feet; the weight of the stone cap is thirty-one tons, and 440,000 bricks have been used in building it.

The average export of gold from Australia is stated at \$55,000,000. A new crushing machine has been successfully introduced at the mines. This machine obtained from 14 tons of ore 118 ounces of amalgam, worth \$2000.

Monster guns are now being manufactured in England, which, with their carriages, will weigh fifty tons each, and will carry a shot, half a ton in weight, a distance of four miles. It will take two and a quarter barrels of powder for a charge.

Dr. Luther, astronomer at the Observatory of Bilk, near Dusseldorf, Prussia, the discoverer of four or five of the small planets between Mars and Jupiter, has recently discovered a *hitherto unknown star* in the constellation of the Fishes. It is to be called T. Piscium.

A bust of the late James Montgomery, executed by Mr. William Ellis, has been presented to the Sheffield Infirmary; and a statue of the late Duke of Wellington, by Baron Marochetti, is about to be erected in Leeds, near the new Town Hall.

Captain M'Clure, the Arctic navigator, has been knighted by Queen Victoria.

The manufacture of idols for India is quite a large business in Birmingham, England.

The Earl of Southesk has appointed a missionary on his estate. Many estates need them.

The king of Prussia has conferred the order of the Red Eagle, of the third class, upon Dr. Barth, the African traveller.

A "Mining Exchange" is to be formed in London. Some forty-three millions sterling are there embarked in mining companies.

One of the St. Petersburg journals states that the news of the London Stock-Exchange reaches St. Petersburg, every day, in eleven or twelve hours.

In Sweden, a man who is seen four times drunk is deprived of his vote at elections, and the next Sunday, after the fourth offence, is exposed in the churchyard.

A "monster concert" is about to be given at Vienna, and out of the proceeds a handsome monument is to be erected over the spot where Mozart's bones lie.

One of the St. Petersburg journals states that the news of the London Stock Exchange reaches St. Petersburg every day in eleven or twelve hours.

The London Daily News says that strong and earnest applications will be made to Parliament to pass such a restrictive liquor law as that of Maine.

The largest ship in England is the new one in Chatham dockyard. Its dimensions are—300 feet long, 114 feet wide, and 90 feet high. It was commenced in 1851.

The ship-builders at Bristol, England, who have received orders for constructing gun-boats, have been directed by government to hasten their completion; and workmen are now employed upon them night and day.

Two marble statues of a very large size are among the spoils taken at Sebastopol. They represent St. Peter and St. Paul, and will probably be placed, one at London, and the other at Paris.

Among the list of articles exported from Switzerland, appears the item of "snails," of which 925 quintals were sold for foreign consumption during the months of October and November last.

The Italian sculptor, Chelli, has just terminated the model of the prophet Ezekiel—one of those destined to be placed at the foot of the column which the Pope is causing to be erected at Rome.

A Genoa paper announces a discovery at Rancla, in Egypt, of a great number of coins of the period of the Ptolemies, together with other Egyptian antiquities, said to be of great interest.

Louis Napoleon has presented a magnificent gold chalice to the Rev. Father Cauvin, Catholic pastor of Hoboken, N. Y. Three figures, emblematic of Faith, Hope and Charity, support the cup; at their feet the name of the illustrious donor, "Napoleon III.," is inscribed.

## Record of the Times.

Kidnapping seamen is said to have become frequent of late on our seaboard.

The plate presented to Commodore Perry at New York cost between \$6000 and \$7000.

The aggregate tonnage of United States' vessels built in 1855, was 22,024.

Men live and prosper, but in mutual trust and confidence in one another's truth.

On the person of a female robber in Albany, five hundred dollars worth of silk were found.

On the voyage of a vessel from Hamburg to New York, seven marriages took place.

American physicians in the Russian army get but fifty dollars a month. Small pay that, but consider the opportunities for practice!

The total length of the Mississippi and all its tributaries, is 51,000 miles, which is more than twice the equatorial circumference of the earth.

In the United States there are six thousand bankers and six thousand barbers, but the census does not tell which class do the most shaving.

The annual value of poultry in the United States is estimated at \$20,000,000. The city of New York expends yearly \$1,500,000 in the purchase of eggs alone.

The best dressed men wear the least jewelry. Of all things avoid showy chains, large rings, and flashy gewgaw pins and brooches; all these should be left to Indians and South Sea Islanders.

The American Bible Society has resolved to publish the Gospel by John, and Acts of the Apostles, in the Spanish language, so that they may be used as a school-book in St. Domingo.

The best cough mixture that has been made consists in a pair of thick boots, mixed with lots of air and plenty of exercise. People who hug the stove, and grow lean, will take notice.

The patent office has been very active during the last year. One thousand nine hundred and forty-six patents were issued, the largest number any one year has ever yet shown.

Jonathan Coit, who recently died at New London, Ct., left \$48,500 to the various churches and charitable institutions of that place, in sums varying from \$250 to \$10,000.

The debt of Tennessee, according to the Governor's message, is \$3,744,856, of which about \$4,750,000 consist of bonds issued in aid of railroads.

The fish trade of Peoria Lake, Illinois, affords an income to those engaged in it of over four hundred dollars a day. A large quantity of these fish, consisting of pike, bass, salmon, etc., are exported.

Shakspeare's "Tempest" has been produced at the Munich theatre with great success. The Augsburg Gazette says that this is the first time the drama has ever been played in its original form in Germany.

In 1855, 766 ships, 715 barques, 1148 brigs, and 597 schooners arrived at New York. There also arrived 1 Sardinian frigate, 1 Hanoverian galley, 158 American steamers, 4 British, and 1 French war steamer.

The profits of the flour milling business at Rochester, this season, exceed \$500,000.

In 3000 cases, inoculation against yellow fever was successful in New Orleans.

Schiller's tragedy, "Die Braut von Messina," was played on his birthday, at Weimar.

A London funkey lighted a match in a room full of gas—explosion—funkey floored.

A five hundred dollar Bible is offered for sale in Philadelphia.

Dr. Kane thinks the Polar Sea will be reached and explored.

Mr. Knapp, a native of Newburyport, Mass., is mayor of Newport, England.

George Peabody, the London banker, has given \$15,000 to the Peabody Institute, Danvers.

No letters can be sent through the mails unless pre-paid by stamps.

The commerce between the United States and the West Coast of Africa is said to be largely increasing.

A dying miser will pinch a dime until the eagle upon it screams, says Horace Mann, not knowing that there is no eagle on the dime.

The total number of deaths in Philadelphia last year was 10,686; Baltimore, 5475; Boston, 4075.

During the first six months of the past year, there were printed in Germany 3879 different works.

Joshua Brown, a wealthy and respectable farmer in Concord, was in his cellar picking over his apples, in company with his hired man, when he fell down upon his face and died instantly.

If you desire to be certain that your eggs are good and fresh, put them in water—if the butts turn up they are not fresh. This is an infallible rule to distinguish a good egg from a bad one.

Mrs. Betsey Leonard, widow of the late Capt. John Leonard, of Keene, N. H., died in that place on the 7th ult., at the extreme age of 100 years 9 months and 10 days.

Kansas, as bounded by its organic law, extends to the Rocky Mountains, 700 miles from the Missouri River. It is about 190 miles from north to south.

The Bangor Whig states that there was surveyed at that place, during the year 1855, some 211,669,193 feet of lumber, which is a larger amount than in any former year, except 1848, when it reached 213,000,000 feet.

At Cincinnati, the native place of Miss Eliza Logan, the young men, at the close of her last brilliant engagement, tendered her a complimentary benefit, at which she was presented with an elaborately wrought and costly service of silver.

The "Vanderbilt," the new steamer recently launched in New York, is said to be the strongest merchant steamboat afloat. She is constructed of white oak and locust; sixty tons of bolts have been used in the flooring; she is strapped with ninety-four tons of iron, and her dimensions are: Length on deck, 335 feet, breadth of beam, 49 feet, depth of hold, 33 feet, and 5100 tons burden.

## Merry Making.

Did you ever see the umbrella again that you eat for only "ten minutes?"

Why is a woman living up two pair of stairs like a goddess? Because she is a second Flora.

Why is an omnibus strap like a conscience? Because it is an inward check to the outer man.

Why is a Turkey a most unchristian fowl? Because it is two-thirds a Turk.

"A soft answer turneth away wrath," as the man said when he hurled a squash at his enemy's head.

What would you say if you wished a reverend Doctor of Divinity to play a tune on the violin? Fiddle-dee-dee (D. D.)

What is the difference between an auction and sea-sickness? One is the sale of effects—the other, the effects of a sail.

A man down east snores so loud that he has to sleep in the next street, to prevent waking himself up.

In an omnibus, four young ladies out of every seven invariably look through the front window at the horses.

Why does the cook make more noise than the bell? Because the one makes a din, but the other a dinner.

Punch thinks the Thames is called "The Silent Highway" on the principle that "silence always gives a scent."

A wag on seeing a pet poodle, which had been shorn of its fleecy coat, remarked that he deemed the act which had divested the animal of its covering, *shear* cruelty.

A farmer out west, in announcing his willingness to take a wife, declares that as he is himself in *clover*, he has no objection to take a lady in *weds*.

Law runs strongly to petrifications. Make a man District Attorney, and his heart will become two-thirds stone before he gets half through with his first murder case.

The following is an exact copy of a printed label on the medicine boxes of a chemist in Buffalo, N. Y.: "Cough Lozenges. Dose—One, three times a day, at *bed-time*."

"Mr. Smith, you said you boarded at the Columbian Hotel six months; did you foot your bill?" "No, sir; but it amounted to the same thing—the landlord footed me."

A dentist, having labored in vain to extract a decayed tooth from a lady's mouth, gave up the task with this apology: "The fact is, madam, it is impossible for anything bad to come from your mouth."

Horne Tooke was the son of a poulterer, which he alluded to when called upon by the proud striplings of Eton to describe himself. "I am," said Horne, "the son of an eminent Turkey merchant."

A diffident lover going to the town clerk to request him to publish the bans of matrimony, found him at work *alone* in the middle of a *tensere* field, asked him to *step aside* a moment as he had something particular for his private ear.

A wheel, unlike a horse, runs the better for being *tired*.

Why is the letter D like a sailor? Because it follows the C.

The genius who files newspapers, broke his instrument while operating on a "hard shell" organ.

Pompey being asked to take a pinch of snuff, replied; "No, massa, tank you, nose not hungry dis time."

What kind of a fever has a man who is going to pay his creditors, who live at a distance? The Billions Remittent.

Who, according to Shakespeare, was the greatest chicken butcher? Claudius, "who did murder most *foul*."

Why does the cook make more noise than the bell? Because the one makes a *din*, but the other a *dinner*.

The editor of an eastern paper says that many of his patrons would make good wheel horses, they hold back so well.

Our devil brags greatly on a watch of his that beat the town clock five hours and ten minutes in twenty-four, giving the clock two hours the start.

A negro has been arrested in New Orleans for playing on a fiddle on Sunday, thereby violating the Sabbath.

"Wiggins, what era in the world's history do you regard with the deepest horror?" "The *chol-era*!" gasped Wiggins, with a spasmodic shudder.

The Welsh have a saying that if a woman was as quick with her feet as with her tongue, she would catch lightning enough to kindle the fire in the morning.

A sailor who had hired a violin player to perform him some airs, on being asked what tune he preferred, replied "Nep-tune, you lubber! and so does every jolly tar."

When lectured upon his previous conduct to the fair sex, a volatile lord, who had just married, exclaimed: "Madam, you may depend upon it, this is my last folly."

"Paddy," says a joker, "why don't you get your ears cropped—they are entirely too large for a man?" "And yours," replied Pat, "are too short for an ass."

An Englishman paying an Irish shoeblack with rudeness—a dirty urchin, but a wit, said: "My honey, all the polish you have is on your boots, and I give it to you."

It is a bad sign when a preacher tries to drive home his logic by thumping the desk violently with his clenched hand. His arguments are *so-fist-ical*!

The gallant editor of the New York Sun says that "while Louisa Pyne is growing as plump as a *partridge*, she still sings like a *nightingale*!" Will Miss Louisa thank him for making *game* of her?

Mrs. Matilda Maggs has a frosh shingle at her shop door in one of the eastern cities with this announcement: "Notis—I ar got sum nu articles for sail such as krackers, kandles, kauphy, tups, sorters and menny other articles to numerous to menshun, all celling cheep."

# BALLOU'S DOLLAR MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

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BOSTON, APRIL, 1856.

WHOLE No. 16.

## THE BROTHER AND SISTER.

BY EDGAR L. HAMMOND.

"ANNE, put away your work—do. It is getting so dark, you will spoil your eyes; the eyes which, you have told me more than once, you are keeping for me."

Anne Cameron lifted her head with a half sigh. She had not perceived the fast approaching gloom of the twilight. Sewing rapidly and mechanically, she had been almost unconscious of the motion of her own fingers, so habitual had it become. The warning of her young brother Edward roused her from the reverie which had stolen her away from all that surrounded her. Rising, she folded her work, and laid it in the willow basket on the round stand beside her.

"Dark?—so it is, Edward; and high time that I should get you some supper. Instead of allowing you to study till this time. You have eyes, as well as I."

Edward sighed, too, as he shut his book, and put it away.

"I have not been studying this half hour, Anne; only holding my book, and forgetting, I suppose, that I did even that. I have been thinking—and watching your fingers fly. It is a great shame that they should be laboring for me, all these days, while I am idle."

His sister filled the tea-kettle, and hung it over the fire. Then, from a drawer in the side-board, she took a clean table-cloth, and commenced getting supper.

"It is only six months, after all," she said, as she smoothed down the corners of the cloth;

"only six months more; so you need give yourself no uneasiness, Edward. You think more of my labor than I do—a great deal. I do not work hard, and I like to sew. Besides, it is so great an encouragement for me to look forward to the future."

"Ay, when I am a man—a rich one, Anne!" said the boy, enthusiastically. "You shall have something more than you now possess within these four narrow walls. You shall not work then. You shall have everything that you can wish for. When I am older, and have made a fortune, then!"

"Take care, Alnaschar!" smiled Anne, lightly. "You have not even your supply of glass ware complete, yet. Wait till you have ensured your triumph."

"No; I have not the least idea where I shall find a situation, to start with. But of course there are plenty in the city, for a boy who has a good education, which I have gained—thanks to you, Anne. I have no fears on that head. And after I have gained the first round of the ladder, you shall see that I will make short work of reaching the top. You shall have the first fruits of my labor. You shall be rich—happy—independent. And yet, even now—"

"Even now I am all that you would say? Yes, I am happy and independent—and rich in being so. It does not need gold, Edward, after all; for what more could we have than now? Enough to eat, and wear, and a shelter for our heads; we have it all, have we not?"

Edward's fine hazel eyes wore a glance of thought.

"Yes, certainly, we have all that, Anne; but it is won with continual toil, unceasing struggles, on your part. What I want is to reach the time when we can both enjoy a competency—perhaps, even, superfluity—and know that it is not a question then, as now, concerning the ways and means of gaining the morrow's bread, of keeping the wolf from the door from day to day, and incapable of doing more. To know that we have enough and to spare; that our old age may be provided for against the grip of poverty; for we have shaken hands with it long enough, haven't we, Anne?"

"Yes, we have been poor a great while, Edward; but I do not think we need such *great* riches to render us content, do you? Not," she hastened to add, "not that I do not thank you sincerely for your generous anxiety to acquire riches for my sake; but when I spoke of your future, I was not thinking so much of *wealth*, as—"

"Well, Anne?"

She turned her kind and loving eyes to his face.

"Of your becoming a good, and noble, and honored man, Edward; of your gaining the respect, and confidence, and esteem of your fellow-men; of your being the pride, as now you are the hope, of my heart."

"You are right," he returned, gravely, and with some emotion; "you are right; for you are better than I. You have higher, more worthy, purer aims. Be my teacher, Anne!" And his voice softened. "Show me my way! Teach me that wealth and station must not be made my idols."

He took her hand, and pressed it with reverent affection to his lips.

"Nay, Edward, you do not need me, I trust, to teach you. Your own heart, your own conscience, they should teach you; they are your best monitors; listen to them. They will be a safeguard more secure than I can be; for their voices will speak to you at all times. You will not have them, like me, always with you."

There was a little silence. Then the brother and sister sat down to partake of their evening repast.

Alone; for they had only each other now. Seven years had passed since they had been left to strive and struggle for themselves, orphans, and in poverty; seven years since the last of these other familiar faces had vanished from their accustomed places at the board; seven years—and all that time Anne Cameron had toiled with woman's patience, and woman's courage, day by day, to keep the humble home

that was yet left them, and to gain for her young brother the means of such an education as should prove a sure foundation for his future course throughout his life. But Edward Cameron was fettered. He never could reach the noble height, whither his views pointed. A lower, grosser aim was his, and he knew it—his guide, Ambition, and his object, Gold.

"Mr. Saville—wanted. Business. Applicant, sir—situation," and the gray-headed clerk glided back to his desk, perched himself on the high stool before it, took the pen from behind his ear, and wrote on.

Mr. Saville rose immediately from his chair, and laid aside the morning paper, with which he had been engaged. Walking forward to the front of the counting-room, he discovered the visitor. A boy, handsome, bright, frank-looking, apparently sixteen or seventeen years of age, standing, cap in hand, beside the chair which had been placed for him. Mr. Saville's clear, dark, penetrating eye took his portrait in an instant. With a kind "good morning," he requested the young man to be seated; then drew a chair forward for himself, and awaited his errand. It was announced with hesitation.

"I hear, sir, that you are in want of a clerk."

Mr. Saville paused an instant before making any answer. He liked the promise in that face; but he was in doubt as to what he should say.

"We are," he returned, at length; "but I believe we have one engaged. My partner told me this morning that he had one in view, and should give him an answer in the course of two or three hours. Did you wish for the situation?"

A look of disappointment dwelt in the boy's eyes at the answer he had received; he hardly heard the concluding question. He was silent an instant; then recollecting himself, he returned, hastily:

"Yes—yes, sir. Excuse me, I did not mind what you said, at first. I *did* wish for it. I am sorry—"

He paused, with the disappointment growing more visible every instant. Mr. Saville pitied and felt interested in him.

"I am not sure that the applicant is *actually* engaged," he said. "There is a possibility that Mr. Willis may not have been satisfied with him, and in that case, I should like to make arrangements with you. May I ask your name?"

"Edward Cameron, sir."

"Cameron?" Mr. Saville reflected an instant, and then looked up again. "A relative of Robert Cameron, who died some six or seven years since, in this city?"

"His son, sir," answered Edward.

Mr. Saville's fine face lighted up with pleasure.

"Indeed! I knew your father, then. I am glad to see his son;" and he gave Edward his hand. "I was not aware," he continued, "that Mr. Cameron left one—or, indeed, that he had any family. I was told that he had three children, but that all died in their infancy."

"It was true," rejoined Edward; "my three brothers died; my sister and myself are all that remain."

"You have a sister, then?"

"One—yes, sir—Anne."

"Younger than yourself?"

"No, sir. Anne is my elder by five years; she is twenty-one."

Mr. Saville meditated again. He knew that Robert Cameron had died insolvent. He saw, without apparently noticing it, the contending poverty and neatness of Edward's attire. It was plain that aid was needed here. He resolved to save him; but it was necessary first to learn something further concerning him.

"Edward," he said, "you must have been a mere child at the time of your father's death; not more than eight or nine years of age?"

"Nine, sir."

"Have you resided in the city since that time?"

"No, sir; in W——."

"Ah! You have attended school there, I presume?"

"Yes, sir; constantly."

Mr. Saville rose and paced the floor in silence, with bowed head and folded arms. Two or three moments passed. Finally he came and resumed his seat.

"Edward, I wish I knew whether the place for which you have applied is filled, but it is impossible for me to tell yet. My partner, Mr. Willis, will not be in probably until afternoon. Were you going directly out of town?"

Edward answered in the affirmative.

"In that case, it would be well, perhaps, for you to leave your address with me; and either this evening, or to-morrow morning, you shall know something more concerning the matter."

Edward gave him the required address. Mr. Saville glanced at it, and placed it in his pocket-book, saying: "Your application brings back old times, my dear boy. Twelve years ago this very day, your father procured for me a situation in a mercantile house, in which I afterwards became a partner. He would have taken me himself; but his establishment was complete; so he used his interest for me, and got me into business. He was a kind friend, Edward, and a firm one; and one to be relied on. To him I

attribute my success in life. I trust I may be enabled to repay the obligations he conferred upon me to his children. I am glad you have come to me; I am glad to meet Robert Cameron's son!"

He clasped Edward's hand warmly; he spoke truly; he had never forgotten his early friend.

Edward lost no time in hastening home to tell Anne the news; to talk of Mr. Saville, relate the circumstances of his visit in detail; and then, in reference to the state of his own prospects, indulge in the most sanguine anticipations one moment, and yield to despondency the next, as he calculated his chances of gaining a situation. The one great subject of discussion was his morning's want of success, the next, the strangeness of his encounter with Mr. Saville.

"I think," said Anne, "I have heard my father mention a Richard Saville on one or two occasions; but in what connection, I have not the slightest remembrance. This must be the same one, I should think. Do you know whether Mr. Saville is named Richard?"

"He must be the one," returned Edward, "if that is the name; for I remember reading it—Richard W. Saville—on a torn envelope that lay on the floor."

"You should see Mr. Saville, Anne," he resumed, after a moment's pause. "He is so kind, and has such a noble appearance, with a lofty, intellectual countenance, a clear and penetrating glance; and such beautiful eyes! And then his smile, Anne—I never saw anything so sweet; and sweeter, perhaps, because it is so rare. I never saw a man who pleased me more. I should like to get that situation in his establishment—better than in any other, I think."

"I hope you will get it, Edward, if you desire it so earnestly; especially, as you like him so well; for confidence and affection can never too closely unite a young man to his employer. But if you are unable to enter there, you may find another place equally as good; and wherever you go you will, I know, be faithful to the interests of your master; learn to like him, and teach him, by your zeal and integrity, to like you."

In conversation on this subject, the afternoon passed rapidly away. Edward became agitated and impatient as evening drew near; for then, or in the morning, at latest, he was to receive tidings from Mr. Saville. He hardly touched his supper. Hastily swallowing a cup of tea, he seated himself at the window to watch for the footman. But "the twilight died into the dark," and no letter came.

Anne had cleared away the table, and now proceeded to light the lamps, and resume the



sewing which occupied her as usual. "Come, Edward," she said, anxious to divert her brother's attention from dwelling so closely on the expected arrival of the letter, "sit up here, by me, and read a little while. You have not opened this magazine, which our good neighbor, Mrs. Willoughby, sent in to you by Harry. I anticipate quite a treat from its pages."

"Ah—well—I suppose it is best," he said, rising, and drawing down the curtain; "for I see no prospect of a letter to-night."

Seating himself by the table, he opened the magazine, and selecting an article, commenced reading aloud, while Anne listened. Soon, as he entered into the spirit of his subject, he forgot letters, business, situations, triumphs, disappointments, and even poverty itself; and so did Anne. In the midst of the reading, there came a knock at the door, and Edward, hastening to open it, with the expectation of finding the postman with a letter, found instead—Mr. Saville.

Surprised and overjoyed at seeing him, and fluttering with hope, Edward ushered him in, and presented him to Anne, over whose sweet, serious countenance a trace of astonishment also flitted faintly, as she rose to welcome him. He had come to tell Edward about the situation for which he had applied, and Edward was immeasurably disappointed on learning that it had been filled that morning by another. Mr. Saville himself was not less so; for he had so earnestly trusted that Mr. Willis would announce it on his return as still vacant.

"I have regretted a thousand times," he said, "that you were not twenty-four hours earlier; for then there would not have been a question of your success. I need not tell you, if it had been in my power, I should have entered you immediately. As it is, I have secured a similar situation for you in the house of Burton, Martin & Co., if you choose to accept it."

Edward thanked him warmly for his kindness. From despondency, he was suddenly raised to cheerfulness by this unexpected announcement. He expressed his gratitude with sparkling eyes.

"But you have taken a great deal of trouble for my sake, sir," said he. "I could not have expected this of you. I cannot tell you how grateful I am—"

"Your gratitude is unwarranted by so simple an act," returned Mr. Saville, gently, interrupting him; "for you would, in all probability, have gained the place if I had not recommended you. All you have to do now is to call on these gentlemen to-morrow, and give them your decision. Your desk is ready for you there whenever you choose to take possession of it."

The matter was settled; and now Mr. Saville, dismissing business affairs from his mind, proceeded to carry out the purpose for which, in reality, he had chiefly come out from the city this evening, viz., that of forming a closer acquaintance with Edward, and making some progress in that of Anne. With the disposition he possessed towards both, this was a thing not difficult. A happy evening went by in that poor little dwelling; and at its close, when Mr. Saville arose to take his departure, Edward and Anne had lighter and more joyous hearts, surer hopes for the future, than they had known these many days. The old eight-day clock in the corner struck ten as he took up his hat.

"See," he said, smiling, "how you have made me forget time! You must watch the clock for me the next time I come. I have full fifteen minutes, however, in which to reach the omnibus office; haven't I, Edward?"

"Fully that, sir; and you will be in good season, then."

"That is well. Come in early to-morrow. Good night, now. Good night, Miss Cameron."

He clasped a hand of each, and was gone.

"Anne," said Edward, "I am not quite sure that this is not all a dream. I can scarcely believe in the existence of such good fortune—or the possession of such a friend as Mr. Saville."

He little knew how soon he was to realise the worth of that friend.

"I like him, sir. He is steady, industrious and faithful; punctual to the second, and has a head for business that will make his fortune in something less than no time, Mr. Saville! I acknowledge my indebtedness to you, sir, for recommending him to me. I would venture to say that I am at this moment some thousands of dollars richer than I should be if another filled his place."

Mr. Saville's countenance expressed the pleasure he felt. "I am glad—sincerely glad," he returned, "to hear this; both for his sake and yours. Your assurance affords me the deepest gratification, for I have an earnest interest in his welfare. I had confidence in him when I referred him to you for a situation, and I felt that it would not be misplaced; but I hardly hoped to receive such an opinion as this of yours in so short a time."

"You shall hear something better still of the boy before three years are gone. Edward has been with me exactly eighteen months now. In as many more, you shall hear from him again." And bidding Mr. Saville good morning, Mr. Burton went his way.

Cheering news was all this. Mr. Saville told it to Anne that evening, when he went out, as he frequently did now, to see the brother and sister, after business hours; and her very heart was gladdened by it. That her brother filled his place, and that he gave full satisfaction to his employers, was evident from the increase made in his salary the second year; but for such accounts of him as this, from the lips of Mr. Burton himself, she was totally unprepared; and Mr. Saville and she talked of it together with full hearts.

We touch upon that period said to compose a part of the life of every man and woman living. It commenced with Edward Cameron during the school days of Caroline Burton, who came once in a while to the store, after school was dismissed, to see her father. Sometimes it was with an errand for her mother, sometimes without any errand at all, but because "she wanted to walk home with father to dinner."

Often lingering a moment or two, to look at this thing and that, to run over the columns of the Transcript, or warm her feet at the counting-room stove; and seldom going away without a smile, and a graceful inclination of her proud head to blushing Edward Cameron, to whom she had quietly and skilfully taught the lesson of love at first sight. By-and-by a few words were exchanged on such occasions, timid and unassuming enough on his part; for he was a poor boy, and she, his master's daughter; sweet, affable and gracious on hers, for she would encourage her bashful lover. Caroline Burton was seventeen, and had her share of woman's tact; but she was not coquetting with him—far from it. She had been struck with his beauty and grace of manner; and listening to her father's praises of the young man's business talents, and predictions of his success in life, looked forward to her own future.

The year that beheld her emancipation from school, saw also Edward Cameron entering into business for himself, with the brightest prospect of success. Mr. Burton, with the most unbounded admiration for Edward's energies and capabilities, bestowed freely upon him, first, ample means for beginning a business career of his own, and—well, we will pause a moment.

The change in the respected positions of Edward Cameron and Caroline Burton did not cause them to lose sight of each other. Edward occasionally called at the office of Mr. Saville; and one afternoon it was, with something suspiciously like a blush, and an attempted nonchalance of manner and tone: "Mr. Saville, if you

are going out home this evening, will you tell Anne not to expect me so early as usual? I shall probably take tea at the house of Mr. Burton."

"Very well, Edward, I will deliver your message," Mr. Saville would quietly answer.

Then he would take his way out of town, and spend the evening by Anne's pleasant fireside; Edward returning at ten, in season to reach home at the time of Mr. Saville's usual leave-taking.

Again it was: "Mr. Saville, will you tell Anne this evening, that Mr. Burton wishes me to attend the — Lecture with his family?—and so she need not keep the table waiting."

Finally, these engagements with Mr. Burton became so frequent as to put into Anne's ideas some notion of the existing state of affairs; and an adroit question which she put to Mr. Saville, discovered to her that she was not alone in her surmises. She had never heard of Mr. Burton's having daughters—especially one of eighteen, beautiful, accomplished, and a belle. Now, however, it was sufficiently plain about Edward's frequent engagements in that quarter.

At length, Edward, at the expiration of six months after entering into business for himself, announced to Anne his engagement to the daughter of Mr. Burton. He had anticipated the betrayal of considerable astonishment; but, to his relief, she received the news very quietly.

"How soon are you to be married, Edward?" she asked; "or have you not yet settled that point?"

"It is already decided. We are to be married in three months."

"So soon? I should think—that is, would it not be advisable to wait until you can depend upon your business more fully, to support an establishment such as that which Mr. Burton's daughter will no doubt require?"

"It is scarcely necessary to wait, Anne. Indeed, Mr. Burton himself thinks so. My affairs are prospering finely. I could not wish to do better than I am doing at present, or to have better prospects."

"Shall you go directly to housekeeping?"

"Yes. Mr. Burton himself gives us our house, and furnishes it. And now let us throw aside all this debating on ways and means, and tell me, Anne, that you congratulate me on my happiness, and desire all sorts of blessings to fall on my fortunate head!"

"I do sincerely congratulate you, Edward!—for your happiness is very dear to me. I pray that every blessing may be yours."

"A thousand thanks, my pretty Anne! But

now tell me—for I assure you, I am not at all flattered by your willingness to let me get married,—don't you feel the least bit sorry about it? Frankly, now."

She looked serious. "Of course, Edward, I shall experience some pain in the thought of our separation; but if it is for your happiness, I shall become reconciled to your loss."

"Nay; but you will not lose me, Anne. You will come and live with us, as soon as we get settled; and then we shall be as happy as ever." Anne shook her head. "Nonsense, you wilful Anne Cameron!" and he pulled her ear. "You will come! Wife or no wife, I can't do without you."

"You will learn to, sir. There is no question whatever on that score. But I will give you the liberty to come and see me whenever you please."

"Thou most indulgent—thanks! But, without acknowledging my point relinquished, let me tell you something else: I want to bring Miss Burton—Caroline—to see you. May I some afternoon?"

"Whenever she likes to come, I shall be happy to see her."

"Next Thursday shall it be, Anne?"

"Any day you please."

"Next Thursday it shall be, then."

Anne looked up with an air of amusement.

"How coolly you dispose of Miss Burton's time! How do you know that the young lady is not engaged for the day you name?" she asked.

"Simply because I examined her list of the week's engagements this evening. She has promised to place that day at my disposal; so to-morrow I shall speak to her about coming out here."

This conversation occurred on Monday evening. The following afternoon, Mr. Saville came out at half-past three.

"Anne," he said, "I have come to spend the afternoon with you."

She smiled. "You have? Thank you! Sit down."

He took a seat beside her, on her favorite ottoman. "And to tease you to go and see 'Richard' with me this evening. Will you go?"

"With pleasure."

"And now talk to me, Anne—or read; something or other, for I have the headache."

"I am sorry for you," she said, gently. "Take this large chair. Lean back and rest your head—so. Keep very still. And now," with quiet playfulness, "at the risk of your calling me an old woman, I am going to make you a cup of tea."

"Anne, you are not an old woman; you are the dearest little girl in the world. Only exceedingly wilful; and that is why I let you have your own way now. Away with you, and make haste back!"

She vanished, with a smile. The kitchen fire was burning briskly, and boiling water was at hand. In something less than fifteen minutes, Anne was at Mr. Saville's side again, with cup and saucer.

"Drink, now," she said, giving it to him. "I allow you precisely five minutes—neither more nor less—in which to dispose of it."

"Little witch! you've made it strong enough for—"

"The cure of your headache. Drink! and when that is gone, you shall have more."

He obeyed. A second cup, stronger than the first, followed. And then she sat down finally, with a book, and commenced reading to him. The atmosphere about him was of golden quiet. Anne had drawn the blind partly down to soften the bright afternoon light. Her voice, low and sweet, had a dreamy, soothing influence, as she read. The nervous, racking pain in his head, induced by severe exertion, both bodily and mental, for the last week, yielded gradually to a delicious sense of rest. Before an hour had elapsed, his headache was entirely dissipated. He made her put the book away, then, and talk with him.

She told him of Edward's approaching marriage. He looked thoughtful—reflective—even somewhat grave, Anne thought, but said little on the subject, merely inquiring if she had seen Miss Burton. Her reply in the negative elicited no further remark, and a different topic was introduced. That evening they went together to the theatre.

"I wonder," said Anne, as they entered the vestibule, "if Edward will not be here to-night with Miss Burton?" For he had remained in town, instead of coming out home.

"Possibly," returned her companion; "but what made you think of it?"

At that moment, a small group of ladies and gentlemen coming slowly by them, attracted the attention of Anne. Two very beautiful young girls were in advance of the others. One of them, the taller, possessed the most grace and elegance of figure and carriage, and the most fascinating countenance Anne had ever beheld; and the whole was veiled with a haughty, majestic air, worthy of the pride of which it was born.

In the second, the more *petite* and pretty of the pair, Anne immediately recognized a former playmate of hers—one with whom she had con-

standly associated, in childhood, when they resided in the city, and her father, Robert Cameron, was a man of wealth and note. Ellen Acheson evidently recognized her, also; for, regarding Anne a moment as she passed, she turned quickly to her companion, and whispered some hasty words, in which Anne distinctly heard Edward's name and her own.

Instantly, the lofty beauty turned, casting her magnificent eyes upon our heroine with a cold, brief glance, and, giving haughty utterance to some scornful remark concerning "poor relations," the substance of which was sufficiently audible to the ear of its object, was turning away; but at that moment the stern regard of Mr. Saville arrested her, with the words dying on her lips, and the crimson blushes covering her face, she stood quite still—thunderstruck—astonished—mortified. For one instant, with a clear, cold, searching glance, he held her eyes, faltering and ashamed, fixed on his, telling her that he had heard her heartless words.

"Good evening, Miss Burton!" he said, in a voice of icy severity, accompanied by a freezing inclination of the head; then drawing the hand of his companion more closely within his arm, he moved on.

Anne's face was very pale as he glanced downward at it. He pressed her hand tenderly in his own. "Dear Anne," he whispered, "she is unworthy even of your contempt!"

And she crushed down the stinging sense of pain that throbbed in her breast. She felt that he spoke the truth.

What a meeting, the *first*, between two destined so soon to be related! Caroline Burton's pride had received a most humiliating fall. She had been introduced to Mr. Saville, by her father, but a few weeks since, and flattered herself that she was able to gain his admiration, as securely, if not, perhaps, quite as easily, as that of the score of others who had been the objects of her skilful and finished coquetry. He had met her only once, and then by chance, during the interval; and to meet with this downfall, the third time of seeing him, was too degrading. If she had known, however, the contemptuous opinion he had always entertained of her, she would have been less confident all along.

In the surprise and pain of this disagreeable rencontre, Anne had forgotten to notice whether Edward formed one of the Burton party. A moment's reflection, afterwards, convinced her that this could not be the case; for had he been, he would of course have seen Mr. Saville and herself; and the probability was, that Miss Burton would not have dared thus to have spoken.

During the second act of the play, however, she saw him enter their box, and seat himself beside Miss Burton. Desiring, if possible, to avoid attracting his attention, Anne immediately averted her face, and endeavored to give herself wholly to the proceedings on the stage. Fortunately, he failed to notice her.

The enjoyment of Mr. Saville and herself was somewhat damped by the disagreeable scene which had occurred; but the interest of the play was not entirely dissipated in consequence; and Mr. Saville's fine eyes beamed with pleasure, as ever and anon he marked, in Anne's earnest and expressive countenance, her heartfelt sympathy with and admiration of the beautiful and heroic Julia.

At the close of the performance, they hastened out of town, arriving there a full hour before the return of Edward. He was much surprised to learn that Mr. Saville and Anne had been so near him all the evening; and equally so that they had not made him aware of the fact; but Anne made some satisfactory answer, shrinking from explaining to him the real cause. He remained ignorant of the unpleasant circumstance that had taken place this evening, therefore; and affairs relative to his engagement with Miss Burton progressed to their consummation.

The next morning—we may as well mention here—he took occasion to say to Anne, that he had spoken to Miss Burton about the visit on Thursday; but she regretted much her dressmaker had set that particular day for the transaction of some affairs with her concerning the quantities of sewing to be done in preparation for her wedding; so she was obliged reluctantly to postpone the proposed visit. The gently-worded excuse was all-sufficient for Edward; but Anne heard it with feelings in exact contrast to his. She understood its meaning; Miss Burton had no desire to visit her lover's "poor relation!" The excuse was feigned.

The three months passed rapidly away. Miss Burton took care to avoid a repetition of the invitation so little to be desired—especially since that affair!—which she was relieved to find never had been disclosed to Edward. She wished to shun another meeting with her before her marriage, and yet awake no suspicions in the mind of Edward. Afterward, she cared hardly at what price she kept clear of her. At the same time she went to pass a few weeks, previous to her bridal, with some friends residing at a distance, and thus decreased still further the chance of forming this dreaded acquaintance.

Edward again brought up the subject of his sister's residing with him after his marriage.

He was somewhat discomposed by her gentle but steady refusal to accede to this plan.

"Then, Anne," he said, "I shall settle an income upon you, from my property, sufficient to enable you to take what course you please."

She would not even consent to that; she would live in this little home, where she had lived since her father's death, and recommence her old mode of earning a subsistence. She preferred it to dependence upon her brother's means.

Edward was by turns sorrowful and angry. What was his wealth to him, if she was in poverty? Should he ever take any comfort, while living in the midst of luxury and affluence, and knowing that his sister, who had toiled so many years to make him what he was, was drudging for her daily bread? No! The memory of those days nerved him; he declared that he would not rest until she consented to one or the other of his plans. He appealed to Mr. Saville, and the latter answered, that although Anne had an undoubted right to adopt either of those plans, he applauded the resolution she had taken. The brother had no power to alter the face of things. And here his unhappiness began—the realization of the truth of Anne's old warning, that wealth might prove a source of trouble, instead of comfort. He never dreamed how much more deep and bitter was that realization to become ere long.

The marriage was solemnized at church, one Tuesday morning, at ten. Mr. Saville and Anne came into town to witness the ceremony, and returned home as soon as it was over. She tried bravely to be cheerful; but the tears would come. She had lost her brother—she felt it; and had gained—no sister. That might have been a partial recompense—the possession of a sister's love; but *she was Edward's wife*—that was all. Mr. Saville said little concerning this marriage; but he felt the more deeply. It was a subject he disliked to discuss; for he was convinced that the union was by no means the most judicious which the young man could have formed. He foresaw much unhappiness arising from it.

It had been consummated, however; and the young couple commenced housekeeping immediately, in a style of which Cameron's fashionable friends quite approved. They declared her *menage* perfect, and her husband the most charming man! and she secretly congratulated herself on having secured him. Nobody ever made any inquiries about the quiet sister, who lived in comparative obscurity, out of town. Such inquiries would have been exceedingly trouble-

some; and Mrs. Cameron was secretly glad that her name was never mentioned; for she still retained her old horror of "poor relations;" and more than that, now she wished to shun her for the recollection of that scene in which her own pride and arrogance had been so wounded and humbled by Mr. Saville.

She never spoke to Mr. Saville now when they met—indeed, she would scarcely have been able, for he never gave her the opportunity. But she flattered her self-love and desire of retaliation, by imagining that the slight was entirely on her part. She had first wondered, and then been angry, at seeing him in company with "that girl;" and next, vowed undying animosity towards him, for "putting her down," as she expressed it, so completely in her presence. "What a triumph it must have been to her!" soliloquized the angry beauty. "And then to take her part against me! What right had he to do it? What is he to her?" Mrs. Cameron had not the remotest idea, either of what he was to Anne, or what he was to be! Had she possessed the knowledge, her wrath would have increased a thousand fold.

Meanwhile, Anne continued to reside in the quiet home where she had dwelt before her brother's marriage. She was resolute in her design of earning her own subsistence henceforth; she would not receive a dollar from Edward. Certainly it was her right to accept the settlement he wished to make, for he was her brother; but she put aside all question of right; her very soul rose up against the idea of being dependent on Caroline Cameron's husband for the slightest favor. She carried out her design, and felt a satisfaction unspeakable in knowing that if she had but a crust, it was the bread of liberty; that she was indebted for it to her own hand—not to the bounty of others.

Mr. Saville, sitting by her side, in his frequent visits, and watching her busy fingers, in their untiring industry, often grew (or pretended to) impatient.

"Anne," he would say, perhaps, "what an indefatigable little worker you are! You keep that needle going so steadily, so unceasingly, that it really seems to me, sometimes, as if I must take breath for it. The poor thing is tired. Be merciful, and give it a respite from labor!"

"I can't," said she, laughing, as he attempted to draw it from her hands. "It is all that keeps my needle bright, the exercise I give it. Besides—"

"Excuse me, Anne; I don't want to hear that additional plea. You have been working all day. You are tired."

"I am not tired. I hardly know my hand is moving. The motion is merely mechanical. I listen to you, and never should suspect my needle of working, if you did not make me think of it," she said.

"Well, then, you will spoil your eyes by sewing so constantly. Such unrelenting toil is injurious. I must have a voice in the matter."

He removed the sewing gently from her hands, and put it in her work-basket.

"I see, Anne, since Edward went away, you are very independent in matters of this kind; and, as I find now, very wilful, also." What do you mean to do when you are an old woman? Work in this way?"

"Yes, sir, if I live to be an old woman."

"I think it very likely you will, if you take care of yourself now. But consider that you will be unable to sew then, even with spectacles (think, Anne, of your wearing spectacles!) if you are not more attentive to the care of your sight, while you are young. Will you promise me not to sew in the evenings?"

"I should read; that would be quite as bad."

"Will you promise me not to sew?"

"No, sir."

"You wilful little thing!"

He said it half playfully, half sadly; and, with his head resting on his hand, sat looking thoughtfully into the fire. Presently he lifted up his head.

"Anne, your father was a Scot. Were you ever in his country?"

"When I was a child, I spent three years there with my mother. Edward was born there."

"Did you like Scotland?"

"Yes; but I grew homesick, after a time. My mother tried to make me like it, so as to stay longer; but she failed. We came back, and I cried for joy."

"You would not make it your home, then?"

"No."

"Not even for three years more?"

She shook her head. "I should like it less now than then, when history and romance threw around it, for a time, such a charm as made me forget my own home. But nothing could ever hold me there. Home is home; and Scotland, though it was my father's and mother's, was not mine."

"And now do you not think you should be able to content yourself there for a while—perhaps a year, or two, or it may be even, three, or four, or five?"

With a dreamy look in her eyes, she shook her head again, slowly. "No—no—no."

He did not pursue the subject. Anne, carried

back to her former life there, and occupied with reminiscences of it, did not think of asking him the reason of his interest in the subject.

The next time he came, there was something in the expression of his countenance that struck her with a feeling of apprehension. Apprehension of—she scarcely knew what. Nothing pleasant, however; for his usual calmness, both of countenance and demeanor, was something else than calmness now; and Anne soon knew why. He was about to go to Scotland, on business which would detain him there for an indefinite period of time.

"Do you remember," he said, "our conversation on the subject of a residence there, the last time I came? I was afraid, then, that I should be obliged to make this journey. I tried to coax a favorable opinion of the place out of you, to cheer me with the hope that I might make my exile sweeter! Anne, tell me, could you not say something pleasanter about Scotland for my sake? For the sake of making me happy?"

He held her hands clasped in his own—his glance reading hers with the intent earnestness of suspense. A thrill ran through her from head to foot; a flash of emotion, that came, and was gone; and the throbbing heart beat quietly again. Light had opened to her—how sweet! But she turned from it; it was too late now.

"I told you," she said. "You asked me, and I answered."

With a pale cheek, and calm and gentle utterance, she spoke. A shadow of pain passed over his brow.

"Anne, I may be gone a very long time. I shall be alone—a stranger in a strange land."

She made no reply; she lifted not even her eyes to his face; and he read the silent negative to his heart's earnest plea, and said no more.

It was the last time he should see her before his departure. He asked her to write sometimes—if only to acknowledge the receipt of his letters; and gave her his address. Bidding her adieu at the door that evening, he said:

"Anne, I dare to think that all this might have been otherwise, but for my awkwardness at first. Now I must wait."

She gave him her hand in silence; but he drew her to his breast, touching her brow slightly and reverently with his lips; and then, with a whispered blessing, an almost inaudible farewell, he was gone.

When August was at its close, he went away; and Anne, as she stood by her hearth alone, after he was gone, wondered dearly if she should ever see him again. The little cottage was a very desert now. She was nearly always alone.

At intervals her brother came out to see her. He was not now the Edward Cameron of a year previous. Toil and care had set a stamp on his countenance; and he was only twenty-two.

He asked her not to blame him for coming so seldom; for his business demanded every moment he could give to it. He felt it a hard thing that he could not come oftener; and the weary, bitter tone in which he uttered the words, made the darkest of all the mourning of her heart.

He never spoke now of his sister's coming to see him—to see his wife; never mentioned the name of that wife to his sister; neither did Anne speak of her. For he knew, now, the dislike of Mrs. Cameron for his sister; she took no pains to conceal it from him. He knew, too, that sister was very well aware of it, and had been so much longer than he. He knew why Caroline Burton never could visit her, why his sister had refused to come to their house, or to receive assistance from him after his marriage; but the knowledge came too late; he could not repair the evil now; he could only plunge deeper and deeper into the toils and struggles of life, and try to forget it. But that was of no avail; it only came back with a double sting when he went to see his sister. Bitterly he looked on her gentle face, that had grown of late as quiet and grave as in the old days when he knew her first.

"Anne," he said to her, "is this the recompense I have given you for your years of toil, endurance, self-denial for my sake? Was it for this, the best energies of your being were exhausted, and every thought, and hope, and prayer centered on my well-being? Do you remember the time when I used to talk about the wealth and honor I should attain to when I should reach manhood?—and promise it all to you for the goodness you had shown me? And I let the bloom of your lifetime wither in your toil and struggles for me, and here is the reward I give you!—to toil still for your daily bread; to wear out the rest of life, here, in poverty and loneliness, apart from me; a stranger to my home—the home for which I left you! I do not deserve a man's name! I have no right to a place among my fellows!" And he cast himself into a seat, with his face buried in his hands.

In vain the sister tried to cheer him, though her own voice trembled, and her eyes were blind with silent tears; for he was more unhappy than herself. In vain she told him she wished for no reward—her choice had been a voluntary one, and she was happy in his prosperity; he never ceased to reproach himself. And leaving her,

he would go to such an unhappy home; that he wished a thousand times he had never seen it. That splendid home was hateful to him; for it had cost him his peaceful mind. The fascinating woman, whom he had made his wife, cold-hearted, haughty and arrogant now that she had gained her own ends, cared little how he was wounded by her unfeeling pride, by her scornfully expressed resolutions to keep herself out of the way of intercourse with people who would only be incumbrances on her.

Day after day, now, the burden grew harder to bear; his wealth, given as he had sought it, became to him the curse of Midas. At length there was a convulsion in the commercial world, a crumbling of firm foundations—a fall; and among the ruins lay what was once Edward Cameron's wealth. He smiled; his wife was passionate—miserable; she would not exist in poverty; she would go home to her father's house.

But not so; for the house of Burton, Martin & Co. was a wreck; there was nothing left of the splendor that had dazzled so many. Her father could not give her the elden luxuries she had known. No, she must share her husband's poverty. With many angry tears, she reproached her husband with his loss—taunted, upbraided, instead of sympathizing with him.

\* \* \* \* \*

Three years had passed from the time of Mr. Saville's departure. On Christmas night, Anne Cameron sat by her lonely hearth, thinking of diverse things that had been in the past, and were in the present; of many changes that had taken place, within these eight past years, since Edward went that morning to seek a situation; within these five years past, since he had been in business for himself, since his marriage; thinking of his failure, which had happened so lately, and wondering whether, as he said, it was a stroke that would be better for him than prosperity; pitying his beautiful and delicate wife, and wishing, for her sake, this blow could have been less severe. And then she thought of other things; home came her heart, bearing blessed memories on its wings, and filled with blessings for a wanderer who came not to this lonely hearth now. She remembered Mr. Saville; wondering if he, too, sat alone this Christmas evening by his fireside in Scotland, thinking of the past. A letter of his lay open on her lap; a kind, pleasant, brotherly letter, that spoke to her as he used to speak. She had been reading it to-night; she prayed now for the writer, and the tears gathered, heavy and large, beneath her closed lids, as she sat with her head bowed upon

her clasped hands. Many a one of these tears, slow and sorrowful, fell upon the paper, blistering its satin surface, and almost effacing the characters that Mr. Richard Saville's hand had traced; but she never knew it; she wept on, unconscious of everything but her desolation.

Within that pleasant yet lonely apartment the glowing fire cast its crimson flush upon the walls, and upon the bowed figure of Anne. Without, the night was clear and frosty, and the Christmas stars shone as they shone that other night, centuries ago, when they sang together a sweet song, heard on the plains of Bethlehem. And their light fell upon a single traveller, who drew his cloak about him, and hurried on past the many houses, whose cheerful windows beamed redly forth, all over the village. On he went, with a quicker pace; for there was another window in the distance, shining for him. Anne heard the knock at the door; and hastily dashing away her tears, that Edward might not see them, went to let him in.

Did they blind her vision still, that she could distinguish neither Edward's form nor Edward's features? But from the open doorway, the guest stepped into the broader light that streamed from the parlor fire.

"Anne!" he said. "Anne!"

The voice was subdued, and quivering with glad emotion. He gathered her to his breast, and kissed her, again and again, as that pale face lay close to his throbbing heart; and if she could not speak to her lover at first, it was not that she did not welcome his coming; for the long, long desert of life was past, finally, her weary feet pressed the green hills beyond; and very sweet to her was this Christmas greeting.

All the way from Scotland, after four years' absence, had Richard Saville come to spend that Christmas evening with Anne; and when, an hour later, Edward joined them, the party was a happy one indeed.

We will mention, *en passant*, a promise Mr. Saville won from Anne that evening—a promise he had wished to win, and have fulfilled, before his departure that time from home, but his failure in which he had rightly attributed to his asking the wrong question at first. Of this promise we will merely say, that, in winning it, he did not begin by asking Anne if she liked Scotland.

Mr. Saville and Edward rode into the city together that evening, and discussed at some length the affairs of the latter. Edward declared that, henceforth, wealth was to him as chaff. He had known, he said, only unhappiness since he possessed it.

Some three months after, Mrs. Caroline Cameron was thunderstruck to receive an invitation to the wedding of Anne and Mr. Saville; and although at first she declared that nothing could induce her to accept it, she reconsidered the matter, and presented herself on the occasion. She was received by Anne with sincere glad will; by Mr. Saville, with such courtesy as succeeded in banishing, as it was intended to, the recollection of former events from her mind, for the time. She could not but be touched, hard and proud as she was, by the kindness and gentleness of Anne, whom she had despised, and whom she was now forced to acknowledge to herself, was infinitely her superior in every respect.

Edward was received, penniless as he was, into partnership with Mr. Saville, on the day of the marriage of the latter. He accepted this evidence of his brother's favor with the deepest gratitude, and a determination to do his best, thenceforth, to deserve and use with discretion the gifts he received. From that time, although he devoted to his business the proper share of attention, he turned his best efforts towards the acquisition of treasures of mere importance than gold, finding himself a wiser, a better, and a far happier man for so doing. Confining himself to a moderate style of living, he had no occasion to fear reverses of fortune; and his wife, obliged to content herself with circumstances far different from those to which she had all her life been accustomed, became, in her new position, a sensible woman, and a sincere convert to certain liberal sentiments which once she despised.

#### SENSITIVENESS OF A SEXTON.

Mr. William Boodle has been dead some twenty years. He was my school-fellow. I would have undertaken anything for Boodle while living, but I could not undertake for him when dead. The idea of burying Billy Boodle, my playmate from my cradle—we were put into breeches the very same day—with whom I had passed simultaneously through all the epochs—rattles—drums—go-carts—kites—tops—bats—skates—the idea of shovelling the cold earth upon him was too much. I would have buried the governor and council with the greatest pleasure, but Billy Boodle!—no—I couldn't. So I changed works a day with one of our craft, who comprehended my feelings perfectly.—*Dealings with the Dead.*

LITERATURE.—It opens a back door out of the bustle of the busy world into a garden of moral intellectual fruits and flowers, the key of which is denied to the best of mankind. Our happiness no longer lives on charity, nor bids fair for a fall, by leaning on another's pleasure for our repose.—*Dr. Young.*



## THE LOST DREAMER.

BY GEORGE H. COOKER.

His day has departed—no soul energetic  
Illumines his brow with a glory prophetic;  
And few are the deeds of affection and duty  
That spring from his visions of blossom and beauty.

Forever entranced with the sweetness of regions  
Where airy creations are moving in legions,  
He yields to the fatters that softly have bound him,  
And falleth a prey to the scoffers around him.

His spirit can sympathize not with the stirring,  
Or marvel like others at wonders occurring;  
Or sigh with the weeping, or smile with the jesting,  
Or feel interested in things interesting.

For now he forgetteth the glowing ambition  
That promised to better his worldly condition;  
And still in the web of his theories striving,  
He moveth in circles, at nothing arriving.

While others are sweeping to ports in the distance,  
His soul, on the shallows and sands of existence,  
Unable to move from the bank where it landed,  
Is left like a noble old galleon stranded.

His mind in the world with the thoughts that it thinketh,  
Is lone as a lake where the buffalo drinketh,  
Where islands of beauty their shadows are throwing,  
And waters remain, neither ebbing nor flowing.

And thus there are thousands who dream without doing,  
Who hope for the glory, yet shun the pursuing;  
Nor feel that each vision of fruitings and meadows,  
Itself but a shade, must reward them with shadows.

## THE COUSINS.

BY MARY A. LOWELL.

Mr aunt Bonner was very sentimental. She had read all the novels in the circulating library of S—, where she had been educated in a boarding-school. She contracted friendships, the most tender and pathetic, with eighteen different young ladies who had thirty-six romantic names, such as Rosa Matilda, and the like. She married; but her life-long trouble was that Mr. Bonner had no sensibility. Still, she was not much surprised, as she said she did not expect it from men.

In the course of time, a daughter was added to her family, increasing the flow of my aunt Bonner's tenderness. She rejoiced exceedingly that the little stranger was not a boy, since now she could have one being trained to the true pitch of sentimental refinement. Without taking much thought for the child's physical development, she took great pains to bring out her sensibilities, as she said; and succeeded to her satisfaction in finding that little Laura was turning out a very respectable sentimentalist.

At twelve years of age, she looked as if she had been reared on mountain dew and chopped rose-leaves, so much did her mother fear that good wholesome food would make her darling coarse and robust. Laura was indeed growing up a delicate, fragile thing, inheriting more of her mother's languishing ways than was quite pleasing to the father, who presented one of those singular contrasts to his wife which we so often see and wonder at, in matrimonial life. My aunt's husband was a shrewd, practical man of business; very benevolent and public-spirited, without a spice of romance in his composition, and heartily wishing his wife would not turn his books on mercantile law out of the room, to make way for her favorite reading.

Mr. Bonner was guardian to young Lewis Clinton, the son of one of his dearest friends, who, dying, bequeathed his son to the best man he knew; and he received the trust, and the compliment it implied, with equal heartiness and good will. He had placed the boy at school, and afterwards at college, where he had distinguished himself in a manner highly gratifying to Mr. Bonner, who now left him to choose his own path. He delighted his guardian, by deciding to remain with him, and employ his time and the fortune left him by his father, in the pursuits of mercantile life. As the son of his old friend, Mr. Bonner felt bound to offer him rooms in his own house, if it would be more agreeable to his taste than a bachelor's establishment; and Lewis was glad to accept, what he had never yet known, something like a real home.

Laura was now eighteen, and Lewis treated her with a calm respectfulness that she did not quite relish, and which her mother liked as little. They expected the young heir would have shown at least more than this apparent indifference to her, for Laura was now really pretty, and would have been more so, had she been more animated. Had they but known it, Lewis really possessed a fine imagination, and a heart that responded to the finest touches of true, genuine sensibility. Not that which is born of a diseased state of mind, and nursed by unhealthy influences, but that beautiful reality, before which a true heart bows involuntarily. He loved fine music and lofty poetry, though he had no talent for either; but he appreciated them as he appreciated all other art, without being either a painter or a sculptor. At the same time, he disdained none of the appliances of common life, liking his ease and comfort too well to become singular in his tastes and habits; and falling easily into the fashions and customs of others, in his modes of living, dressing and amusements.

Too common by far was all this for Laura Bonner. The hero of her imagination must be something set apart as one to worship and adore. True, Lewis was handsome as any of her imaginary objects of love; his name would not disgrace a woman, and he rode like a knight templar, as her mother expressed it; but then such a cold-hearted indifference to all sentiment as he manifested! and his look, so cool and unimpassioned, when she sang those tender lays that had so charmed young Fitz Clarence Warren.

Lewis was unconquered. He liked Laura, and thought her amiable and pretty. He liked her singing, but he wished she would choose music of a higher character; and he would have been really glad if she could have conquered her indolence and timidity sufficiently to mount his beautiful horse, and try to gather health and animation by a spirited ride among the beautiful scenery which surrounded them.

But there is somebody coming in the next train of cars, Lewis Clinton, who will lay terrible siege to that impenetrable heart of yours. Uncle Bonner had written for his niece, Grace Scott, to pass the winter in his family. His sister, Mrs. Scott, had a very large family, of which Grace was the eldest daughter. When Mr. Bonner had last visited his sister in Greenport, he had noticed the burdens which came upon his niece, who performed, alternately, the duties of nursery maid and governess to the little tribe of Scotts, and he pleaded earnestly for a respite for Grace. Her mother would have gladly consented; but how was she to manage, with Mr. Scott's limited income, to spare her, when she was so useful to the children, and so kind and attentive to all their wants? Mr. Bonner, in the fulness of his benevolence, paid for six months' tuition at a good school, for the three eldest, and recommended the daughter of one of his clerks as a substitute for Grace in the nursery. He had been obliged, however, to write for her three times, before the handsome outfit which he had given her could be made ready, as two of the children were attacked with measles, and only Grace could nurse them.

For a few weeks, Laura had almost compelled Mr. Clinton's attentions. Perhaps she had quarrelled with the handsome "De Warren;" at any rate, she had played on her guitar, when he was by, and selecting the most love-lorn songs, she would fix her melancholy eyes upon his face, and sigh as if from some hidden trouble. At first he was vexed; but at length he became really touched, and found himself oftener listening than he ought, to her peculiar class of melodies. When she *talked*, the charm was broken, but the

guitar renewed it. Aunt Bonner looked on complacently, and the love which Laura did not disguise, went far to awaken some interest. He began to think her more interesting, and matters seemed certainly to progress. So, at least, the mother thought. She liked Lewis much, and had often wished that his good qualities could be joined to a sensibility like that which charmed her in Mr. Warren, who, she feared, after all, would not make Laura happy. It was true that she thought Lewis rather common-place; but Laura would soften down these little roughnesses which he had acquired at college, and "on the whole," as she said to Laura, when complaining of his indifference, "you will get along as well as papa and I do."

Not a word did they hint to Mr. Bonner all the while this by-play was going on, for they knew that he would scoff at their silly attempts to manage a man like Clinton. Besides he had other designs for his ward. He hoped, earnestly, that Clinton would fancy Grace Scott, whom he longed to deliver from that domestic thralldom which he felt would soon wear out her young life; for beautiful as her sisterly affection, her patience and devotion to the troop of little ones at home, appeared to him, he could not blind himself to the fact that her strength and health must soon give way to the large demand upon both.

In the midst of the incipient tenderness, slight as it was, for to Clinton's mind, it had not yet attained any distinct form, Grace Scott made her appearance, very suddenly, one day at noon. Only that forenoon had her uncle received the announcement that she would arrive in the next train, and without stopping to apprise them at home, he met her at the cars, and accompanied her to his house in a carriage.

My aunt Bonner was just dressing for dinner, and Grace and her uncle entered the side parlor, where Laura was seated on a low ottoman at Clinton's feet, a position which she had frequently adopted of late, and was singing one of her favorite songs. She rose to meet her cousin whom she had not seen for several years, and whom she could not have recognised in the noble-looking lady, whose full round form and healthy color formed a contrast to her own drooping figure and sallow cheek.

\* \* \* \*

Grace won all their hearts before she had been with them a month. She read the newspaper to her uncle, and brought him his slippers, which was more than his daughter had ever done. She sewed long and diligently for Laura and her aunt, who both hated sewing; and she delighted Mr. Clinton by accepting his offer of the beauti-

ful horse Selim, which Laura's language had always prevented her from trying.

Grace excelled in this accomplishment, and she looked beautifully in her riding habit, with her color heightened by exercise, and the long plumes half shading her face, as they mingled with the curls that floated on her neck. These rides sealed Clinton's fate, as far as regarded the two cousins. It was impossible, too, that he should not contrast Laura's useless and visionary life with that of Grace, occupying every moment with something desirable, and sacrificing her own comfort to that of others; or rather seeking her own happiness in that of those around her. He saw Grace exerting all her powers of taste, intellect and education, in carrying out the noblest purposes of her being; and he felt how nearly they sympathized with his own. He knew that she was beautiful, because the soul within her shone out from those great brown eyes, and irradiated that calm, clear brow; and not from any mere advantage of form or color alone; otherwise he would have looked upon her only as he looked upon some beautiful painting or statue, and from her uncle's lips, he heard how she was identified by the children, those truest interpreters of character.

Did Grace share these feelings of love that were growing up fast and strong in Clinton's impenetrable heart? She sat in her room, one morning, somewhat listlessly for her, while her aunt and Laura had driven to the next town on a shopping expedition. Suddenly she sprang up, and running to the stable, she saddled Selim without help, and mounted for a ride. It was a February day; but the slant sun shone brightly on the hard, level road, which wound under a sheltering cliff, and the air was warm and bland, as in early spring.

Grace walked the horse slowly along, and gave up her whole soul to reverie. Too truly did she interpret the emotions which came thickly crowding upon her. She tried to evade the fact that she was loving unasked; but it would not be put aside. She used all the sophistry of which she was capable, and tried to call it friendship that she felt for Lewis Clinton, her cousin's lover, as she believed him to be; but over the reality came back to her, and its name was *Love*.

And now came a host of terrible thoughts of her own wickedness, as she felt it to be, when she reflected that she had come here, finding, as she really believed, her cousin not only attached to Clinton, but having her attachment truly returned. In her sudden condemnation she spoke aloud. "I will not wait until spring, to go home. I will go this very week, if my uncle

will help me. O, that I had never left those darling children to come here and break up the peace of—"

She started so suddenly that her horse started into a full gallop which lasted several minutes. When it subsided to a slower pace, in obedience to her gentle hand, another hand was laid upon Selim's rein, and she felt, rather than saw, that his master was at her side.

"Too hasty riding, by half, dear Grace," said a voice, which had ever sounded musical to her ear before, but which now she shrank from hearing, since the last half hour's painful self-communion. She turned half round with a stately air, and coldly said, "Good morning Mr. Clinton."

"Why, Grace!—Miss Scott, if you like it better—what has come over you? I should have joined you earlier, but have been detained—recreationally too, for I knew that this fine morning would tempt you and Selim to come here. Are you angry with me, Grace? and on this morning, too, above all others, when I came to you, to ask, trustingly and hopefully, if we might tread the same path together through life. Your uncle gave me permission to say this to you, Grace. He has long foreseen this. How indeed could it be otherwise, when he brought you here to fix my fate for sorrow or happiness? Answer me, Grace!"

He might have talked for an hour before Grace could answer; for her superb head was bent down almost to Selim's beautiful arched neck, and her sobe came thick and fast.

"Was I mistaken after all, Miss Scott?" he said, almost proudly. "Must I take these tears as my refusal?"

His horse started at that moment, from a sudden dropping of the bridle upon his neck, which Clinton was too much agitated to retain; and cantering furiously for a moment, the animal backed up to a huge pile of rocks, which had been gathered to the roadside for some purpose, and seemed about to cast himself and rider down the precipitous descent, to the deep growth of underbrush beneath.

Grace turned pale, but she had presence of mind to wheel her own horse round where she could catch the fallen rein and restore it to Clinton, shuddering at the deep ravine below them.

"You are a brave woman, Grace," said Lewis, sadly. "You have saved my life, but it is not much worth the risk you ran, unless you will let me devote it to your happiness."

"But my cousin Laura—were you not engaged when I came here?" said Grace, looking round to Clinton, with a radiant smile darting over her tearful face.

Lewis rubbed gaily back to her, as he told her that he had been all the morning listening to her uncle, who had informed him with a long sigh, that his daughter had just accepted Fitz Clarence Warren. Mr. Bonner had added that both Laura and her mother were in quite a sentimental ecstasy when he saw them into the carriage that morning, at the reconciliation which had taken place; "And heaven forbid," said Clinton, "that I should stand in the way of such perfect happiness!"

A robin—the first of the season—sang gaily out from the thicket which they were passing, and as they approached the village, the doors and windows were open, where fair hands were watering the plants which were taken out to feel the influence of the soft, bland, spring-like wind. Everything in the outer world seemed to sympathize with the lovers; and when they returned, it was to find the future Mrs. De Warren seated on her low cushion at the feet of her devoted Clarence, in the same position in which Grace had first seen her, and singing "The last link is broken," as if it were a dirge over her attachment for Lewis. Uncle Bonner threw up his hat, and shouted like a boy, regardless of the blushes of Grace, who escaped from the room, half crying, as she met the amazed look of Aunt Bonner, whose penetration had failed to discover any love-story in the family, except Laura's.

#### POMPEII.

The excavations at Pompeii, the city of the dead, are advancing but slowly; and although boats are required to examine that portion of the city which is now revealed, not more than one-third of it has yet been brought to light. There is no doubt that some of the finest specimens of antique art yet remain to be discovered among the beautiful villas which were scattered without the suburbs along the slope of Vesuvius. The extent of the ravages committed by the volcano in the last two thousand years may be judged from the fact that Pompeii when destroyed, was situated immediately upon the bay, but is now about two miles from the shore, the ashes and lava having caused the sea to recede that distance; yet in that vast cycle of time the level of the water-line, according to Sir Charles Lyell, has not materially changed, and were the scoria and ashes removed from between the lowest steps by which the Pompeian entered his galley and the waters of the bay, the Neapolitan boatman might row under the very garden walls of the villa of Diomedes.—*Correspondent of the National Intelligencer.*

In the march of life no one's path is so clear as not in some degree to cross another's; and if each is determined, with unyielding sturdiness, to keep his own line, it is impossible but that he must give and receive many a rude shock.

#### THE GRAVE OF FITZ.

BY WILLIAM E. FABER.

By a river in the bosom of the West,  
Amid ceaseless music, with sod on his breast,  
Sleeps one who a blessing conferred on his race,  
Yet lived in contumely and died in disgrace.  
The Ohio's murmurer his bitter fate moans,  
The notes of the wild-bird blend with its tones,  
And under the cedar and under the pine,  
The requiem of genius floats over the shrine.

And there, never ceasing, the agonies tell  
Float past where he sleepeth—unconscious of all—  
Proclaiming his triumph and sounding his name,  
Who die as the poor die, in sorrow and shame;  
And the chiming of bells shall startle the deer,  
And waken the echo, but he shall not hear;  
While flowers of the wood shall as monuments rise,  
Instead of the marble that looks at the skies.

The lilies that bathe in the stream by his side,  
Shall droop as they think of the genius who died;  
The willows that bend to be kissed by the wave,  
Shall sacred be held since they shadow his grave.  
And there the rich sunset in pity shall rest,  
Arming in crimson the sod on his breast;  
And draping with glory the spot where he lies,  
All nature shall worship what man could despise.

#### FRUITS OF DISAPPOINTMENT.

BY MARCIA B. DODD.

CAROLINE HILTON had learned the lesson which woman's heart so quickly learns, so slowly, and so seldom forgets; she loved.

Henry Harrington seemed to be worthy to be loved, and for awhile Caroline gave herself up to the enjoyment of her dream of happiness. But she soon found that the religious truths which were to her a constant source of enjoyment and support, were in the eyes of her lover but a fable. Henry was an infidel! Caroline felt such sorrow at this discovery as those only feel to whom love is not a transient passion, but a lasting sentiment, one that deeply influences their whole life. She felt that however close their outward union might be, there could be no union of hearts while he retained those sentiments. They parted. It cost Henry many a pang to give up the hope he had cherished, but she was firm; and maddened by disappointment he left the place, and sought to drown trouble by plunging into every kind of gaiety and dissipation; and within a year he was married to one as gay and careless as himself.

One only, a dear and tried friend, knew the depth of Caroline's heart trial. She was so meek and quiet, that none of her acquaintances suspected the deep under-current of feeling which

was hid beneath that calm exterior. She never complained, never even wore a look of sadness, save when she grieved for others' woe.

To her friend, she said: "If human love were all that God had given us on earth, then indeed I might die of a broken heart; but life has high and holy duties, and in the strength which God giveth, I will conquer selfish sorrow, and in the path of duty I shall find peace."

If her love had been a happy one, doubtless her story might have been told in the few words which will suffice for many a life history:

"Born and wedded,  
Died and buried."

But now the holiest depths of her nature were called out by her trial; qualities and talents which in prosperity would never have been known, shone bright mid the clouds of adversity. Her life-labor is for others—the love which, if it had met with no repulse, would have passed in one narrow channel, now flows out to all the world. No task rises too hard for her to perform, watching by night, and laboring by day, for the sick and the needy.

Writing was her only recreation; many a lonely hour has been occupied in pouring out her glowing fancies in poetry. Through the agency of her friend, some of her writings were published; they were appreciated, and fame's garland was offered to deck her humble brow; but so carefully was her name concealed, that no one knew who the gifted one could be, whose writings were the delight of all readers.

But she found with pleasure that her productions were eagerly sought, and well paid for. For though her simple tastes required nothing more of this world's good than she already enjoyed, yet she had often wished for larger means to do good. These means were now in her hands, and as no one knew that she was receiving anything, she was able to keep her charities private. The poor student of divinity never suspects who sent him such an acceptable present of flannels and linen, "made," as he says, "just as mother used to."

The apprentice boy has no idea from whence came the bundle of books, just what he most needed to assist him to fulfil his determination to gain an education.

"Come," said Caroline, one Christmas morning to her friend—"let us go and have a merry Christmas." The friend was her companion in all her charitable works, and fully sympathized in all her joys. They visited poor old "Aunt Phebe," and found her rejoicing over a large Bible, which, she declared, she could almost see to read without glasses. They called on the

Widow Saunders, and were told of mysterious gifts of food and clothing, which had come like bounty from Heaven, and "caused the widow's heart to sing for joy."

They found children delighted with new toys, and old people with new comforts, which Caroline had sent them, though they knew it not. Her friend saw in her flushed cheek and sparkling eyes, that she found it "more blessed to give than to receive."

Years passed, and Henry Harrington returned to the home of his youth—to die. His wife had died, and he was left with two small children; he felt that he had not long to live, for consumption had marked him for its victim. Soon after his return he sent for Caroline. Her friend was with her, when a note, traced by the sick man's trembling hand, was given to her. They went together to see him, he was on his death-bed. Caroline showed no outward emotion, but the struggle which the sight of her first and only love caused in her heart, was known only to God.

"Caroline," the sick man said, "I have sent for you, to entreat you to take my children when I am gone, and teach them the holy faith which has been the guiding star of your life; and which I now feel that I need, but, alas! it is too late for me; but my children! O, may they never know the horrors of an unbeliever's death-bed."

"It is not too late," returned Caroline; "it is never too late for the cry of the penitent to reach the ear of mercy."

They conversed long, and she had the happiness of seeing him who had lived in doubt, die at last believing. His children have since been her constant care; and as she sees them growing up, intelligent and pious, she feels repaid for her labor. She sometimes says to her friend with a smile: "I thank God, that I was disappointed in love."

#### SAMUEL ROGERS.

It is to be regretted that Rogers did not personally know Dr. Johnson. He went to his house determined to present himself, but when he had lifted the knocker his heart failed him; he dared not give the rap which would bring him before the burly tyrant of the realm of letters; and letting the knocker quietly down, he slipped silently away, and thus dropped a link which would have otherwise connected Dickens and Tennyson, through him and Johnson and Pope, and Dryden and Davenant, and Shakespeare, with Spenser.—*Courier and Enquirer.*

Hon. Richard Boyle compares marriage to a lottery, for in both, he (or she!) that ventures may succeed and may miss; and if he draws a prize, he hath a rich return of his venture; but in both lotteries there is a pretty store of blanks for every prize.

## JENNY SILL—A LOVE BALLAD.

BY BOLANTRIS.

I know a laughing, blue-eyed maid;  
She lives a-down the hill,  
And wears a gown and hood of blue—  
Her name is Jenny Sill;  
Her lips are like twin-cherries red,  
Her cheeks like roses bloom;  
And she is happier far than queen,  
That e'er sat on a throne.

O, soon the merry bells will ring,  
And peal a gladsome chime;  
And on a coming May-day morn,  
Sweet Jenny will be mine;  
For just one year ago to day,  
She said she'd be my bride;  
And that she'd share my joys and cares—  
Sweet Jenny, true and tried!

And there we'll rent a little cot,  
Down by the busy mill;  
And there we'll pass our happy lives—  
I, and my Jenny Sill!  
O, blessings on my Jenny's head,  
May joy e'er hover near!  
And may she never know grim care,  
Or shed one bitter tear!

## SHOT IN THE THROAT.

## A TALE OF FRONTIER LIFE.

BY ANSON B. CLIFFORD.

MANY years ago, when Kentucky was one great wilderness, and the red man roamed freely over its rich lands, and hunted by the margins of its many rivers, Daniel Boone left his home in Maryland and plunged alone into the deep wilds of that region. Awhile he lived all alone in the forests; then his brother went with him, and together they explored the country as far as Cumberland River; then more men came, and finally the old pioneer had a noble band at his back. With bold and fearless steps, Daniel Boone cleared his way through the opposing hosts of red men, only once a prisoner, and then escaping as no other man could have escaped—travelling one hundred and sixty miles through the dense forest in four days, all alone, and eating only one meal during all that time! But at length the population became too thick for the adventurous pioneer; he could not live where he could smell the smoke of a neighbor's cabin; and when his hair was gray, he shouldered his faithful rifle and struck off for the deeper wilds and solitudes of the Missouri, where, he lived alone among the great trees.

"We saw him," says an eminent traveller, "on those banks, with thin gray hair, a high

forehead, a keen eye, a cheerful expression, a singularly bold conformation of countenance and breast, and a sharp, commanding voice. He appeared to us the same Daniel Boone, if we may use the expression, jerked, and dried to a high preservation, that we had figured as the wanderer in the woods, and the slayer of bears and Indians."

Early one spring, Daniel Boone, in company with five others, passed on near to where the town of Greensburg now stands, and there, finding a fertile spot upon the banks of the Green River, they determined to encamp for the season. They knew that the Indians were all about them, so their first work was to build a stout log cabin. They made it of elm logs, and left two loop-holes upon each side and end, which would not only serve to admit light in the daytime, but also for shooting purposes when besieged by the red men. When this was done, they prepared a small lot of land for corn, and having planted it, they turned their attention to the wild beasts, of which there were plenty in the neighborhood.

The youngest man in the party was Lyman Markham. He was only five-and-twenty, and this was his first season in the forest. He was a native of Virginia, of a good family, and naturally of a warm, adventurous spirit. His highest ambition, for several years, had been to follow the lead of Daniel Boone. Greg Lottel was also in the party. He had often been asked if his name was not *Gregory*, but he spurned the insinuation. His parents, he said, were not such fools as to give him so long a name. Greg was five-and-forty; a warm-hearted, impulsive, generous man; rough in his manners, and stout and powerful in frame. He had spent most of his life in the woods, and could feel at home nowhere else.

One day, the party were out after an old bear, which had been doing mischief about their cabin. They had been out after the same bear twice before, but the brute had managed to escape them. A dozen times had Lyman Markham said that he would give a good bear for just one shot at the fellow. This time, they came in sight of old Bruin not half a mile from the camp, and the foolish fellow knew no better than to climb up into a tree.

"Stand back! stand back!" cried Lyman. "That bear's mine—mine to shoot."

So they all stood back, and Lyman crept up towards the tree. He waited until he could get a fair sight at the fellow's heart, and then he raised his heavy rifle. Of course, the lookers-on were sure that the game was just as good as

dead. Presently, the youth fired, and as the sharp report rang out upon the air, the bear leaped down from the tree and fled into the woods. Poor Lyman stood like one petrified. But a cry of pursuit from Boone started him to his senses. The party passed on after the fugitive, and ere long, they came up to him again. This time Greg Lottel fired, and the bear dropped. They found that Lyman's ball had struck the fore shoulder and glanced off, lacking only one inch of the mortal point.

"Never mind," said Boone, laying his hand upon Lyman's shoulder, "I've made worse shots than that when I've been too sure."

"That's it," cried the youth. "If I hadn't been so sure I shouldn't have missed him."

"Pooh!" uttered Greg, lightly.

That was all he said, but it cut Lyman to the quick. Greg was an old hunter, and of such the youth wanted their praise. He didn't stop to think that the simple word might have been spoken in fun—he felt it as a slur upon his skill as a marksman. However, nothing further was said at the time.

The dead bear was carried to the camp, and after the skin had been taken off, and the best meat selected, the rest was given to the dogs. Three days after this, while Boone and one other of the party were out, Lyman Markham made allusion to his shot at the bear.

"'Twas too bad," he uttered. "If I hadn't been so mighty sure, I might have hit him right."

"Pooh, youngster," said Greg, with a smile, "you're only a beginner yet. But you'll come to it by-and-by."

"Only a beginner!" echoed the hot-blooded youth. "By the crack of powder, I can shoot as well as you."

"Not quite. You never seed me miss a bar."

"Nor you never saw me miss before."

"'Cause I never seed ye shoot afore."

At this, the other two laughed heartily.

"By heavens, Greg Lottel, I can shoot as well as you!" the youth cried. The loud laugh had grated harshly upon his already discordant feelings, and he was growing angry.

But Greg only laughed boisterously at his assertion, and this added fuel to the flame already burning in Lyman's bosom.

"Greg Lottel," he cried, "you're a braggart!"

"Am I?" uttered the elder hunter, catching the spark in turn.

"You are just that, and if you know what's healthy you'll keep your tongue off from me."

"Eh, youngster—you're getting a bit riled; but you may be fetched to your trumps one of

these days. What would ye do if a dozen Indians was yellin' about ye?"

"Just as I'd do if a dozen such fellows like you were doing the same thing."

"Eh?"

"Perhaps you'd like to try it," said Lyman.

"Look here, my boy," returned Greg, beginning to get about as full as he could hold, "if you're wise you'll keep that tongue of your'n a bit more quiet."

"Don't blow, Greg Lottel. You've insulted me when you had no cause, and I am not fond of it. If you are such a shot, I can give you a mark. Just step out to the river's bank and pace off your own distance, and I'm your man. We'll take shot for shot."

"You mean a kind of duel, eh?"

"Yes—just so."

"Well, boy—I shan't do it."

"Then you're a coward as well as a braggart!" uttered Lyman.

The youth had now become utterly mad. He believed that Greg was making sport of him, and trying to lower him in the estimation of the others. The very fact of his having missed the bear was galling, and this other matter was unbearable.

The old hunter started to his feet and seized his rifle. Those were words he could not bear.

"Come on!" he whispered. "You shall have your own way for once. Come on. Greg Lottel is not a coward, though he might wish to spare the life of an inexperienced boy. But come."

"Hallo! What's all this?" cried Boone, coming in at that moment. "What's to pay now?"

"Never mind," returned Greg, attempting to pass out.

"But hold. You're mad. What is it? Banks, what is this?"

The man thus appealed to, who was a veteran hunter, gave his leader a full account of the whole affair. Boone looked first upon Greg, and then upon Lyman, and finally he said:

"Now look here, boys—this is just nothin' but a piece of nonsense. But keep your tempers, for you'll have a chance to try 'em afore long. The redskin is close here. Mind that."

"Are the injuns here?" asked Greg, quickly.

"They be, close upon us," answered Boone. "I saw their tracks to-day, and you may be sure they'll show 'emselfes afore long. So now put up your rifles, and let 'em rest till you want 'em for some better purpose."

Greg Lottel put his weapon up without a word, for he had been with the old pioneer too

long to disobey him—not from fear was this feeling, but more from a deep, worshipful respect for his dauntless leader. But Lyman Markham gave not up so easily. He took another step towards the door, and grasped his rifle more firmly. Boone could read every thought of the youth, and for an instant his sharp eye flashed; but the spark went quickly out, and then, while a strange smile passed over his face, he said:

"Look'e, Lyman. I know how hot your blood is, but you'd better keep your heat for the hour when you'll need it; and just let me tell ye, if ye stay in the woods as long as I have, you'll find not much tamper left to throw away. Now, put up your rifle. Put it up, I say."

Slowly and reluctantly the youth obeyed. His eyes were downcast, not because he had been thus spoken to by his leader, but because he began to feel ashamed of the part he had been acting.

"Now," resumed Boone, "let me make you a proposition. As sure as fate the redskins will come upon us. You shall each choose your own mark upon the red varmints, and we'll see who shoots the best. Mind, now—I shall be the judge."

This was deemed satisfactory, and the youth stepped towards Greg and extended his hand.

"All right," the old hunter exclaimed; and in a few moments more a visitor could not have told that anything unpleasant had happened.

Towards the middle of the forenoon, on the following day, Boone came to the cabin, and bade his men get ready their rifles and ammunition.

"Are the injuns comin'?" asked Greg.

"They are, sartin," responded Boone. "Just now I saw a fox cross the path close by the river, and he had an arrow in him. Then I put my ear to the ground, and I could hear the redskins' tramp as plain as sunlight."

Without further remark, the men got down their rifles and cleaned them where they needed cleaning. Boone had four rifles, Greg three, and the others two each. They were all carefully loaded; and then the ammunition was placed where it could be handy in case any of them got out, though that was not probable, as each man could carry nearly a hundred rounds. The heavy door of the lodge was closed and barred, and then they awaited the coming of the enemy.

"Now, boys, choose your marks," said the pioneer.

"I'll put every ball I send into the victim's throat," said Lyman, with a proudly flashing

eye. "Every Indian I shoot shall be found with a ball in his throat, and so directed that it shall cut the spine of the neck. This day I'll prove my rifle good, or I'll never lay claim to marksmanship again."

"And you, Greg—where'll you take 'em?"

"Right in the temple—either the right or the left."

"Then the rest of us will pull for their hearts," resumed the leader.

Nearly an hour passed after this ere a sound was heard, and Boone said that the Indians were waiting till they supposed the whites would be at dinner. But they came, at length, and they came in a host. At first, only one or two were seen peeping out from the woods, but ere long, they all showed themselves, and there were certainly two hundred of them. They came up on all hands, completely surrounding the cabin, and yelling like so many raving fiends.

The cabin was about twenty feet square, the walls made of logs over a foot thick, and ten feet high. No bullet could penetrate here. The loop-holes were eight inches square, and about four and a half feet from the ground.

"Now, boys," uttered Boone, "let every shot count a dead man. The varmints think they have an easy job, but I've been in worse odds than this, and seen the scamps go off second best, too. Don't stand in front of the holes if you can help it. Now up with your mummies, and then at them."

These "mummies" were simply eight sticks stuck up, one at each loop-hole, with a firmly twisted ball of stripped hide upon the top of each. These balls were about the size of a man's head, and the hunters placed their hats and caps upon them, and as they came just even with the apertures, the Indians would naturally enough take them for men. They were so arranged that they could be put out of sight at will.

The first shot fired was by Lyman, and an Indian staggered and fell. In an instant more four more shots followed, and four Indians bit the dust. Not more than twenty of the men had fire-arms, and they at once commenced firing at the objects, which they supposed to be men, through the loop-holes. These fellows with rifles were first picked off, and then attention was turned to the others. But as those who had the fire-arms dropped, the weapons were seized by the live ones. The hunters took their aim obliquely through the loop-holes, and thus avoided all direct shots from without. A dozen savages rushed upon the door with their tomahawks, but the stout fabric was not in much danger; and besides, from the further loop-hole on



that side, they could be picked off from about the door as fast as a rifle could be loaded and fired.

Lyman Markham seemed to know but one thing, and that was, that as fast as he could load his piece an Indian throat was pierced. Not a nerve in his body quivered, nor did a muscle relax. With a quick, intuitive wit, he avoided all shots from the enemy, and aimed his own weapon under cover of the mummy. Thrice had he changed rifles, as one became so hot he could not use it, and thrice had he simply stopped to wipe the streaming sweat from his brow.

"My salvation of soul!" uttered Boone, clapping his hand upon the youth's back, "how do you load your rifle?"

"By lever-power," returned Lyman, as with one powerful sweep he rammed home a ball. "Aren't they thinning?"

"Drefully," answered the old pioneer, at the same instant clapping his rifle to his shoulder and shooting down an Indian, who had just raised his head to the nearest loop-hole.

Now six smart men, who are shooting a man at each fire, and loading and firing as fast as they can, will soon dispose of a hundred men. Suppose they load and fire, each man, twice a minute—which an experienced hunter can do with great ease, and follow it up—then we have twelve men falling each minute, and in fifteen minutes we should have one hundred and eighty. But allow that only half these shots kill, and even then we have a fatal work going on. Some people have hardly been prepared to give credence to the stories which have been told of the adventures of Daniel Boone and his companions; but, in sober truth, an eye-witness would not dare tell half the actual occurrences, so wondrous were they of physical prowess.

Boone received an arrow in his left shoulder, towards the middle of the action, but he took no other notice of it than to pull the arrow out.

Finally the savages moved off to consult, and then the hunters sat down to rest. They might have fired with deadly effect still, but they were fatigued. Boone counted those who thus met in council, and he could make but twenty-eight of them. Several times, during the engagement, the Indians had tried to procure something combustible with which to set the lodge on fire, but they had not succeeded.

"Let's at 'em once more," said Boone, at the end of some five minutes; and hardly had he spoken, when Lyman's rifle again spoke its death-words.

The savages waited for five shots, and then,

with an unearthly yell, they fled from the place. In half an hour more, the hunters went forth, to view the result.

It was a ghastly sight upon which they gazed, but they looked upon the corpses of the redskins about the same as they would have looked upon so many dead bears or wolves. They were counted, and *one hundred and forty-one savages lay dead upon the greensward, and upon the corn-patch!* The engagement had lasted very near an hour; and the only supposition upon which the savages could have so long remained exposed to so murderous a fire was that they imagined there were a great number of men in the lodge, and every time those "mummies" were bent down out of sight, they supposed so many men were shot, and that the reappearing of the cheat was the coming of a fresh man.

With anxious, nervous movements, Lyman Markham helped turn over the corpses, and as one after another came up with a shot in the throat, a quick sparkle of the eye told how warm were his feelings. Incredible as it may seem, there were *forty-two* of the red men with that fatal shot in the throat! while only twenty-nine were found with a shot in the temple.

"Lyman," spoke Greg Lottel, frankly and warmly, at the same time grasping the youth by the hand, "you are a better shot than I am. I speak it honestly and willingly."

"No, no, Greg; not better. Say I am as good. I ask no more."

But there was no quarrel over this. Boone simply made the remark that better shooting than Greg's would be useless, and that to excel Lyman would be impossible. And then they went to throwing the dead savages into the river, for they could not bury them.

In after years, Lyman Markham was Boone's oftenest companion; and the old pioneer, when his eye had grown dim, and his step weak, told no story of his long and adventurous life with more pride and pleasure than that of the young hunter's *shot in the throat!*

Joe and Hal were at an evening party, and walked together to a window opening to a balcony.

"Miss Smitherings is very beautiful, is she not?" remarked Hal, in commenting on the company, but without taking the precaution to look out on the balcony.

"Very handsome; but has she any brains?" asked Joe.

"Nary brain!" sighed Hal, as if he deeply regretted the deficiency.

A scream and a fall outside on the balcony—Miss Smitherings had heard and fainted. None of the company except Hal and Joe ever knew why.

## THE WIND.

BY N. B. PERKINS.

Along the rugged mountain, down by the silent stream,  
Now nestled in the murky sky, where forked lightnings  
gleam,

The crashing thunders roll along upon their unseen wing,  
While round the hearth, in silent fear, my little children  
cling.

But soon thy gentle breath dispels each cloud from out  
the sky,

Behold the golden orb of day in splendor meets the eye;  
Ah, now thy voice is hushed awhile to murmurs soft and  
low,

The earth, now bright and gay, alas, a sudden change  
must know.

Hark! listen to those moaning sounds around our cottage  
door,

So chilling, as they penetrate the cracks along the floor,  
That now the fire must be renewed to heat it as it cools,  
To keep it from approaching and freezing off my thumbs.

## DEATH OF A MISER.

A German named John Herryman, of this place, died lately, leaving a fortune estimated at from twenty five to fifty thousand dollars. He was one of the lowest class of misers, equal to the most loathsome ever painted by Dickens. For the last sixteen years he has constantly worn the same blue, linsey-woolsey yamms and pantaloons, carefully run or darned all over with strong thread so as to prevent the possibility of wearing out, except on important occasions, such as land sales or something of that nature, when they gave place to a suit of black velvet that he boasted had served him faithfully for forty years. He contracted the disease of which he died by walking over the bad roads during the most inclement weather of the season, all the way to Putnam and Henry counties, to pay his taxes on the land he owned there, without sufficient clothing to protect him from the cold. In fact, we are informed that he scarcely ever wore a shirt or under garment, and that the one he had on when he died had not been changed for over three months. Although rich, he had been known to chaffer with the smiths over the price of a horse shoe which he had picked up in the street. So far as is known, he leaves no heir. He always resented any questions as to the place of his birth, relatives, or early history.—*Sandusky Vindicator*.

A friend of ours who was in New York recently, went into a fashionable restaurant for refreshments. While seated there a feller and his "gal" also entered, and seated themselves near him. Each studied the bill of fare attentively. The young man having called for a beefsteak, asked his "lady love" what she would order. After hesitating a moment, she said she would have a woodcock. "Woodcock!" exclaimed the fellow, nervously fingering his slim purse. "Woodcock! thunder! they are as big as turkeys—'twould kill you to eat one of 'em." The "gal" was content with a mutton-chop."

## THE INFANT GIANT.

When steam first applied its infant shoulders to lift the kettle-cover before the eyes of Watt, how limited its expectant uses, even to the wildest hopes of that fortunate thinker! Now, behold the giant of the nineteenth century, how he is compelled to tug and strain the tireless sinews of his strength, in countless fields of usefulness and labor! See how bravely he bears us through the storm. Insensible to cold and careless of sleep, behold the snow that blockades our path fly before him in the dim starlight. With mouth full of fire, and nostrils expanded with smoke, hear him laugh defiantly at the solstitial rays, beneath which every laborer would melt. See him furrow the billowy brine for millions of miles, and interchange the growth of different zones. He spans the sea with bridges. He enters the factory, and seizing its central crank, he plies its complicated machinery with inconceivable velocity and power. He weaves our garments and carves our furniture. He multiplies our thoughts in books and newspapers, and impels them through the world. He bores his way through rock and mountain, and leaves an avenue for the flow of commerce. He grinds the grain of continents, and carries it to meet the necessities of man. No kind of labor is too undignified for him to perform—no task too heavy for him to accomplish. He delights in noise, and dirt, and soot, and smoke. He is not afraid of his dainty fingers. Wherever work is to be done, there is his home. Whenever a difficult job is placed before him, his iron muscles fairly thrill with joy. See how, in the few years of his wonderful activity, whole forests have gone down his throat, leaves, and boughs, and mighty trunks. And who shall say this laborious Titan has yet got himself fully in harness? What we have seen him do, is mere preparatory service—the first trial of his boyish strength, before commencing the serious business of his life.—*Chr. Freeman*.

## A DRUNKARD'S BRAINS.

Hyrti, by far the greatest anatomist of the age, used to say that he could distinguish, in the darkest room, by one stroke of the scalpel, the brain of the inebriate from that of the person who had lived soberly. Now and then he would congratulate his class upon the possession of a drunkard's brain, admirably fitted from its hardness and more complete preservation for the purposes of demonstration. When the anatomist wishes to preserve a human brain for any length of time, he effects his object by keeping that organ in a vessel of alcohol. From a soft pulpy substance, it then becomes comparatively hard. But the inebriate anticipating the anatomist, begins the indurating process before death—begins it while the brain remains the consecrated temple of the soul, while its delicate and gossamer tissues still throb with the pulses of heaven-born life. Strange infatuation, thus to desecrate the godlike! Terrible enchantment that dries up all the fountains of generous feeling, petrifies all the tender humanities and sweet charities of life, leaving only a brain of lead and a heart of stone!—*Medical Journal*.

## THE PHANTOM RIDE.

BY BLANCHE D'ARBORES.

Fetch hither my gallant steed, Lamone!  
 My racing cap to me;  
 My riding-habit and whip—then come,  
 Make ready and follow me.  
 The ladies ride for a prize at the fair,  
 And I would be there to-day—  
 Where the mountain breezes of bracing air  
 Chase ennui and fever away.

Go! hasten, Lamone, and fetch Prince Eke,  
 Curvetting so proudly tame;  
 Feed him, and polish him brightly and neat,  
 And comb out his wavy mane;  
 Saddle him tautly, and bridle him well—  
 I would leap in the race to-day;  
 For my spirit is longing for strife to tell  
 Its vigor is lasting aye.

Hasten, Lamone—I would mount him now,  
 And be off to the fair to-day;  
 I would gaze from the heights of Onletagran  
 On the creek in its winding way;  
 I would delve on the ravine, skim o'er the glade,  
 And dash o'er the mountain wild—  
 And feel again when I mounted my steed,  
 As I did when a forest child.

Away, Lamone!—'tis a vision all!  
 Prince Eke, like a phantom steed,  
 Must patiently stand in his lonesome stall—  
 Ah, this is a farce indeed;  
 My aching brow and my throbbing brain  
 Tell 'tis a vision wild;  
 For never shall dash o'er the mountains again  
 Fayette the forest child.

## WILD DICK.

BY EDGAR S. FARNSWORTH.

SOON after the gold fever began to rage in our cities, I arrived in New York from Liverpool, in command of the old brig "Lillian," and found that her owners were fitting out the fine clipper-ship "Lady Franklin" to carry out passengers to San Francisco. As they had no master engaged for her, and I had announced my intention of leaving the brig, I was put in command of her, and in a week from the time I left the "Lillian," I was outside "Sandy Hook," outward bound, with a fair wind.

My crew, with the exception of the chief mate and one foremast hand in the starboard watch, was comprised of a lot of Spaniards and Portuguese, who knew barely nothing about a ship's rigging, and could no more be depended upon, in case of emergency, than a parcel of school-boys; but as I was careful to shorten sail on the first appearance of heavy weather, I took

the ship into San Francisco in good season, with the loss of but few spars.

The foremast hand alluded to was known among the sailors as "Wild Dick," though his real name was Richard Glover. He was always the first to execute an order, and his seamanship was so far superior to the rest of my men, that I took a strange liking to him, from the first. He was continually putting himself in the way of danger, whether duty required it or not. This, and his strange appearance at times, led me to think that he had not always occupied the station he now filled, and I resolved to learn his history, or at least find out what was preying upon his mind, for evidently there was something.

One afternoon, after we had doubled the cape, and were going along with the trade winds, I sent word forward to him that I wished to speak with him in the cabin. He soon made his appearance, and on my requesting him to be seated, he appeared quite surprised; for (as he afterwards told me), what I could want of a foremast hand in the cabin, was entirely beyond his comprehension. But when I made known my wishes, he at once laid aside the coarse language of the sailor for that of a polished gentleman.

"It is true," said he, "that I have not always been what I am now. Still, I don't know that there is aught in my history that would interest you, captain; but if you wish it, I will relate a few of the leading events of my life, merely to show how I came to be a rover on 'old ocean.'"

I urged him to proceed. He did so; and I will give the narrative in his own words, as nearly as I can recollect:

"The place of my nativity was a small town in the north of England. My father was a very wealthy man, and as I was the only child, with the exception of a sister two years younger, and the idol of both my father and mother, no expense was spared to gratify every whim of mine; consequently, it is not strange if I was spoiled by indulgence, though I received an education equally as good as any youth in that section of the country.

"One day, when I was in my nineteenth year, I was out hunting, alone, on horseback. The animal I bestrode was young and entirely unused to the business, and on the first discharge of my fowling-piece, ran directly under a tree which stood by the roadside—the lower limbs brushing me from the saddle; but as I could not clear my feet from the stirrups, I was dragged a considerable distance from the spot, until the girths of the saddle breaking, cleared me from

the frightened animal. I was completely stunned when I was thrown, by my head striking a large stone. How long I laid there, I do not know; but when consciousness returned, I found myself in a strange room, with a beautiful girl sitting at my bedside. In answer to my inquiries as to how I came there, she told me that her brother had found me lying senseless by the roadside, and not knowing who I was, had brought me to their home, where I was welcome to remain until I was sufficiently recovered to return to my own. I then gave her my address, and told her the cause of my accident. In a short time, her brother came in, accompanied by a doctor, who, after examining and dressing the cuts in my head, gave his opinion that I was too much hurt to bear removal, and that it was highly necessary that I should remain where I was for a number of days.

"At my request, the young man who had brought me there, went immediately to inform my father of my situation. In a few hours, my father made his appearance. He seemed much alarmed, on hearing the doctor's opinion, but instantly made arrangements with the inmates of the cottage for taking care of me; then sitting by my bedside awhile, returned home.

"The house where I laid was the home of Farmer Loraine, a poor but worthy man, whose family consisted of a wife and the two children I have already spoken of. Everything was done by them that could be done, to make me comfortable. The girl, Ellen Loraine, was constantly at my side, ready to attend to my slightest wants. She sometimes read to me such stories, that I would become so interested as nearly to forget the pain of my wounds; and last, but not least, I became interested in my gentle nurse—and you will not think it strange, captain, when I tell you that before I left that cottage, I loved her with all the wild, uncertain passion of youth.

"My parents came to see me every day during my somewhat protracted illness, and I could not but notice that my father suspected the true state of my feelings in regard to Ellen Loraine, and felt much distressed about it. He was very aristocratic in his notions; and as much as he idolized me, he would rather have seen me laid in the grave, than to marry a poor girl, no matter how honorable or intelligent she might be; and to these foolish notions of his, I am indebted, in part, for being what you now see me.

"No words of endearment had as yet passed between Ellen and myself; but I read in her pure eyes that my love was returned, and when I left that cottage, it was with the determination

of making that girl my wife, as soon as I became my own master.

"After my return home, and I had entirely recovered, my first ride was to the cottage of the Loraines. I found Ellen walking in the garden; and after going into the house and paying my respects to her good mother, she invited me to accompany her again into the garden. I accepted the invitation; and as she led me from flower to flower, she explained the language of each, until at last she came to one, the language of which was undying affection. She blushed deeply; and plucking it from its stem, gave it to me, and the next moment our story was told.

"I visited her daily, for some time, without my father's suspecting it; but one day, being absent from home longer than usual, he mistrusted my whereabouts, and on my return, lectured me severely on my folly in being led away by one of Ellen's standing, and ended by telling me that I could no longer find shelter under his roof, if I did not stop the disgraceful connection. I made no reply, but my surprise was greater than I can tell, for never before had my father spoken an unkind word to me. The thought never had entered my mind, for a moment, that he would resort to such a thing to gain his purpose; and I do not think, now, that he meant what he said, farther than to frighten me from my purpose. All the powers of earth combined, could not have changed my determination in regard to Ellen Loraine.

"My proud spirit was now fully aroused, and my mind soon made up; and the next morning I left my father's house, fully determined never to enter it again, unless I could do so in peace. I took nothing with me, excepting the clothes I had on, my jewelry, and what money I happened to have in my possession at the time, which I knew would be sufficient to answer my present purpose. I went immediately to Farmer Loraine's, and after relating the affair of the past night, I announced to them my determination, which was to leave England, for a time, and go to America, as I wished to get entirely out of my father's reach. I thought if I went to America, and stayed until I was of age, and then returned to England, that perhaps my father's feelings would be changed, and that he would not disinherit me upon my marriage.

"The good people at the cottage were much surprised at my determination of leaving my country, and entreated me not to go; but after exacting a promise from Ellen that she would be mine, if I returned within a few years, I took leave of them and made the best of my way to

London. I found a vessel there on the eve of sailing for the States. I immediately secured a passage in her, and after a long and tempestuous voyage, I was landed in New York. I will not attempt to describe my feelings on first landing, but I assure you they were anything but agreeable. I took lodgings at a hotel and began to look around me for some situation wherein I might earn a living; but as I had no trade, and was unaccustomed to work of any kind, none wished to employ me. My prospects were, indeed, at that time not very flattering; my money was nearly expended, so that I could not have gone back to England, if I had wanted to.

"One day, as I was strolling along on one of the wharves, I saw a large bill posted at a ship's gangway. I went up to it and read: 'Seamen wanted for Rio Janeiro. Apply on board.' I now saw my way clear; during the voyage to America, I had been intimate with the sailors, and consequently had picked up a little seamanship. Everything on shipboard was new and strange to me, and for the novelty of the thing, I learned the ropes, and how to furl a royal; and once or twice I went on the yard while the men were reefing topsails, and learned how to knot a reef-point. I now saw a chance to turn the little knowledge of seamanship I possessed to advantage. I went immediately on board, and inquired of a sailor, who was coiling a rope on the main deck, if the captain was on board. He told me I should find him in the 'regions below.' I went below, and as I entered the cabin, I was accosted by some one whom I took to be the captain, with:

"Well, boy, what do you want here?"

"I saw your advertisement for seamen, and would like to ship, sir," was my reply.

"You're a pretty looking subject for a sailor, truly," said he; "why, a gust of wind would blow you overboard!"

"Not as easily as you suppose, sir," said I. I turned to leave the cabin, when he called out to me to stop.

"Young man," said he, "I like that answer of yours! It shows good spunk; and if you like, you can sign these articles, and go in the ship. But I think, by the looks of ye, that you might as well sign your death warrant, for my officers are Nick's own children, and would as soon throw a youngster like you overboard, as they would drink a glass o' grog, if you didn't toe up."

"I made no reply, but stepped up and signed the ship's articles.

"Where's your luggage, boy?" said the captain.

"I have no sea-clothes, sir," was my reply.

"If that's the case, then you'd better go ashore and get some directly, for we shall be getting under way, in a day or two, and we shall want your valuable services about getting some spare topmasts aboard."

"I started to go, but as I was stepping on to the wharf, he again called out to me to stop.

"I guess before you go, you might as well go up and clear them colors."

"I looked aloft, and saw that the end of the flag, at the mast-head, had got afoul of the royal backstay. I instantly sprung up and cleared it, and came down by a topmast backstay.

"Well done, my boy!" said the captain. "There's many an old sailor that couldn't have done it as quick. I don't know but there's good timber in ye, after all; but we shall soon find out. This aint the first ship you've been aboard of, either," said he, "or you'd come down on the ratlines, instead of slidin' down a backstay. But go ashore, and change your rig, for I don't like to see such dandified clothes, or a gold chain, aboard my ship."

"I went immediately to a sailor's clothing establishment, and when I again went on board the ship, I was metamorphosed, in appearance, to a complete sailor, and was highly complimented by the captain for the change. I did not go on shore again before we sailed, although it was nearly a week before we got under way, but kept at work on board. It was hard for me, at first, to feel obliged to obey every wish of petty officers, but there was no alternative, and in a little time I became so accustomed to it, that being sworn at did not make me feel uncomfortable in the least.

"I was chosen in the watch with an old man, whose hair was white as snow. He was considerably bowed with age, yet he was as spry as a cat, and not a man on board knew his duty better, or could execute an order quicker, than 'Scotch Harry,' or, as he was sometimes called, 'Old Harry.' The first night-watch at sea, on board the Oneida, this old man seeing me standing alone, came up, and speaking kindly, accosted me thus:

"Maybe this is your first voyage, young man, and maybe this crew are a rougher set of fellows than you're used to living among."

"The old man then looked inquiringly at me, as if he would read my history at a glance.

"This is, indeed, my first voyage before the mast," said I, "and the sailors certainly are a rougher set of beings than I've been accustomed to associate with."

"I know'd it in a minute," said the old man,

'when I seed you standin' there alone; and I always pities a poor boy when he first goes to sea. I once had a boy, myself, who went to sea with me; but one day a squall struck the ship, while he an' another boy was furlin' the 'fore-royal,' an' the mast was carried over the side, an' the boys was both drowned. Poor little Ned!' exclaimed the old man, wiping away a tear with the sleeve of his jacket. 'We've got a hard set of fellows in this watch; but if you'll only keep an eye to wind'ard, you'll get along well enough. And mind I tell ye, if you gets in any trouble with any of the men, just come under the lee of 'Old Harry,' and he'll take care of ye.'

"I soon became a great favorite with the old man, and in return, I became much attached to him. He took great pleasure in teaching me, so that under his tuition, in a little time I could execute any order given, about working the ship, nearly as well as any one on board. In the same watch was a Spaniard—a blustering, bullying sort of fellow, who was never on good terms with officers or crew. He disliked me, in particular, though for what reason I never knew, and lost no opportunity of making me trouble. One afternoon, after the decks were cleared up, and everything made snug for the night, the mate, in coming forward, saw a marlin-spike lying upon deck. He stooped and picked it up, and then called for me. As soon as I saw the marlin spike, I mistrusted that the Spaniard had laid it there for the sake of having me punished, for a short time before, he had heard the mate tell me to put the tools away into the bow-locker.

"'How's this?' said the mate; 'I thought I told you to see the tools put away into the bow-locker, but here's a marlin-spike rolling about in the lee scuppers. To pay for this, and to refresh your memory a little, you can spend the next four hours on the main sky-sail yard.'

"'I did not leave that marlin-spike there, sir.'

"'Come, none of your muttering,' said he, 'but pick yourself up on that sky-sail yard! Away you go! Lively, there!'

"I sprang into the rigging, but just then Old Harry stepped up:

"'I ax your pardon, sir,' said he to the mate, 'but I seed that pesky Spaniard take that marlin-spike out of the locker and lay it on deck.'

"'If that's the case, then,' said the mate, 'you can come down.'

"He then called for the Spaniard, and after giving him a genuine 'Dutch blessing,' sent him aloft in my stead; so he was fairly caught, in a trap of his own setting.

"The night after this little affair happened, we were called at two bells, in the mid watch, to stand by to reef topsails. As we came tumbling up on deck, the Spaniard grumbled dreadfully at being called up, whereupon Old Harry says to me:

"'Dick, I want you should show yourself smart to-night, and beat that confounded grumbler at reefin'.'

"I promised to do the best I could, and when the reef tackles were hauled out, and the order given to 'lay up and reef,' I sprang into the rigging close at his heels, and gained a situation next him on the yard. We both did the best we knew. He knotted four reef-points, I knotted five; and as I had the inner yard-arm, I gained the deck a few seconds before him. He was heartily laughed at, by the whole crew, for being beaten at reefing by a green hand. This provoked him so dreadfully that he swore everlasting vengeance on me, and as he went forward, he muttered that I never should live to see Rio Janeiro. As I had no better opinion of the man than to think he would carry his threats into execution, if ever an opportunity offered, I was continually on my guard for a time; but when the affair had blown over a little, I became less cautious.

"One night, just after we crossed the line, I had the look-out from ten to twelve in the first watch. The wind was fair, and as there was not much probability of having work to do, in that watch, the men, one by one, stretched themselves upon deck, and in a little time, the whole watch were fast asleep and snoring lustily. I was sitting on the weather railing of the t'gallant fore-castle, with my feet hanging over the bows. My thoughts were far away in old England, with 'the girl I left behind me,' when I received a blow from a hands-pike, and the next instant I was in the water. It was doubtless intended for a death blow, but the thickness of my skull and tarpanlin hat combined, warded off the effects of the blow, although it was very starlight with me for a few moments.

"Luckily for me, I was a good swimmer, and as the ship was going through the water slowly, I thought I would try to get on board without alarming the watch. I passed along astern until I got abreast the mizzen-rigging, when I saw the end of the mizzen-royal-clewline hanging over the side. It was too far out of water for me to reach, but the next moment the ship gave a lurch to windward, and I caught hold of it and pulled myself up into the mizzen-chains. The officer of the watch was then walking the quarter deck close by where I stood, but as he had

not seen me, I concluded to remain where I was, until I could get inboard, and go forward unnoticed by him; but I glanced forward, over the rail, in time to see the Spaniard stretching himself upon deck. A moment after, the officer stepped to leeward. I sprang over the rail and went forward without being seen by him; but that night, after our watch had gone below, the man who was at the wheel when I came inboard swore that he hoped never to eat another mouthful of salt beef, if he didn't see a ghost come inboard and go forward among the men.

"I stepped into the fore-castle, and taking a pocket-pistol from my sea-chest, went on to the lookout again, as if nothing had happened. The men were still sleeping soundly, with the exception of the Spaniard, who, although he was lying upon deck, snored far too loudly for a sleeping man. I concluded to say nothing of the affair to any of the men, but wait until the morning, and inform the captain. But I was soon rid of this dangerous enemy, for in this case, as in the other, the fate which he intended me, was reserved for himself. That very night, while furling the flying-jib in a squall, he fell off the boom, and we saw nothing more of him. After this, everything went finely with me during the remainder of the voyage, and on our arrival in New York, the captain invited me to go another voyage with him.

"Are you fully confident that a gust of wind will not blow me overboard?" said I. "If you are, I will go another voyage with you, provided I can go as an able seaman."

"Ah," said the old man, laughing, "I own I was a little deceived in you; but then, you know, you can't always tell by the looks of a shark how big a man he can swallow."

"Our next voyage was to Liverpool. Immediately on our arrival in that port, I squared accounts with the captain, and set out for my father's house. When I arrived there, he had just returned from the funeral of my mother. He received me very coldly, and on my inquiring the cause of my mother's death, he answered:

"You were the sole cause of it, Richard. She worried herself to death, thinking that her only son had left her, and gone forth a wanderer, she knew not where."

"I turned from the reproaches of my father, to go to the cottage of the Loraines; but my father stopped me.

"Richard," said he, "it might save you some trouble to know that your old sweetheart, Miss Loraine, has given her hand to another. You would not find her at the cottage, if you were to go there. Immediately after you left

your home for her, she repaid you, and elevated herself by marrying an itinerant musician. Her parents are both dead, and the cottage stands empty."

"I could not believe my father's story until I had been to the cottage, and found it unoccupied; but this, and the fact that I had found no answers to the letters I had written her, awaiting me in New York on my arrival there from Rio Janeiro, convinced me that Ellen had broken her vows to me, and accepted another.

"This, and my mother's death, were too much for me. I was taken dreadfully ill, and confined to my bed for three long months. In all that time, my father did not enter my room. I was left entirely to the mercy of servants, who cared little whether I lived or died. My sister I did not see at all. Immediately after the funeral of my mother, she went to a distant part of the country, to spend a few months with a relative. Her health was poor, and my father thought that a change of scene might benefit her. She had not been gone from the house an hour when I arrived.

"Immediately on my recovery, I once more bid good-by to the scenes of my childhood, and started for London. I shipped for the South Seas, where I cruised five long years, suffering everything that man could suffer, in the attempt to drive the thoughts of the past from my mind. I was not successful; and at last, I again returned to England, to find that my father had died some months before, with delirium tremens. Yes, sir! my father, who once would no more have tasted ardent spirits than he would poison, died the death of a drunkard. He took to drinking soon after my mother's death, and from that to gambling, and in a few short months, he lost the whole of his immense wealth, and was reduced to beggary.

"After trying, in vain, to find the whereabouts of my sister, I again went to sea, where I have cruised from one port to another until, at last, I came on board your vessel."

"Dick," said I, "if I were in your place, I think I should get me a nice little wife, and settle down on shore, for my remaining days."

"Captain," said he, "it is now nine long years since I saw Ellen Loraine. She was the first and only woman that I ever loved, and her image is as fresh in my memory as though it were but yesterday we parted; and although she proved false to me, I have not forgotten my vows to her, and will never marry another. Now, captain, you have had the outlines of my history, and with your permission, I will go forward to my duty."

Not long after this, we arrived at San Francisco. I discharged and paid off my men, with the exception of "Wild Dick" and the chief mate, who were as yet undecided whether they would go to Calcutta with me, or leave the ship and try their luck at the mines. But a few days after our arrival, however, my mate announced his determination of leaving the ship. I immediately went on shore to find Dick, and offer him the mate's berth. I knew I could find no one that would fill it more to my satisfaction, for he was an able seaman and a skilful navigator. I had not gone far, however, when I met the object of my search coming towards the ship.

"I've good news for you, this morning, Dick," said I. "I want you to go as first officer of my ship."

"Ten thousand thanks for your kindness, sir," said he; "but I have received still better news than that, this morning."

"What," said I, "are you going master of a vessel? or have you heard from your lady-love?"

"Neither, captain," said he, handing me a letter. "This will explain all."

I opened and read the letter. It was from a lawyer in London, informing him of the death of an uncle, who, having no children of his own, had left Dick his entire property, the income of which was an immense sum.

"I congratulate you on your good fortune, Dick," said I, "although I am sorry to lose your services on board my ship; but I suppose you will go immediately to England?"

"Yes, captain; I have just shipped myself in the *barque Aurelia*. She is a crazy old thing, but the only vessel there is up for London; and I do not feel at all particular as to speed, as it will probably be the last voyage I shall ever make, excepting in my own vessel."

After we had gone aboard the ship, and dined, Dick told me his plans for the future.

"If," said he, "the contents of that letter are true, and the old *Aurelia* don't go down, instead of to London, I shall buy a nice little craft, and follow the seas merely for my own amusement. I have been at sea so long that life on shore would be far too dull for me, now."

He took a pencil from his pocket, and after marking for a moment on a piece of paper, he handed the paper to me, saying:

"Take that, captain, and if you ever see that signal flying at a vessel's main-truck, you may know that 'Wild Dick' is on board of her. If I am alive and well, I shall be in New York about one year from this time, where I hope to

have the pleasure of your company at my cabin-table."

After wishing me a good run to Calcutta, he bade me good-by, and left the ship, and I saw nothing more of him before he sailed for England. I was detained in California longer than I expected, on account of the difficulty in getting a crew; this, and a good deal of heavy weather on the passage to Calcutta, made my voyage a long one. When I arrived in New York, at the earnest request of my wife, I resigned my command of the clipper, and agreed to stay on shore for a year or two.

When the time arrived for Dick to make his appearance, I visited the shipping daily for a considerable length of time, but not seeing any signs of him, I concluded that he must have changed his purpose of coming to New York, and so gave up looking for him. But one morning as I was reading my newspaper, I glanced at the shipping intelligence, and at the head of the list of arrivals, I saw the name of the schooner "*Ellen Loraine*, Glover, master." I instantly seized my hat, and to the utter astonishment of my wife, started for the wharf on a run. In a short time after leaving the house, I saw Dick's private signal floating at the mast-head of a top-sail schooner. I made my way up to her, and as I glanced aloft at her signal, to satisfy myself that I was right, before going on board, I involuntarily exclaimed: "What a beauty!"

"She is indeed a beauty, but not half equal to the one she is named after, captain!" said a richly-dressed gentleman, who stood leaning against the taffrail. "But come on board, and examine her for yourself; I think you have looked long enough to satisfy yourself that that is the signal of 'Wild Dick!'"

I turned, and recognized my old friend, Richard Glover. His dress was so changed, that I had not recognized him before, although he knew me the moment I came in sight of his vessel. I instantly stepped on board, and after a hearty shaking of hands, I complimented him on his fine appearance and the beauty of his craft.

"I care but little about my personal appearance," said he, "but I am somewhat particular as regards the looks of my craft."

After showing me about the decks, he said:

"Now you've seen everything above board come below, and inspect my cargo of live freight!"

"What!" said I, jokingly; "your craft isn't a slaver, is she?"

He made no reply, but taking me by the arm, led me into the companion-way. We were met at the cabin-door by the most beautiful woman



I ever saw, and judge of my surprise when Dick introduced her as *his wife*—she that was Ellen Loraine! At the cabin-table sat a couple, playing at chess. Dick introduced the gentleman as his brother-in-law, Mr. Loraine, and the lady as Mrs. Loraine, formerly Miss Harriet Glover.

"You look astonished, captain," said Dick, "but be seated, and I will explain all to your satisfaction. The morning after I left you at San Francisco, I sailed for London. One dark night, when we were within a few days' sail of that port, we heard the firing of minute-guns. Our barque was headed away in the direction of the firing, and in a little time we discovered a large packet-ship on fire. We approached as near to her as was consistent with the safety of the barque, and lowered our boats. We succeeded in saving a number of both passengers and crew; but they crowded into the boats in such numbers, that they were several times swamped, and thereby many valuable lives were lost that otherwise might have been saved.

"After having, as we supposed, got all of the living on board, we were about hoisting our boats, when a shriek was heard from the burning vessel. I instantly discovered a female form standing on the fore-castle, literally surrounded by the flames. I immediately sprang overboard and swam towards the burning ship. I called out to her to leap overboard; she did so, and as she arose to the surface, I caught hold of, and succeeded in sustaining her above the surface of the water, until we were picked up by a boat from the barque. When we were safe on board, I discovered that female to be none other than my 'long-lost Ellen.' Among the number, also, picked up by our boats, were my sister and Ellen's brother. None of them recognized me until the next morning, when I made myself known to them.

"The story of my father concerning Ellen's marriage was untrue, but was told to prevent my searching for the place of her abode, which, on the death of her parents, had been the house of a maiden aunt. My father had intercepted our letters, and she supposed that I had entirely forsaken her; but she proved true to me through long years, and you see our mutual constancy is at last rewarded.

"My sister had removed to the same neighborhood, and was wooed and won by Ellen's brother. Immediately after their marriage, they all set out on a journey to the States, partly for pleasure, and to see if they could learn any tidings of my humble self. They had been but a few days out, however, when they fell in with

me under rather different circumstances than they had expected.

"A few days after this singular meeting, we arrived safe in London, where Ellen and I were united in marriage. As soon as I could present my claims, and arrange my business matters, I bought this craft and sailed for New York, to fulfil an engagement with a friend. Now, captain, you know all; and I beg you to consider myself, and my craft, at your disposal for the present."

Soon after, I accompanied Dick to England in the "Ellen Loraine," and before I returned home, I had the pleasure of seeing them all settled in the old homestead of Dick's father. Dick has lost his love for the sea, in the society of his beautiful wife, and for years has been loved and honored as the good "lord of Glover Manor."

#### ASIATIC SAVAGES.

The savage tribes of Asia are numerous, and a sufficient idea of their mode of life will be formed from a description of a few of them. The Alowetians—or, rather, the inhabitants of the Alowian islands, situated at the north eastern extremity of Asia, and neighboring on America—have no government of any kind, yet each community selects some chief, invested with no other authority but that of deciding any dispute they may have with each other. They generally choose the man that has the largest family, and is most successful in hunting and fishing. They occupy, probably, the lowest place in the scale of savage life, eating wild roots, sea-weed and fish, frequently half putrified and cast on shore, and the flesh of foxes and birds of prey, which they devour raw. They clothe themselves in the skins of sea-calves, foxes and birds, and live in a ditch nine feet deep, eighteen broad, and from thirty to three hundred long. The ditch has its sides supported by posts, and is covered by a frame on which earth and grass are laid; apertures serve for doors, with a ladder fixed to each; others admit air and light, and some let out smoke when they happen to have fires, which they seldom have, for even without any the heat is insupportable, and the smell from putrifying fish horrible. Sometimes five hundred persons inhabit the same ditch. Their disposition is brutal; if they surprise their enemies, they exterminate them, pay no attention to their children, who leave them when they choose, and marry at pleasure, without consent of parents, or contracts, or portions, or festivity. The Kamtschatdales are almost as savage. They feed on bears and other quadrupeds, but the heads of half putrified fish, reduced to a pap, are their greatest delicacy. They also live in ditches, but less deep and better constructed. There is one good point in their characters—they have a high respect for women, and, though permitted, rarely practise polygamy.—*Glimpses of Savage Life.*

He who is slowest in making a promise is generally most faithful in performing it.

AT LAST.

BY WILLIAM D. COBBY.

That seems a beautiful assurance,  
The truly great have always felt,  
Which, nerving hearts to high endurance,  
Makes darkness into glory melt.  
To mighty souls the faith is granted,  
How'er affliction overcast,  
To view o'er all thy standard planted,  
O victory! at last, at last!

Albeit the stricken warrior weary,  
Beholds his eagles borne to earth,  
Albeit the midnight hangeth dreary  
O'er hearts that yearn for morning's birth—  
At last, at last shall rise the smitten,  
At last the darkness shall be past;  
For unto all the sign is written—  
The potent sign—at last, at last!

There lives a faith immortal,  
A faith that views this fading span  
As but the road to morning's portal,  
That goal of universal man.  
This life shall pass, a dream, a story,  
And every soul leap forth "with joy  
Unspeakable and full of glory,"  
At last, at last, with no alloy!

HESTER'S FORTUNE.

BY WILLIAM B. OLIVER.

THE little town of Afton was in a terrible state of confusion one bright morning in the spring of 1813. Women and children were everywhere at the house doors, or pacing with disordered hair and garments the usually quiet and orderly streets. Garden gates were left open, and the cows had trampled on the nicely sown flower-beds of Mrs. Taylor's front yard. Everybody was astir, except the lame boy round the corner, and two or three old people who had long been confined to their houses. There was one other. If you had looked into a little, nice, white-curtained bed-room, with its pure, lily-white coverings and its vase of lovely spring flowers, you would have seen poor Hester Taylor kneeling beside the bed and weeping bitterly. Had you asked the reason of her grief, she could not have told you while she was sobbing so violently. But the fine, robust and healthy looking young man who was impatiently walking the floor below, waiting her return, and wondering at her stay when she knew how little time remained to him—he could have told you that he—Robert Linton, her affianced husband, was just drawn as a soldier, and would leave to-morrow for his route to the battle-field.

The poor girl rose at last from her knees, and

wiping her swollen eyes, she came down to say farewell to Robert. She had just recovered from a dangerous illness, in which her lover had shown himself most truly worthy of her affections. Night after night had he watched, with patient care, the progress of her terrible fever, and when it left her so utterly changed that her own mother could not have known her; when the bright flush had given place to a dull, sallow look, and her eyes had lost their brilliancy, and her lip its rose-leaf beauty, he had still devoted himself to her recovery, and scarcely saw that she was not as beautiful as ever. He knew that the news he bore her that day would be hard to bear, but he was unprepared for the terrible distress which she exhibited. His own heart was sorely aching, but he tried to soothe and comfort Hester with hopes of a speedy return.

"Depend upon it, my dear girl, this foolish war will soon be at an end, and I shall come home before winter to hear you sing 'The Soldier's Return.'"

And with that came the thoughts of how often she had sung that touching air, and that even in her fever she had unconsciously warbled, now and then, snatches of its sad melody; he burst into such a passion of tears as men only give way to perhaps once in their lives. It was now Hester's turn to console; and she could only remind him of his own words, and breathe a faltering prayer that his predictions might be fulfilled, of a speedy termination to the war. They parted then and there, for the time allowed him had expired; and as he left the house, he passed group after group of weeping mothers and sisters and wives too, for all had been down to see the soldiers off, except the mourner he had left behind him.

Time sped on, as it always does, regardless of breaking hearts or blighted prospects; and Hester grew calm and tranquil amid her household cares. She tended the flowers that Robert had planted for her, and kept for the little vase on her chamber table only those which he had most admired. Within the quiet walls of her own room, she worked mechanically upon the snowy sheets and table linen, which she was so nicely sewing, against the time when she should have a house of her own. Sometimes she would throw down her work, and give way to tears and forebodings.

One afternoon her mother and sister went out, after vainly trying to make her willing to accompany them. After they had gone she took her sewing down into the little sitting-room where she had parted with Robert. Every chair and

table there seemed invested with a new meaning, since it was there that he had soothed and caressed her, perhaps for the last time. She sat down by the window and was gazing at Robert's beautiful flowers, which were now fresh and blooming; and as she suffered her thoughts to dwell upon him and the faint hope of his return, a shadow darkened the window. Looking up, she saw a poor woman, who had been in the habit of begging broken food from house to house, ever since Hester could remember. Hester hastily rose, and letting her into the kitchen, she bade her sit down by the fire, while she sought some bread and other food for her poor visitor. She added to her basket some tea and sugar, and then gave her some old clothes which she knew her mother had been carefully saving for her. The old woman curtsied, and thanked and blessed her a thousand times, and rose to go.

"Bless you, Miss Hester, I'm tempted to stay a while longer and tell your fortune, if you would like to have me. Did you know I can tell fortunes?"

Hester professed her ignorance of the old woman's skill, and rather declined to witness an exhibition thereof; but Judy persisted, and Hester allowed her to seat herself again. Judy lighted her pipe, and drawing herself rigidly up, she sat for several minutes in perfect silence. With her eyes closed, she reached out for Hester's right hand, which she held fast in her own.

"I see," said the old woman, "a field of battle. There is one man there who fights well, and he has just killed a man who was trying to stab him. That is gone, and I see him in a house where they are dancing and singing, and he is as gay as the rest, but his arm is in a sling, and he looks pale. I see him again in a garden, and there is an orange tree growing there, and he is standing by it, and a young girl is with him. She lays her hand on the wounded arm and looks up softly into his face. Now they are all faded away; and I see you in a church, with a veil on your head and flowers, and there is a man in black, and another man stands by you; but it is not the one I saw before. You will marry the other, and very soon, too, although you never saw him."

Hester indignantly drew her hand away from the old woman's clasp, and told her that she had heard enough; and not daring to press her services further, Judy soon departed.

All night Hester was tossing restlessly upon her pillow. She did not, of course, believe a word the old crone had uttered, but since Robert's absence she had become nervous, and indeed

strangely sensitive to every passing influence. She saw before her three successive pictures which had been presented to her mind; and she could not sometimes help believing that she had really seen him as Judy described him, with his arm wounded and in a sling.

She dared not tell her mother and sister, and the next day was passed wretchedly. Days passed away, and then a letter came from Hester's uncle, inviting Mrs. Taylor and her daughters to pass the winter at his house in a neighboring country town. The invitation had often been tendered before; but there had always arisen some objection. Now Mrs. Taylor determined to avail herself of the chance to give Hester a situation which would not be continually reminding her of Robert. Martha was delighted with the idea of going away, for the house had latterly become gloomy enough; and she longed for the light and gaiety which always prevailed at her uncle's.

Through scenes of unrivalled autumn beauty, lay the travellers' road. Hester's attention, preoccupied as it had been with her own thoughts, was at length drawn to the rich coloring, relieved here and there with masses of deep green, and overhung by fleecy clouds whose edges were lighted up by the sun-beams. Twilight brought them to the end of their journey, where their uncle and his family received and welcomed them with that true politeness that springs from kind hearts alone. Mr. Warner had long felt anxious to see his dearly beloved sister permanently under his roof; but she had always declined until now, even the visit of a season—and his affectionate heart was deeply gratified at seeing her beside his wife, who was an invalid.

One son and one daughter, both much attached to their cousin Martha who had often visited them, completed Mr. Warner's family. With the exception of Mrs. Warner's feeble health, it was a happy household; breathing the very spirit of cheerfulness. Even Hester caught the spirit of the house, and her mother rejoiced once more in the smiles that had become so infrequent. How earnestly, indeed, the maternal heart had hoped for some change which should restore her daughter to her wonted composure! Ever since Robert's departure, Hester had seemed so strange and unlike herself, that Mrs. Taylor had been excessively worried and anxious about her health and spirits; but now she seemed really to forget her fears in the new state of both, under her uncle's cheerful and hospitable roof. Hester's spirits, however, were not natural. She forced herself to appear happy, but inwardly she was battling with some unseen evil

which seemed to threaten darkly, she knew not what.

One evening, at a party, she met Herman White, and before the evening was at a close, the young man's "destiny" was "manifest." He saw Hester, and thought her surpassingly beautiful: He heard her sing, and the conquest was complete. Henceforth he was constantly at her side. Belonging to a wealthy family, and only studying a profession for the name, Herman White had thus far seen only the sunny side of life, and his wishes were the only standard that he ever consulted. He was vain, proud and jealous; and he felt that he was conferring honor upon Hester, when, after two or three weeks of flirtation, he one morning found her alone, and asked her to share his future life.

And what said Hester? Did she tell him that, far away, upon a bloody field, he whose young heart had been wholly hers, was dreaming perhaps of his future with her? Alas, for woman's weakness! She put away the thought, as much as possible, of any engagement between Robert Linton and herself, and tried to forget that they had ever been more than friends. They had been children together—more like brother and sister than anything else; in short, she readily persuaded herself that they did not, after all, love each other so very much, and that the pain she experienced at parting with Robert, was something like what she should have felt for a dear brother.

And Herman White was constantly by her side, and always planning some new excursion, and suggesting some new pleasure. In fact, she had no time for thinking; and her mother and sister threw no obstacles in the way of her acceptance of these attentions; and so, one evening, when they were out on the lake by moonlight, she promised to become Mrs. White. The marriage was hastily arranged, and her uncle claimed the right of making suitable preparations for having it at his house; so, in a few weeks Hester became the mistress of a well appointed household, in which she had the pleasure of installing her mother and Martha as permanent guests.

It is not to be supposed that, when Hester had hurried through the first weeks of her marriage, and especially when she found, as she soon did, that she had mistaken sordid dress for gold, she did not sometimes muse thoughtfully upon the past, and dream of the brave heart which she had so recklessly thrown from her. It came to her when her proud and selfish husband uttered the first harsh word that she had ever known. It came to her bitterly, when she found that her

mother and Martha were looked upon as intruders in her luxurious home, where each day the shameful waste of the servants would have amply maintained them in a pleasant home. Mrs. Taylor's good sense soon saw how the matter lay; and she betook herself quietly to her old house in Afton, silently determining to be a burden on no son-in-law, even though it were dear Hester's husband. Nothing was said, however, and Mr. White supposed that his mother and sister-in-law had gone to visit some old friends; but Hester thought how often Robert had talked of the time when they should all live happily together, and how his hands would be strengthened, even by having so many to support.

A week of severe headache found Hester still pondering; and it was with almost a feeling of indifference that she heard her husband announce the fact of his father's failure in business. She did not know that Herman was wholly dependent on his father, and therefore, could not perceive that the fall of one would crush the other; but her husband soon opened her eyes to the truth, and even lamented, in no choice terms, his folly in having tied himself to a wife just at this crisis.

"We shall have to give up this house and go to boarding," said he, gloomily. "I don't believe either that we can board at a first class hotel, which is the only place worth living at."

Poor Hester! her falsehood was reaping its punishment early; and she looked so sad that Herman reproached her for being sulky. Her head ached so violently that she could not sit up, and all day long she lay, unattended even by the pampered servants below, who had got news of the coming crash, and thought that they might even lose their own wages. We may pardon Hester, if, while restlessly tossing on her couch that day, she thought bitterly of the time when Robert had so tenderly watched over her in her dreadful fever, and contrasted him with Herman White, carelessly leaving her room with an oath.

It would take long to tell how utterly the failure had stripped the White family, and how strenuously the father of Herman, who was really an upright and honest, though ill-judging man, insisted upon giving up all to the creditors. Herman vainly tried to alter his intentions; but the old man reminded him that it would be better for him to exert himself in his profession, and win the bread which he could no longer supply to him. They parted angrily, and Herman returned to his house, humbled and enraged.

Some of the servants had gone, taking with them what they thought would cover their

wages. An officer was in the house, for it was well known that old Mr. White had furnished it, and he had made no deed of gift to Herman. They were warned to leave immediately, and only consent was obtained to stay a few days until Hester should be better.

In the mean time, a friend of old Mr. White had come forward, and offered a home to him until better fortune should come. Glad to be away from the wreck that everywhere met him, and from which he saw no probability of rescuing anything, he thankfully accepted the offer; and another friend and relative proposed that Herman should go out as supercargo of a vessel he was then preparing for sea.

This proposal was the most pleasant that could be made to Herman. He was too selfish and indolent to attempt to retrieve his father's fortunes by industry or economy, and the trip promised both pleasure and money. But there was his wife! He had really the grace to blush when he spoke of leaving her unprovided for; but he spoke in strong terms of being once more able to support her in style again.

"I do not wish it, Herman," she said; "a poor cottage, with peace and contentment, would be a palace to me; and without them this beautiful house is hateful. Give me the merest pittance, and when you are gone I will go back to my old home in Afton, and stay there quietly until better days appear."

Herman gladly acceded to this, as it would leave him in better funds than if he had placed her in a boarding house, and he even treated her with more than usual attention during the few days before the sailing of the ship. They left the house, at last, in the same carriage; he going first to the hotel from whence the Afton stage was nearly ready to start, and then to the one where he was going to await the time of going to sea. The parting between them was not very affectionate; and when Herman had gone, and she had sunk down in one corner of the stage, she gave herself up to bitter thoughts. Why had she suffered herself to be dazzled by the specious coloring which he had held before her? Why had she suffered herself thus to forget and to injure the brave heart which she knew was beating for her, far away, without a doubt of her perfect truth and fidelity?

She shuddered to think that she had indulged for a moment in thoughts so untrue to one to whom she had committed her happiness, and who had so early wrecked it; and she longed to lay down her head in her own little white bedroom at Afton, and sleep away the anguish she experienced.

Her mother received her at the door tenderly, and the poor, wearied girl was soon sleeping heavily on her own bed, as of old; and when she awoke, there was a true home feeling came over her that she had never experienced in the splendid habitation she had been lately occupying.

Time passed on, and a cold letter from Herman with no remittance, was received. Hester woke then to the necessity of labor—of constant and wearing labor, for she would not become a burden on the kind hearts that were sheltering her. She had once learned to braid straw, and she easily procured the work now. She worked busily, and by degrees she felt calmer and happier. Her life for the last few months seemed only a dream; and she rarely recurred to it. One day, a neighbor sent in a newspaper—she looked over it listlessly, until she came to this paragraph:

"Lost, on the Texel, ship Forrester, of New York. All on board perished. The bodies of two men were taken from the wreck, which was fast settling in the sand, and were carried on board another vessel. They received Christian burial, the church service being read over them by the captain of the vessel. The marks on the clothing of the two men, proved them to be Arthur Fenton and Herman White."

Hester read it to the end, and she did not faint nor scream. There was a look on her face that told of bitterness within; for she could not thus hear of the death of one who she had believed loved her, without a struggle—but his conduct towards her had gradually weaned her from him, and if there was bitterness, there was also a feeling of relief. God help the human heart when these things are so!

Hester's brief dream of grandeur—how quickly had the last trace disappeared! She had found it like the Dead Sea apples—fair and beautiful to the sight, but within full of ashes. She put on the outward tokens of mourning, perhaps more scrupulously, because it was all that she could do. She saw no one, so that she was saved from the hackneyed consolations which are so often inflicted upon mourners, and which she, more than any true mourner, would have shrunk from. She knew to how frail a bark she had trusted her fortunes, and she bitterly grieved that she had so forsaken the true happiness she might have known, and turned to that which had proved only evil and misery. So that, in the true sense of the word, she was a real mourner, if not as the world interprets it. And, moreover, Hester felt, in her heart of hearts, that,

Those who meet all change unmoved and meek,  
With hearts that hope what lips may never speak,  
Seem henceforth lightly to be tried again.

So she went on, month after month, working in her own quiet way, heeding no one, and burying her grief in her own bosom, and striving to forget the past.

It was a bright day in the summer of 1815. Peace had come to give healing to the nations. There had been mourning for the dead who had fallen on the deck and on the field; and maimed soldiers had returned home with their wounds still unhealed, to muse upon that apocryphal glory which leaves only broken hearts and shattered limbs in its path.

Hester was sitting in her own room one morning, when she saw a figure coming up the road with a slow and uncertain step; and as the man approached, she saw that he was supported by crutches. Something in the road obstructed his footsteps, and when he looked up she saw that it was Robert Linton. It was strange how perfectly calm she became after the first moment. She had been accustoming her mind to his return, for she knew that he was not among the killed; and she had seen by the papers that he was one of the wounded, so that his appearance did not shock her as if she had been unprepared. Still, she felt that he brought with him the same true heart, now for the first time to feel how deeply it had been wronged by her—and she could not then look upon his grief. She had long ago commissioned Martha to see him when he returned, and tell him all before she met him. She thought that *then* she could meet him calmly. But she over-rated her strength. Tears, which had long been pent up, burst passionately forth, when she saw the poor wounded soldier, whose "return" she had so often dreamed of. Tremblingly, she found herself pressed to that noble heart, and felt her tears kissed away.

"We will comfort each other, dear Hester, if you will share the fortunes of such a poor wreck as I am."

And you must not blame Hester, dear reader, if she weepingly renewed her vows to him who had won her youthful heart; a heart to which her falsehood had brought such deep and bitter suffering, that even Robert might safely trust it again.

In after life, how pleasantly and happily did "Hester's Fortune" unfold itself. No persuasion could have prevailed on either to leave the little secluded town of Afton, although by prudence and industry they became able to have chosen a residence anywhere. Still, in that peaceful cottage, which they enlarged and beauti-

fied, they dwell with comfort and peace. Their many sons and beautiful daughters have risen up about them, and their grand-children gather round them at evening to hear the story of "HESTER'S FORTUNE."

#### LA BELLE DORMEUSE.

A young and frail Scotch girl, scarcely more than a child, and beautiful as any of Walter Scott's heroines, has lately attracted public attention in Paris by sleeping wherever she goes. Her name is Erina Walton, and her mother has brought her to Paris by travel to cure her of her singular malady. At the opera, she no sooner takes her seat in a box than she falls to sleep and thus remains until she is awakened, and it is whilst in this position that she gained the title of "*La Belle Dormeuse*." While she sleeps, she is said to enjoy dreams so lovely and attractive that the awakening into the common-place surroundings of this world displeases her, and she hastens back again into dream-land. At home, in a carriage, at the theatre, whenever she is left alone for a moment, she settles into a calm and sweet sleep; and with a lovely and child-like face, and dreams such as she enjoys, one can readily imagine that her face in sleep is the centre of attraction for all eyes, and that she well merits the title of "*The Beautiful Sleeper*." The symptoms of this case betray the existence of the curious forms of hysteria, and no doubt after time has cured her of the abnormal condition in which she now finds herself, she will look back upon that period with as much fear as she now does with delight.—*English paper*.

#### THE PUZZLED IRISHMAN.

During our last conflict with Great Britain, a number of our troops were engaged in repairing the fortifications of Niagara; and whilst so engaged, the enemy commenced a pretty sharp fire, so that it occupied nearly the whole of the time of our forces to keep on the lookout for the shots of the enemy. Finding that they did not make much headway, they stationed a son of the Emerald Isle to give warning when a shot or shell was coming. This the sentinel faithfully performed, alternately singing out, "shot," "shells," "shot," "shells," until finally the enemy started a Congreve rocket, which Pat had never seen before. He hesitated, and seeing it elevate, he shouted: "Shot! and, by Jabers, the gun with it."—*Boston Herald*.

#### LINE UPON LINE.

A Western pedagogue, in "teaching the young idea how to shoot," found it very difficult to impress the letter "G." upon the memory of an urchin of four years. He finally asked the young hopeful, by way of illustration: "What does your father say to the horses, when he wants them to turn to the right?" "Hep! get along, 2 40!" exclaimed the youthful prodigy, his countenance lit up with animation. The teacher has since adopted a different manner of illustrating his subjects.

## THERE'S A FUTURE STILL FOR ME.

BY FRANK FREQUILL.

When disappointments vex the soul,  
And brightest hopes have died,  
While e'en the past cannot console,  
Though keenly it may chide;  
When present cares would drive me mad,  
And from their scourge I'd flee,  
One only thought can make me glad,  
There's a future still for me.

When I am slighted by the proud,  
And those of nobler birth,  
By them with trifling sense endowed,  
And less of moral worth—  
While in obscurity I dwell,  
And from her cave the world must see,  
With bitter scorn I love to say:  
There's a future still for me.

Though I have strove in vain to win  
Some share of public praise,  
My efforts yet have ever been  
A failure all my days;  
And if mishap for aye I find,  
I still might bend the knee,  
And bring the blissful thought to mind,  
There's a future still for me.

## LOVE AND FORTUNE.

BY ANNE T. WILBUR.

One evening in August, 1723, in the city of Weissembourg, in Alsace, three persons were together in a small apartment of modest appearance—a man whose hair was beginning to turn gray, a young girl in the flower of youth and beauty, and an officer who was, at most, but twenty years of age. The first, whose features expressed at once dignity and mildness, courage and melancholy, was seated before a table, his head resting on one hand, while the other was mechanically turning over some papers. This occupation and this reverie did not prevent him from listening attentively to the words addressed to him by the young man, who was respectfully leaning over the back of his chair. Seated apart, in the embrasure of a window, the young girl was also listening with a curiosity which she did not conceal, but which was unfortunately of no avail, for the conversation was in a language of which she did not understand one word, in English; her eyes, also, were often lifted from the embroidery beneath her fingers, and rested upon the two interlocutors with glances full of tender solicitude for the one and naive politeness for the other.

The principal personage of this little scene was Stanislaus, ex-king of Poland, dethroned by Peter the Great, living then in poverty, in

Alsace, on a moderate pension allowed him by France. The young lady was his daughter, the only consolation of his exile, and the young man was the Count d'Estrees, captain in a regiment which the court of Louis XV. had given for a guard to the dethroned king.

Honored by the particular friendship of Stanislaus, the Count d'Estrees had become a frequent guest at his house, and had made France beloved there, the worthy representative of which he was, by the brilliant qualities and agreeable defects of his character. This evening he had something very important to say to the monarch, judging by the language he had chosen in order not to be understood by the princess, and by the looks of embarrassment which he cast, as he spoke, from the face of the father to that of the daughter. When he had arrived at that point of the conversation which he appeared to fear as much as he desired, he suddenly stopped, and, losing at once countenance and voice, could only stammer timidly the words, "*distinguished favor*."

"A favor!" exclaimed Stanislaus, with joyful astonishment; "can you have a favor to ask of me, my friend? It shall be granted a thousand times, if it is in my power! It is so long since I have conferred benefits on any one, that I had renounced forever this sweet prerogative of royalty. Speak then without constraint, dear count, and let me become king again one instant, that I may make one person happy in my life!"

"Sire," returned D'Estrees, making an effort to control himself, "deign to forget your greatness, instead of remembering it; for I must forget it myself, and think only of your goodness, in order to risk the avowal which I have to make you. I love your daughter, sire, and I dare aspire to become your son-in-law."

On hearing these words, Stanislaus started, hastily withdrew the hand which he had extended to the young man, and, rising to his full height, with the movement of the king whose foot is resting on his throne, said to the captain:

"You love the princess, count?" And the severity of his tone, as well as of his look, recalled all the distance which there was between the titles of count and princess.

"It is true, sire," returned the officer, replying at the same time to the thought of the king and his own; "it is true. 'I have been rash, insensate, in daring to fix my love on your august daughter. But the fault is in you and in herself, not less than in me.'"

"What do you mean? Am I not the first to receive the avowal of your imprudence?"

"Re-assure yourself, sire, and suffer me to justify myself! When I came to Weissembourg, when I saw you for the first time, I found in you a monarch who had lost nothing of his majesty, in your daughter a princess worthy of all my respect; but I appeal to yourself, whether either of you has ceased, since that day, to lay aside your rank in my presence—to make me forget the abyss which separated us. Have you not been the first to pass it, have you not extended your hand towards me, have you not called me your friend? Your friend! Ah! my whole defence, as well as my fault, lies in these words. How could I remember that you were king, while you seemed to forget it yourself, while you were to me almost a father! And your daughter, after having venerated her as a sovereign, after having adored her as a master-piece of the Creator, may I not love her as she has revealed herself to me, daily, as the best, the most angelic, the most modest of women? For has she been anything else with regard to me, sire? Once more, I appeal to yourself! If my boldness has offended you, at least seek to understand and pity it; and if I have but dreamed, do not be in haste to awaken me."

The sincere emotion which animated these words was remarked by the young girl, and involuntarily communicated itself to Stanislaus. His countenance by degrees changed; his habitual benevolence resumed its place there, and tenderness succeeded to severity. Casting an indulgent glance on the humid eyes of the captain, he took his hand again and made him sit down by his side.

"Yes," said he, gently shaking his head, "this is indeed love, the finest and most precious sentiment of the soul—when it is durable; you are a brave and loyal young man, D'Estrees; you are worthy to espouse a queen, as my daughter is worthy to espouse a king. But I am no longer a king. I was wrong just now to believe that I was so still; I ought not to cease to be to you a friend, to my daughter a father; these are the only titles left me, they are at least the most sacred to my heart; I will fulfil their duties."

The voice of the prince trembled, as he finished this sentence. As he said, the illusion of a moment had vanished; the man and the father took the place of the monarch. He passed his hand over his forehead two or three times, let it rest for a few moments on his eyes, and revealed, as he removed it, tears he could no longer control.

"Speak, sire," exclaimed D'Estrees, palpitating with hope.

Stanislaus looked at his daughter, in order to

find in this sight the courage which he needed, and addressing the captain in a softened voice, said, slowly:

"My friend, have you indeed a deep and lasting love for my daughter?"

"Entire and eternal!" interrupted the young man, with a passionate exaggeration which brought a smile on the king's lips.

"Well," replied Stanislaus, "since my daughter must, like myself, renounce the honors of a throne, I ought, on my part, to limit myself to securing her happiness, and I believe, my dear count, that no one is better calculated than yourself to aid me in this mission."

"Ah, you restore me to life—"

"Hear me to the end. I attach one express condition to the accomplishment of your desires. In abdicating royal grandeur, the princess cannot descend below a certain rank which ensures a suitable condition to her descendants. Become duke and peer, and her hand is yours. It is the least I can demand, and I do not think you will require the impossible."

"Ah, for such a prize, of what would I not be capable! Before a year, sire, I will be duke and peer, or I will no longer exist. The regent is the friend of my family; he wishes me well—he will give me an opportunity to merit the title which I will immediately go to solicit of his majesty."

As he spoke thus, the count rose, wishing to go at that very instant to write for leave of absence; but, his glance having met that of the king's daughter, more puzzled than ever by the scene she had witnessed, he made an expressive gesture, which said: "Will she love me as I love her?" And he was about to throw himself at her feet to obtain this sweet assurance at the price of the most tender avowals, when Stanislaus stopped him authoritatively, whispering:

"One other condition, my friend; if my daughter does not yet love you, fear not that she will ever love another. I will be responsible for her heart, as well as my own. You know how dear you have rendered to us whatever appertains to France. Already proud of being in some sort French in her exile, she will be happy to espouse a Frenchman. But do not hasten matters, and do not tempt Providence. Leave this place as a friend, and re-appear as a lover only on the day when there shall no longer be an obstacle to your happiness. This is a promise which I exact from your reason as well as from your loyalty."

D'Estrees submitted to this condition and remained faithful to it, whatever effort it might have cost him. A week afterwards, he received



his dismissal, and left Weissembourg without having said a word of his love to the daughter of Stanislaus, his only encouragement from her being the sincere regret which she manifested at the approaching absence of one in whom she had been accustomed to see the personification of the finest nation in the world.

Immediately on arriving at Paris, D'Estrees hastened to the regent and made him promise to dispose Louis XV. favorably for the audience which he was about to request of his majesty. In fact, at the expiration of a few days, he was received at the Tuileries by the young king, in presence of the Duke of Orleans. The two princes gracefully placed him at his ease, and he boldly said :

"Sire, I come to submit to your royal goodness a request on which my life depends. I have raised my desires so high, that neither my name, my services, nor my devotion will be a sufficient recommendation ; but if my ancestors have deserved well of the country and of your fathers, if any recompense is still due to their memory, any honor to their race, let this honor and this recompense be mine, sire ! I shall know how to render myself worthy, in the future, of what I may have obtained as an encouragement. My whole life shall be devoted to your majesty and to my country. I will raise myself to the height of the rank you may have accorded me."

"To what great favor do you aspire, my dear count ?" interrupted the regent, with his customary frankness.

"To the title of duke and peer," replied the captain, gravely.

The king and the regent were so astonished, that they made him repeat the words thrice. When D'Estrees had obeyed them, the former seemed petrified on his seat, and the latter quitted his with amusing haste.

"Duke and peer !" exclaimed the regent, disconcerting the young man by a look ; "the air of Alsace must have turned your head. Duke and peer at the age of twenty, after a fire-side campaign with the ex-king of Poland ! You cannot really expect this ?"

Louis XV. disarmed, by an indulgent smile, the irony of his uncle, and requested the Count d'Estrees to give his reason for asking a duchy.

"In fact," said the officer, blushing, "this reason alone can justify my rashness. I have acquired my ambition from love."

At this word, the regent sighed and made a movement of jesting compassion, while the king became more attentive, beckoned to the count to continue, and looked at him earnestly.

"Yes, sire," returned the latter, re-animating at the fire of his own words, "I address myself to you in the name of the purest, most ardent, and most honorable love. She whom I love merits a crown by her birth, as well as by her beauty."

"She is then very beautiful and very illustrious ?" interrupted Louis XV. with a visible interest, which was beginning to be changed into sympathy.

And the captain, feeling that he no longer had to deal with a king giving audience, but with a young man captivated by a love confidence, drew a brilliant and detailed picture of the perfections and merits of her who had captivated his heart.

"I repeat to you, sire, added he, enthusiastically, "an alliance with her would do honor to a monarch, and her father will be satisfied, in order to grant me her hand, with the title which I solicit of your majesty."

"Indeed," observed the regent, ironically, "this good father is not difficult."

"No, Monsieur Duke," hastily replied the captain, "for he is no other than Stanislaus, King of Poland."

"His daughter love you !" exclaimed Louis XV. wonderingly.

"I do not know, and she is herself ignorant of my intentions ; but she will love me, I hope, and it rests with you, sire, whether I become her happy husband."

The king remained for a few moments silent, looking at the officer with an attention mingled with envy, and was perhaps about to have granted his request, in an impulse of generosity, when he was interrupted by a burst of laughter from the regent.

"Pray, sire," said the latter, advancing towards Louis XV., "do not listen to your age and heart, and beware of rendering yourself an accomplice in an act of folly."

"Of folly !" said D'Estrees, with suppressed indignation.

"Yes, of folly," pursued the duke. "A gentleman of your name to espouse the daughter of Stanislaus, of an elective ex-king, who has no means of subsistence but the alms which we dole out to him through pity ! You could not choose a worse party in all Europe ; you would not have a crown of dowry, my dear sir, and you must support your father-in-law out of your income. The poorest financier in Paris would make a better bargain. Hold, I know a young girl, who would suit you exactly, the daughter of a farmer-general, who was presented to us the other day, a charming person, about sixteen, the finest eyes in the world, and a dowry of

three millions! Here is something, I think, which will make you forget your little Pole. Come, it is decided. I will undertake to make the match; you shall be a millionaire, and the duchy shall come by-and-by. What do you say to it, sire?"

The king could not repress a smile, though he regarded the pretensions of D'Estrees in quite a different light from his uncle. As for D'Estrees himself, respect alone prevented him from refuting with eagerness the jests which seemed to him so many blasphemies. The hour for the council came to cut short the energetic appeal he was about to address to the heart of the monarch.

"When shall I make you faithless?" asked the duke, with the most gracious sang-froid, as he rose to accompany Louis XV.

"Never!" exclaimed the captain.

"To-morrow," returned the regent, "to-morrow evening, repair to the Palais Royal, to my *petit souper*. It is a challenge, Monsieur Count."

"I will accept it, monseigneur," replied the officer, proudly. "Your majesty shall be the judge," added he, saluting the king, who withdrew, pensively, after having given him a smile of encouragement.

One year, to a day, after the first scene of our story, on a dark and gloomy evening towards night, Stanislaus was alone with his daughter, at the extremity of the little saloon of Wiessembourg, where we have already seen them together. The modest apartment was not yet lighted, and the countenance of the ex-king was in perfect harmony with this melancholy twilight. A fixed and discouraging idea seemed to torment his mind, and the young girl could not succeed in dispelling it, after having in vain requested his confidence.

"Another ingrate, doubtless," suddenly sighed the monarch, beginning to walk about the room. "As for this one," continued he, "he shall have neither pardon nor favor. But I will think no more of it," he hastened to add, with an air of feigned indifference. And he returned towards his daughter and looked at her tenderly.

"Of whom are you speaking?" asked the latter, gently.

"Of a young man whom I loved, whose affection had smiled on my old age like a last hope—of the Count d'Estrees, who is probably no longer thinking of me."

"Do not believe it, father. Does he no longer send you those letters which you so absolutely refused to let me read?"

"Not one for six months," replied Stanislaus. "Another ingrate, I tell you! Forget him, as I do, and let us never speak of him again."

At the moment he finished these words, which the young girl had received as a command, sadly casting down her head, a domestic entered the saloon, and after having placed two flambeaux on the table, presented two letters which had just arrived from Paris. The one had been brought by express, the other by the ordinary courier. The king took the latter first, and carelessly approaching one of the flambeaux, exclaimed:

"I am not mistaken! Can I have condemned him too soon? It is from him! it is indeed from him! Here is his signature. Gord d'Estrees, pardon! Pardon him also, my child. Some malady, doubtless, some campaign, perhaps some disgrace, must have prevented him from writing. Come, bring both lights and let me read this." The princess withdrew to the other end of the saloon, and Stanislaus hastened to devour with his eyes the captain's letter. But hardly had he read half of it, when he turned pale, trembled, and threw the paper on the table with a despairing sigh.

"What is the matter, father?" exclaimed the young princess, immediately returning towards him.

"Nothing; ask me nothing!" said the king, in a broken voice, while he hastened to wipe away the tears which were falling from his eyes, in spite of himself. "Embrace me, my child," added he, immediately seeking in his tenderness the consolation of his sorrow.

The princess silently clasped him in her arms, and loaded him with the most tender caresses. But he quickly left her to go to seek air at a window. He was stifling with grief, mortification and anger. And he had reason; for in the letter he had just read, D'Estrees announced to him that he was compelled to relinquish the hand of his daughter and restore to him his royal word. Recognizing himself too late as unworthy of so high an alliance, he excused his retreat by the impossibility of obtaining the titles of duke and peer, and expressed his profound regrets in terms which poorly disguised his inconstancy.

With his infallible skill on these occasions, the regent, overturning all the ideas of his protegee respecting marriage, had succeeded in persuading him that the daughter of the poor king of Poland was unworthy of him, and had annihilated his lofty sentiments under a double fire of jests and from the fine eyes of the daughter of the farmer-general. Stanislaus had therefore uselessly abdicated his royal majesty in favor of an inconstant young man, and his paternal pretensions had been raised too high!

While he was tasting apart, with rage and despair, this last drop of the chalice of misfortune and of exile, the princess knew not what remedy to apply to a wound the depth of which she dared not question, and, for want of any other method of consolation, was beginning to weep with the king, when a sudden idea came to her mind, at sight of the second letter forgotten on the table.

"My father," said she, hastening to present it to him, "you have not read both despatches; here is one which may perhaps bring you better news."

"Faithless and unworthy!" murmured the prince, without listening to his daughter. "If you knew, my child! if you knew!" And he was about to have told her all. "But no, no," resumed he, "this is a secret with which I ought not to trouble your pure soul. Only promise to speak no more to me of France or of Frenchmen, unless to curse them!"

"O, my father!" interrupted the princess, with the sorrowful eagerness with which one defends a last illusion; "compose yourself, I entreat, and read this second letter. See, it is sealed with the arms of Louis XV."

"It is doubtless," said Stanislaus, disdainfully breaking the seal, "the payment of some arrears of our pension. So," pursued he, returning to seat himself beside the table, "I still remain dependent on the king's bounty. But this shall not be; I will be indebted to myself alone for support, even were it necessary for me to take in some foreign troops, the simple grade with which I commenced."

As he spoke thus, he opened the despatch. He had no sooner read a few lines, than he was agitated with an emotion still more violent than at first, although it was of an opposite nature. He arose, as if in delirium; his eyes were troubled; he grew red and pale by turns, exclaimed, "my daughter!" extended the paper to the princess, and, dropping in her arms, fell immediately without consciousness.

Notwithstanding all the cares lavished upon him, his swoon lasted nearly an hour; and it was only when he came to himself that the princess, re-assured, cast her eyes on the despatch. It came from the court of France, and solicited of Stanislaus the hand of his daughter, Marie Leczinska, for the King of France and Navarre.

The scene of audience which we have described had entirely different consequences for Louis XV. and the Count d'Estrees. Struck with the impassioned eulogies which the Polish princess had inspired in the latter, the young

king had involuntarily turned his thoughts towards Marie Leczinska, at the same time that the forgetful lover had turned his towards the opulent daughter of the farmer-general. The sympathetic interest which the misfortunes of Stanislaus had naturally inspired in him, had by degrees converted this vague impression into a more real sentiment. Impartial reports had confirmed in his eyes the poetic picture drawn by the captain of the rare qualities of the young foreigner. In fine, on the day when the Duke de Bourbon presented to him a list of the noblest princesses of Europe who could aspire to the honor of his alliance, he had added to these brilliant names the humble name of the daughter of the dethroned prince, and had chosen her as his wife.

A week after the marriage of the Count d'Estrees with Mlle. d'Astanieles, the Duke of Orleans espoused Marie Leczinska in the cathedral of Strasbourg, by proxy, for the King of France and Navarre.

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#### THE POET MOORE.

Alluding to Tom Moore, Mr. Irving said that he took extraordinary pains with all he wrote. He used to compose his poetry walking up and down a gravel walk in his garden and when he had a line, a couplet, or a stanza polished to suit his mind, he would go to a little summer-house near by, and write it down. He used to think ten lines a good day's work, and would keep the little poem for weeks, waiting for a single word. On one occasion, he was riding with Mr. Moore in a cab, in Paris, and the driver carelessly drove into a hole in the pavement, which gave the vehicle a tremendous jolt. Moore was tossed aloft, and on regaining his seat, exclaimed, "By Jove, I've got it." "Got what?" said his companion, in some alarm. "My word," was the reply. "I have been trying for it these six weeks, and now that rascal has jolted it out of me." On reaching his room, Moore inserted the word, and immediately despatched the finished song to his publisher in London.—*Hans Journal*.

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#### PRIMITIVE MARRIAGES.

The marriages of the poor in the rural districts of western France are conducted in a fashion altogether unique. The happy pair are not only united without a penny in their pocket, but they invite all the surrounding families to the marriage festival. Each guest, however, is expected to be a contributor both to the feast and to the housekeeping stock of the young people. Some bring wine, honey or corn, and others linen, and even money. Thus a liberal supply is scrambled together, and the utmost hilarity prevails. Frequently as many as three hundred people assemble at these bridal, and their contributions often constitute the sum total of the worldly goods with which the newly married pair commence life together.—*Philadelphia Ledger*.

## A MOMENT.

BY FANNY ARL.

'Tis the breath of a moment, which no one regardeth,  
That holdeth the key to each secret of life;  
'Tis a moment that oft our long watching rewardeth,  
And calms the dark waters of sorrow and strife.  
Its breath may seem nothing, but yet 'tis extending,  
A power the sublimest our being can know;  
A moment may yield us a bliss without ending—  
A moment consign us to darkness and woe!

Its circle may flash with a beauty that ages  
May crown as immortal, and hallow its birth;  
A moment may question the wisdom of sages,  
And change the whole system of science and earth.  
A moment—the soul of the painter can feel it—  
It thrills through his frame with a spirit like fire;  
A moment—O once let the gifted reveal it,  
And heaven is short of the height 'twould aspire.

## THE NORTH SEA PIRATE.

BY SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

THE incidents of the following story I believe have never yet been printed in any connected form. Many years ago they were mentioned in some of the English papers, but not in such a manner as to convey the whole truth to the people, though one portion of them was widely enough circulated.

For a long while, a daring pirate had infested the North Sea, or as it is otherwise termed, the German Ocean. His name was Gondebald Gower, a Welchman by birth, and naturally of a roving, adventurous spirit. But he had never shown any disposition for evil until his father and two brothers were publicly hanged for assisting in hiding some contraband liquors. From the hour that saw his beloved relatives murdered for so slight a cause, Gondebald became an avowed avenger. He swore that England should have cause to know that a Gower still lived. In the spring after his father and brothers were executed, he fitted out a vessel from some port on the coast of Cornwall, and made his way at once to the North Sea, where he cruised about, evading all pursuers, and intercepting many of the traders to and from Denmark and the Baltic. At the end of a year, his name had become a terror to all traders, and many a merchant refused flatly to send his wares across that sea until the pirate was captured.

It was a brig in which Gower had originally sailed, but many men who had seen him said that he now sailed in a barque, though others swore positively that he still retained his brig. The fact was, he did still keep his brig, but he

had a small mizen-mast which he could step at will. His vessel was about three hundred tons burthen, an excellent sailer, and carried twelve brass guns—eighteen pounders. Gower knew that she was the smartest sailer on the coast when he bought her.

Another year passed away, and finally the pirate's depredations became so frequent and so grave in result, that it was determined by government not to rest until he was taken. He had even gone so far as to cut a richly laden barque out from the mouth of the Thames, which he carried off in safety, and having robbed her of everything valuable, he sent her back.

In the month of August, 1803, two sloop-of-war were fitted out at Scarborough, and their commanders had orders to cruise until the pirate was captured. They were the *Lanark* and the *Simoon*. One day, shortly before they were to sail, a man came on board the *Lanark* and inquired for Captain Forbush, who had command. He was shown into the cabin at the captain's request, and there introduced himself as Capt. George Severn. He said that the pirate Gower had robbed him of all he possessed, and he wished to be revenged.

"If you sail as you are," he said, "you will hardly capture the wretch, for he has as many different shapes for his vessel as there are different vessels afloat. But I know him—I know him by marks which I cannot mistake. Take me with you, and you shall secure him."

Captain Forbush conferred with his officers; and after hearing the applicant's plea once more, it was decided to admit him. He was a tall, handsomely-built man, with a frame very finely moulded and knit together, and with a most prepossessing appearance. He was not far from five-and-thirty years of age, and in addition to features as regular and faultless as could be, he possessed an eye which seemed to look through and through the object gazed upon.

It was on the twenty-seventh of August that the two men-of-war sailed. The *Lanark* was to cruise south of the latitude of Scarborough, and the *Simoon* north of that. Not only Capt. Forbush, but the officers generally, were pleased with Severn's company. He was full of wit and anecdote, and also possessed of great knowledge and sound sense. He beguiled many a weary hour for them, and enlivened their social circle.

At length, on the tenth day out, a sail bore in sight to the southward. It was soon made out to be a brig, and the *Lanark* gave chase. This was about three o'clock in the afternoon. It was not until five, however, that she was brought near enough to see her hull.

"Is it the pirate?" asked Forbush, turning towards Severn.

The latter individual gazed through the glass long and steadily, and with great apparent anxiety, and finally he said, as he lowered the instrument :

"I do not think it is the pirate; but yet I may be mistaken. Those spars are not lofty enough for Gower's vessel, nor are the sails heavy enough. But let us speak her—that is, if we can. Her running away is the only thing I do not like."

It was decided to keep on the chase, for the corvette was gradually gaining. At seven o'clock the Lanark fired a gun, but the brig did not heave to. At dark, the chase was still too far distant to be reached by the sloop's guns, and it was arranged that she should keep on a few miles further, and then heave to for the night. It was very annoying, the captain said, to have night shut in so soon. But Severn declared that he did not believe that brig to be Gower's vessel.

"However," he added, "there is one thing I do believe, and that is, that I am very unwell. My head aches, and my stomach is badly off. I believe I must turn in, and in the morning we'll be after the brig again, if she is in sight."

So Severn went to his state-room, which was near the bulk-head of the gun-room, and requested that he might not be disturbed. All remained quiet in his room until about eleven o'clock, and then he quietly arose and dressed himself. But he did not don his usual garb. He put on a pair of pants, or trowsers, which were made of oil-cloth, and fitted very close to his skin; the garb was whole and tight at the bottom, combining stockings and pants in one. And it came nigh being whole at the other end, too; for it came up to the arms and covered them. Next he drew on a curiously constructed jacket, which buttoned up in front, but which hung very loosely about him. It was made of some sort of gummed silk, and very firm and stout. His next movement was to draw on a pair of common sailor's trowsers, and then he lighted a lamp and placed it within a small lantern, which he could curiously conceal in his hat, there being a small cone-like addition upon the crown, with sufficient aperture for the escaping of the smoke, and other holes in the side for the entrance of air.

His next movement was to raise a plank from the floor of his room. Upon this, some one must have been at work very recently, for that plank was never known to be removed by those who knew most about the vessel. But it was

up now, and next a plate of iron was removed beneath. From this, Severn could look into the ship's magazine, and also from this point he could reach into the light-room, where the stop-cock was. Awhile he listened, as if to assure himself that no one was about, and then he turned the cock. On the next instant, a rush of water was heard, and—the powder-magazine was being filled! All our readers are probably aware that the magazines of all vessels of war are furnished with a pipe which connects with the water upon the outside of the vessel, and this is made tight by means of a nicely fitted stop-cock, which is in the adjoining room. This is for the purpose of flooding the magazine, in case of fire.

Ere long, the magazine was full, and then Severn stopped the cock and arose, and having replaced the plank, he secured the lantern in his hat, and then noiselessly glided from his stateroom. He made his way forward on the berth-deck, and then ascended to the fore-castle. The ship had a topgallant fore-castle, and the strange man went under this upon the starboard side, where the officers' round-house was. The bridge-port was open, and without being observed, he glided out and dropped into the water, and with a few movements of his feet and hands he was clear of the bows. He now stopped, and having found a small tube connected with his jacket, he applied it to his lips, and ere long the curious garment had become distended to more than Falstaffian proportions. The ship gradually moved away from him, for she was under headway enough to give her helm power over her, and then he struck out in a south-easterly direction. He might exert himself, or not, as he chose, for that inflated jacket was amply sufficient to keep him afloat.

As soon as he was well away on the ship's larboard quarter, he took his lantern from his hat, and turned its only bright side to the south-west—that being in an opposite direction from the sloop of war. The glass of the lantern was a powerful, clear lens, and its light was peculiar. He held it aloft as high as he could, not exerting himself much otherwise. In half an hour, the sound of oars struck upon his ear, and soon afterwards a boat was by his side.

"Safe, boys, safe!" he cried, as he reached the stern-sheets of the boat.

"Ah, Captain Gower, we've been very uneasy about ye. We was afeared ye couldn't go right into the lion's mouth with safety."

"Bat I did, though, my brave boys, and I have him by the mane, too. So you've kept the sloop in sight since dark?"

"Yes, sir. A man was stationed aloft, and he could see her binnacle-light. We got your letter by old Mark, the inn-keeper, tellin' us which craft ye was in, and where she would cruise."

"And you saw my light plainly?"

"Just like a beacon, capt'n."

"All right. So now for the old brig, and in the morning the Lanark sloop-of-war is ours!"

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With the first streak of dawn, Captain Forbush was upon his deck, and as soon as a slight mist had lifted which had settled upon the water since midnight, the brig was seen not more than a mile and a half distant upon the larboard quarter. The wind was now from the northward and westward, and the ship was close-hauled upon the larboard tack. The captain ordered that the ship should be put about, and then he sent for "Captain Severn."

"Tell him to come up at once, for the strange brig is close under our weather quarter."

But in a few moments, the messenger returned and reported that Captain Severn was not in his state-room. So the boatswain was ordered to pass the word over the ship for Severn, while the gunner cast loose his guns, and prepared for action.

"Ha," cried Windermear, the first lieutenant, "the fellow has shown his bloody flag! See—the black field, with death's head in the centre!"

"What!" uttered the captain, in amazement.

"Does the fellow mean to engage us? Light the matches, gunners! Mr. Windermear, call to quarters at once! Throw open the magazine and station the boys! By heavens, our small arms should have been loaded before! But be quick! Engage us! Engage His Majesty's sloop-of-war Lanark! My soul, he's crazy with his successes. But I'll teach him a—"

"*The magazine's all afloat, sir!*" at this moment reported the gunner, pale as death, and trembling like an aspen.

"What! afloat? The mag—"

But the captain could not believe it. He rushed to the companion-way and leaped down. The tight door had been opened—it was a trap-door—and there was but one sea of water visible where all the powder was! As soon as Forbush could fairly comprehend the fatal truth, he staggered back on deck and ordered the guns not to be fired until he gave the word. The ship carried twenty guns, and they were all loaded, and the captain meant to use them to the best advantage.

At this moment, a shot from the brig struck

the ship's quarter-boat, and knocked the stern and bows out.

"*Every gun is spiked, sir!*" reported the gunner, paler than ever.

"*A traitor!*" gasped the captain, as soon as he could speak.

"Where is *Severn*?" uttered the lieutenant.

The captain started back at these words, for the truth flashed upon him. He started to the nearest gun, and found that the spike could only be removed by drilling. But there was another thing to attend to, now, for the pirate was close alongside, and the grape and canister began to be poured in upon her deck. In a few minutes more the brig was near enough to use small arms, and the man-of-war's-men began to fall.

"Merciful heavens!" groaned Forbush; "we can't stand this! Not a shot can we return, save from some half-dozen pistols which may be loaded!"

"This is terrible!" responded Windermear.

And well he might say so, for the men were falling fast about him, and not a single answering shot could they return.

"Down with the flag! down with it!" gasped the captain, as a musket-ball passed through his hat.

The flag was lowered, and in a few minutes more the brig was alongside, and he whom they had known as George Severn, stepped on board.

"Captain Forbush, I bid you a good morning," he very politely said, raising his hat as he spoke.

"Who—who art thou?" the captain whispered, while his eyes seemed starting from their sockets.

"GONDEBALD GOWER, at your service," was the reply. "I told you I would bring you alongside of the North Sea Pirate."

"Then you are—the same man?"

"Yes, sir. But we must to business now. Your sword, if you please. Ah—thank you. Now muster your men."

The man-of-war's-men were mustered and secured, such as lived, while the dead—forty-seven in number—were moved away for a decent burial service. Gower had been very careful to injure the ship as little as possible, so he found her now in very good condition. He proceeded at once to have all the valuable articles taken from his own vessel to his prize, and when this was done, he ordered all lights out and then removed the powder, stowing it for the present in the hold. There was a goodly quantity on board the brig, and as soon as he had got that out, he took such arms as he wanted, and then got out the boat. Next he scuttled his old vessel, and

then cast her off and let her go; and ere long she went down, never to rise again!

After this, Gower had the brig's boats brought alongside, and into these he ordered the captive captain to go and take his crew. There were ninety-five of the crew left, and the brig's four boats gave them ample room.

"Now," said Gower, I shall give you three days' provisions."

"But it is a week's work, and more, too, to reach the coast," urged Forbush.

"Ah, but the coast of Holland is not so far. Texel is not over eighty miles from here, and you can reach that easily, and not work hard, either. I have particular reasons for wishing you to return to England *by the way of Holland!*"

Thus speaking, the last prisoner was handed to the boat which waited for him, and soon the ship had reached ahead, and left the boats huddled in her wake, like so many sea-monsters who knew not what to do with themselves.

In two hours, every injury which had been done to the spare and rigging of the ship was repaired, and then she bore away to the northward, and in an hour from that time Gower caught the last glimpse of the boats moving slowly to the southward and eastward.

For seven days, Gondebald Gower slept but little. He was upon deck early and late, and much in the night. Several sails were passed, but he molested them not. On the morning of the eighth day, a sail was reported to the "north'rd and west'rd," and soon afterwards it was made out to be a ship; and in fifteen minutes more, it proved to be a sloop-of-war.

"It is the *Simoon!*" uttered Gower; "and she is ours! Quarter-master, get the signals up, and overhaul the signal-book. Show the Lanark's numbers first, and then signalize that we wish to speak her. Be ready for a couple of broadsides, Catesby."

Gower had possession of the ship's signal-book, for in the agony of the hour, Forbush had forgotten to throw it overboard. So of course the *Simoon* was completely deceived, and immediately answered the signals; and as soon as the wish was expressed to speak her, she went about and stood for the Lanark.

Gower had eighty-two able men, and he had no fear of harm from the coming sloop. The *Simoon* came up to within three cables' lengths, and then hove to, while the Lanark kept on and passed under her stern. At the moment when the pirate was directly astern, the whole broadside was fired. But she slackened not her speed. Around she went, and luffing gradually up

upon the lee side of her victim, she went hand-somely about, and in four minutes more another broadside was poured in over the bows, raking the devoted ship fore and aft. The pirate's guns had been well aimed, and the havoc was dreadful. The *Simoon* had lost her foremast, and much of her lower rigging, but this was not the worst, for a great number of her men had been killed. We may suppose that her officers were not only utterly astounded, but absolutely powerless in view of this strange proceeding. A third broadside was fired ere the *Simoon's* crew could fairly think what to do, and then up went the black flag at the Lanark's peak. This solved the mystery, but the *Simoon* was altogether too far gone for resistance now, and her flag was hauled down.

In one hour from that time, the pirates had taken every valuable thing from the *Simoon* which was available, among which was over eight thousand pounds in money. The crew were put into the boats, being only some fifty miles from the Scottish coast, and then the *Simoon* was sunk. After this, Gower bore away to the southward, and he stopped not until he had reached the coast of Cornwall.

When it became known in London, and in the other maritime cities, that the North Sea Pirate had taken two British sloops-of-war, the amazement and terror was intense, and a large fleet was at once despatched in pursuit.

But British justice never overtook the outlaw. A few weeks afterwards, the leading merchants received printed notes, which simply read thus:

"You may now send your ships in safety, for Gondebald Gower is avenged. England robbed me of a father and two brothers; and England can tell you how much she gained by the dastard, coward act. Cringe no more, for no more will harm come to your shipping from  
"GONDEBALD GOWER."

And he was true to his word. A year afterwards, some old Cornwall fishermen said that one night, some months before, a sloop-of-war had been sunk off the coast, and that the men escaped in boats. And ten years afterwards, an Englishman went home and swore that he had seen Gondebald Gower in America. But be that as it may, England never received any more harm from the NORTH SEA PIRATE.

A hotel-keeper in this city boards lovers for two dollars a week less than he charges other folks. His reason is, that they are so down on fat meat. There is philosophy in this. Love is ethereal in its nature, and can live on moonbeams. We know a young man who took the disease in a natural way, that subsisted for a whole month on a German flute and a sonnet.

## ANGEL VOICES.

BY SARAH A. NOWELL.

At the solemn hour of midnight,  
When the world lies calm and still,  
Thoughts of other years come o'er me,  
And my soul with memories fill.

Then unto my vision cometh,  
Robed in dress of purest white,  
Troops of angels, whose sweet faces  
Seem familiar to my sight.

There is one who was the dearest  
That my early childhood knew,  
Fondly, tenderly I loved her,  
And she loved me dearly, too.

Then a little angel baby  
Comes before my thoughtful eye,  
Scarce we knew her, ere we lost her,  
Sweetest—loveliest—couldst thou die!

When the last pale April blossom  
Lingered trembling on the bough,  
Sedly to the grave they bore her,  
And she comes before me now.

Then the aged ones who tended  
Patiently my childish years,  
Laid them down in that green valley  
Which I watered with my tears.

Unto me was one sweet flower  
By my heavenly Father given,  
And its fragrance came before me  
Like the incense breath of heaven.

Eighteen days I watched its beauty,  
In its tender, budding bloom—  
Then the angel came and took it  
Through the pathway of the tomb.

Upward was their flight to glory,  
And my flower bloometh fair  
In the bosom of the Father—  
Well he loves such buds to rear.

All the long and silent midnight,  
Visions come to me—and when  
Morning cometh, and I wander  
Mid the busy haunts again,

Angel hands are on my shoulders,  
Angel eyes are glancing near,  
Angel wings are hovering o'er me,  
Angel voices in my ear.

## ABOUT POETRY.

We were conversing with a young lady, some few evenings ago, at a literary re-union, and as she had been introduced as a poetess, was of course touched on poetry. It was not many minutes before she had run through the stereotyped list of favorite authors, when she concluded with Byron, asserting her conviction that he was the greatest poet that ever wrote. We modestly hinted that we preferred according that distinguished position to Shakspeare, upon which, with an unaffected laugh at our simplicity, she cried: "Why, Shakspeare wasn't a poet; his plays don't rhyme!"—*Toledo Blade.*

## EATING A BULL.

There are examples enough of ambassadors having been roughly handled. A papal legate, who brought a bull which the Pope had fulminated against Visconti, tyrant of Milan, was made to eat that document. Visconti marched the legate gravely to the Naviglio bridge, and then said to him, abruptly: "Choose whether you will rather have something to eat or something to drink, in memory of your mission; for one of the two you shall surely have before you depart." The holy man turned a miserable and imploring look on his persecutor, and then an anxious glance on the deep stream which roared below. The latter determined him; and fearing that if he decided on drinking, he would be banded at once into the river, he gasped out that his choice was made; he would "eat!" "Do so, then," sneered Visconti, grimly; "swallow this piece of lead and the silken fastening to your bull." The legate at once saw that remonstrance would be useless—even a wry face might be dangerous; so he munched the lead and silk in rueful silence. When he had eaten it, Visconti complimented him on his digestion, and sent him about his business. It is needless to say that the reverend gentleman never looked behind him.—*Boston Statesman.*

## SEPULCHRE FORTY-EIGHT MILES LONG.

The bones of six thousand Irishmen line the railroad from Aspinwall to Panama. Set this down to "man's inhumanity to man," to "the almighty dollar," to "Yankee enterprise," or to what you will—call it a mercantile, a diabolical, or an osteological fact—it is undoubtedly true. But the road is built—the continent is spanned; and our onward march, our "manifest destiny," has made another demonstration. We may as well look at the entire pile of grim, ghastly faces all at once, as to pick out the glorification alone, and sink the gory reality. The road is a fact, and the gulf that swallowed up the human life is another. The sinews that toiled to build the structure, seem to have been destined to as ignoble an end as Falstaff's ragged regiment, or the British army before Sebastopol—"food and powder." As a great undertaking, there is no internal or external improvement of modern times to be compared with it.—*Ledger.*

## A DUTCH STORY.

A story is told of a Dutch grocer who got badly bothered by an unprofitable customer. The Jeremy Diddler came in and called for half a dozen crackers, which were handed to him. He looked at the crackers, and finally said he believed he would have a glass of whiskey instead. The crackers were taken back, and the whiskey given him, which he drank, and started off. The grocer called him back and demanded payment for the drink. "Why," says the fellow, "I gave you the crackers." "Well, then, pay for the crackers," said the dealer. "No, you can't demand pay for them, for I gave them back to you." "I can't tell how it is," said the Dutchman, scratching his head, "but I don't want you to come here any more." He couldn't fathom the shrewd financiering of his customer, but he was very confident that he had lost by the transaction.—*New York Picayune.*



## MOONLIGHT.—AN EASTERN SKETCH.

BY G. F. FRASER.

'Tis gentle moonlight softly falls,  
While the bulbul sings through the sweet night hour,  
Where dark eyes beam with no tear-drops wet,  
Sings Oman, who hath not felt their power.

In flooded light on the minaret spire—  
O is it not a time to love,  
Amid the bright gardens of Alphas,  
With such a sky as this above?

Where fragrance floats on the western gale  
Of the amaranth and bright asodel,  
It silvers the rivers and bowers of Haroun—  
Casts over them its sweet love-spell.

On the lighted rivers that softly gleam,  
As silently as in a dream,  
And not a sound disturbs their flow,  
It turns enchanted the eastern scene.

Where palm trees rise beside the fount,  
The wearied pilgrim stops to rest;  
In the gurgling waters its mirror shines,  
On the desert scene the loveliest.

O, sweetly sleeps it on the wave,  
Where light boats skim and part the tide;  
While tones that play their part as well,  
Wake echoes 'long the shores beside.

## THE UNCLE FROM AMERICA.

BY DELIA E. WARD.

ABOUT the commencement of the present century, Dieppe had already lost much of its importance; yet the grandeur and extent of its maritime expeditions even then would never be suspected from the limited commerce of to-day. The period of fabulous fortunes had not so wholly passed away but that there was seen, from time to time, returning from remote countries, some one of those unexpected millionaires so much misused by the theatres; and one might yet, without an excess of naïveté, believe in the reality of uncles from America. In fact, there was to be seen at Dieppe more than one merchant, whose ships now filled the harbor, that had departed from it some twenty years before in a simple sailor's jacket.

These examples were an encouragement for the enterprising, and a perpetual hope for the disinherited. They rendered the improbable possible, and the impossible probable. The unfortunate consoled themselves for the reality of their situations by hoping for a miracle. This miracle seemed very near being accomplished to a poor family in the little village of Omonville, situated at four leagues from Dieppe. The

widow Mauvaire had experienced many severe afflictions. Her eldest son, the true supporter of the family, had died by a shipwreck, leaving four children to the care of the old lady. This misfortune had hindered, and, perhaps, broken the engagement of her daughter Clemence, and, at the same time, deranged the plans of her son Martin, who had been obliged to quit his unfinished studies in order to undertake his part in the labor of the farm.

But in the midst of the disquiet and dejection of this poor family, a ray of hope suddenly beamed upon them. A letter, written from Dieppe, announced the return of a brother-in-law of the widow, who had been absent for twenty years. Uncle Bruno had returned "with some curiosities from the new world"—so he himself said, and with the resolution to establish himself at Dieppe. His letter had been, since the previous day, the sole object of their thoughts. Whilst it contained no particulars, the son Martin had yet been able to detect, as he read it, the style of a man so free and good-humored, that he could not fail to have made himself rich. Evidently the mariner had returned with some tons of crowns which he would not refuse to share with his family. Once upon the road, imagination travels quickly. Each one added his suppositions to those of Martin. Even Julianne, the young peasant girl, who had been reared by the widow, and who lived at the farm, but less as a servant than as an adopted relation, began to imagine to herself what this uncle from America would be able to give her.

"I shall ask him for a cloth mantle and a golden cross," said she, after a new reading of the epistle, which Martin had performed aloud for the mutual benefit.

"Ah!" said the widow, sighing, "if my poor Didier had lived, he now would have found a protector."

"There are always his children, Mairaine," observed the young woman, "without counting Mademoiselle Clemence, who would not refuse a 'dot.'"

"What should I do with it?" said Clemence, sadly.

"Do with it?" repeated Julianne; "what but cause the relations of Monsieur Marc to hold their tongues. They have made a fine piece of business sending their son to sea, in order to hinder the marriage. If Uncle Bruno wishes it, behold, the lover returns instantly."

"It were well to know first if he wishes to come back," interrupted the young girl, in a tremulous voice.

"Ah—well! if it is not he, thou wilt soon

find another," said Martin, who viewed only the marriage of his sister, while she thought only of her lover. "With an uncle from America, one can always find a good alliance. Who knows, often, if he may not have accompanying him some millionaire, whom he would wish to make his nephew?"

"O, I hope not!" cried Clemence, with affright. "Surely nothing urges my marriage."

"That which is most urgent," said the widow, in a tone of dejection, "is to find a place for thy brother."

"Monsieur the count has always given me hope that I should receive the situation of agent and receiver for his farms," replied Martin, encouragingly.

"But he does not decide," answered the old lady; "and while he waits, time passes and the grain wastes away. These great lords know nothing of that; their minds are wholly upon pleasure, and when they recall the promised morsel of bread, you are already dead of hunger."

"We shall no more have that to fear, with the friendship of Uncle Bruno," said Martin; "there is nothing here to deceive us. His letter says, 'I shall arrive to-morrow at Omonville, with all that I possess.' This signifies that we are not forgotten."

"He ought to be coming now," interrupted the widow; "he may arrive any instant. Have you well prepared everything, Clemence?"

The young girl arose and opened the cupboard, showing it, garnished with an abundance quite unusual. Near by a leg of mutton, which was just drawn from the oven, reposed an enormous slice of smoking bacon, flanked by two plates of wheaten buns and a bowl of sweet cream. Several pots of prime cider completed this display, which caused the children to shout with a mingling of admiration and hungry longing. Julianne had spoken, moreover, for an apple pudding, with butter sauce, which now stood simmering near the fire.

The widow then chose from her closet a linen cloth and napkins yellow for want of use. The young servant took from among the dishes some plates that were the least battered, and commenced to lay the table by placing at the upper end the only silver spoon which the family possessed. These preparations were just finished when the children, who had been out-doors watching, rushed into the house, crying out:

"Look! look!"

"What is it?" was asked from all sides.

"Aha! *parbleu!* Uncle Bruno!" replied a strong, jovial voice.

The whole family turned to look. Upon the threshold stood a sailor, framed in the gap he had made by suddenly opening the door; he held on his right finger a green parrot, and in his left hand a middling-sized ape. The frightened little ones saved themselves in their grandmother's lap, who herself could hardly restrain a cry. Martin, Clemence and the servant looked at him, perfectly stupefied.

"How is this? Are you afraid of my menagerie?" called out Bruno, smiling. "Come on, good people, take heart and let us embrace; I have come three thousand miles for that very purpose."

Martin first hazarded the attempt; then came Clemence, the widow, and the largest of his grandchildren; but nothing would influence either the little boy or girl to approach him. Bruno indemnified himself for this loss, however, by embracing Julianne.

"By my faith! I began to think I should never arrive here," said he. "Do you know, mother Mauvaire, it is a good stretch to run from Dieppe to your house?"

Martin here observed that the shoes of the sailor were all covered with dust.

"Is it possible, Uncle Bruno, that you have come on foot?" he asked, in surprise.

"*Pardieu!* Would you have me come over your corn-fields here in a boat?" gaily replied the sailor.

Martin turned towards the door:

"But—the baggage?" he ventured to suggest.

"My baggage I have upon me," said Bruno.

"A sailor, my little one, needs no wardrobe but a pipe and a night-cap."

The widow and children looked at each other.

"But," objected the boy, "after reading my uncle's letter, I had believed—"

"What then?—that I should arrive in a three-decker?"

"No," replied Martin, who forced himself to smile pleasantly; "but with your trunks, for a long stay, because you had made us hope you would remain for a long time."

"Me?"

"The proof, here it is, that you said, 'with all that you possessed.'"

"Aha! well—behold all that I possess!" cried Bruno,—"my ape and my parrot."

"What! is that all?" exclaimed the family, in a single voice.

"With my sailor's chest, which is not badly off for stockings without feet, and shirts without sleeves. But one need not be sad for all that, my children. While the conscience and stomach are in a good condition, all else is but a farce.

But, excuse me, sister-in law, I see there some cider, and your four leagues of land sailing has pretty well dried up my throat. Houp! Rochambeau, salute your relations."

The monkey made three set gambols, then went and seated himself at a distance and commenced scratching his head. The sailor, who had already gained the table, here helped himself to drink, to the great consternation of the family. Seeing the table laid, Bruno seated himself without any ceremony, and declared he was dying of hunger. In spite of everything, it was now necessary to serve up the flitch of bacon and the apple-pudding, which had been perceived; but the widow Mauvaire shut the cupboard door upon the rest.

Martin still continued to interrogate the sailor, who now related how he had sailed, during twenty years, amid the Indian seas, under various colors, without any other gains than his regular pay, which was expended as soon as received. Finally, at the end of about an hour, the evidence appeared conclusive that Uncle Bruno had no other fortune than vast good humor and an excellent appetite.

The disappointment was general, but betrayed according to the peculiar character of each individual. Whilst it raised in the heart of Clemence only a degree of surprise mingled with sadness, Martin was vexed and humiliated, and the widow was filled not only with regret but anger. This change of disposition was not slow in manifesting itself. The monkey having frightened and pursued the youngest child, her grandmama ordered it to be at once banished to an old vacant stable; and the parrot being permitted to pick crumbs out of the sailor's plate, Martin declared it was impossible to endure it. Clemence said nothing, but went out with Juliette to occupy herself with household duties, while the widow resumed her spinning at the threshold of the door. Remaining alone with his nephew, who sought to give his dissatisfied manner the appearance of abstraction, Uncle Bruno quietly replaced the glass which he had emptied by a series of little jerks, whistled for a minute, then, leaning both elbows upon the table, looked Martin steadily in the face.

"Dost thou know, boy," said he, coolly, "that the wind appears to me a little northeast in this house? You have all of you manners that come from a cold heart; not a solitary person has yet addressed to me one word of friendship. It is not in this way that a relation should be received who has not been seen for twenty years."

Martin replied brusquely enough that the reception was all they were able to make it, and

that he ought not to expect from them anything better.

"But I have a right to expect kind faces," replied Bruno, "and hang me! you are all colder than stones. Ah! let it rest; enough has been said upon that head, my little one; I do not love family quarrels. Only remember, you will repent of this some day, that is all I have to say."

Having spoken thus, the sailor cut another slice of bacon and began to eat again. Martin, struck by these words, began to have a suspicion. "Uncle Bruno would not have this air of assurance," thought he, "if he possessed, as he pretends, only an ape and a parrot. We have been duped by a ruse; he has wished to prove us, and the menace he has just made has betrayed his secret; quickly let us hasten to repair our stupidity, and reinstate ourselves in his good graces."

Running immediately to his mother and sister, he made known to them his discovery. Both of them hastened to return, with countenances which, so frigid when they went out, were now cheerful and smiling. The widow excused herself by saying household duties had forced her to quit her dear brother-in-law, and she was all astonishment at not seeing the table better served.

"Ah—me! where is the cake?" cried she; "where are the bowls of cream that I had put aside for Bruno? Juliette, what are you thinking of, my dear? and you, Clemence, see! there are not some filberts in the little cupboard; they will serve to sharpen our teeth, and help give a taste for a drink of wine."

The young girl obeyed, and when all was upon the table, she came and seated herself, smiling, opposite the sailor. He regarded her with a satisfied air.

"Ah—well! this is good now; this seems like real and true relatives. I find indeed the daughter of my poor George!" And tapping her under the chin, he continued, "It is not to-day for the first time I have known thee, darling; for a long time some one has spoken to me of thee."

"Who can it be?" asked the young girl, in astonishment.

Before the sailor could reply, a high, shrill voice was heard uttering the name of Clemence. Turning hastily round, she saw no one.

"Aha! thou knowest not who calls thee," said the sailor, smiling.

"Clemence! Clemence!" reiterated the same voice.

"It is the parrot!" cried Martin.

"The parrot?" repeated the young girl; "and who, then, has taught him my name?"

"Some one who has not forgotten you," replied Bruno, fixing his eyes upon her.

"You, my uncle?"

"No, darling, but a young sailor, a native of Omonville."

"Marc?"

"I believe that is his name."

"You have seen him, then, my uncle?"

"A little—by reason of sailing in the same ship in which he had embarked."

"He is returned?"

"With a result from his voyage which will permit him, so he says, to set up housekeeping without requiring from his parents so much as pot-hook or trammel."

"And he has spoken to you—"

"Of thee," said the sailor, who finished out the thought of his niece; "frequently enough for Jako to learn the name, as you see."

Clemence blushed with pleasure, and the widow herself could not withhold a gesture of satisfaction. This projected marriage between her daughter and Marc had always been a favorite project, and she was seriously afflicted by the obstacles which the family of the young man had lately thrown in the way of its consummation. Bruno had learned from him that he would only be detained at Dieppe by the necessary formalities of a disembarkation, and that he would probably arrive the next day, more in love than ever. This news rejoiced every one, but particularly Clemence, who embraced her uncle with a transport of gratitude. Bruno retained for an instant her head upon his shoulder.

"Let us see, now that we have become good friends for life and death, is it not so?" said he, smiling; "and in order that you may not become too much wearied by waiting upon a miserable old fellow of a sailor, I will give you my parrot that you may talk to it of him."

Clemence embraced her uncle anew with a thousand thanks, and held out her hands for the bird of which she had no longer any fear. It flew towards her, and, balancing itself upon her arm, cocked its head upon one side, and cried: "Good-morning, Clemence,—good-morning!"

Everybody shouted with laughter, and the delighted young girl kissed the bird many times as she carried it away.

"Your coming makes one person happy, brother Bruno," said the widow, who followed her with her eyes.

"I would well wish it were not one alone," replied the sailor, becoming serious. "To you also, sister-in-law, I have something to offer, but I fear it will only recall sad remembrances to your heart."

"It is of my son Didier!" cried the old lady, with the quick instinct of a mother.

"You have said it," replied Bruno. "When he was shipwrecked down below there, we were unfortunately separate. If the good God had placed us in the same vessel, who knows? I, who can swim like a porpoise, might have been able to shoulder him again, as at the affair of Treport."

"Truly, you have once saved his life!" exclaimed the old lady, suddenly recalling a distant recollection; "I ought never, never to forget it, brother-in-law!" and she held out to him her hand, which he took, kindly, between his own.

"Bah! it is nothing," said he; "a simple neighborly service; but, in the Indies, it was very little I could do; when our ship arrived, that of Didier had been ashore fifteen days. All I was able to do, therefore, was to find out where he was buried, and put up a bamboo cross over his grave."

"You have done that!" cried the mother, bathed in tears. "O, thanks, Bruno,—thanks, brother!"

"That is not all," replied the sailor, who was becoming moved in spite of himself: "I found that those beggarly Lascars had sold the clothes of the drowned boy, and by dint of a little searching, I discovered the watch of my nephew, which I brought back, together with all articles of any value, and have brought them to you, sister-in-law; here they are."

So saying, he showed to the old lady a great silver watch suspended at the end of a tarred rope-yarn. The widow seized it, uttering a stifled cry, and kissed it many times. All the females were weeping. Martin himself appeared very much moved; and as for Bruno, he hemmed, coughed, and, at last, tried, by drinking, to hide the tenderness of his feelings.

When the widow Mauvairé could find words, she embraced the worthy sailor, and thanked him warmly. All her ill-humor had disappeared; she thought no longer of those ideas which first pre-occupied her, but was entirely given up to the recognition of the precious gift which recalled a son so cruelly torn away.

The conversation with Bruno now became more free and amicable. His explanations permitted them no longer to be deceived in regard to his true position. The uncle from America had returned as poor as he went away. In declaring to his nephew that he and his would some day repent of their coldness, he had thought only of those regrets which they would be likely to experience, sooner or later, from having mis-

treated a kind and well-disposed relative; all the rest was merely an induction from Martin. Whilst this discovery destroyed definitely the hopes of both mother and daughter, they changed nothing of their manners. Both of them won the heart of Uncle Bruno, by preserving, from choice, toward him the same degree of kindness and affection which had first been displayed through interest; and both now endeavored even to anticipate his wishes.

The sailor, for whom they had displayed all the resources of their humble household, now rose from the table, when Martin, who had gone out for an instant, entered suddenly, and demanded of Bruno if he was willing to sell his ape.

"Rochambeau?" replied the sailor; "no—no! not I. I have raised him; he obeys me; he is my servant and my companion. I would not give him up for ten times what he is worth. But who is it that wishes to buy him?"

"It is monsieur the count," said the young man. "Just as he was passing by, he saw the animal, and is so much pleased that he begs me to name the price, and he will take him."

"Ah—well! you may tell him that we shall keep him," said Bruno, lighting his pipe.

Martin made a gesture of disappointment.

"It is a trick of misfortune," said he. "Monsieur the count was just recalling his promises. He had said to me if he could have the creature, he would make arrangements with me for the situation of receiver of his farms."

"Ah—me! what a pity!" cried the widow, with an accent of affliction.

Bruno made them explain the affair to him.

"It is thus—is it?" said he, after a moment's reflection. "You hoped, by obtaining Rochambeau for the count, to procure the employment which you desire?"

"I was almost sure of it," replied Martin.

"Ah—well!" cried the sailor, brusquely; "I will not sell the animal, but I will give it to him. Offer him to my lord, and he must needs find it necessary to recognize the politeness."

At this there was a general concert of thanks, which the sailor cut short by sending his nephew to the chateau with Rochambeau. Martin was very well received by the count, who conversed some time with him, and then said he evidently was well qualified to fulfil the duties required by the situation of receiver, and desired him to accept it. We can understand the joy of the family when he returned with this news. The widow, wishing to expiate her faults, avowed to the sailor the interested hopes to which his return had given birth. Bruno nearly choked himself with laughter.

"By my eyes and tarpaulin!" cried he, "a pretty joke I have played you. Expecting me to return with millions, and all I have brought is two useless beasts!"

"You deceive yourself, uncle," said Clemence, sweetly; "you have brought us three priceless treasures: through you my mother has a precious souvenir, my brother his occupation, and myself—I—I have hope!"

#### THE LEANING TOWER AT PISA.

The Leaning Tower was still there, and it certainly leans more, or at least more appreciably, than the pictures represent. This curiosity of architecture is, perhaps, better known than any other to persons who have never travelled; and yet, not one out of a hundred, to whom the Leaning Tower of Pisa is familiar by name, can tell for what purpose it was built. It is nothing in the world but the belfry of the Cathedral, by whose side it stands, and from which it is separated by a road. The ancient system was to make two separate constructions of the church and the bell tower. The moderns have improved upon this plan, by clapping the spire on the top of the edifice to which it belongs. The whole mission of the tall Campanile of Pisa is accomplished when a couple of ropes are carried up by it to the chime at the summit. It is hollow and cylindrical, the walls just thick enough to admit of a winding staircase. The top is so dangerous a place, that I doubt whether a person disposed to giddiness, could get safely round the exterior edge, unprotected as it is by railing.—*Tribune*.

#### A GREEN YANKEE.

"I should like you to have seen a specimen of a green Yankee who came down the Sound in a Hartford steamer with me. He had never been to York before, and he was asking questions of everybody on board the boat. However, if he was 'green as grass' he was picking up a good deal of information, which will doubtless stand him in good stead hereafter. One of his comparisons struck me, as decidedly original: 'Up to Northampton,' said he, 'I took breakfast, and they taxed me tew shillin's! 'Twas a pooty good price, but I gin it to 'em. 'Twas enough, any way. Well, when I came down to Hartford, I took breakfast agin, next morning; and when I asked 'em how much, they looked at me and said, half a dollar. I looked back at 'em pooty sharp—but I paid it. I sot down, and ciphered up inside how much it would cost a fellow to board long at that rate; and I tell you what, I pooty soon found out that 'fore the end of a month it would make a fellow's pocket-book look as if an elephant had stamped onto it!' Sam Slick himself never employed a more striking simile."—*Knickerbocker*.

ANTHRACITE ASHES.—Anthracite, or hard coal ashes—long deemed as worthless to vegetation, and as an actual injury to the soil—are endowed with properties which render them valuable when applied as manure. Persons residing in the vicinity of cities and seaport towns, would do well to bear this fact in mind, and to collect as large quantities as practicable, for this purpose.

## SONNET.

BY MISS C. A. PAYSON.

Enrobed was the earth in silvery white,  
Which glowed all rosiest at early dawn,  
And in the glittering sheen of noontide born,  
Sparkled with beacons insufferably bright.  
'Neath the soft radiance of the twilight star,  
Ere twilight faded into evening gray,  
Shining in paly loveliness it lay,  
Girdling the brown earth with a pearly bar.  
But when inwrapped in gloomy clouds came night,  
Gone was the brightness from the tinted snow,  
As from the heart doth pass a golden glow,  
When disappointment casts its withering blight  
Over the budding flowers, with beauty rife,  
Which droop, alas, and never open to life.

## STRANGE, BUT TRUE.

BY E. BAILEY CHANEY.

In 1849, the principal banking institutions of the chance kind in San Francisco, were the "Bella Union," "Verandah," "Nim de Oro," and "Parker House," all situated about the "Plaza," and each employed a band of music to lessen the tedious hours of that rainy winter, and to drown the noise of dingling gold and silver, and the cursing ejaculations of the gamblers. Many a sad scene has taken place within these saloons that chilled the blood of the beholder, and is remembered with horror! I was once carelessly sauntering through one of these places. My attention was attracted towards a person who had large piles of gold before him. The starting eyeballs, the swollen veins upon his forehead, the cold sweat upon his face and clenched hands, told of heavy losses. Mingled exclamations of horror and contempt would escape him, and he seemed unconscious of all that was going on around him. His gaze bent upon the cards as if his life's blood was the stake at issue. In this case, his last dollar was placed within the dealer's bank; then, with the frenzy of a maniac, he drew a long dirk-knife and plunged it up to the hilt into his own body, and sunk a corpse upon the table. A few rude jeers followed this act; the body was removed, and the game went on as though nothing had happened—as though another victim had not been added to the gambler's damning record, or another soul had not gone to its final account. I learned this much of his history:

He started with a large stock of goods, given him by his father to sell on commission, and the father's fortune depended upon a safe return of the money so invested; but as usual with young

men, he indulged in the full liberty of unbridled license, and while the ship stopped at one of the South American ports, he engendered the first seeds of "play." But for a while after his arrival, the excitement of trade and the energy necessary to accomplish a successful issue, kept his mind busy. One day, by appointment, he was to meet a mercantile friend at this house, and while waiting for his friend's arrival, staked a few dollars upon the turn of cards, when the latent disease sprang into life, and it carried him headlong over the precipice and ended in the tragic manner related.

The Nim de Oro was a gambling saloon on Washington Street, opposite the El Dorado, and in 1849 was the principal resort of the disbanded soldiers of the California regiments, and also of the soldiers that had been engaged in the war with Mexico.

Behind one of the largest monte-banks in the room sat a man who had won for himself honorable mention, and an officer's commission was given him for his bravery at the storming of Monterey; but preferring the climate of California and its golden prospects to a more northern home, he embarked for that country at the close of the war with Mexico, and upon arriving, he opened a bank for gambling. The emigrants came in by thousands, and a few nights after his arrival, a young man entered the saloon and seated himself at the bank, and staked various sums upon the cards until he had lost nearly all the money he possessed. Excited by the play and maddened with his losses, he accused the dealer of cheating; the dealer replied sharply to the accusation—the lie passed, when the young man struck the dealer a severe blow upon his face. Quick as thought, the sharp report of a pistol followed, and the gambler's clothing was covered with the young man's blood—he had shot him through the right breast. The room was cleared of the spectators present, the door closed, and medical attendance called in to aid the wounded man.

The gambler sat moodily over his bank, running the small monte cards through his fingers, and perhaps thinking of the deed just perpetrated, when the wounded man gave a moan of agony as the doctor's probe reached the bottom of the wound.

The doctor inquired what State he was from, and the wounded man replied: "Vermont."

The gambler raised his head, for it had been a long time since he had seen a person from the home of his childhood, and Vermont being the name of his native State, the mere mention of the name interested him.

The doctor next inquired the name of the place where his parents resided, if he had any. The wounded man replied: "Montpelier."

The gambler sprang to his feet, his limbs trembled, and his face was pale as death, for Montpelier was the home of his youth, and perhaps the wounded man might have been his playmate in childhood—perhaps a schoolmate—knew his parents, his brothers and sisters. He clung convulsively to the table, and with the contending emotions of rapid thought and the weight of injury inflicted, he could scarcely keep upon his feet.

A stimulant was given to the wounded man, and he was momentarily relieved from that weakness the body is so subject to after a severe wound, when the doctor inquired if there was any friend in the city he wished to send for.

"Yes," he replied, "my wife. She is at the City Hotel, on the corner of Clay and Kearney Streets. Tell Mary to hasten, for I am badly hurt."

A man was sent to bring his wife.

"Doctor," said the gambler, "save that man's life, and there is my bank, and \$40,000 in Burgoyne, and you shall have it all."

The doctor felt the pulse of the man and probed the wound anew. The gambler watched him with the greatest anxiety until the inspection was finished, when the doctor shook his head in token of impossibility. The gambler sat by the side of the wounded man, bathed his head, and staunched the flow of blood from the wound, until the arrival of the wife. She came, accompanied by a few friends, and as heroic women bear their misfortunes, she bore hers. Not a word of reproach escaped her—words of cheerfulness only came from her lips, as tears coursed down her cheeks. To her inquiry as to the chances of her husband's recovery, the doctor assured her there was no hope, that the wound was mortal, and that in a few hours the wounded man must die. She sank down upon her knees, and invoked the mercy of a forgiving God upon her dying husband and his murderer.

The gambler knelt at the side of the wounded man and asked his forgiveness for the wrong he had committed, and also that of his wife, which was readily granted.

"This," said he, "is for not obeying the sacred injunctions of my aged father and mother not to gamble. I have faced death a thousand times, and still I have escaped; the balls of an enemy have whistled past my ears as thick as hailstones, and the bursting bomb has exploded at my feet. Still I have lived—O God, and for this! High above the red tide of battle I have

carried my country's ensign—and that won for me a name among men. When not one comrade was left to tell of the battle, I escaped unscathed. Why was not I killed with the rest? All that was proud and pleasing to man I have had; and if I could recall this last act by living upon carrion, sleeping in a pauper's grave, and renouncing every proud act of my life, I would do it. I was born in the same village with that man; we have been classmates together in the same school; received instruction from the same aged man; we were born beneath the same roof, and—O God! the same mother gave us birth! He must not die—he is my brother!" And the gambler sank down in a swoon upon the floor.

The wounded man raised himself upon his elbows; his glazed eyes wandered about the room, as if searching for some particular person.

"Mary," said he, "is my brother William here? I—" And the words choked in his throat, the gurgling blood stopped his utterance, and he sank back a corpse upon his pillow.

The wife knelt again, but it was beside a dead body, and invoked the mercy of God upon his soul and forgiveness for the murderer.

The gambler awoke from his swoon, and staggered up to the wife, and said:

"Mary, would it were otherwise, for I have nothing to live for now; the dead and dying do not want anything in this world; take this certificate of deposit to our aged father, and tell our parents we are both dead—but O, do not tell them how we died!"

Before the woman could reply, or any one interfere, the report of the pistol sounded again, and the *fratricide had ceased to live!* On the hill near Guicon Point were two graves, a few years ago, enclosed with a picket fence, and one tombstone at their head with the simple inscription: "BROTHERS."

#### FIGHTING UNDER COVER.

The new French floating batteries are entirely built of iron and covered with a shell of the same metal, under which the chimney is lowered and concealed during the action. Trials have been made against this shell with forty-six-pounders, but they only produce a slight dent, the projectiles themselves rebounding far away. When shot, the batteries look like a tortoise, broader in front than behind. The front battery is armed with thirty guns of the heaviest calibre. The port-holes are in their turn closed by lids, that open of themselves at the moment the gun is fired, and then shut instantly. A small orifice in the lid enables the gunner to take aim.—*Albion.*

The ordinary employment of artifice is the mark of a petty mind; and it almost always happens, that he who uses it to cover himself in one place, uncovers himself in another.

## CHINESE MAXIMS.

The sage does good as he breathes—it is his life.

One may be decorous without being chaste; but one cannot be chaste without being decorous.

My books speak to my mind, my friends to my heart: all the rest to my ears.

The wise man does not speak of all he does; but he does nothing that cannot be spoken of.

Attention to small things is the economy of virtue.

Man may bend to virtue, but virtue cannot bend to man.

Virtue does not give talents, but it supplies their place. Talents neither give virtue nor supply the place of it.

He who finds pain in virtue, and pleasure in vice, is a novice both in the one and the other.

One may do without mankind, but one has need of a friend.

Ceremony is the smoke of friendship.

If the heart does not go with the head, the best thoughts give only light; this is why science is so little persuasive, and probity so eloquent.

The pleasure of doing good is the only one that never wears out.

To cultivate virtue is the science of men; to renounce science is the virtue of women.

You must listen to your wife, and not believe her.

If one is not deaf or stupid, what a position is that of a father-in-law! If with a wife and a daughter-in-law, one has also sisters and sisters-in-law, daughters and nieces, one ought to be a tiger to hold out.

The happiest mother of daughters is she who has only sons.

The minds of women are of quicksilver, and their hearts of wax.

The most curious women willingly cast down their eyes to be looked at.

The tongues of women increase by all that they take from their feet.

The finest roads do not go far.

When men are together, they listen to one another; but women and girls look at one another.

The most timid girl has courage enough to talk scandal.

The tree overthrown by the wind had more branches than roots.

The dog in the kennel barks at his fleas, but the dog who is hunting does not feel them.

He who lets things be given to him, is not good at taking.

AM is lost when the people fear death less than poverty.

At court, people sing that they may drink; in a village, people drink that they may sing.

Great souls have wills, others only feeble wishes.

The prison is shut night and day, yet it is always full; the temples are always open, and yet you find no one in them.

All errors have only a time; after a hundred millions of objections, subtleties, sophisms, and lies, the smallest truth remains precisely what it was before.

Who is the man most insupportable to us? He whom we have offended, and whom we can reproach with nothing.

Receive your thoughts as guests, and treat your desires as children.

Whoever makes a great fuss about doing good, does very little; he who wishes to be seen and noticed when he is doing good, will not do it long; he who mingles humor and caprice, will do it badly; he who only thinks of avoiding faults and reproaches, will never acquire virtue.

For him who does everything in its proper time, one day is worth three.

The less indulgence one has for one's self, the more one may have for others.

Towers are measured by their shadow, and great men by those who are envious of them.

We must do quickly what there is no hurry for, to be able to do slowly what demands haste.

He who wishes to secure the good of others, has already secured his own.

Repentance is the spring of virtue.

The court is like the sea; everything depends upon the wind.

What a pleasure it is to give! There would be no rich people if they were capable of feeling this.

The rich find relations in the most remote foreign countries; the poor not even in the bosom of their own families.

The way to glory is through the palace; to fortune, through the market; to virtue, through the desert.

The truths that we least wish to hear are those which it is most to our advantage to know.

One forgives everything to him, who forgives himself, nothing.

It is the rich who want most things.

Who is the greatest liar? He who speaks most of himself.

A fool never admires himself so much as when he has committed some folly.

When a song gives much fame, virtue given very little.

One never needs one's witness much as when one has to do with a fool.



## A FAREWELL.

BY WM. ROWLAND, JR.

Of thee to think, with thee to rove,  
In fancy through the gentle bowers,  
That witnessed once our vows of love,  
In joyous youth's enchanted hours.

To picture manhood's ardent toils,  
By love's endearing looks repaid,  
While fancy called her fairest spoils,  
To deck thy home's domestic shade.

To think how sweetly thy control  
Had soothed the wound that aches unseen,  
While grief that waste the secret soul,  
Had passed—perhaps had never been.

To dream of hours forever past,  
And all that ne'er again can be,  
My best beloved, is this the last,  
The only solace left to me.

Silent and sad, I go to meet  
What life may bring of woe or bliss;  
No other hope can be so sweet,  
No parting is so sad as this.

## THE FIRST AND LAST APPEAL.

BY SUSAN H. BLAISDELL.

"I KNOW I am asking a great deal, Mildred; but I cannot bear that you should refuse me, for I have thought of it so long, longer than you can guess. I have dreamed of it night and day. It has been such a dear, such a precious hope, Mildred. And yet, I fear it is a vain one."

Robert Elmer's voice trembled as he finished speaking, and he glanced, pleadingly, anxiously, towards the beautiful girl who sat opposite.

But Mildred Wycherly would not look up to meet that glance, though she felt it in the very depths of her heart. She would not look up to meet it, because she knew how earnest and sorrowful it was, and was conscious of her own unkindness. She could not answer that gentle, affectionate entreaty, either; for, she knew he deserved a different reply from the one which she wished to give him. She sat there still, opposite her lover, at the entrance of the archway before the door, placing her handkerchief into a thousand tiny folds, and keeping her eyes fixed on it, to avoid raising them to his. Her cheeks were flushed, too, but it was with pain—an involuntary self-accusation.

He read it as it was—the sign of her denial. Nothing more gentle, more tender it meant. And Robert Elmer was sensitive, discerning. He could not press an unwelcome suit, though his honest, loving heart was wounded deeply by her silence.

"You do not care for me, then, Mildred," he said, gently, "I am sorry I spoke, if it pains you."

He turned to avoid displaying the emotion that filled him, and without daring to trust his voice further, went slowly down the garden, and out through the gate. If he had turned, he would have seen the tears stealing from the beautiful eyes of Mildred Wycherly; but he left the gate without casting one backward glance, and took the path homeward.

It was a great sorrow to Robert; greater and more bitter than any one could tell. Ever since their earliest childhood, Mildred and he had been companions; and he had learned to love her with more than childish affection, and cherished hopes that were dear to him as life. He had believed, too, that she was not insensible to the nature of his feelings; and now, after all, to think that he had been deceiving himself.

It was hard; and Mildred Wycherly knew it, as she followed, with tear-filled eyes, the receding form of her lover. But she would not have had it otherwise. She would not have accepted Robert Elmer then, for all the wealth of England. She did not love him, she said; and, believing that she spoke the truth, the girl acquitted herself of wrong. She felt that such love as his, nevertheless, deserved another reward than the one it had met. Few hearts were there as noble as his; and she wished it could have been given to some other, who could have valued it as it should be.

All this said Mildred Wycherly; and willing to forget the sad face that rose before her, and drive away the echoes of those sorrowful tones, because they thrilled a chord in her heart whose existence she denied, she went about her household tasks again. But her merry tones were less merry than usual, and her clear laugh less ready; and if she began to carol a snatch of one of the pleasant melodies she so often sung, the words died away in silence, almost as they were commenced.

"Why, what ails thee, little one?" cried her father, placing his hand upon her brown hair, and regarding her closely and curiously; "what ails thee, child, I say? Thou hast lost thy music since the morning; and shrewdly I guess it went to seek the heart that went before it! Come, Mildred, sing me a strain as gay as yesterday's, or I pack thy lovers off, one and all!" and he lightly tweaked her pretty ear, with a merry smile.

"Nay, let the child alone, Edward," said her mother, good-naturedly. "Never fear but she will sing as cheerily as ever in a while; one can never understand a girl's humors, but the girl

herself, and I'll warrant me this is naught more than the summer cloud yonder, that will be gone almost before you see it." And Mildred, with a kiss upon her father's cheek, went away on some errand which her mother gave her.

There was to be a party in the woods, at some distance from Mildred's dwelling; and she was to join it. Her heart trembled a little as she looked forward to it, for more reasons than one. Hitherto, Robert Elmer had nearly always been her companion on occasions of this kind. Now, without his knowledge, another was to take his place. Before this, Mildred had reflected with uneasiness upon having accepted another's escort, feeling sure that Robert would count on accompanying her, as usual; now, however, it seemed hardly probable that he would do so. Poor Robert! Tears of regret stole into her eyes as she thought of his disappointment. Then they were chased away, as she thought of the morrow. Charles Askham, the son of a neighboring baronet, and handsome, graceful, witty—Charles Askham, whose attentions the loveliest maidens far and near envied her—was to be her companion to-morrow! Pride and gratified vanity slightly flushed her lovely cheek, and beamed in her beautiful eyes. Robert was forgotten again.

That day, towards sunset, returning from the village, whither she had been on an errand, Mildred encountered the baronet's son. Greeting her with a delighted exclamation, and an animated smile, the young man turned back with her; speaking, meanwhile, in rapturous terms, of their proposed expedition, and dwelling upon the enjoyment he should find in her society, with enthusiasm; till Mildred blushed still more deeply, and her eyes were like stars.

Yet, was neither in love with the other; though, possibly, each might have been led to believe it, and others to believe it of them. For Mildred was merely flattered and pleased by his evident admiration of her, while the young man himself was caught and charmed by her lovely face and engaging manners, as, perhaps, by those of a dozen pretty girls before.

"Be ready betimes to-morrow, Mildred," was his parting caution, at the gate; and the young girl promised.

She turned to cast one glance at the form of the young man; as he retrod the path they had pursued together. He looked back at the same moment, bowed low, and waved his hand. And there, beyond him, appeared one whom she would have wished to see at any other time. It was Robert Elmer coming down the road.

He passed young Askham with a bow of recognition, merely, and continued his way. Mil-

dred lingered at the gate as he approached her. There was something of restraint in his manner, in his smile and his voice, as he bade her good-evening; though each was gentle and kind as ever. There was only wanting the light-hearted, winsome carelessness of mien—that sparkling expression of countenance, with which he was wont to meet her. And the girl felt it was wanting.

"Mildred," he said, coming to her side, "Mildred, I have come to speak to you about the party to-morrow. It may be that I should have spoken of it before. But I thought, of course, that we were to go together as usual. Until now—I do not know—whether you will wish to go with me."

He said it with slight hesitation, and in a voice that betrayed the sorrow he felt.

Mildred could have cried. She was unable to speak quite steadily as she answered, "I am going with Mr. Askham, Robert."

He had expected it. It did not surprise him that she said it; and yet a flush of pain rose to his cheek at the words. He had met his rival. He fingered a moment playing with the black ribbon that crossed his vest, then saying, gently, "Good-evening, Mildred," he was about to go.

But she laid her hand on his arm. "Wont you come in, Robert? a little while, just to see father and mother? They will wonder if you go away without seeing them? You are not displeased with them."

"I am displeased with no one, Mildred. But I do not quite like to go in at present. In a few days, when I am calmer than now—" He could not finish. His voice grew husky and tremulous.

There was a little pause. Then Mildred said, "You will go to-morrow, Robert?"

"I do not know," he answered, in a low tone.

She hesitated an instant. Then, with the great tears filling her downcast eyes, she spoke again, sorrowful and ashamed. "I do not know that it is right for me to say it now," she said, "I do not know you will heed me; but, Robert, I shall not be happy if you are not there."

He looked up, earnestly, almost hopefully; then the shadow fell again, heavier and darker than before. He read only pity in her face. "I will come, Mildred," he answered, and then turned and was gone.

It was with a heavy heart that Mildred went to rest that night. She could not but reproach herself. "And yet, wherefore?" she questioned. "Have I acted wrongly? Should my answer have been a different one? Should I have accepted him, when I could not give him the heart he asks for?"

A few fleeting tears fell upon her pillow, but they were soon dried, and Mildred slept.

With the morning, came lighter fancies, and a more cheerful spirit. The enjoyment of to-day alone presented itself. And, by the time Charles Askham joined her, she was as light-hearted as any maiden of them all; and a thousand times more beautiful, in her happiness. The compliments that everywhere met her, only served to heighten the lovely bloom she already possessed, and looking as charmingly as possible, she set out with the rest, at the side of Charles Askham. Not until they had reached the place of destination, did she have an opportunity to look about for Robert. By chance she saw him at a distance, leaning against a rock, mechanically pulling off the tufts of moss that covered it; as he conversed with a lad who lingered by his side, away from the merry groups scattered hither and thither. She was sad for an instant; then her companion claimed her attention, and Robert was forgotten for a time.

The morning wore on. A proposition was made to start for a piece of low ground at some distance, where grew a rare and beautiful flower, known in no other place for many miles about. It was accepted, and the party set out for the spot designated. The place was reached; where the velvet grass was of the most brilliant verdure, and sprinkled with white and scarlet blossoms.

"How beautiful!" uttered Mildred.

"You shall have a crown of them, Mildred," returned her companion; "I am going in now. Come, shall we go together?"

A hand touched her arm. "It is damp there, Mildred. You may take cold," said the voice of Robert Elmer, beside her.

"Pshaw! A fig for the danger!" uttered Charles Askham, impatiently, a little jealous of Robert's interference. "There is not the slightest risk. Don't you see the stepping-stones, Mildred?" and he gently urged her along. The girl would fain have gone back, but it was too late. She was already upon the stones, which admitted the passage of but one abreast; and Charles Askham was behind her.

Robert Elmer's voice had ceased its unheeded warning. She looked back. He was standing there on the slope, watching her; and distant as she was, she could see the sorrowful expression of his countenance. They went on. Finally the last stone was reached, and Charles Askham commenced filling his fair companion's hat with the flowers.

"Worth coming for—aint they, Mildred?" he said. "And no great danger incurred, either. See how fine those white ones are! Rarer than

the rarest pearls Cleopatra ever wore. They will make a fitting crown for you."

With an animated smile he showered a handful upon her bright head; and her happy laugh sounded clear and sweet among the merry voices of her companions.

"Ah, Mildred!"

It was too late. Her foot had slipped from the narrow and unsteady stone, and she was standing instep-deep in water. Hastily Charles Askham assisted her to gain his side again, and his was not the least anxious of the score of anxious faces all about; nor his the least alarmed of all their tones. He assisted her to wipe away the drops of water that had flown all over her arms. "My fault, Mildred!" he said, in accents of self-reproach.

"No, no, do not blame yourself," she returned, gently. "I dare say it will not hurt me, if I go directly home."

"Yes—let us go," and he gave her his hand.

The crowd made way for them. Back to the slope, and up the path together, went the pair, accompanied by several of the party. They were quite silent. It would not, ordinarily, have occasioned so much concern as now—an accident like this; for in perfect health, Mildred might have gained a pair of wet feet, and a shower-bath of this kind, with impunity; but she had not long since recovered from a severe illness, and her constitution had not yet regained its full strength. Therefore the greater apprehension was felt. Mildred looked about for Robert. He had disappeared. With severe self-accusations for not having heeded his warning, she left the sympathizing group gathered around her, accompanied by her companion, and hastened across the fields, homewards. Arrived there, she found Robert had preceded them, to acquaint her mother with the accident; and accordingly preparations had already been made against her arrival, to ward off any evil consequences which might be likely to ensue from her exposure. But precaution was not of much avail in this case, except to alleviate, in some degree, the severity of what must have followed.

By the next day, Mildred was really ill. A fever set in, not extremely dangerous, perhaps, on account of the prompt attention she had received; but it was tedious, protracted and weakening. When Charles Askham called the next day, the tidings he gained were far other than he had hoped for. He was shocked and distressed at what he felt convinced was the result of his own short-sightedness and imprudence. But it was too late, and repentance was useless. Mildred's father looked sternly over his spectacles

and shook his head sternly at the mention of the young man's name.

"Why, couldn't the girl have gone with Robert, as usual?" he asked, with some severity. "He wouldn't have been a fool! He wouldn't have allowed her to go into bogs, and swamps, and the mischief knows where."

Charles Askham heard the old man's fearless expressed censure; and though he winced beneath it, pronounced it just. He would have given his fortune at that moment, to see Mildred well again; but it was useless. He tormented himself with having been the cause of her illness. And Mildred, meanwhile, dragged weakly and wearily through the long, shining summer hours; lying helpless upon her couch, and longing inexpressibly for her old strength and health, and the dewy coolness of the forest breezes, that wafted Tantalus odors to her in the broken fever-dreams. She longed to stretch herself upon the fragrant turf, and drink in the sweetness of the flowers in such draughts as would have assuaged the weary thirst she felt. And to see Robert, to stray adown the olden paths with him once more; to hear his voice, and feel the clasp of that kind hand again. Her mother told her that every day he came to inquire for her. And every day there was placed upon the little table by her bedside, clusters of her favorite flowers, and crystal dishes of the choicest, rarest fruits, to tempt her with their delicious flavor.

For whole hours, Mildred would lie with these tokens of her lover's remembrance before her, and her eyes fixed on them. They were treasures to her. She thought of him as he gathered them and arranged them for her. She held in her hot hands the cool leaves that had covered the fruits he had sent her, till their freshness was gone, and they lay sunken and withered upon the coverlet. And then, her tears fell sadly and silently upon them. Mildred wept for the past. One day Mildred asked her mother where Charles Askham was. He had gone to town, some days since, with his father, was the answer.

She did not regret it. But the thought that he might have stayed until she had recovered, crossed her mind. Since his was the fault, in part, of her illness, and he had expressed such deep anxiety concerning her health that afternoon when they parted. Yet she cared little. She only felt kindly towards him, and wished him well. The olden thrill, that ran through her at the sound of his voice, or the glance of his handsome eyes had passed away, now; and she recognized in it the evidence of a feeling, a sentiment far less tender than she had almost believed it then. It was gratified vanity—not love

—that had filled her heart, and told her a false tale—prompted a false reply—when Robert Elmer had asked her if she loved him and would marry him.

Now that she lay here, Mildred saw her own impulses and actions in a clearer, truer light. She recognized the secret workings of her own heart, that had hitherto been half veiled from her. She had deceived herself all along, and she acknowledged it with sorrow and remorse, now. But it was too late—too late!

The weeks wore on; and day after day, Robert Elmer came to ask tidings of Mildred, and leave the offering of blossoms and of fruit that were to make the chamber of the invalid pleasant with the bloom and fragrance of the outer world. They were watched for—ah, he little guessed how eagerly, as the token of her lover's silent remembrance. He never sent any message; he never uttered a word concerning her beyond the usual inquiries after her health. And Mildred would have given worlds to see him—to speak to him. And day after day wore on, to her recovery; until, finally, she was able to leave her chamber, and go down stairs, without assistance. Robert did not come that day, nor the next.

And on the third day, Mildred knew that he had left his home, and gone away. He had nothing to live for now. She had recovered, and he could not bear to wait, patiently then to witness the return and triumph of one whom he still believed to be his rival. He fled from the scene of all that was past, to seek forgetfulness.

Again Mildred was seen in her former haunts, and busied with her customary occupations; and a thousand congratulations met her on every hand; but they grew fainter and less energetic, ere long; for Mildred did not regain her old smiles and gaiety with returning health. The old color failed to return to her cheek, too, and the old sparkle to her eye. She was more quiet than her wont. But when any spoke to her of these things, she only told them that she was not yet quite well.

At this time, Charles Askham returned, and his first act was to hasten to Mildred's side. He had been with his father, all this time, beside the sick bed of a beloved relative, who had but just been pronounced out of danger; and he came, now, to seek her again, and explain the cause of his seeming neglect, and to ask Mildred to be his wife. For, during this time he had changed, he had become more serious, more reflective, and the memory of Mildred had grown into his heart until it was the dearest and most sacred treasure that heart cherished.

But Mildred could not answer him as he would

have had her answer him. Silent and sorrowful tears she shed; for now she listened with pain to the words that once would have caused her emotions of a far different nature. And Charles Ashkam learned his fate with feelings of grief and disappointment deeper and more intense than he had ever deemed himself capable of experiencing. The summer went by, and winter shook the land with storms, and weary, laid down at last to its final slumber beneath the smile of the soft April sunshine. And another summer came, Robert Elmer had been absent a whole year, and only twice, through his parents, had Mildred heard from him, in the long winter evenings, at their lonely fireside. Once his mother was ill, very near to death, and when they thought her last hour had come, she called for her son, and he did not come. He was far away; and Mildred reproached herself bitterly; for she knew that for her sake the boy had gone into exile. But the mother's life was spared, and Mildred felt a great weight lifted from her soul.

One morning, there was a report spread, that Robert had come back. A shock ran through her frame—a lightning thrill at the words. It was not—it could not be true!

The long day went by, and though from many was heard the story of his arrival, Mildred did not see him. At sunset, Mildred went down to the spring for water. Many a sad memory thronged around her heart. How often had Robert come with her down this path, carrying her pitcher! She remembered how he looked—the very glance of his kind eyes—the echo of his pleasant tones. From beneath her downcast lids fell slow and heavy tears. But even at that instant, Robert Elmer himself was beside her, and Robert's voice said, "Mildred!"

She looked up, and met the old, smiling glance. She heard the familiar voice, that had been so long unheard. She felt Robert's hand clasping hers once more, and he did not release it. In the old lane, at the spring-rock, they two stood together again. For a long time memory served as a constraint between them; neither could trust their voices to speak of the past; and what else was there to speak of? But Robert told her, at last, of his wanderings. Of the weary days, and weeks, and months he had passed away from home,

"I should have staid longer, Mildred," he said, "but I could not. There was an old tie that bound my heart here, wherever I went, and would not be broken; and it drew me home at last. I could not stay away from you, Mildred. Something told me that you would welcome me. Do not let me think that I have come home in vain." The tears were filling the young girl's eyes again,

but he read in them she averted her face, a different answer from that he had read there once before. Her hand was not withdrawn from Robert's clasp. And sweet was the tremulous answer to the *LOVER'S LAST APPEAL*.

#### PRETTY WOMEN.

A pretty woman is one of the "institutions" of the country—an angel in dry goods and glory. She makes sunshine, blue sky, Fourth of July, and happiness wherever she goes. Her path is one of delicious roses, perfume and beauty. She is a sweet poem, written in rare curls and choice calico, and good principles. Men stand up before her as so many admiration points, to melt into cream, and then butter. Her words float round the ear like music, birds of Paradise, or the chimes of the Sabbath bells. Without her, society would lose its truest attraction, the church its firmest reliance, and young men the very best of comforts and company. Her influence and generosity restrain the vicious, strengthen the weak, raise the lowly, flannel-shirt the heathen, and strengthen the faint-hearted. Wherever you find the virtuous woman, you also find a pleasant fireside, bouquets, clean clothes, order, good living, gentle hearts, piety, music, light and model "institutions" generally. She is the flower of humanity, a very Venus in dimity, and her inspiration is the breath of heaven.—*N. Y. Mirror*.

#### DEPTHS OF THE OCEAN.

The crew of the United States exploring ship Vincennes, when off the coast of Kamachatska, obtained bottom at the depth of 1700 fathoms. The sediment brought up by the lead was placed beneath a microscope, and infusoria were discovered there, which had in all probability been alive immediately before they were relieved from the enormous pressure to which they had been subjected by the overlying waters. Measures were taken to preserve the specimens in alcohol, in order that microscopists of eminence might have reliable grounds upon which to base their opinions as to the vitality of the insects at the time of their capture, and ascertain if the ocean is actually inhabited by living creatures at the depth of a mile below its surface.—*Boston Post*.

#### THE CALIFORNIA DESERT.

The great desert which lies beyond the Colorado River, in California, is a serious obstacle to travellers journeying by the overland route to California. The trail is strewed with the white bones of cattle and horses, who have perished of thirst by the wayside. The Secretary of War, in his report, states the interesting fact that the recent surveys prove this desert to be much lower than the Colorado River, so that by means of a judicious system of canals, the whole of the large tract might, in all probability, be converted from a dreary waste into a fertile and productive tract of country.—*Olive Branch*.

Clear writers, like clear fountains, do not seem so deep as they are; the turbid look the most profound.

## OUR MABELLE.

BY TOM.

Our Mabelle was fair as a lily white,  
On which falls at even the sunset light;  
And she was dying, we knew too well—  
That angels were calling our loved Mabelle.

We were far out at sea. 'Twas in vain she sighed,  
To see the green hills, before she died,  
Where she was born, where in childhood she played,  
Or reclined on the moss, in the forest's shade.

She thought of her home, and the happy past,  
She thought of her mother—her tears flowed fast;  
For she knew all the sorrow, and anguish, and pain  
She would feel, when she knew that her child was laid

In an ocean grave, where the waves murmur low,  
And a sweet music make in their ceaseless flow;  
Where rare gems gleam, in the dim, pale light,  
That comes stealing down from the stars at night.

When the clouds in the west at eve grew bright,  
There came in her eyes a glorious light;  
But when from the clouds fled the rosy dyes,  
Then fled the light from our Mabelle's eyes.

We gave her a grave in the ocean deep,  
And Naiads now watch o'er her long, dreamless sleep,  
Around thee green sea-wood and coral fair  
Has twined the long curls of her golden hair.

## DR. DOT.

BY JOHN THORNBERRY.

I AM going to tell you a little something about Dr. Dot. He came to Grip Hollow not such a very long time ago, proposing to benefit himself, at least, if not the community in general, by the change of location.

Dr. Dot was not handsome, any more than the writer hereof thinks himself so; for he had a nose quite inclined to pugghiness, a heavy double or treble chin—people could never seem to decide exactly which—and glaring, staring gray eyes, with a remarkably low forehead, which he helped conceal as much as he could, by the peculiar pumpkin-rind style in which he both docked and brushed his hair. In truth, Dr. Dot was the very last man in the world one would have mistaken for what is popularly known as a "ladies' man."

Besides his face, he was short in stature, with a general contour that *rather* suggested pottness, so round, fat, sleek and oily was he; so plump and full in the abdominal regions; so stumpy, and lumpy, and dumpy, take him round and round, above and below, and all the way through. And besides, again, he took snuff, a practice which never failed to leave indelible im-

pressions not less on the lip, and finger and thumb, than on the ordinary observers of his practice.

Dr. Dot had begun to get a little business in his way in Grip Hollow, and was considered to be doing pretty well; which meant, that he not only got a fair living, but a very trifle out of it besides. Since his arrival in our little village, he had the good fortune to be the object of a secret partiality on the part of a rich lady, who had never been herself a wife, any more than Dr. Dot had been a husband. She was an old maid, in fact, and an old settler in Grip Hollow. Her inheritances made her a lady, and of course gave her all the time to eat, drink and sleep in, that she wished, and all the loose change she wanted to give away. Now any one would assuredly suppose the attachment of such a person, even if she was along a trifle in years, is a thing not altogether to be despised. And it isn't, either, that is, if all other circumstances are equal. But were they?

Why, Miss Sally Butters was just about as well endowed in the matter of *beauty*, as Dr. Dot was. She had an awfully hard face, and exhibited some awfully large teeth. And then, again, her hair was not popularly supposed to be quite all her own, if everything else was. And she had hard, white eyes, and a hard expression about her mouth; and a hard, sharp chin; and looked generally hard enough to lend plausibility to the fancy that she might well be ossified all the way through. In thinking of such an organ as her heart, one might secretly wonder if it might not possibly be a large smooth stone! But it would never do to say so!

How Dr. Dot first found out that Miss Sally Butters entertained a hidden passion for him I am sure I am unable to explain, for I never yet happened to know myself; but it is plain that he was apprised of it after a time, and that it threw him into a wide ocean of perplexity and doubt. He had been floundering and tumbling about in it for a long time, altogether undecided what steps he ought to pursue. Perhaps it may strike the reader, who of course knows neither of the parties, as something very strange that Dr. Dot was so troubled, when such a favorable chance offered for the permanent establishment of his fortune. Let me explain.

Dr. Dot could go the fortune of Miss Sally well enough—that anybody well knew; for he was remarkably fond of dollars and cents, and a decided penchant for stocks and fat dividends. But Miss Sally's *self* was what checked his ardor, and made him pause just at the critical moment when he ought to have pushed on

and won. If he could only get possession of her money, without her! But there was where the shoe pinched.

Miss Sally, however, thinking very probably that no man could be much plainer for a man than she was for a woman, threw up both her hands for Dr. Dot, thought he would make her a capital husband, concluded she would be as good a wife—especially with her pecuniary plum—as any decent man ought to desire, and settled matters generally in her mind, by forming the resolution to set her cap for the little doctor; low forehead, snuff-taking, short figure and all. In other words, to sum up for both sides, Dr. Dot wanted Miss Sally's money without her, and Miss Sally wanted Dr. Dot without his money. Now the reader is in a fair way to understand it as well as I do myself.

Numerous and ludicrous were the manoeuvres Miss Sally set on foot to accomplish her aim. And numerous, too, were the hesitations, hopes, anxieties and resolutions, which alternately tossed into waves the surface of Dr. Dot's mind. I need not think of enumerating them, for the reader would most likely feel better refreshed by being left alone with them over his own imagination. One was dead in love; the other was deep in despair.

Finally, Miss Sally fell sick. She found that sending choice dishes every few days from her own table over to that of the doctor, hardly brought in the return intended; so she thought of trying another expedient, and one that bore directly upon the besieged individual's professional sympathies. And falling sick, she of course ordered a physician; and in thinking over all the physicians she happened to know, who could be found to suit her so exactly as did our little poty friend, Dr. Dot?

So the doctor came. He found her sitting up in a stuffed chair, pillowed and cushioned all around, and taking on as hardly as if she was about to submit to some terrible operation that would require the instruments. She whined and whimpered like a little baby. She wriggled nervously in her chair; and showed dangerous symptoms of hysterics; and laid her head back languidly on the cushions; and put out her wrist to show her pulse, with an air that she certainly meant to be equal to a matrimonial giving away of her hand. Dr. Dot braved the storm manfully, and went through his duties with a self-possession that would have reflected credit on old Abernethy himself, of world-wide fame. He was bullet-proof.

Miss Sally saw it all, and grew alarmingly sicker and sicker. Now she took to her bed, and

kept it altogether. She had the doctor about her, almost constantly. She declared that she should die, and sent for the village lawyer. Dr. Dot rather guffawed in his sleeve at her artful devices, but he said nothing in his face. He let things go on after their own and Miss Sally's fashion.

The lawyer came, and a proper number of witnesses with him. There was a will to make, and the village attorney sat down to a little table to draw it up. Miss Sally dictated, being careful that Dr. Dot remained in the room. It was all meant for his special profit and behoof.

"In the name of God,—Amen!" began the lawyer.

"Yes," chimed in Miss Sally, "in the name of God,—Amen. What next, Squire Bottom?"

"Well," said he, "to whom do you intend to dispose of your property, both real and personal? Please parcel it out, and I will commit it to paper, item by item."

She hesitated for a few moments, during which time her eyes were shut as in deep thought.

"To Dr. Dot!" said she, at length, opening them very wide again, and looking glaringly about the room. "All to Dr. Dot!"

The doctor was a little puzzled, as any man would be likely to be; but he said nothing. Not even did he weep his gratitude. Perhaps if he had really believed her life in danger, it would have been different. He might then have shed a few tears, at least, of joy!

Well, and to Dr. Dot was the estate all entailed. Miss Sally looked flushed and fevered as the witnesses were brought into the room to append their names to the instrument, and threw a glance of despair at the little doctor over against her. But he was as adamant. He made no sign. And Miss Sally verily thought now she should die.

But she didn't; she got up again. She began to get back her strength. She could walk all about the house. She even went out of doors, and into the street. She got well. But long and long before that day came, she took care to destroy the shamming will with which she had endeavored to make an impression on the starchy little doctor, willing to rely upon previous dispositions of her property, as certified to in previous documents.

Time and again, now, she threw herself in the way of Dr. Dot, closely studying him to find out what might be the effect upon him of her intended legacy; but nothing could she get out of him. If he was grateful for her gift—that is, supposing he was ever to get it—at least, he took care not to say that he was. If she had succeeded in working at all upon his tenderer feelings, he kept

it as close as a tight padlock, altogether to himself.

With such a mutual understanding, and secretly agreeing to differ on a subject that was in their thoughts from morning till night, they got along the best way they could for a time, each party hoping that some unexpected occurrence would lead to his or her immediate advantage, but nothing did. Dr. Dot now began to lay away a little something for a rainy day; and as he felt his own accumulations grow heavy in his pocket, he could not help thinking how much weightier they would feel, if Miss Butters would throw her's in beside.

At length they became so intimate as to talk fearlessly to each other on the subject that had before occupied their thoughts. They grew familiar, and spoke of the matter as two men would be likely to discuss the profits and propriety of a business copartnership. Dr. Dot even went so far as to make proposals for the hand of Miss Sally; but it was only on one condition: that the whole of her property should be given over to his control!

Much as Miss Sally liked him, and much as she wanted to get married, too, she thought she never could agree to a proposal like that. She would have been glad to have Dr. Dot, and, what was more, she meant to have him; but she never meant to part with her control over her property. So she was careful not to repulse him by a bluff and decided answer, that would ring in his ears long after it was spoken, but toyed gently with his wish, and answered him hesitatingly and uncertainly. And she tolled him along gradually, like a skilful angler deceiving the beauties he proposes to crowd into his wicker creel, till finally he agreed to her proposal. He was so ravenous for her money, that he was willing to forget almost any conditions save one. The proposition of Miss Sally was to the following effect:

"You know, Dr. Dot," said she, "that a person hates to say yes or no outright to such a plan as giving up all she's got; so I'll let it stand in this way. Let's make all our arrangements to be married. On the wedding morning I'll give you such an answer as will not fail to be satisfactory. That is all I am willing to say."

Dr. Dot was perplexed, and yet he was eager. So long had he been on this chase now, that he began from his heart to wish it at an end. And after considerable protest, and many implorations, and more hesitancy, he stepped boldly into the trap, and acknowledged himself caught. He agreed to Miss Sally's proposal.

The wedding-day came. The minister was

there, ~~as were the invited friends.~~ All the morning the doctor had tried to get an answer from Miss Sally about her intentions with her property, but in vain. She evaded him till the very last moment. In the hall, or the stairs, in the parlor, he asked her the all-important question; but no answer was he to get until she was ready to give it. He grew impatient and nervous.

He went with his intended bride to the door of the room where the company were assembled. "Now, Miss Sally," said he, in a whisper, "do you say it shall be mine?"

She looked round at him with much surprise, and answered, "No."

Dr. Dot broke away from her, took his hat from the peg, and went deliberately home. The wedding party broke up in great confusion. Miss Sally, it seems, having once got the doctor into her trap, thought he would not have the courage to escape at such a late hour; but in his pluck, she appeared to have been mistaken. His conduct made her as mad as a March hare; and they are said to be very enraged creatures.

She sent the village lawyer to him, with a threat of an action for breach of promise; and declared that she should obtain for damages, every dollar he was worth, or ever would be. The little doctor began to be frightened. He saw that this peculiar compact between himself and Miss Sally was a secret one, to whose existence no living person could testify but himself, and even he could not show that it was her intention to give him her property at last. He could only say that such was his fatal impression! Besides, he would be sure to have a verdict rendered against him by any sort of jury, and become a term of reproach and derision to all the world, forever. It was a bitter pill, but Dr. Dot had probably made others swallow some of his that were quite as bitter. He held up his head, and took Miss Sally's physic as bravely as he had seen others take his.

Miss Sally and he were married; but it was not until after an immense amount of scandal had been perpetrated all around Grip Hollow; for country people will talk, and they do love to hear and say the very worst part of every vagabond story that comes along. Dr. Dot was captured, and made a tractable husband. And it was well, perhaps, that Miss Sally had the money she did; for out of this occurrence grew such a prejudice against the sinning doctor, that he lost his practice little by little, and finally was compelled to cast himself with his better half, and defy the whole community with both silence and contempt. It was well that he had Miss Sally for a consolation, then.



## THOU CANST NOT FORGET.

BY MYRA LILLIE DOWNESON.

Thou canst not forget me, my memory still  
Will linger around thee, an unbidden spell;  
And a voice of upbraiding will rise in thy heart—  
A dream of the past that will never depart!

Thou may'st drink in the beauty of dark flashing eyes,  
But ever before thee my vision shall rise;  
Thou may'st seek to be gay, but thy curse shall be yet—  
The memory of her whom thou canst not forget!

When you join in the dance with forms fairer than mine,  
And bright glances melt in the glory of thine, [yet,  
When the world deems thee joyous, a gloom haunts thee  
Thy curse is the vision thou canst not forget.

When the laurels of fame wreath thy glorious brow,  
When thou hast the proud name that thou covetest now,  
O still mid thy triumph my vision shall come,  
And a living regret in thy heart find a home!

And when before Heaven thou bowest in prayer,  
Will bitter remembrance intrude even there;  
When thy lips crave a blessing, thy heart is not free,  
Thine and with the memory of the past and of me!

Thou canst not forget me, where'er thou may'st go,  
To the old time returning, thy thoughts shall still flow;  
Thou wilt think of the days when together we met—  
The curse is yet o'er thee, thou canst not forget!

## NOT BORN TO BE HANGED.

BY CHARLES CASTLETON.

NEVER was the saying with which we have opened this curious story more truly and strangely verified than in the case of Gustave Bonne, a Frenchman, born and reared in the small town of St. Jean, in the department of Mayenne. His father was a butcher, and quite well off, though it was said by the wise ones that the smell of blood harmed the boy. But be that as it may, Gustave always manifested a most kind disposition, though very reckless and daring. It is reported—though of the truth of the report I cannot vouch—that the commune priest made the remark, when he first saw the boy, that he was “not born to be hanged,” a remark which probably gave the young mother (for Gustave was her first-born) a great deal of satisfaction. How the priest came to his sage conclusion, was never told—only the remark was preserved until Gustave became old enough to go to school, and then he often laughed at the protecting fate which had been promised him. And it was not long before he had reason to believe that the old priest's prophecy was literal, for the proof was of the most startling, and at the same time, substantial kind.

Close by Bonne's shop lived a man named Garouche. He had been once in the galleys, and once in prison, and it was whispered around now that his deeds were not of a very moral character. One morning, before many people were stirring, Gustave—then only twelve years old—was out to see the sun rise, his father having promised to give him six sous for every six consecutive times he saw the sun rise. On this particular morning, the boy went around back of his father's shop, so as to reach a gentle eminence there was there, and as he turned the corner, he saw M. Garouche crawling out from under the stall with a large piece of beef in his hand.

“Aha, M. Meatstealer!” cried Gustave. “I've found you, have I? Now we can see where my father's surplus and drainage goes to. What a fine time you'll have in the galleys again, eh!”

Now Garouche was not wholly ignorant of French justice, and he knew that another conviction for a crime of this character would condemn him to the galleys for life.

“You won't speak of this!” he said, speaking mildly, and at the same time approaching the boy.

“Most certainly I shall,” replied Gustave, promptly.

And the thief knew it. He knew that the boy would tell, let him promise now as he might.

“But, my little man,” he resumed, speaking very imploringly, and at the same time slowly advancing, “I have hard work to live—and you know what becomes of those who have nothing to eat. They must all waste away and—”

He reached the boy, and with his stout arms he seized him and bore him away, stopping his mouth with his broad palm, and threatening to kill him if he made the least noise. Right into the butcher's shop he took him—or rather, into the stall where the animals were killed and quartered, and which was never locked up. Here were two ropes, one of which passed over a single wheel suspended from the ridge-pole, while the other was for heavier burdens, being rigged with a double block. Without a word, the thief took the boy's head under his arm, and then proceeded to make a slip-noose in the end of the smaller rope. This he put about Gustave's neck, and having drawn it tight, he quickly hoisted him up about three feet from the ground, and then made the rope fast. Next he rolled an empty hogshead close up to the spot, and then made his escape as fast as possible. He felt sure now that his secret was safe. Gustave must die very soon, and the butcher would think he hung

himself; or, at any rate, that he attempted to try the poetry of the thing, when the upsetting of the boghead made it a reality.

At first, the poor little fellow was too much frightened to attempt to make any noise, and when he did try to cry out, he could not. He was choking horribly; but he remembered to kick, and he kicked lustily, and ere he had made a dozen of the spasmodic exertions, the rope broke and he came down upon his feet, though his next movement was to tumble over upon his back. He was very weak and exhausted, and it was some time ere he could command his reason; but it came to him, at length, and then he sat up. In a few moments more, he comprehended all that had happened, and by much exertion, he managed to stand upon his feet. Fifteen minutes had elapsed from the time when the thief left—and fifteen minutes, under some circumstances, is a great while. Instance: It would have been an eternity had not that rope broken. At any rate, during those fifteen minutes Gustave had not only been hanged, broken down, and recovered, but his father had arisen, dressed himself, and come out to the stall.

At first, good Gallien Bonne could hardly credit his son's story, but when he saw the broken rope, and the livid ring about the boy's neck, he could doubt no longer.

"But, *pardieu!*" he cried; "how could this rope break? Only the day before yesterday, I raised over two hundred kilogrammes with this same rope—it was the half of an ox."

But an examination revealed a very curious fact. Bonne happened to see, close by the sill of the structure, a small pile of picked hemp. Upon a more minute inspection, he found a rat-hole where the hemp lay; and this solved the mystery. The rope had been coiled up against his hole, and the rats had been forced to gnaw their way out! An examination of the broken ends of the rope confirmed the thing.

That day, Pluton Garouche was apprehended, and when he saw Gustave, he trembled. He confessed, after he had been condemned, that he hid himself not far from the stall on that eventful morning, and waited there nearly a quarter of an hour, so as to be sure that no one went to cut his victim down before he would have time to die. The villain was hanged, and the boy lived to verify the prophecy of the priest.

At the age of nineteen, Gustave made a fool of himself by falling in love with the youngest daughter of Count G—— M——, whose chateau was only seven miles distant, at St. Suzanne. Cecile M—— favored his love for a while, for her own amusement, and then coldly turned him

away. In a fit of shame and mortification which enkindled his whole soul, he tried to hang himself. To a beam in the count's own stable, he tied a rope, and then having made the other end fast about his neck, he kicked the box away and was left hanging in good shape. He naturally kicked some, as the strangulating process commenced, and his quaint motions not only attracted the attention of a spirited horse which stood close by, but also frightened him; whereupon the beast made such stout efforts to break away, that he broke the stanchion to which his halter was tied, and then made for the stable-door, which Gustave had left ajar. The breaking of the stanchion removed the prop which supported a small scaffold of lustering straw, and the fall of this scaffold caused the fall of the cross-beam by which the love-lorn youth had hanged himself; so he came tumbling down upon the floor, with the beam atop of him. The shock revived him, and he had sense enough to try and remove something which caused pain about his neck. He had got upon his feet, and removed the rope, before the hostler came in with the runaway steed. He owned up to frightening the horse, but he didn't tell how, though a month later he told his mother all about it. Of course the mother told it to the priest, and the latter personage shook his head very wisely, and said:

"I told you so. I saw it when he was first born." And of course priestly influence was at par with Madame Bonne.

From that time forth, Gustave gave up all thoughts of hanging himself, for he did firmly believe that he was "not born to be hanged." The belief had become an absolute superstition in his mind, as we shall see. And besides that, he had only one other deep feeling—and that was, love for the beautiful Cecile M——.

On the fourteenth of June, 1837, there was a murder committed on the road from St. Jean to St. Suzanne. The murdered man was Captain Baptiste de Grillon, and he was a suitor for the hand of Cecile M——. But the girl herself favored not his suit—it was her father's choice. De Grillon was forty years old, a brave and wealthy man, though somewhat proud and overbearing. He had been to visit the old count, and was on his return to his station at Chantagontier, a distance of some twenty-five miles, when he was murdered. It was in the evening when the deed was done, with the moon shining brightly in the heavens, and the place where the blood was shed was just outside of the village of St. Jean.

Gustave Bonne was at that time one-and-

twenty, and was regarded by the common people as their "chiefest man," for he was well read and fluent of tongue, and, moreover, possessed a handsome income from his father's property. Gallien Bonne had been dead two years, and at the time of his death, he left his wife and only child with a good round hundred thousand francs between them, besides the house, land and stalls.

On the very night of the murder, Gustave had been to St. Suzanne. He had been to obtain one more look at the sweet face of Cecile, ere he left the country; for he was determined to remain there no longer. The love for the lost one burned still warm within him, and he meant to remove from the land that bore the object of his doomed affections. Close by the village of St. Jean runs a small stream, a tributary to the Garonne, and the road to St. Suzanne crosses a smaller stream which empties into the former. Over this there is a bridge, and upon each side, or end, of the bridge, is a willow copse. Gustave was approaching this spot, when he first heard a loud cry, and then the report of a pistol. There was a momentary struggle between two men, whom he could now see; and just as he reached the spot, one of them fell.

"What! Raoul! Is this you?"

It was a young man to whom Gustave thus spoke—the son of a poor, widowed mother, who had been sick much, and whom our hero had often helped in times of need. His name was Raoul Pupien. He started back in terror when the new-comer spoke, but his countenance brightened when he saw who it was.

"Gustave," he uttered, "you will not hang me! O, I couldn't help it."

"But who is it you have shot?"

"Le capitain."

"De Grillon?"

"Yes."

Gustave's hands were involuntarily clasped, and in a moment more he stooped down and rolled the man over. The moon shone full into the ghastly face, and there were the features of Baptiste de Grillon. It was a strange emotion which first came to the soul of Gustave, but he quickly dispelled it. What had he to do with Cecile's lover?

"Raoul," he said, rising and turning to the murderer, "how did this happen?"

"You will not expose me?"

"Most assuredly not."

"Then I did come out here with evil intent. I meant to rob some one. My mother is starving. This was the first man who came along. I—I—would not have robbed him, for when the

trial came I was not equal to it. I begged of him a few soas. He struck me with his cane. Then I would have escaped, but he caught me and said he would carry me to St. Jean. One thought of my mother left all alone came to me, and upon the impulse of that moment I drew my pistol and fired. You see the result."

"Well—let us pull this body out from the road, and then we'll speak about it further."

They dragged the corpse up to the bank, and just as they had performed the task, they heard footsteps approaching. Raoul Pupien started up in terror, and with a simple exclamation to his companion to save himself, he leaped over the hedge and disappeared. But Gustave thought not of fleeing. The idea of guilt was not present, and he stood calmly awaiting the coming of those who approached. They proved to be two gens d'armes, both of whom the youth knew.

"We heard the report of a pistol," said one of them.

"So did I," returned Gustave.

At this moment one of the men discovered the body of le capitain, and on going to where it lay, he recognised the features. Then they found blood upon Gustave's hands.

"Who did this?" they asked.

"That is more than I can tell," was the youth's answer.

The gens d'armes asked a few more questions, and then said it became their disagreeable duty to arrest the youth whom they had thus found present with the fact of a great crime. So that night Gustave Bonne lodged in a prison. At first, he had no fears for himself, but in time those fears came up, and his first thoughts were of confessing, or revealing, all he knew. But calm reflection changed his mind somewhat. Life was of little use to him. He had lost all that could make the future bright, and his desire to live longer had almost passed from him. He thought of Raoul Pupien, and he saw the poor widow left without support in life. He had helped the poor woman often with money, and he had often thought, too, of throwing his life away. Now he would give his life to the widow. He was some time in making up his mind to this end, but when it was once made up, it was fixed.

Gustave's mother came in to see him, and her tears were the only things that moved him, but they could not shake his purpose. Life to him was not worth the saving, at the expense of another. Of course, the death of Captain Baptiste de Grillon caused much excitement, but not so much as did the imprisonment and apparent guilt of Gustave Bonne. The latter was beloved

by all who knew him, and few could believe him guilty of crime. The secret of his love for the beautiful Cecile was known, and it was also known that le capitain was the accepted suitor. It was the general impression that the rivals had come in contact, and that the death of the officer was the result of a quarrel.

The day of trial came, and the youth was conducted to the court. He plead not guilty, but not a bit of explanation would he give. He swore solemnly that he did not murder the man, but beyond this he would not go. Of course, he was pronounced guilty, and was sentenced to be hanged by the neck.

Once after this, his mother was permitted to visit him in his cell. He smilingly told her that he should die happy, if he died at all.

"But," said he, "you know they cannot hang me, for I was not born to be hanged; so let your fears rest. You have enough to live on—enough to make you comfortable through life. If I do die, you will not forget the poor widow Pupien. Help her how you can."

"Alas, how can I think of others when thou art gone, my son! The widow suffers now, but not as I suffer. Her son is only sick, while mine is worse than dead!"

"Is Raoul sick?" asked Gustave.

"Yes—very sick. He doesn't leave his bed."

"Help him if you can, and the spirit of your son will bless you." \* \* \*

The fatal morning arrived—the ninth of July—and Gustave Bonne was led to the gallows. Thousands of people had assembled to see him die, but they gave forth no shout as the prisoner was led upon the spot. He walked with a firm step, and his face was calm and serene. When he reached the platform, he was asked once more if he would confess his guilt.

"Alas, my son," said the white-haired old priest, "I fear my old prophecy must now prove false. But ere you die, open your heart to me, and through me to your God. Did you kill le capitain?"

"I did not."

"But you know who did."

"So does God; and there let it rest."

The priest asked no more. He uttered a fervent prayer—he had been with the youth all the morning—and after the prayer was done, the executioner came forward. The rope was adjusted, and in a moment more the signal was given. The small cord was cut—the ponderous weights were loosed—and on the next instant the body of Gustave Bonne was suspended between heaven and earth! One great groan ascended from the multitude, for they loved the youth.

Hark! What is that sound? It is a murmuring, as of rushing waters. The crowd sway to and fro, and along in front of the gallows a wild man makes a path through the living mass. Soon a tall, ghostly being stops an instant in front of the suspended man and gazes around. His face is pale and thin—his eyes literally starting from their sockets—his dark hair floating wildly and uncombed over his shoulders—and his clothing all torn and bespattered. It was Raoul Pupien. Only while a clock would have given forth the tick of one single second did he stop, and then he rushed for the spot where the ponderous weight had settled down upon the ground. With one stroke of his knife he cut the stout rope, and on the instant the body of Gustave Bonne came tumbling to the ground.

"Hold! stand back!" he cried, as the officers darted towards him. "Gustave Bonne is an innocent man! It was I who did the deed for which you would make him suffer. I shot le capitain. But I did not mean it. Gustave came up after I had done the deed. He saw me do it, but he would not tell. When I heard the officers coming, I ran. O, Gustave is a noble man! He would have died for me. He would die ere he would have my poor mother left childless and alone."

By this time, Gustave Bonne had recovered his consciousness. He had not been suspended over a minute when Raoul cut him down. He turned his eyes upon the sick and emaciated youth, and in a clear, earnest tone, he said:

"Go home, Raoul, and let me die. Remember, your poor mother cannot spare you as mine can spare me."

"No, no, Gustave," eagerly remonstrated the other. "I cannot live so. O, once I had resolved to let you die, but the moment I so made up my mind, my joy all departed from me, and I was most miserable—so miserable that life was only a burden. I cannot live long, at best; but were you to die thus, I should pass away under such torture as would make a martyr howl. I did the deed, and you dare not deny it!" •

Gustave bowed his head, and while the crowd pushed up and shouted their loud pæans of joy, the officers took both the young men, and having placed them in a cart, drove from the place. That night, Raoul Pupien died, but he left a written confession of his crime, drawn up by a priest, and signed by Raoul's own hand. Three priests and the sub-prefect signed it also.

The further examination of the case was short, and ere another sun had made its circuit, Gustave was free.

"Ah, mon bon et digne ami," cried the priest,

as he shook the youth by the hand, "now what think you? Can you be hung? Never! *Mon enfant*, you were not born to be hanged!"

And so it seemed. But there was a fate, in the eyes of some, next to hanging, that awaited him. The story of his heroic self-devotion spread far and wide. One day, he received a note from Cecile M——. She wished to see him. He went, and he saw her.

"Why did you do such a foolish thing, *mon ami*?" Cecile asked, after the subject of hanging had been introduced.

"For two reasons, *mademoiselle*. I would have saved a life that was valuable to some one, and only given away one that had become a burden to its owner."

"Your life a burden, *monsieur*?"

"Ay, *mademoiselle*."

"But I should have been very unhappy, Gustave."

"You?"

"I should."

"Speak plainly, Cecile. You know all my feelings."

"Then, Gustave, my eyes are open. *Le capitain* was odious. When I found that my father meant I should marry him, I began to know how much I loved you."

"But your father?"

"He says if you have a hundred thousand francs, he shall make no objections."

Ah, Gustave soon had a firmer noose about his neck! But he thought 'twas a very joyful one. At any rate, in all Mayenne he was the happiest of the happy.

Dear reader, have you not noticed in the Crimean returns, the name of Colonel Bonne. He is the very Gustave of whom I have been telling you. He is yet in the very prime of life, a little over forty, a brave soldier, and a noble, generous officer. He may be shot, but as sure as fate, he is one of those who are "not born to be hanged."

#### BE NOT TOO SELF-CONFIDENT.

It is unwise to attempt a grand display of one's powers without being certain of the ability to carry the affair through with credit. At the coronation of George the Third, Lord Talbot was obliged to enter the hall, armed and equipped, upon a trusty charger. His lordship piqued himself upon being able to back his horse down the hall without turning its tail towards the king. Unfortunately, he had taken such pains to train the animal to that duty, that it insisted on entering the hall backwards, and in spite of all the efforts of its unfortunate rider, advanced in that manner towards his sovereign liege, amid the laughter and derision of the surrounding crowd! —*Saturday Gazette.*

#### SARCASTIC SENTENCE.

Old Elias Keyes, formerly first judge of Windsor county, Vt., was a strange composition of folly and good sense, of natural shrewdness and want of cultivation. The following sentence, it is said, was pronounced upon a poor ragged fellow, convicted of stealing a pair of boots from Gen. Curtis, a man of considerable wealth in the town of Windsor:

"Well," said the judge, very gravely, before pronouncing the sentence of the court, undertaking to read the fellow a lecture, "you're a fine fellow to be arraigned before the court for stealing. They say you are poor—no one doubts it who looks at you; and how dare you, being poor, have the impudence to steal a pair of boots? Nobody but rich people have a right to take such things without paying! Then they say you are worthless—that is evident from the fact that no one has ever asked justice to be done to you; all, by unanimous consent, pronounced you guilty before you were tried. Now you might know you would be condemned. And now you must know that it was a great aggravation, that you stole them in that large town of Windsor. In that large town to commit such an act is most horrible. And not only go into Windsor to steal, but you must steal from that great man, General Curtis. This caps the climax of your iniquity. Base wretch! why did you not go and steal the only pair of boots which some poor man had or could get? And then you would have been let alone; nobody would have troubled themselves about the act. For your iniquity in stealing in the great town of Windsor, and from the great General Curtis, the court sentences you to three months' imprisonment in the county jail, and may God give you something to eat." —*Bennington Gazette.*

#### TO MAKE EVERY DAY HAPPY.

When you rise in the morning, form a resolution to make the day a happy one to a fellow-creature. It is easily done; a left-off garment to the man who needs it, a kind word to the sorrowful, an encouraging expression to the striving; trifles in themselves light as air will do it at least for twenty-four hours; and if you are young, depend upon it it will tell when you are old; and if you are old, rest assured it will send you gently and happily down the stream of human time to eternity. By the most simple arithmetical sum look at the result: you send one person, only one, happily through the day; that is three hundred and sixty-five in the course of a year; and supposing you live forty years only after you commence that course of medicine, you have made 14,600 human beings happy, at all events for a time. Now, worthy reader, is this not simple? It is too short for a sermon, too homely for ethics, and too easily accomplished for you to say, "I would if I could." —*Rev. Sidney Smith.*

It is not high crimes, such as robbery and murder, which destroy the peace of society. The village gossip, family quarrels, jealousies and bickerings between neighbors, meddlesomeness and tattling, are the worms that eat into all social happiness.

## LET ME DIE AT HOME.

BY TAMAR ANNE KERMODE.

I would not die in a foreign land,  
Far, far from my native home;  
Though its skies may wear a softer hue,  
Yet I would not die alone.  
Tho' the air should be perfumed with rare, sweet flowers,  
And would gently around me play;  
Yet I'd pine for my home—'cross the ocean's foam—  
And for loved ones so far away.

I would die in the spot where my sunny youth  
Gilded quickly and joyously on;  
So quickly it seems like a passing dream  
Of pleasure forever gone.  
I would hear the dear voices I love so well,  
Speaking peace to my sinking heart;  
I would breathe to each loved one my last farewell,  
And calmly from each would part.

Other lands may be bright when the heart is light,  
And free from sorrow and care,  
But when sickness comes, and death stands by,  
There is nought but regret and despair.  
Though I know when my spirit shall take its flight,  
There is one who has power to save;  
Yet I'd die at home—and not be laid  
Far away in a foreign grave.

## COUSIN JOHN.

BY HORATIO ALGER, JR.

YOUNG, beautiful, and an heiress, Ida Claiborne sat pensively in front of a blazing anthracite fire in the comfortable parlor of her handsome town-residence. Unfortunately for her, the highest gifts of nature and fortune do not necessarily produce happiness, and Ida was at that moment painfully sensible of a feeling of listlessness and discontent, for which she was puzzled to account.

Her meditations were interrupted by the entrance of a servant with a letter. The address—"miss ida claiborne"—in its deficiency of capitals and rough chirography, clearly enough evinced that the writer was by no means an adept with the pen. Ida glanced at the postmark, "Pineville," and conjectured without much difficulty that the missive was from her uncle Jeremiah, a flourishing farmer in that most countrified of villages.

With not a little curiosity, for this was the first letter with which her worthy uncle had ever favored her, she hastily opened it, and read what, errors excepted, was meant to be as follows:

"DEAR NIECE: I take up my pen to write you a short letter, hoping that this will find you well and hearty. Your aunt is pretty smart,

except the rheumatiz which she sometimes has pretty bad. Your cousin John—I believe you never saw him—has just got home from college and settled down for a doctor in Pineville. I guess he'll get along pretty well by-and-by, when folks sees that he knows a thing or two, if he is old Jeremiah's son. I should like to have you see him. Why can't you come down and pay us a visit? We haven't seen you since you was five years old. Guess you've changed some since then. Write soon, and let me know if you can come.

"O, I almost forgot to write one thing that perhaps you can help us about. We want a young woman to keep the school in our deestrick this winter. The deestrick they appointed me Prudential Committee, and so it's my duty to get somebody. It's most time for school to begin, and I haint found anybody to come yet. Don't you know of somebody that would take it? The wages are a dollar and fifty cents per week and board. She will board with me. Hoping you will write soon, as it's very important, I sign myself,

"Your affectionate uncle,  
"JEREMIAH HAYDEN."

"Pretty well, uncle Jerry!" thought Ida, as she folded up the letter; "so you want me to see 'Cousin John,' do you? Is it possible, most disinterested uncle, that you think my property, which is much greater than I deserve, would be a very comfortable dowry for John's wife? However, I should like to meet him, just to see what sort of a person my country cousin may be."

She glanced at the latter part of the letter once more.

"So they want me to hunt up a 'deestrick' school teacher, who, for the munificent sum of one dollar and a half, with board, will consent to enlighten the rising generation of Pineville. I really don't know how I can accommodate them, unless I go myself."

She laughed at the idea, but a moment afterwards exclaimed, gaily:

"After all, why shouldn't I? Here I am languishing in the city for the want of a little excitement. Wouldn't it be a capital idea to introduce myself under an assumed name to my worthy uncle's family, and as an humble school-mistress, to become an actor and observer in scenes which are quite shut out from Ida Claiborne the heiress?"

This idea, so rapidly conceived, was determined upon with equal rapidity. Drawing her writing-desk towards her, she hurriedly wrote the following note:

"DEAR UNCLE: I was gratified to hear from you by this morning's mail, as my prompt reply will convince you. I regret that other engagements will prevent me from accepting your kind invitation, for the present, at least. In regard

to the school, I have a young friend, Jerusha Hall, who has agreed to take charge of the school for which you are seeking a teacher. Having been long acquainted with her, I can speak with some confidence of her competency to fill the situation. Please write at once, and let me know how soon you wish her to commence the school.  
IDA."

After sealing and despatching this letter, Ida sat down and yielded herself up to uncontrollable mirth.

"Jerusha Hall! I flatter myself I could not have selected a more besitting name for a school-ma'am. '*Having been long acquainted with her*' at least, I am secure from fibbing in that particular, though whether it is precisely modest to speak so confidently of my own competency, is another matter. It reminds me of a student who, on entering college, was required to bring with him a certificate of moral character. Having unfortunately lost the one furnished by his teacher, he undertook to supply the deficiency by writing one for himself, but was informed that it was slightly contrary to usage to receive such a testimonial."

It occurred to Ida that it was necessary to procure an entirely new wardrobe, since, however complete and elegant her present one, rich silks and Parisian laces would look slightly out of place in Miss Jerusha Hall, a school ma'am, with an income of one dollar and fifty cents per week and found. She accordingly started on a shopping excursion, from which she returned in a short time, after ordering home several cheap gingham and calicoes, and other articles to correspond.

Her dressmaker, Mademoiselle Fanchette, turned up her eyebrows in mingled surprise and disdain as she beheld the plebeian articles on which she was to display her professional skill.

"Apparently," she remarked, "mademoiselle intends to retire from the world."

"Just so," was the reply; "but only for a season. A little masquerading, that is all. But, however common the materials, I could not consent to forego your skill in the making up."

Deciding at once that it was a young lady's whim, and mollified by the compliment, the fashionable dressmaker set to with a will, and a few days beheld Ida Claiborne ready, as Jerusha Hall, to set out for the field of her labors.

"John," said Farmer Hayden to his son, the newly-fledged doctor, "I wish you'd go up to the village in time to meet the stage. I expect Miss Hall will come to-night."

"The new schoolmistress?" queried John.

"Yes," said his father, "the one that Ida recommended."

"What is her first name?" asked the young doctor, carelessly.

"Jerusha—Jerusha Hall."

"Humph! it might have been better. However, I am quite at her service." And John proceeded to the yard to harness the horse.

The lumbering stage-coach, for Pineville was not of sufficient importance to require a railroad, jolted Ida most unmercifully, and but for her engagement, she might have been almost inclined to forego her plan, and given up forever her personation of a country school-ma'am. There was only one other passenger beside herself, a man of ample proportions, who, having become apparently weary of looking out of the window, indulged in a long and protracted stare at Ida.

"Are you going to Pineville, ma'am?" he at length inquired.

Hardly knowing whether to be amused or indignant at this unceremonious address, Ida quietly answered in the affirmative.

"I suppose you s'nt Miss Jerusha Hall, are you?" further inquired her companion.

Ida could scarcely forbear laughing, this being the first time she had been called by her new cognomen.

"That is my name," said she, in a demure tone, adding to herself, "I trust I shall be forgiven the fib."

"I calculated you was," continued her companion. "I heard you was coming to-night. I suppose you don't know who I am," he added, drawing himself up in a consequential manner.

"I must confess my ignorance," said Ida, secretly amused.

"Well," said he, with considerable importance, "I'm the cheerman of the school committee. My name is Nichols—Ichabod Nichols. Sometimes people call me Squire Nichols."

The squire paused to see what impression his words had made on the new school-ma'am. She was looking down, as he thought, bashfully.

"Have you ever taught a deestriot school before?" he inquired.

"No, sir," said Miss Hall.

"Never mind," said Squire Nichols, encouragingly; "there's got to be a beginning to everything. Your school's going to begin Monday. Of course, you'll have to be examined first. The other members of the committee," said he, with some pomposity, "generally leave that to me. As we've got to ride five miles farther alone, and haven't got anything else to do, I could do it just as well now as any time."

"Yes, sir," said Ida, whose sense of the ludicrous character of this proposition nearly destroyed her gravity, "I'm just as ready now as I ever shall be."

"Well, then," said Squire Nichols, "suppose we begin. There's no need of reading, as we haven't any book to read out of. I'll ask you some questions in geography. Which is the largest city in the world?"

"London, I believe," returned Ida.

"You aint quite right there," returned the squire. "London is a pretty large place, I know, but it don't come up to New York. New York's gone clean ahead of it. However, you wasn't very far out of the way. Can you tell me where the Crimea is—the place where they're laving a war?"

"It is a peninsula in the southern part of Russia."

"Are you sure it isn't in Turkey?"

"Yes, sir, quite sure."

"Well, perhaps you're right; I'll look when I get home. I'll ask you something about spelling. How do you spell Sebastopol?"

Ida spelled it out.

"You're pretty near right," pronounced the squire; "but there's two p's in it. I think you only gave one."

"I didn't know there was but one," said Ida, suppressing her propensity to laugh.

"The best etymologists," said Squire Nichols, dwelling impressively on the last word, "use two p's."

Ida didn't think it worth while to refute this assertion. She was next asked to spell Massachusetts, which the squire allowed to pass unquestioned, probably because he did not feel quite certain about it himself.

We will not trouble the reader with further details of the examination. The remainder was of a similar character to the specimen already given. The squire at length very graciously informed Ida that he guessed she'd do. Shortly after, the driver, with a preliminary flourish of the whip, drew up in front of the public house in Pineville, and Ida prepared to get out.

She was congratulating herself on having reached her journey's end, when a young man stepped up to her and inquired if she were not Miss Hall.

Ida replied in the affirmative.

"Then," he continued, "allow me to introduce myself as John Hayden, cousin of your friend, Ida Claiborne. My father, with whom you will board, has requested me to convey you to his home. A chaise is waiting. You must

be fatigued with your long ride. Perhaps we had better not delay."

So this was her cousin John. Ida gazed at him furtively with some curiosity, for it will be remembered that she had not seen him for many years. The result of her scrutiny was, that he was a very well-looking young man. Further than that, she could not be expected to judge until after further acquaintance.

"Did you have any fellow-passengers?" inquired her cousin, when they were in the chaise.

"Only one—Squire Nichols," was the reply.

"Indeed! But how did you know him?" asked John, in some surprise.

"He introduced himself as the 'cheerman' of the school committee," answered Ida, laughing, "and, wishing to save time, proposed to examine me on the instant."

"Just like him," returned John, joining in her merriment. "He is wonderfully puffed up by the post to which he has been elevated—a post, I may add, for which he is entirely unfitted by education. May I inquire whether you passed the examination satisfactorily?"

"Quite so, I believe, notwithstanding my unfortunate blunder in supposing London to be larger than New York, and that Sebastopol was spelt with only one p."

"My father lives here," said her companion, pointing out with his whip a farm-house, which a turn in the road revealed.

It was a square, two-story house, flanked by out-buildings, and altogether presenting a pleasant picture of substantial comfort. Availing herself of her cousin's help to descend from the chaise, Ida accompanied him up the gravelled walk to the front door. It was thrown open before they reached it by her aunt, who, with genuine New England hospitality, was intent upon making her feel at home as soon as possible.

Ida felt some apprehension lest her aunt, in spite of the years that had elapsed since their meeting, might discover something familiar in her appearance, but the first words addressed to her by Mrs. Hayden re-assured her.

"I am glad to see you, Miss Hall. Come in and sit down by the fire. You must be cold, riding such a distance. When did you see Ida last? I hoped she would come and see us, but she writes that she will not be able to do so at present."

Miss Hall, for we must now call her by that name, answered these questions in a satisfactory manner, as she was being ushered into the large sitting-room, at one end of which glowed a wood fire in a spacious fire-place. She had scarcely seated herself, when in walked Emma



Hayden. She was introduced to him in due form as "Miss Hall." She was gradually getting accustomed to her new appellation.

On the Monday morning succeeding, our heroine, accompanied by the young doctor, whose prejudice, first excited by her name, was fast wearing away, walked to the little school-house which was for a time to be the scene of her labors. A motley collection of urchins, male and female, were grouped about the door, waiting with eagerness the approach of the school-ma'am. Ida looked at the undisciplined troop with some misgivings as to her ability to keep them in order. "However," thought she, "there's no turning back now. I might as well put a bold face upon it."

John parted from her at the door, leaving her to enter unattended the temple of learning, wherein, for three months, she was to reign absolute mistress, accountable only to the school committee, with whose dignified "cheerman" she had already made acquaintance. At one end of the room stood a rickety table, evidently intended for the sole use of the school-ma'am. Owing to the circumstance of one leg being shorter than its brethren, it was necessary to eke out its deficient length with a chip. At least, such was the suggestion offered by a red-haired young lady, who introduced herself as Miranda Tibbetts.

Ida had never before been inside of a district school-house. The oddity of her surroundings, and the thought of how horror-struck all her fashionable friends would be to see her in her present position, struck her so forcibly, that it was with the utmost difficulty she could restrain her risibilities. But something was to be done. The scholars stood about her with expectant faces, and it was absolutely necessary that she should begin school. Anxious to proceed according to rule, Ida beckoned to her side the red-haired young lady before mentioned.

"How do they usually begin school, Miranda?" she inquired.

Quite elated at the idea of being applied to by the school-ma'am for information, Miranda answered:

"Well, ma'am, the first thing is to ring the bell and make them take their seats."

"But," said Ida, "I don't see any bell."

"The school-ma'am is expected to bring her own bell, I b'lieve," said Miranda.

"I didn't know that," replied Ida. "I'll bring one to-morrow. But what shall I do now?"

"I dunno," returned Miranda, "unless you pound on the table."

Ida was obliged to take up with this advice.

After the school had been called to order, Ida spent nearly all the forenoon in classifying her pupils, with the aid of Miss Miranda Tibbetts, whose vanity was not a little increased by the prominent position to which she was elevated as confidential adviser of the school-ma'am. However, Miranda had in the main a very good understanding of the way things should be arranged, and her counsel was not without value. When, at the close of the day, Ida was ready to return home, she found John at the door waiting to accompany her. With this arrangement Ida was not at all dissatisfied. Cousin John, she had discovered, was very agreeable as a companion. She could not help wondering whether he, as well as his father, had ever felt a desire to bring into the family his cousin's inheritance. Curious upon this point, she ventured to inquire if he had seen his cousin Ida recently.

He shook his head. "Neither recently nor remotely, I believe," he replied. "Her life runs in an entirely different channel from mine. I may have seen her as a boy, but I recollect nothing of her. At all events, it matters little to me. The fashionable life which she leads is not at all to my taste. We have been so differently treated by fortune that it is scarcely possible there could be much community of feeling between us."

"What would he say," thought Ida, "if he knew that his fashionable cousin were at his side!"

She was a little piqued at the indifference manifested by John's speech, though, such is the inconsistency of human nature, he rose higher in her estimation for this very avowal.

"At all events," she thought, "he is not mercenary."

Of Ida's experience as a school mistress, we do not design to say much. Her pupils were rough and undisciplined, and ignorant enough to afford her ample field for exertion. Miranda Tibbetts, however, became a valuable auxiliary. She was a large, strong girl, of a resolute character. Luckily for Ida, she chose to array herself on her side, and materially assisted her to keep in check the turbulent scions of Young America of whom she had charge. Unaccustomed to labor of any kind, Ida's exertions did not fail to fatigue her. Yet she felt much happier than she had ever been in the city, when she had nothing more serious to occupy her attention than the hue of a ribbon or the choice of a dress-pattern.

How much the young doctor had to do with

her contentment, it would perhaps be dangerous to conjecture. It is undeniable that his attentions to Ida were very marked. At half-past four, when her school closed, he would generally manage to be near at hand in order to accompany her home. At first, he had some excuse ready; but by-and-by it became an established thing, and he did not think it necessary to offer any.

Time flew rapidly. Only three days remained before Ida's school would close. It was with a countenance graver than his wont that John prepared to escort her home.

"Where do you intend going, Miss Hall, when your school has closed?" he inquired.

"I think of returning to the city."

"And will you not return?"

"Perhaps so. If I thought I should be welcome."

"Can you doubt it?" exclaimed the young man, warmly. Then, carried away by an irresistible impulse, he added: "You do not, cannot dream how much you have endeared yourself to some of us."

Ida's face flushed. She was not displeased. They were very long in walking home that evening. When they at length reached the farmhouse, John Hayden, the young village doctor, had offered his hand and heart to Miss Jerusha Hall, the school-mistress, and she had promised to take his proposal into consideration. At her request, he was to make known the proposal to his parents that evening.

The young doctor sat in the family sitting-room with his parents. Ida, complaining of fatigue, had retired to her room.

"So Miss Hall is going to leave us," remarked the doctor, abruptly.

"Yes," said Mrs. Hayden. "I'm sorry for it. She's a likely girl."

"Likely!" repeated her son. "Can't you give her a higher compliment than that?"

"Why, John, what's got into you?" said his mother, in some surprise. "Don't you think she's a likely girl?"

"I should say, mother, that she is charming, and that any man might deem himself fortunate in securing her for a wife."

"You don't mean to marry her yourself, I hope," said his mother, suddenly.

"And why do you hope not, mother?"

"She's a good girl enough, for that matter, but you ought to look higher."

"Where can I look higher?" said the young man, quietly.

"Where? There'll be no trouble about that. There's your cousin Ida."

"And wherein is my cousin Ida a more suitable match than Jerusha Hall. Her name is, I acknowledge, a more tasteful one, but as long as it's to be changed, what's the great importance of that?"

"Ida has money."

"Well, and she may keep it. I have not the slightest wish to deprive her of it."

"You talk as if you were in earnest," said Mrs. Hayden, anxiously.

"And so I am, mother?"

"Do you mean to say that you are going to marry the school-ma'am?" said his mother, with some warmth.

"I certainly shall, if she will allow me," said John, composedly.

"What is it?" asked Farmer Hayden, rousing from a light slumber into which he had fallen while attempting to wade through the president's message, "what is it you're talking about?"

"Mother objects to my marrying Miss Hall," said John.

"By jingoes, and so do I," returned his father. "Isn't she as poor as poverty?"

"Why, to be sure," said John, "one dollar and fifty cents is not a large income, but I solemnly assure you I am not after her money."

"No, I should judge not," said the farmer, drily. "I have only one word to say to you. I have set my mind on marrying you to your cousin Ida. If you marry Miss Hall, it will be without any sanction or countenance from me, and I shall not permit you to be married in my house."

"I have heard you, father," said John, gravely, "and regret that I am obliged to act in opposition to your wishes. I have already offered myself to Miss Hall, and may therefore safely say that I shall not marry my cousin Ida."

After this conversation, which John communicated without reserve to Ida, the latter was treated with marked coldness by Mr. and Mrs. Hayden. She managed, however, to preserve her cheerfulness, and occasionally a mirthful glance would shoot from her eyes as she looked askance at her aunt's forbidding face, and reflected how one cabalistic word would change it all.

Jerusha Hall returned to the city. It was arranged that John should join her in three weeks and that the marriage should take place from the house of "Cousin Ida." When the meeting took place, Jerusha had a confession to make. She humbly confessed herself guilty of the sin of being herself "Cousin Ida." John was very much surprised, but didn't think the sin wholly unpardonable. Two days afterwards

Ida changed her last name again—this time permanently.

A carriage drove up to Farmer Hayden's gate. John Hayden helped his young wife to alight. They walked unceremoniously into the sitting-room.

"Allow me," said John, "to introduce my wife to her new parents."

His father rose angrily. "You have disobeyed my wishes. You are no son of mine. You need no longer consider this as your home."

"If," said Ida, advancing towards him with a smile, "I may not remain here as your daughter, I may at least claim as Ida Claiborne, your niece."

"You Ida!" exclaimed Mr. Hayden and his wife simultaneously.

The matter was explained somewhat to the confusion of the farmer and his wife. John offered to go out and secure rooms at the hotel, but his father would not hear of it.

"But you know that you said, father, that I was no son of yours, and that I must no longer consider this my home."

"Nonsense, John," said his mother. "However, you can go if you like, but we shall keep Ida."

John concluded not to go. It is wonderful how much Miss Jerusha Hall rose in the estimation of everybody in Pineville when it was ascertained that she had no right to that appellation at all. It was suddenly discovered that the district had lost the services of a most valuable teacher.

John is a rich man, now. He sometimes playfully reminds his mother of her opposition to his marriage; but she as often declares that she only did it to try him, and that she "know'd all along that Jerusha Hall was Ida in disguise."

#### WESTERN ELOQUENCE.

"Feller citizens! the time has kum when the o'charged feelin's of aggrawated human natur' are no longer to be stood. Mad-dogs are in the midat of us—their shriekin' yelps and fomy tracks can be heerd on our prairies. Death fol-lers in their wake; shall we set here like cow-ards, while our lives and our neighbors' lives are in danger from that dreadful borashas hydrofobic caninety? No! it mustn't be. E'en now my buzum is torn with the conflictin's of rath and vengeance; a funeral pyre of wild cats is burnin' in me; I have horse and cattle, I have sheep and pigs, and I have a wife and children; and (rising higher as the importance of the subject deepened in his estimation) I have money out at interest, all in danger o' bein' bit by those darned mad dogs."—*Western paper.*

#### AN EXACTING HUSBAND.

Wycherly, the comedian, married a girl of eighteen when he was verging on eighty. Shortly after, Providence was pleased, in its mercy to the young woman, to call the old man to another and a better world. But ere he took his final departure from this world, he summoned his young wife to his bedside and announced to her that he was dying; whereupon she wept bitterly. Wycherly lifted himself up in the bed, and gazing with tender emotion on his weeping wife, said:

"My dearest love, I have a solemn promise to exact from you before I quit your side forever here below. Will you assure me my wishes will be attended to by you, however great the sacrifice you will be called on to make?"

Horrid ideas of suttees, of poor Indian widows being called on to expire on funeral pyres with the bodies of their deceased lords and masters, flashed across the brain of the poor woman. With a convulsive effort and desperate resolution, she gasped out an assurance that his commands, however dreadful they might be, should be obeyed.

Then Wycherly, with a ghastly smile, said, in a low and solemn voice:

"My beloved wife, the parting request I have to make of you is—that when I am gone (here the poor woman sobbed and cried most vehemently), when I am in my cold grave (Mrs. Wycherly tore her hair), when I am laid low the disconsolate wife roared with grief), when I am no longer a heavy burthen and a tie on you ("O, for heaven's sake," howled Mrs. W., "what am I to do?")—I command you, my dear young wife ("yes, y-e-s, love," sobbed Mrs. W.), on pain of incurring my malediction ("y-e-s, dear," groaned the horror-stricken wife), never to marry an old man again!"

Mrs. Wycherly dried her eyes, and in the most fervent manner promised that she never would—and that faithful woman kept her word for life.—*New York Times.*

#### MOHAMMED.

The author of "Al Koran" is described as a man of middling size, with broad shoulders, a wide chest, and large bones. He was fleshy, but not stout. The immoderate size of his head was partly disguised by the long locks of hair, which, in slight curls, came nearly down to the lobe of his ears. His oval face, though tawny, was rather fair for an Arab, but neither pale nor high colored. The forehead was broad, and his fine, long, but narrow eyebrows were separated by a vein, which could be seen throbbing when he was angry. Under long eyelashes sparkled blood-shot black eyes through wide-slit eyelids. His nose was large, prominent, and slightly hooked; the mouth was wide, showing a good set of teeth. His beard rose from the cheek-bones, and came down to the collar-bone; he clipped his moustaches, but did not shave them. He stooped, and was slightly hump-backed.—*Philadelphia Ledger.*

He who studies only man, will get the body without the soul; he who studies only books, will get the soul without the body.

## THE MUSIC OF LIFE.

BY HATHEE HEDDER.

Sometimes low and soft it comes,  
A gentle, soothing strain,  
To raise the drooping spirit's wing  
For its heavenward flight again.

Anon, 'tis a joyous song of praise,  
Resounding full and clear,  
And freighted with life's brightest hopes,  
Undimmed by the falling tear.

But ah, too oft 'tis a mournful dirge,  
O'er the wayward human heart,  
Tempest-tossed on the waves of sin,  
Begun by the tempter's art.

And then, perchance, the music tone  
Is almost lost in strife—  
The discord harsh, the tumult fierce,  
Has seemed to quench its life.

But 'tis not gone—it echoes still  
Are thrilling in each heart—  
And not until its latest beat,  
Will that soft strain depart.

Then listen to its gentle song,  
That fain would welcome back  
The wanderer in sinful paths,  
To virtue's shining track.

And then in harmony and peace,  
Like the circling worlds above,  
We'll glide along to the music tones  
Of joy and heavenly love.

## THE CHAMPION:

OR,

## JUS VINCIT.

BY R. G. GORDON.

**DURING** the long and tedious wars and the many fierce battles between the Christians and Moors in Andalusia and Grenada, few soldiers were more distinguished than Don Garcia de la Vieja. In every contest where strength and courage were needed, there did his arm wield his knightly weapons with irresistible power, and there did his voice rise above the din of combat, as he thundered forth the war cry of his country, "*St Iago y cierra Espana.*"

But age and toil subdued the proud warrior, who had never yielded to the Moor, and loaded with honors by his monarch, and with praises from his fellow-soldiers, he retired to his old battle-memented home. Here he busied himself in the education and care of his two lovely daughters, Blanche and Isabelle, the pride and boast of all Castile. Many Spaniards of acknowledged bra-

very and high position had sought their alliance, but all such offers had been invariably declined. The Don was well known, and as his castle was situated on the road from the northern part of Spain to the contested provinces, he was often visited by parties of gallant soldiers, on their way to the seat of war. His castle gates were always opened wide, and the tired and weary knights blest the moment that they first caught sight of his towers.

It was one beautiful day, when after a short peace, war had broken out anew, that Blanche and Isabelle de la Vieja were standing upon the battlements, looking out with delight upon the entrancing scene before them. The dark green foliage of the towering oaks finely contrasted with the lighter shade of the olive and the pure white blossoms of the orange tree, diffusing Sabean odors far and wide; the gorgeously beautiful flowers lifting up their heads to heaven from the verdure of the plain, the many tinted clouds sailing aloft in a sea of the purest azure, and the bright rays of the morning sun, formed a scene of indescribable beauty, and upon which the sisters gazed with entrancing delight.

But suddenly, far off in the distance, a trumpet sounded faintly, a distant glistening of steel became visible; tiny pennons fluttered from spears, which the distance made to appear of fairy dimensions, and the cavalcade, winding its way across the plain, seemed but small and few in number. But now the warders upon the towers sounded an answering note, and echo caught up the sound as it vibrated again and again. The party drew nearer and nearer, and at length approached the castle gate. The sentinel challenged, the drawbridge fell, the portcullis was raised, and with ringing of steel and tramping of hoofs, they entered the castle.

Here Don Garcia was ready to receive his guests, and soon learned that the party consisted of the young Don Raymondo de Covilha and some two or three hundred of his vassals, who were on their way to join the army of the faith. That he was a Christian and a knight was enough, in Don Garcia's opinion, to entitle him to every service in his power, and accordingly, giving orders to his retainers to see that as far as possible the soldiers wanted for nothing, he led his guest into the banqueting hall. Here he made him acquainted with his two daughters, and Covilha thought he had never beheld such perfect specimens of female loveliness.

Young in years, and impetuous in disposition, Raymondo vowed that Isabelle should be the "ladye of his heart," and, be he Moor or Christian, that one who disputed her supreme beauty,

should bide one blow, dealt with all the force love can bestow. The maidens soon retired from the banqueting hall, and swiftly the wine cup sped from hand to hand with its ruddy contents, and as his heart warmed with the generous fluid, the old knight told of fierce combats and heady fights, of the tournament, the battle, and all the topics of knightly converse. The brave deeds of the Cid were extolled, and the bard sang ballads in his praise. Thus with mirth and feat and song, the day passed away, and early the next morning the young soldier bade adieu to his kind entertainer, with many thanks for his hospitality, and leaping in his saddle, the trumpets sounded and the troops were speedily out of sight.

All that day in the castle the young knight was the subject of conversation, from the very lackeys, who praised his gallant bearing and his perfect horsemanship, up to Don Garcia himself, who could talk of nothing but his good looks, his courage and zeal, and he predicted that he would make the foul, misbelieving Saracens know how a good knight could strike. Nor was the gentle Isabelle herself indifferent. His manly beauty, his knightly mien and chivalric courtesy, were not lost upon her, and in her little heart there was a timid fluttering when his name was mentioned, which *she* would have told you was not love.

But days came and went, and ever and anon some chance traveller or solitary soldier would bring tidings of the war, and however they differed on other points, they all agreed on one, and that was, that the Christians were fighting stoutly, and among the bravest of their number was the young knight Covilha.

As they heard the story of how he challenged the bravest of the Moors to single combat, every breath was hushed in eager expectation, and when they reported that, though desperately wounded, he had proved victorious in a long and obstinate combat, the rafters shook with their pealing shouts of approval, and the old knight, as from long habit he clasped the hilt of his sword, said, exultingly, "I knew it! I knew it!" But at last the Moors sued for peace, and King Pedro returned, with all his brave knights, to the capital, and there, with mirth and pleasure, they forgot the toils of war.

It was during these festivities that Don Garcia and his daughters were invited to the court, and accordingly the old knight determined to pay his respects to his sovereign and to see his young friend Covilha, now high in rank and in the favor of his prince. Truly it was a gallant show. Renowned soldiers fresh from the contest; turbaned emirs held for ransom; fair ladies and dis-

tinguished guests, presented a brilliant and noble spectacle. Here, also, was a German prince, a renowned soldier, and heir to extensive territories. He was tall and fine looking, and the Spanish beauties were nothing loth to be styled princesses. But at a splendid entertainment, given by the king to his nobles, he met Blanche de la Vieja and in course of time made her his wife. The festivities on the occasion only served to increase the rejoicings of the court and the unexampled magnificence displayed, excited universal admiration.

Thus with peace and joy the time passed pleasantly along, till the Moors having gained fresh strength again took the field. Pedro and his army advanced to meet them; Blanche departed with her husband to his estates, and Isabelle and Don Garcia returned to the castle. Here the days glided easily away, until dark reports of the prince were spread abroad in the castle. Men said he was jealous, terribly jealous, and that the princess led a miserable life, on account of his dark suspicion. His frame shook with anger, and his voice trembled with emotion, as Don Garcia declared his intention of going to his daughter; and preparing a stout band of his retainers, he set out with Isabelle. When he arrived here, he found that it was even worse than he had expected; for the prince maddened with rage, had vowed that, if in three days she did not prove her innocence, or if a champion did not appear to do battle in her behalf, within the specified time, her life should atone for his dishonor.

Distracted by despair Don Garcia essayed again and again to save her life, but age had destroyed his vigor, and the prince would not listen to his entreaties; his little band of spearmen were powerless in the midst of the sovereign's soldiers, and at first frantic with a knowledge of his own powerlessness, he at last sunk into a moody, morose apathy.

At length the third day arrived. The lists had been prepared, and at one end sat the prince, his countenance pale and anxious; at the other was the unfortunate princess, accompanied by her broken-hearted father and sister. Immediately in front of the princess's seat were stationed the accuser, a knight of extraordinary strength and courage, and who had never been worsted in tournament or battle, sheathed in a complete suit of glittering armor inlaid with burnished gold. His visor was open, and disclosed the features of a man, who, though extremely handsome, bore the marks of evil passions upon his brow.

The space in front of the unhappy Blanche, which had been set aside for her champion, was vacant, and about midway of the lists was an

aperture closed by a curtain of a blood red hue. What it concealed or portended, no one knew. Hour followed hour, until at length the prince impatiently demanded if no champion had appeared; and on being answered in the negative, he made a signal, and lo! the red curtain arose and disclosed a grim, swarthy figure, clad in scarlet, and leaning on a huge two-handed sword; a block was close by, and the unhappy wife needed not to be told that the deathsman stood before her.

The deep indignation with which the people received this sight, prevented their perceiving the entrance of a knight into the lists, where he took his stand among a number of soldiers at the further end. It was not until the heralds had demanded whether there was any champion to do battle in behalf of the Princess Blanche, that the strange knight came forward, and flinging his gauntlet in the arena, replied in a deep voice:

"I come to do battle on behalf of the Princess Blanche, foully and slanderously accused, and to prove her innocence, by doing battle to the uttermost, with the one who shall dare to assert her guilty."

A cry of joy burst forth from the people, and the accuser riding forward took up the gauntlet, and said: "I accept the game of battle."

The knights then took their respective positions, and having closed their visors and laid their lances in rest, they stood perfectly motionless, awaiting the signal. The people in the meanwhile gazed eagerly upon the champion, endeavoring to discover who he might be. He was mounted upon a milk white war-horse, his armor was painted white, his plume was of the same color, and there appeared to be nothing by which he could be known. His shield was of the purest white, and bore upon it in blood-red letters the simple device, "*Jus vincit*."

At length the trumpets sounded a point of war, the heralds gave the word, and the combatants met with a shock that made the boldest tremble. The spears were shivered up to the very gauntlets, and the steeds thrown back on their haunches. Having recovered them by the use of the spur, the knights encountered with battle-axes, and dealt the most furious blows. The accuser seemed to have the advantage in this species of combat, and rising in his stirrups he dealt such a blow upon the helm of the champion as hurled him from his horse. Leaping up in an instant he drew his sword, and, stung to madness by his discomfiture, fell fiercely upon his opponent, and while aiming a dreadful blow, his horse sheered to one side and received the stroke intended for his master. Furious with pain, he

became unmanageable, and compelled his rider to dismount and continue the contest on foot.

The knights then attacked with fresh fury until their armor was hacked out of all shape; great gaping wounds were made at every stroke, and enfeebled with loss of blood they could hardly raise their weapons. At the sight of her champion failing, the princess uttered such a piercing shriek that involuntarily the opponents separated; but on learning the cause of the interruption, the white knight, mad with passion, rushed on his opponent, shouting, "*Jus vincit! Jus vincit!*"—and his fury supplying his want of real strength, he beat down all opposition, struck his opponent repeatedly on the helmet, till its fastenings burst, and then hurled him to the ground defenceless and at his mercy.

"Confess," he shouted, in a voice of thunder.

"Confess, or thou diest!"

"Never!" cried the prostrate knight. "Never! while I live."

The champion drew back his sword, the gory steel waved in the air, but the fear of immediate death conquered the stubborn resolution of his foe, and at the cry, "*Misericordia*," his sword fell harmless at his feet.

"She is innocent! I am the guilty one!" said the conquered knight, in a faint voice.

Straightway the deathlike stillness was broken by a shout which showed what hold Blanche had upon the affections of her people. When the applause had ceased, the people looked again to the lists, for there, above the dead body of his foe the champion had fallen senseless—almost lifeless. Learned leeches were summoned to attend him, for as for his opponent he wanted nothing upon earth. It was only when they undid the claspings of his helmet and gorget that the face of the victor was seen, and though stained with blood and dust, the quick eye of affection and gratitude discerned the noble countenance of Don Raymondo de Covilha. He had heard of the doom of the lovely Blanche, and convinced of her innocence, he had become her champion—with what success the reader already knows. It was not until many weary days that the gallant young Raymondo recovered, and became able to bear the weight of his armor; but the tedium of his recovery was lessened by the gratitude of Blanche, and a still dearer feeling in the breast of Isabelle. The prince, ashamed of his former mistrust, redoubled his tenderness, and at the nuptials of Raymondo and Isabelle, he is reported to have said to Don Garcia:

"My father, I am a soldier, and have seen many a stout struggle, but never did I see mortal man fight as he who has for his motto, '*Jus vincit*.'"

## FOREVER AND FOREVER.

BY E. B. WHITTAKER.

Sweet Nea held her hand in mine,  
Beside us rolled the river;  
"Wilt love me, Nea?" and she said,  
"Forever and forever!"

And when the roes blushed again,  
I stood beside that river,  
But Nea, darling, she was gone  
Forever and forever!

She went with blossoms in the spring,  
And shall I see her never?  
Ah, yes! for those you love, love on  
Forever and forever.

"There is another better world,"  
Where pain and death are never;  
There she and I shall live and love  
Forever and forever.

## A CHAPTER ON OYSTERS.

BY THE OLD 'UN.

WE have a word to say about oysters; and the popularity of the topic would excuse us if we were twice as tedious as we mean to be. Few people dislike this luscious shell-fish. Aged men are not averse to oysters, and children "cry for them," just as they are supposed to for Russia salve. So exquisite is the delectation of the palate in the consumption of this bivalve, that universal opinion seems to have settled as a primal condition to its enjoyment, that oysters must be eaten in secret; that no noise or bustle or garish worldly display, no covetous or even unsympathizing eyes should intrude upon the oyster-eater. The true oyster-eater is a modest man. There are beings destitute of delicacy and refinement, people who eat for the mere purpose of satisfying hunger, who devour oysters with as little responsibility as they would codfish and potatoes. Such fellows can gorge themselves at a stall in the open street, in the presence of a multitude, and wonder why men of finer mould require deep alcoves and silken curtains, and soft carpets that give back no echo to the tread. They would be lost at Florence's—dismayed, perplexed.

It was our chance lately, when we had suffered our usual dinner at home to slip by unheeded, to find ourselves in a remote quarter of the city, with a certain internal "reminder" of the wants of human nature. Hard-by rose a neat "ten-footer," with a gorgeous sign over the door, whereon was emblazoned the attractive and talismanic word "*oysters*." Various little hints and professions were uttered by squares of paper

pasted in the window-panes—such as "stewed," "roasted," "fresh from the shell," etc. Being, as we observed, somewhat hungry, we entered rapidly, and rashly ordered an oyster-stew upon the threshold. The proprietor of the establishment, a thinnish man, with no hair or eyebrows, and eyelashes of the color of faded gingerbread, prepared to comply with the demand, while we cast a hurried glance around us. We saw that we had been entrapped. The room was bare and dismal, with a sanded floor. There was no alcove, no curtains, and but one table, a little slab rather than a table, covered with a green oil cloth; and the stool beside it was so shrivelled-up and meagre, that it appeared to threaten impalement to any one who should entrust it with his person.

The oyster man now relieved the tedium of his preparations, by asking a great many questions relative to his operation; demanding to be informed whether he had put in milk enough, if he shouldn't add a *little* grain more butter, parenthetically stating that butter had "rix," but generously adding that the fact made no sort of odds; and all as if we were bound to act as cook and superintend our own meal. At length the oysters were placed before us, accompanied by a dropsical greenish bottle, the inner sides of which were covered with thick patches of tomato-cat-sup that clung like leeches to the glass; a loathsome tin pepper-box, that had been in a good many hard fights, and got its head knocked out of shape, so that standing with its handle *akimbo*, and its perforated top flattened and bent, it had the most rakish air imaginable; and a small plate containing some fossil remains of a petrified cabbage-stump steeped in cider, intended to represent cold-slaw. The oyster-man, after setting down the bowl, deposited himself on a rickety chair hard by, with a rank "long-nine" alight in his mouth, and nodding familiarly at us, said, in a cheerful tone of encouragement, "Now, then, go in and win."

Observing us to grope hopelessly about for an oyster, the half-dozen that were in the mess being so emaciated as to elude all the vigilance of the iron spoon, he drewled out. "Eyestons don't look numerous in a big bowl." Apologizing for the temerity of one we finally succeeded in entrapping, he added, that, "Cooking eyestons allers *srunk* 'em up," and had the audacity to assert that the one in question, was "as big as his hand when it came out of the shell." We swallowed his impertinence and his oysters in disgust; and never was a ninetence more reluctantly paid or more inadequately deserved than that we left upon his grimy counter. We

shook the sand of that shop from our feet, as we emerged into the street; and we mentally resolved to draw its likeness, as the antipodes of all it ought to be—and to show it up as a warning to all men who might be tempted to go into the business, without taste for their craft, or consciences for their customers.

#### A PRESENTIMENT AND ITS FULFILMENT.

About two or three years ago, a young lady, resident of this village, who at the time was in the full enjoyment of good health, was visited one night at her bedside (as she affirmed at the time) by an apparition, who in solemn accents informed her that at the age of eighteen she would be an inhabitant of another and a better world. She made the incident known to her mother, who vainly endeavored to erase the circumstance from the mind of her daughter by treating it as the hallucination of a dream. The daughter, however, averred that she was in possession of her faculties and wide awake at the time of receiving the spiritual visitor; and such was the effect it had upon her mind, that from a girl full of life and glee, she became thoughtful and reserved, and gradually sunk under its depressing influence, until during the past year she became a tenant of our village grave-yard at the age of eighteen!—*Kinderhook Rough Notes.*

#### CURIOUS EXPERIMENT.

A recent work of science gives the following novel experiment, which settles a question of some importance in philosophy: 200 pounds weight of earth was dried in an oven, and afterwards put in an earthen vessel. The earth was then moistened with rain water, and a willow tree, weighing five pounds, was placed therein. During five years the earth was watered with rain or pure water; the willow grew and flourished, and to prevent the earth being mixed with fresh earth or dust from any source, it was covered with a metal plate numerous perforated to admit air only. After growing in the air for five years the tree was removed and found to weigh 169 pounds, plus, and the earth in the vessel being removed, dried and weighed, was discovered to have lost only about two ounces of its original weight. These 164 pounds of woody fibre, bark and roots were certainly produced, but from what source, unless from air?—*Scientific Journal.*

#### GULLIVER'S TRAVELS.

Some years since, when Gulliver kept a carpet store in the city, a wag of an artist succeeded in obtaining credit for a carpet to his studio. The debt having become due, Gulliver called for his pay some half-dozen times, but could never find the artist at home. At last he was so fortunate as to meet him on the stairs, when the following colloquy took place:

Gulliver—"Sir, are you ready to pay my bill?"

Artist—"I don't know you, sir."

Gulliver—"Not know me! Why, my name is Gulliver."

Artist—"I can't say I know you, but I have heard of your travels!"—*Mail.*

#### CIVILITY IS A FORTUNE.

Civility is a fortune itself, for a courteous man always succeeds in life, and that even when persons of ability sometimes fail. The famous Duke of Marlborough is a case in point. It is said of him by one contemporary, that his agreeable manners often converted an enemy into a friend; and, by another, that it was more pleasing to be denied a favor by his grace, than to receive one from other men. The gracious manners of Charles James Fox preserved him from personal dislike, even at the time when he was politically the most unpopular man in the kingdom. The history of our own country is full of examples of success obtained by civility. The experience of every man furnishes, if we but recall the past, frequent instances where conciliatory manners have made the fortunes of physicians, lawyers, divines, politicians, merchants, and, indeed, individuals of all pursuits. In being introduced to a stranger, his affability, or the reverse, creates instantaneously a prepossession in his behalf, or awakens unconsciously a prejudice against him. To men, civility is in fact, what beauty is to women; it is a general passport to favor; a letter of recommendation written in a language that every stranger understands. The best of men have often injured themselves by irritability and consequent rudeness, as the greatest scoundrels have frequently succeeded by their plausible manners. Of two men, equal in all respects, the courteous one has twice the chance for fortune.—*Philadelphia Post.*

#### CHRISTIANS RELAPSING INTO PAGANISM.

It is said that since Ceylon became subject to the Christian Queen of England, it has become much more of a heathen country than it was before. Three hundred years ago the Portuguese made great efforts to convert the natives to the Roman Catholic faith. When the Dutch got possession of the island, they divided it into 240 parishes; built numerous churches, translated numerous portions of the Bible into the native tongues, maintained European missionaries, and even compelled the natives to be baptized. In 1795, when the island fell into the hands of the English, there were 350,000 native Protestant Christians. In the first year of British rule, 300 heathen temples were built in one province only; in sixteen years, more than half the native Protestant Christians abandoned their religion; and in 1851 the whole number of Christians in connection with all the Protestant Missions was said to be only 18,046!—*English Paper.*

#### MEDICINE EATERS.

There is no country in the world where the people are so addicted to the medicine-eating propensity as the United States. It has grown to be a perfect mania. The fact is, Nature never designed the human body to be such a receptacle of medicine. If men would study the laws of Nature, diet properly instead of excessively, be regular in their habits, instead of regular in their doses, use common sense and cold water freely, and the doctor as little as possible, they would live longer, suffer less, and pay little for the privilege.—*New York Atlas.*



## DEATH OF AN INFANT.

BY ARVILLA THAYER.

A lovely flower did sweetly bloom  
 Within the garden of my heart,  
 But nought could stay the fearful doom  
 That bid its glories all depart.

But yet not all, for memory still  
 With pensive pleasure loves to trace,  
 With more than boasted artist's skill,  
 Each look, and smile, and living grace.

One little lock of golden hair,  
 A sad memento still I keep,  
 Of that sweet infant once so fair,  
 So early called in death to sleep.

But snares, alas, are thickly set,  
 Along the untried paths of youth,  
 And scalding, bitter tears oft wet  
 The cheek of innocence and truth.

Earth's blighted hopes and wasting cares  
 Her gentle spirit cannot know;  
 Reflecting thus I dry my tears,  
 And meekly bear the heavy blow.

## MRS. MORRISON'S MISTAKE.

BY SARAH K. BARSTOW.

"Not a domestic will I ever trust again—no, Mr. Morrison! It is really a shame—the way I've been imposed upon, by servants, ever since the day I went to housekeeping. The most faithless, ungrateful set—and that dreadful Katharine, I declare, the worst of all! To think how I prized that girl, and told everybody what a treasure she was, and thought myself so lucky in getting her! But it's just the way. Now, what am I to do, Mr. Morrison?"

"Get a girl in Katharine's place, I suppose; though I don't know how much we shall better ourselves. For my part, Mrs. Morrison, I hate the whole tribe of servants, from beginning to end. They're all dishonest alike, in my opinion. If it wasn't that you couldn't get along without them, not one should set foot in my house."

"You don't detest them worse than I do, Mr. Morrison, goodness knows. I wish I could do every atom of my own work, and not be tormented with the creatures. To think about their treachery and deceit! For now that Katharine has proved herself no better than the rest, I don't believe an honest one can be found."

"Well, we must put up with what comes first to hand now, I suppose. I'll go to the intelligence office, and see what I can find."

"O, but Mr. Morrison, for pity's sake don't

bring home anything and everything—do look and see that the girl's a decent-looking one, whoever you get."

"Of course; but perhaps I mayn't meet with one to day. What will you do in that case? Couldn't you get somebody to help you, meanwhile?"

"I don't know—no, indeed, of course not! Whom should I get? But don't for pity's sake suppose such a thing! I tell you I can't possibly get along without one longer than to day—and mercy knows how I shall make out as it is! Here it is washing-day, and Mrs. Murray has got washing enough to last her till night, and I must go to cooking dinner and doing up the housework myself, in the midst of it. O, that dreadful Katharine! To think that she should turn out so!"

"Well, Mrs. Morrison, you must look out for the next one that comes—that's all I know."

"That I will. I'll never trust a soul of them again! I'll watch them closer than a cat would a mouse; for there's not one of them, I believe, that wouldn't do as Katharine's done—if not worse. I declare, I can't help thinking about that creature, and it's enough to make one cry with vexation! Well! if ever I catch any of my help doing what Katharine did, I'll not be content with dismissing her without a character, but I'll give her up to the law. *That's* what I'll do." And Mrs. Morrison, with this, tied on an immense apron over her morning-dress, and descended to the culinary regions, to look after the dinner, with her mind in a state past description.

Ever since she first went to housekeeping, as she said, she had been tormented with servants, in one way or another; and finally, when she flattered herself she had found a perfect treasure, and had kept this treasure, in the shape of Miss Katharine O'Callahan, for the space of three months, it was discovered that Miss Katharine was in the habit of supplying her family in food, from her master's table, besides helping herself, quietly, to various articles of her mistress's property, whenever she found it convenient. On the very morning of the conversation above recorded, she had betrayed herself in the act of filling her big brother's basket with numerous good things from the store-room, and utterly discomposed by the sudden appearance of Mr. Morrison, allowed him to extort from her a confession that such had been her practice nearly ever since she had been there; and shortly, other peccadilloes were brought forward to the light, which, altogether, formed an array of wickedness and audacity perfectly astonishing. Now, Mrs.

Morrison found out what had become of the bracelet which she thought she had lost at Mrs. Marsh's party; now, her lace pelerine, and sleeves, and collar, which had been purloined from the clothes-line some weeks previously, were suddenly accounted for; now, Mr. Morrison's shirt-studs and diamond-pin were brought from the lists of the lost. True, Katharine declared she didn't take the bracelet, nor the laces, although she confessed to the rest. But then, of course, although she said it, she was not for a moment to be believed. No, of course not! She had lost all right to be believed. Mrs. Morrison declared she would never believe her in the world; or any other servant, she added.

So this morning, the lady set about preparing dinner in a state of the greatest perturbation. She missed Katharine's services, and continually lamented their loss; for doing her work alone, now, she realized their value. But her indignation at the recollection of the girl's treachery remained at its full height, notwithstanding she felt the need of help, and fretted unceasingly because she was without it; yet, even while she waited, with the utmost impatience, the arrival of some one, was predisposed to judge by her experience with Katharine every domestic whom she might henceforth employ.

It may reasonably be supposed that Mrs. Morrison was by no means in the best humor in the world, when she went to the kitchen. Mrs. Murray, the honest Scotch washerwoman, thought so when she came in, but it was not her concern. Besides, she supposed that Mrs. Morrison had her trials, as well as poorer people, and in her charitable heart made it out all right.

"Mrs. Murray," said Mrs. Morrison, as she brought in from the pantry the meat which the butcher's boy had just left, "Mrs. Murray, how long will it take you to do up the washing to-day?"

Mrs. Murray looked dubiously towards the great basket of clothes lying close by. Mr. Morrison and Tom (that was the son, a young man of seventeen) were both extremely fastidious in regard to their linen—more so than was needful or reasonable, as Mrs. Morrison herself declared, although she was equally unmerciful in the way of starched cambrics and embroideries, and consequently, the clothes-basket generally presented a formidable appearance on Mondays. To-day, however, it was piled up higher than usual, and the washerwoman doubted her ability to finish before half past three or four in the afternoon.

"Half past three or four? Dear me, Mrs. Murray, it appears to me that you might finish

sooner than that," said Mrs. Morrison, impatiently.

"Yes, ma'am; but ye see the shirts—twelve o' them—yes, thirteen, and six sheets, and all those ruffled pillow-cases, and your clothes besides—"

"Well, well, never mind," interrupted the lady, testily, "be as quick as you can, for I want to go out this afternoon."

"Indeed, ma'am, I'll get done as soon as possible," answered Mrs. Murray, humbly. And with redoubled exertion, she continued her labor.

Poor Mrs. Murray! A weary time she had of it, working in that hot basement all day long; but though her arms grew tired, and her feet ached with standing, and the great drops stood on her heated brow, she toiled with a contented and hopeful heart, for wouldn't she have fifty cents at night to carry home, to help make up the rent that was due to-morrow? And a picture of the pleasant though humble apartment that was all her home, with its bright walls and snowy floor, and the sweet afternoon sunshine—the sunshine that was hers as well as the rich man's—shining in through the open doorway, and her husband coming from his work to meet her, as she came from hers—all this came to her, standing there over the steaming wash-tub. And she rubbed away, smiling to herself as she worked, thinking of it. Mrs. Morrison's testiness was forgotten for awhile in that cheering day-dream. It took very little to make her happy; and while she could keep out of debt, and had her health, and could help Jamie keep the roof over their heads, she was a glad and fortunate woman.

Well, Mrs. Morrison dressed the meat and vegetables, and made a pudding, and got the dinner progressing satisfactorily, altogether, and by that time it was twelve o'clock. Not a sign of any girl was there yet; and with a fretful sigh, the lady went up stairs to attend to things there. The parlors were dusted and arranged, after a little while, and then a thousand other things, in various directions about the house, claimed her attention. Between looking after her culinary affairs, and doing whatever other work required to be done, it was three o'clock almost before she knew it; and she had scarcely time to re-arrange her hair, and change her dress, before Mr. Morrison came in to dinner, followed directly after by Tom.

She hastened to meet her husband, with inquiries concerning his success at the intelligence office. She could not but be gratified to learn that he had secured a girl, and one who promised, from her general appearance and address,

and from her avowed qualifications, the most perfect satisfaction. She was to come that evening. A sigh of relief escaped Mrs. Morrison. Her morning's toil, in one way and another, had completely wearied her out; and she was really elated with the prospect of assistance. She was quite willing to wait till evening, if the girl could come then.

"Is she Irish?" she demanded of her husband.

"No—an English girl, stout and healthy-looking, and as neat as one could wish. She seems active and capable, and has a civil, frank, honest manner, that alone recommended her. An English girl would be a prize to you, I thought."

"Yes, indeed—not an Irish girl shall ever come into my family again. And as it is," she added, with the memory of Katharine's wickedness still rankling in her mind, "as it is, there's no knowing whether the English mayn't be just as bad. I shall keep a sharp eye upon this one, at any rate. She may have her faults, in spite of her honest appearance. What's her name?"

"Margaret Willett. I dare say you will like her, Mrs. Morrison."

"I should hope so," joined in Tom, "for it's a regular bore, blacking one's boots one's self, in the morning. So I hope you'll make up your mind to keep her."

He was a very fine young gentleman, Tom Morrison. Happy the maid-of-all-work in his mother's house, who was obliged to run hither and thither, at the command of Mr. Tom Morrison. A weary life of it she led.

Dinner was over, and Mr. Morrison, after a half-hour's reading of the morning papers, in the sitting-room, put on his hat and went back to the store. Mrs. Morrison, who was just putting away the dinner-dishes, heard the front door shut.

"I wonder where Thomas is?" she said to herself. "It is time he were at the counting-room."

Going through the sitting-room, on her way to the basement, she looked at Mr. Morrison's watch, which hung over the mantel, and which he had left at home, on account of the chain being broken. It was after four.

"Tom," she called at the foot of the stairs, "Tom, aren't you going to the store this afternoon?"

And Tom, from his chamber, answered that he was just sealing a letter, which he desired to mail on his way to his place of business.

So Mrs. Morrison went down to the kitchen, and presently heard her son come down stairs, and shortly leave the house. Mrs. Murray had

not yet finished washing, but a half-hour more, she thought, would see the last piece disposed of; and, tired as she was, the reflection was cheering to her. Mrs. Morrison left her at her work, and went back up stairs to receive a lady visitor. It was too late to go out this afternoon, so she devoted the remainder of the afternoon to her friend, in a comfortable chat, during which she gave a detailed account of her many grievances in domestic matters, enlarging principally on Katharine's scandalous behaviour, being regaled, on the part of her friend, with reminiscences of corresponding misfortunes.

Mrs. Morrison was aroused by the voice of Mrs. Murray, who, with her bonnet on, came and knocked at the parlor door, to tell the lady that she had done washing, and that the clothes were all dried and folded in the baskets, with the exception of a few pieces which she had put out last, and that now she was going home. So Mrs. Morrison paid her, and she went, with weary limbs but a light heart, homeward. Not a great while after, her visitor departed, and as seven, Mr. Morrison came home to tea. He inquired if the new girl had come yet.

"No—she seems to be in no hurry," returned his wife.

"O, well, I dare say she will be valuable enough to pay for making you wait a little, you will find," returned Mr. Morrison, anxious, by endeavoring to propitiate his wife in favor of the new girl, to save himself the trouble of a fresh hunt through the intelligence office.

After tea, the two adjourned to the sitting-room. Tom had gone to the theatre with a fellow-clerk, and it was somewhat lonely. Mr. Morrison took a newspaper from his coat pocket to read.

"By-the-way, Mrs. Morrison," he said, "I have got my chain repaired;" and he stepped to the mantel. Then he turned about.

"O, you've got it, I suppose, haven't you, Mrs. Morrison?"

"Got what?"

"Why, my watch."

"No, I haven't. It is hanging up there, isn't it?"

"No—I don't see it."

"Mr. Morrison, you don't tell me that watch is gone!" she cried, rising.

"Come and look for yourself."

She went to the mantel and saw the nail where the watch had hung—nothing more. The husband and wife regarded each other with astonishment. He was the first to speak.

"Mrs. Morrison, who has been here? Since dinner, I mean."

"Not a soul in the room. It looks like Katharine's doings. If she were here—"

"She isn't here, Mrs. Morrison. And the watch couldn't have gone without hands. Whose hands could they have been?"

"Sure enough—whose? No one has entered the room, to my knowledge, except myself and Mrs.—"

She paused, as a sudden thought struck her, and glanced at her husband.

"Well," he said, "why don't you go on?"

"And Mrs. Murray! There, Mr. Morrison, that creature—"

"Is just what I suspected. Not a whit better than all the rest. That's my opinion."

"Exactly, Mr. Morrison. It just entered my mind that she passed through here, on her way to the parlor, to let me know that she was ready to go home. O, the wicked, ungrateful thing! Now I remember how odd she looked, and how her hand trembled when I paid her. No wonder! Mr. Morrison, I haven't a doubt remaining! Now something must be done. I dare say that woman knew about Katharine, and thought if we let her off so easy, that she might take whatever she pleased, without fear of punishment, even if she should be detected. But she *shall* be punished! Mr. Morrison, you'd better go directly down to her house—you know where she lives—and take a police officer with you, to arrest her. Perhaps you may get the watch back; but there's no telling. At any rate, even if you do, don't let that creature escape. She deserves to be made an example of. That splendid gold watch, that cost one hundred dollars! Hurry, Mr. Morrison, as fast as you can."

Seizing his hat, Mr. Morrison started off. Procuring a police officer, he hastened to the humble dwelling of the poor washerwoman. They found her alone, her husband being away, and immediately charged her with the theft.

The poor woman was horror-struck. With tears in her eyes, she protested her innocence; but her accuser was not a pitiful man. He insisted on her guilt, and threatened her with the most rigorous punishment, unless she instantly restored the stolen property.

She was almost wild with grief. "But I ha'e na got the thing, I tell ye!" she cried, frantically. "Winna ye hear me? How can I gi'e't ye, when I ha'e't not?"

"Don't tell me you haven't got it, woman!" Mr. Morrison answered, sternly. "I'll find it, shortly. Come, Buckley, search the room!"

And they did search; but in vain. No watch was forthcoming. Mrs. Murray's face grew

brighter, with the idea that they were now convinced of her innocence.

"Did na I tell ye," she cried, "that I had it not? Noo I hope ye'll believe me."

But what was her horror to hear Mr. Morrison declare that, if it was not in the house, she must have sold it!

"O, hoo can ye, Mr. Morrison—hoo can ye!" she uttered, wringing her hands. "O, what will become o' me?"

"Become of you? Why, you'll go straight to prison, ma'am—that's what will become of you! Come, Buckley, march her off."

Throwing herself at his feet, she begged earnestly for pity, asserting her innocence with such simplicity and truthfulness, that the officer, already disposed to believe her, hesitated to proceed to immediate action. He was astonished at and ashamed of Mr. Morrison's unmanly behaviour. Mrs. Murray entreated that she might not be sent to prison. She begged only to go up to Mrs. Morrison, and endeavor to persuade her of her innocence. In this the officer seconded her. He was a man of much humanity, and it troubled him to witness her distress. Turning aside, he recommended Mr. Morrison to accede to her request. He did so, reluctantly, and they immediately proceeded to that gentleman's residence. Here Mrs. Morrison was eagerly awaiting her husband's appearance; and seeing the washerwoman coming also, commenced overwhelming her with reproaches.

In vain Mrs. Murray attempted to convince her hard accusers of her innocence. She declared that she had not even seen a watch, when she passed through the sitting-room, on going home. She asserted her incapability of theft. She appealed to them if she had not always been found trustworthy, since they had employed her. She urged the good character—the honest name she had always borne.

And in the midst of this scene, the door-bell rang. The new girl had come—a fair-haired, bright-faced, buxom-looking English girl, whose appearance spoke well in her favor, as Mrs. Morrison could not but acknowledge, at first sight. She lifted her trunk in from the steps, where the coachman had left it, as though it were a feather; and then, with bonnet and shawl still on, stepped inside the parlor door, where she stood, while Mrs. Morrison alternately plied her with questions, and loaded poor Mrs. Murray with the most heartless reproaches and accusations. Margaret Willett's answers were honest and satisfactory; and after some fifteen minutes' time, Mrs. Morrison said:

"Well, Margaret, you may go up stairs—

three flights, the second door on the left—and take your things off. That's your room."

But she never noticed that Margaret stood perfectly still, instead of obeying her, and gathering, from her accusations, and Mrs. Murray's earnest, tearful protestations, a pretty distinct idea of the business going on before her. She stood by in silence, thinking how soon, in Mrs. Morrison's service, she herself might be placed in a position similar to that of this poor woman, with no way of proving her innocence. Her ruddy cheeks grew ruddier still, as she listened to Mrs. Morrison's unladylike language.

Suddenly, the front door opened, and Tom Morrison entered. Throwing his cap upon the stand in the hall, he advanced towards the scene of action.

"Hallo, mother, what's the fuss?" demanded he, in his elegant way.

"Fuss enough, I should think, Tom!" returned his mother, angrily. "Here this audacious woman has been stealing your father's watch, that was hanging up in the sitting-room to-day, and she declares she hasn't seen it! But there's proof enough, and I won't stand here talking any longer. Now, Mr. Morrison, I will have justice done this time. She sha'n't escape, as Katharine did. Will you have her taken off, or not?"

"Hold on, mother!" cried Tom Morrison, coloring up to the roots of his hair; "don't be in such a hurry. You've no need to think, because Katharine O'Callahan was a thief, that everybody else is, as well. There's the watch!" and drawing it from his pocket, he laid it upon the table. "I took it before I went from dinner, this afternoon, to wear to the theatre this evening."

There was silence—perfect, unbroken—among all there except Mrs. Murray. An ejaculation of joy and gratitude to Providence escaped her lips, and then a flood of almost ecstatic tears followed. Mr. Morrison and his wife regarded each other with confusion and humiliation. Mr. Buckley took his hat; and while Mrs. Murray, too happy to reproach her accusers, hastened, without a word, to leave the house and hurry home to her Jamie, Margaret Willett turned also, to take her own departure. At this, Mrs. Morrison found words. Hastily catching Margaret's arm, she said, in a tone of alarm:

"Why, where are you going?"

"Back to my boarding-house, that I came from," said Margaret, resolutely. "I don't like to take service here. If I'd happened to have been here to-day, it's like enough I'd ha' been taken up, as well as she. I don't like it. It's

dangerous." And away went Margaret, trunk and all.

Mrs. Morrison lost a good washerwoman and a good maid-servant at once, that night. And it was long and long ere she got others in their place, too; for in some way, the story of that day's proceedings got about, and it seemed almost as if every washerwoman and every maid-servant in town knew of it. Mrs. Murray, with her kindly, honest heart, would have pitied her quondam patroness, if she had known how much shame and mortification her hard, hasty, suspicious nature cost her.

Margaret Willett obtained a situation in a family where Mrs. Morrison was a frequent visitor; and that lady had the satisfaction, thereafter, of listening to Mrs. Vincent's warm and earnest praises of Margaret—eulogiums on her honesty, her industry, capability, and perfect trustworthiness, and of reflecting on the prize she had lost, for Margaret has been at Mrs. Vincent's ever since, and is likely to remain there.

#### NOVELTIES OF UTAH.

A private letter from Provo City, Utah county, Utah Territory (fifty miles from Great Salt Lake), says: "We are in sight of snow the year round. We can pick flowers with one hand and gather snow with the other. It is warm in the valleys, healthy, pleasant, fruitful, with seldom any rain; but we have plenty of mountain streams to irrigate our fields and gardens; so that the latter do not suffer for want of moisture. We have no fever and ague; there is always a mountain breeze which affords a very pure atmosphere. We have been busily engaged in making sugar, which is manufactured from a sort of honey-dew or sugar coating, which falls on the leaves of the cotton-wood trees, and resembles the frosting on cake. There have several thousand pounds of sugar been made from this substance within a few days, and it sells readily at forty cents per pound."—*Portfolio*.

#### LOOKING DEATH IN THE FACE.

As she sat in her chair, she (Maria Theresa of Austria) reclined her head back, and seemed inclined to slumber. One of the women arranged the cushions around her dying sovereign, and asked in a whisper if her majesty would compose herself to sleep? "No," said the empress (raising herself), "I could sleep, but death is too near; and I must not let him steal upon me in that way. I have been preparing for his approach these fifteen years, and I am resolved to look him in the face without fear or terror." And she did so; for she ordered her physician to give her notice aloud when death was at hand, and she employed her parting breath in thanking Heaven, and blessing her people and her children.—*Memoirs of Sir R. M. Keith*.

Happiness consists not in having such and such possessions, but in being fitted to enjoy what we have.

## TO MARY—A VALENTINE.

BY ALVIN HOSMER.

Come, lady, come, why longer roam  
In such a state as this?  
Why not away without delay,  
To double-blessedness?  
They tell me joy without alloy  
Reigns there almost divine!  
Then come away without delay,  
And be my Valentine!

I've watched for years, 'tween smiles and tears,  
Old Fortune's fickle wheel,  
In hopes 'twould bring some treasured thing,  
But nought it does reveal:  
O shall it, say, be thus for aye?  
Must I still watch and pine?  
Nay, rather come and bless my home,  
My gentle Valentine.

If 'twas designed for all mankind  
To enter Hymen's vale,  
'Tis strange to say that you and I  
Are still without the pale;  
And must I stray from thee away,  
Nor ever call thee mine?  
Nay, lady, nay; forbid, I pray,  
My lovely Valentine.

Thine heart's a store which I prize more  
Than diamonds rich and rare,  
And to mine eyes thy mind's a prize  
With which nought can compare:  
Then lady, say, must I away?  
Wilt spurn this love of mine?  
Nay, rather love and be beloved,  
My gentle Valentine.

## THE GAME OF LOVE.

BY REBECCA OWENS.

In a shady, quiet grape-arbor sat a young lady deeply absorbed in the fascinating pages of Byron's poems. The deepening flush on her cheek, at his wild, daring strain, showed her impassioned nature; and the dewy light in her softening eye, at his thrilling words of feeling, showed that beneath a cold exterior beat a true woman's heart. Gay voices broke the silence, and two girls entered the far end of the arbor, gathering grapes.

"Kate," said one of them, "did you know we had a genius in our midst?"

"No, indeed," was replied, laughingly; "I never in thought, word or deed accused quiet, commonplace Linganon of harboring such an enormity."

"It is true, nevertheless; he is the young schoolmaster at—"

"Pooh! a clown!" said Kate.

"No, a genius, you most inveterate scoffer, for brother John told me so. I will tell you no more until Carolyn makes her appearance, for I know she would *look*, 'now don't tell me about a plebeian genius.'"

Our studious friend arose, and came forward. From her low seat they had not seen her.

"Good evening, girls," said she, with a stately air inseparable from her manner. "I must apologize for not joining you before. I was so interested that your voices did not at first reach me. Elsie, do me the pleasure of *sketching off* this genius, and see if I will sneer at the 'plebeian.'"

"O, I cannot," said Elsie, in confusion; "you know I was always afraid of you."

"Well," said Kate, as the trio seated themselves again, "I do not think we have lost much; for what can be said of a mere country schoolmaster?"

"This can be said," said Carolyn, fixing her brilliant eyes on the trifling speaker. "At the age of fifteen, a severe illness resulted in an incurable lameness. His livelihood depended upon his own exertions. His lameness prevented much physical exercise. He sought to fathom his mental abilities, and in this hour of need turn his superiority of intellect to some practical purpose; but he knew himself burdened by a low name, and trammelled by the prejudices of his friends against knowledge, of which they were ignorant, alone he must struggle, his nearest relatives being elder brothers who were too much occupied with self to render him effectual aid. Unaided by good advice from older heads, or cheering words from loving hearts, he resolved to make himself a name clear from the associating blemish of his ancestry—honored because reared by his own exertions. By close application, he attained the rank of teacher in his own neighborhood—an honor, for there he was best known. By rigid economy he saved, from a limited income, a sufficiency to enter college. In three years he graduated, returned and resumed his old school, to introduce that light to his native place that had from a feeble ray brightened to a steady blaze."

"I cannot see anything wonderful in all that," said Kate, with a light sneer. "Lame! Ugh! Elsie, is he handsome?"

"No, I think not," said Elsie, rousing herself from a reverie. "Brother John says he is not; he has heard him speak at their lyceum—says he has the finest eyes in the world—they make one forget everything but their language."

"O, girls, a lighter strain, I beg," said Kate; "I am in momentary dread of a review of his

speeches and a critique of the most 'grandly beautiful.'"

"O, but I must tell something more. Brother John says this new star, Mr. Lacie, is taken captive by Carolyn's beauty. He almost raves about the perfection of her charms."

"I, too, cry a lighter strain, now," said Carolyn. "Mr. Lacie cannot have much dignity, to rave about a lady he does not know at all."

And the three girls entered the house.

Carolyn McCleure was an only daughter of Colonel McCleure, a haughty aristocrat, with barely an independence and the memory of former greatness to sustain his pride. His wife was just a softened fac-simile of himself. Carolyn, now about eighteen, was a distinct and original character. She was most bewilderingly beautiful. She had lived a very secluded life. Her natural reserve had thus been fostered, until her cold, haughty manner kept every one at a distance. She was allowed to select her own reading matter from a fine library. In an evil hour she fell upon Byron's poems, and all other reading seemed tame after his burning pages. Nearly all her time was passed alone in the library. Her constant poetical reading brightened the strong romantic turn of her mind, until her naturally fine feelings became morbid in their intensity. She was the only object that Colonel McCleure honored with his regards. He was a cold, stern man, made but little demonstration of approbation when his daughter pleased him, and at the least offence, his manner hardened to icy coldness. Carolyn had a passionate, enthusiastic temperament. Hero worship was a striking characteristic of her reveries. Her friends, Kate Lanamer and Elsie Harwood, were friends rather from the force of circumstances than from any other cause. Kate was a heartless coquette, beautiful, wealthy and capricious. Elsie was a nice sort of a girl, quiet, gentle and affectionate. Soon after Carolyn left school, her father took her to a church about three miles distant from their residence, in a plainer neighborhood than theirs. As they were returning, she said to her haughty sire:

"Pa, who was that dark-eyed gentleman who—"

"Excuse me," interrupted Colonel McCleure, "I had no acquaintances there, and do not think it desirable that you should have."

Thus silenced, Carolyn said no more; but that night as she looked out of the window by her bedside, at the church, so white and ghost-like in the pale moonlight, at the stars, so coquettishly shining through the palmy branches of the alanthus trees, her mind roamed over the

new subjects of thought that had been presented during the day. Then she lingered over those dark eyes, whose glance she had more than once encountered. Other things drove the subject out of her mind, until one day she was visiting a friend, who was teasing her about a peculiar kind of hat she wore.

"It must be very superb," said she, "for Mr. Lacie says it is, and says you are the most beautiful girl he ever saw."

Carolyn had so often heard her beauty lauded that compliments had no effect upon her, for, young as she was, she had many admirers. Often the blush with which she received flattery was shame that she was not valued for her mental attractions, instead of her accidental superiority of beauty. When she heard that the gentleman who had attracted her attention at church was the same one whose compliments were repeated by her injudicious friends, she listened more readily to them.

The evening after my story opens, she went up to her room too thoughtful to sleep. Looking out at the holy stars keeping their shining watch, she reviewed a subject that had lately claimed too many of her thoughts. Reason asserted her right to speak first, and silenced hero worship and romance by declaring that it was idle in the extreme to give so many thoughts to one whom her father never would consent even to her forming acquaintance with. Resolving to govern her truant fancies, she fell asleep.

Next day, she received an invitation from a distant friend to visit her. After an absence of two months, she returned.

"Carolyn," said her mother, "go up to see old Mrs. Reed. She has missed you sadly—she has had no one to read to her since you left."

Carolyn started, and met her father.

"Where are you going?" said he.

"To see Mrs. Reed."

"Very well," said he. "But Carolyn, I will have no improper acquaintances; be sure you make none."

She was much surprised, for Mrs. Reed was one of her father's favorites. Mrs. Reed welcomed her warmly, and they were deeply engaged in conversation when the door opened, and turning around, her eyes met Mr. Lacie's. Her father's words rushed into her mind. A cool introduction by the dignified Mrs. Reed recalled her self-possession. Her father soon called for her. As they walked home, he told her Mr. Lacie had applied for the school in sight of their residence, and that he had been accepted. He added a few words of encomium on his superior abilities, and explained his cool but polite invi-

tation to Mr. Lacie to visit him, by saying, "as I am trustee, I consider myself bound to encourage the teacher." During the following month, Carolyn often saw Mr. Lacie, but always in Mrs. Reed's presence.

Dr. Lanamer, a good, benevolent man, who was always hunting up some new protegee to patronize, about this time took Mr. Lacie into especial favor, and had him invited to a large party his daughter Kate gave. Carolyn arrived late; the first figure her eye rested on was Lacie's, standing conversing with several gentlemen. Never had Carolyn looked more beautiful, and leaving her surrounded by admirers, I will tell you about Harrie Lacie.

Circumstances which had surrounded him from boyhood had made him a skeptic and a stoic. Possessing a highly superior mind, he had spent years in storing it with useful knowledge, but had bestowed far too little attention on the cultivation of his heart. Not by feeling but by reason, he argued of all things. Any demonstration of feeling was denounced by him as sentimental nonsense. Carolyn was the first and only woman he had ever admired. Her glorious beauty first attracted him; every time he had seen her, the chain had been strengthened. The difficulties separating them only enhanced the value of the prize. He determined to attain it. This idea buoyed up his flagging hopes, and fired his feeble faith through years of endeavor, and now he was beginning to reap the fruits of his exertions. He was standing at her side, and yet far sundered; but he resolved every day to lessen the distance.

Dr. Lanamer brought him up and introduced him to his pretty, mischievous daughter. She was so charming, it was almost impossible to resist her witcheries. She kept Mr. Lacie by her side until she was called to the piano. Among her attractions she numbered an exquisite taste for music and a voice of unusual sweetness. Mr. Lacie was passionately fond of music, and hung spell-bound over the piano, while his glorious dark eyes expressed in glowing language his rapture. When the song ceased, he turned away and saw Carolyn standing alone by a distant table. He sought her side, and soon engaged her in a freer conversation than they had ever had before. They parted that evening; she, blinded by some dazzling lights in his character, forgot to look for the shades; he, giving his worship to the beautiful lady, distinguished for her social position and cultivated intellect; she, giving her young heart's homage at the shrine of hero worship; and he, knowing or caring nothing about the warm woman's heart and its affections.

Since Mr. Lacie had been entertained by Dr. Lanamer, he was invited to all social gatherings. Generally, Kate engrossed his attention. Laughingly she would come up to him, entice him to the piano, and by her music waft his soul to Elysium. Often Carolyn thought she would gladly barter her rare beauty for the one gift denied her—that of song. Though her soul was filled with harmony, her lips were sealed.

Colonel McCleure and his wife went to visit a sister of the latter, who was ill at a distance. Carolyn was left with Mrs. Reed during their absence. Thus thrown every day in Mr. Lacie's company, the first love of both hearts was daily strengthened. One evening, when alone, Carolyn seated herself at the piano and awoke strain after strain of music. Most beautiful she looked—her pale Madonna face lighted up by intense feeling. Now, stormy surges of strong passion swept over the keys, then died away to plaintive sadness or in joyous ripples. She arose, as the darkness gathered around her, and went to the window, and started to find Mr. Lacie leaning against it. In silence, the two looked out on the star-bright night. Burning words of passion were trembling on his lips, when the entrance of Mrs. Reed and a servant bearing lights interrupted them. For several days, no other opportunity occurred for a continuance of the subject, and then her parents returned. Mrs. McCleure was ill, having contracted the same fever with which her sister had died. One short week, and she, too, slept in death. Her father, too, was brought to his death-bed by the same disease. Poor Carolyn was quite overcome by distress. In one short month made an orphan! In the midst of happiness, for so dark a cloud to overshadow her and break in such a storm as left life a desert! Slowly her brain and heart awoke after the shock. Changed from the light-hearted girl to a saddened woman, she at length took her place in Dr. Lanamer's family circle. Her father had entrusted her to the doctor's guardianship, and she had accepted a home in his family.

Going down stairs one evening, she saw Mr. Lacie leaning entranced over the piano, fascinated by a melody Kate was warbling—a light, merry strain, with an under current of deep feeling. Though the song ceased and he came to her side, a deep wound was inflicted on Carolyn's morbid sensibilities. Had he been suffering in some way, she would have shown her sympathy. Always reserved, she kept this feeling preying on her heart and she grew more and more reserved.

"He shall not feel bound to me because



once, perhaps more influenced by circumstances than feeling, he spoke some hurried words of love. If Kate can win him, his was not such love as I want." Thus Carolyn thought; not jealous, for she could not be jealous.

"I will lead Mr. Lacie off from Carolyn," thought coquettish Kate. "It will be such a triumph, to win a beau from the beauty of the State."

Carolyn allowed Kate every opportunity of attracting his attentions. When obliged to be in the room, she would retire to a distant table; and lean over a book so cold and quiet, no one would imagine the storm in her young breast. But so severe was the conflict, that often she would retire to her own room, throw herself on the bed, and pressing her hand on her throbbing temples and aching heart, would long so wildly for rest, even for the quiet of non-existence, instead of this harrowing doubt. Mr. Lacie knew Carolyn only as the woman of intellect and beauty. He was obliged to look up to her with a respect that did not in the least flatter his pride. She would only sympathize with him so far as he was good and exalted according to her elevated standard. When he fell below that, she would turn her magnificent eyes in silent wonder to his face, and he would hasten to erase the bad impression. This had at length become galling to him; he called her merely an intellectual woman.

With Kate, he could always be free. He had been lured on and on by her witchery, until her voice was the sweetest music he heard—her smile the brightest sunshine.

"She has a woman's loving heart," thought he.

O blind and loved—there is a depth of feeling in Carolyn that Kate has not capacity to fathom nor you heart to appreciate.

Dr. Lanamer had offered Mr. Lacie his library; he was studying medicine with him. He became an inmate of the family, that he might devote more time to his study. As Kate entertained a great deal of company, Carolyn was necessarily thrown much in society. Several strangers, who came into the neighborhood about this time, formed the brightest male ornaments in that little galaxy of fashion. Colonel Lee, a widower of about thirty, and two other gentlemen of cultivated minds and prepossessing manners, made society pleasant even to Carolyn. Each day, Colonel Lee and Arthur Laurame might be seen bending over her. She was so different from other girls—so original, that they never wearied of the effort to lift the veil of reserve and see the rich treasures beneath. They partially succeeded; and as Mr. Lacie saw her

engaged in animated, brilliant conversation—saw the countenance that had of late been so cold to him soften beneath these strangers' influence, smiles wreathed those proud lips, and the new language in her dark blue eyes, he said to himself:

"She cares not for me; she is all ice. I cannot melt down the barrier to our hearts' union, if my strong will has overleaped the distance between our social positions."

Ah, Harrie Lacie, have you forgotten that even when you were trying to make yourself worthy Carolyn's acceptance, that all you worshipped was her glorious beauty—all you aspired to was a position at her side in society?—that from your lips she heard only sneers at sentiment, and the holiest feeling of the heart, love? In all thy burning tide of eloquence to which she has listened so often, spell-bound, you spoke only of the future viewed through the lens of ambition, and her soul's hero worship bowed down before that ambition which in her ignorance she called godlike; that never but once thy voice softened, and falteringly you spoke of love. The subject interrupted, you never resumed it, and having made her cold to meet thy coldness, you find out that it is thy heart that wants a companion and thy intellect an admirer. You think you have found the treasure in Kate. O, Carolyn could be a companion for thy heart, for there is a well of undiscovered tenderness in her that would yield a never-failing fountain of delight! She could be an admirer of thy intellect, for she could follow its loftiest flights and appreciate their grandeur!

"Carolyn must have change of air; she is looking pale," said Dr. Lanamer. And she accompanied Kate to a watering-place.

But change of air did not bring back the roses to Carolyn's cheek. Several days after their return, as she was standing at a window, she saw Kate dash up on her spirited little pony. Mr. Lacie was just entering the yard; they had not before seen him. He sprang forward to greet Kate. She read the delight her presence gave one moment in his fine, expressive eyes; but a handsome young lieutenant rode at her side. With a slight bow, a careless "good morning," she passed by him. Carolyn saw the blood crimson his brow. A moment he stood irresolute; then drawing up his fine figure, he entered the house. She knew he had gone to the library, and without pausing to think, she sought him there. Her pride was forgotten. She only wished to soothe his angry feelings with a woman's deficiency—to divert his thoughts from Kate's mortifying treatment. She found him

sitting with his head bowed down in his hands. She went up to him and laid her hand lightly on his arm.

"Mr. Lacie, you have not welcomed me home?"

"No," said he, rising haughtily; "I will not risk another rejection. I will make that heartless flirt feel my indifference, and then I am done with all the sex. I find them coldly intellectual, or skilled in duplicity; revelling in homage, or angling for hearts, counterfeiting that passion that fools and poets call divine." And turning, he opened a book.

Carolyn sought her chamber, and in spite of the cold, dead pain at her heart, began a review of her life. All her girlish romancing finally concentrated on one object. He, after a brief admiration, turned away chilled by a reserve she, unaided, had no power to break down.

Crossing her white arms on her heaving bosom, and lifting her eyes to the starlit sky—"Yes," said she, "let me die. This last effort to regain the object of my life-long love proves that I can never attain that coveted prize. O, how lonely! how lonely! wrapped in his gloomy, sullen pride. Dismaying a brother's aid for fear of pity; turning from words of affectionate interest with a sneer; and analyzing friendly acts—saying so much is self-interest, so much is deceit, so much is mockery, so much is fawning! 'Neath the mask of haughty indifference he will hide a lonely, mournful heart—so sad! so sad!" and bowing her head, she burst into tears.

A sharp pain stopped her sobs, another caught her breath; an hour later, Kate found her insensible on the bed. All that kind friends could do was done; but the fiat was passed. Carolyn the young, gifted and beautiful, must die! Mr. Lacie obtained permission to see her one evening. Her sad look at his harsh words still haunted him, and he wondered how she would look when he saw her again. She looked so white and motionless—so like a corpse, that he involuntarily knelt at her side.

"Do you, too, think it a mysterious providence that I, so young, must die?" said she, fixing her brilliant eyes on his face. "Two keen sorrows I have known—a third would wreck my faith in Heaven!"

"I have thought you so cold, that sorrow did not reach your heart," said Harrie, involuntarily speaking his thought.

A spasm crossed her face; then calmly she said:

"You have not known me. A secret hope brightened years of my life. When it seemed almost realized, my first great trouble came—the death of my parents. I loved with devoted ear-

nestness one whom I believed loved me. This hope blunted every pang; but soon tint after tint faded from my rainbow of promise, and I knew amid the darkness of a premature night that my love had been squandered on one who knew not its value, and closed his eyes to its existence. I sought not to overcome this passion. I knew the struggle would be useless. You used to say that homage, admiration would satisfy my heart. It never cheated mine; it hungered after the mania of appreciating love. The gift was denied, and wearily it closes its eyes in death."

"I have not known you," said Harrie. "When I worshipped your beauty, was awed by your mind, I forgot your heart."

She told him of her education, of her unconquerable reserve—slowly, for weakness clung leech-like to her speech. In that short hour they knew each other better than in years of health. Each day he sat at her side, and loved—O, so passionately! that pale form sinking so rapidly. He would gaze upon her spiritual face until he muttered against fate, and wildly swore by his deathless love she should not die! Ah, raver! cast thyself at her feet! Pour out thy anguish in burning words—words that once she would have bartered years of happiness for; though your face grows gray with agony, as she tells you how much and how long she has loved you.

"Be my wife, Carolyn," said Harrie, "even for the short time you stay."

And in her death-chamber she gave him her hand—ay, and her life, for ere the sunset he was wiping the death-dew from her brow.

"Come and see me in my lowly bed," said she, drawing his head close to her, "and try to think it is best so—for it is, Harrie, it is. Don't forget to pray, Harrie."

He turned away, for in heaven he could see no God because no mercy. When all had left her lying cold in her white shroud, he came in to see her. O, could it be! she so lately loved in life, now cold in death! He cursed his life, now so desolate—his continued being, now so aimless.

Weeks after, when at sunset he stood at her grave, the thought came, if there was no heaven, no God, where was his wife, that spirit so free from earth-taint—so strong in love? And as wave after wave of feeling rolled over his soul, the darkness cleared away, and kneeling at her side, vowed by divine assistance to meet her spirit in heaven!

At thirty-five, when he was laid at rest by his wife's side, the grief of many showed his was a great loss. His dying words attested that he had been faithful to his vow.

## THE STREAMLET.

BY J. MARLY.

Concealed within a forest glade,  
A rippling brook meandered by;  
Half hid from view 'neath cooling shade,  
It flowed—unseen by careless eye.

The tiny bird oft carolled near  
Its hymns of praise to God above,  
Its notes resounded "shrill and clear,"  
In sweetest melody of love.

The student, too, oft brought his book,  
And conned the page replete with thought;  
But still to him the silent brook  
Far better, holier feelings brought.

It spoke of hope, of love, of peace;  
It filled the soul with bliss and joy;  
It told of times when doubts shall cease,  
And peace shall reign without alloy.

And thus it proved an aid to all;  
It soothed their minds when they were sad;  
And pleasure ruled without a pall,  
And hope, in shining vestments clad.

## "PAPA GOES THERE."

BY MRS. CAROLINE A. SOULE.

"MAYN'T I go with you, papa? Please say I may, wont you?"

The words were uttered in a plaintive and sadly entreating tone, the hands of the speaker clasping the knees of the listener.

It was a boy of *even* short years who lisped them; a beautiful boy with fair high brow, around which there clustered a glorious wealth of auburn curls; with dark, flashing eyes; cheeks rosy with health; lips like the cherries of summer, and a voice like the birds which taste them. There were tears in those eyes at this time, though, and the dimpled mouth was quivering.

It was a man of some five and thirty years who listened to his plea; a man who had been of noble looks and princely bearing. Ay, *had been!* for the blighting truth was written over form and face. His locks were matted, his forehead scowling, his eyes—*red*, but not with tears; there were furrows on his cheeks, too, and a brutish look to the expression of his lips. Twice did the little boy address him ere he answered. Then pushing the child rudely from him, he said, in a stern voice, "No, no. It's no place for you."

Again those fair, small hands encircled the knees.

"You go, papa. Why can't I, too? Do let me go."

For a moment the heart of the inebriate seemed

to wake from its sleep. He shuddered as he thought of the character of the place his pure-souled boy would enter. He took the child tenderly in his arms and kissed him as of old, then putting him down, he said kindly:

"You must not ask me again to take you there. It is no place for little boys," and seizing his hat he hurried from the room, murmuring to himself, as he paced the way to the brilliant bar-room, "and no place for men either. Would to God I had never gone."

For a long time Willie stood where his father had left him, then turning towards the few embers which faintly glowed upon the hearth, he sat down in his little chair and resting his head upon his mother's lap, said, earnestly:

"Mama, why isn't that pretty store a good place for little boys? Papa loves to go there."

It was a trying question for the poor, heart-broken woman. She had so far kept from her son the knowledge of his father's sin. She could not bear that he should look with shame upon him or that his gentle and pure heart should thus commune with so intense a grief. Kindly she toyed with his long ringlets for awhile, then said, endearingly, "Papa knows better than you, what is best for his little boy. When you grow older you will learn why he does not wish to take you." Then rising, she carefully put down her babe upon its little bed and tied on her hood and cloak.

"Mind the cradle, now, Willie; I'll come back soon and then you shall have some supper and a nice fire to sit by, too," and taking a large basket of ironed clothes, she went out. A wealthy mother would have been scared to-death at the thought only of leaving so young a boy at night-fall all alone with an infant to care for and an open fire-place to sit beside. But poor Mrs. M. knew well she could trust Willie with his sister, and as for burning up, there were not coals enough to thaw his blue, stiff fingers. No, she did not fear to go and leave him, for he had thus been left many a time and always carefully obeyed her.

And he meant to now; but poor little fellow! his thoughts would wander to that brilliant corner store whither he knew his father always went at evening, and his brain was busy with eager wonderings. He knew his father loved to go, and he knew there must be something there he liked, for he never came home again till long after Willie was asleep. What lay behind those scarlet curtains was a mystery he sought in vain to unravel.

At length he whispered eagerly, as if to encourage a longing wish, "Papa used to tell me, if I wanted to know anything *very* bad, to persevere

and I would find it out. Now I do want to know what makes him love to go there so. I know there must be pretty things behind those windows. I shouldn't wonder," and his cheeks were glowing, "if it was like a fairy house. Why can't I go?"

Poor Willie! The temptation to know was too strong to be resisted, so he hunted through the closet for a candle, for he was a thoughtful little fellow and would not leave his little sister to the only danger that could menace her. He found a bit of a tallow dip and lighting it, drew the stand close to her, that the flame might scare away the rats and mice should they sally out ere his return.

"I won't stay long, pretty dear," said he, pressing a tender kiss on her sleeping lids, and drawing the blanket close over her fair arms. "No, I'll come back soon, but I do so want to take one peep."

Swiftly his little feet bore him over the pavement and in a trice he stood beside the curtained door.

"How light it is, and how they laugh and talk. It must all be very funny there."

A cold, November blast swept around the corner as he spoke, penetrating his worn, summer clothes, and causing his flesh to quiver, and his teeth to chatter.

"I don't believe they'd hurt me, if I should go in awhile, I'm such a little boy and I am so cold out here," he said, as he pushed the door carefully from him, slipping in and closing it without a breath of noise. For a moment he was bewildered with the light and clatter, and half wished he were away. But the warm air was grateful to his chilled limbs, and finding that no one seemed to notice him, he stole towards the glowing grate and spread out his purple palms before the blaze. The group of men that encircled the bar, were drinking when he entered. Soon, however, they sat down their glasses and dispersed about the room.

"Halloo," said one, in a loud tone, as going to the fire he spied little Willie. "What are you doing here, my little fellow? Who are you; what do you want?"

"I don't want anything, only to see what you do here. My name is Willie M. My papa loves to come here, and it looked so pleasant through the windows, I thought I'd like to. But I mustn't stay long, for I've left the baby alone."

The man's tones were softened as he spoke again to him.

"And where is your mother, boy?"

"O, she's gone to take home the wash, sir. Papa don't have as much work as he used to

once, and we're very poor now, and she has to help him."

"And does it look so pleasant in here as you thought it would, my child?"

"O, yes, it does, sir. I don't wonder papa loves to come here so much, it's so cold and dark at home. But I should think he'd bring mama and me and little sis. How she would laugh to see this fire and all those pretty bottles and those flowers with lights in them. Please, sir," and he earnestly seized the rough hands of his listener, "please, sir, tell me why little boys can't come here with their fathers."

"For God's sake do not tell him, Bancroft," said a deep, anguished voice. "He deems me pure and holy. Heavens, what a wretch I am! My boy, my boy!" and Willie was clasped in his father's arms, "you have saved me, saved me from earth's vilest hell. Here, with my hand upon thy sinless brow, I promise never again to touch the cup I have drank so deep. And my brothers in sin, as ye value your souls' salvation, tempt me not to break my vow. Help me, Heaven—help me, men, so to live, hereafter, that papa may never blush to take his boy along—that if papa goes *there*, Willie may go, too."

Silently the door closed after them and silence dwelt in the saloon behind them. The preacher had been there in cherub form, and crazy, loose, unholy thought, or light and ribald jest was hushed. One by one they stole away and many a wife wore smiles that night, nor did the old bar-tender even, curse the little one that robbed him of so many dimes. Too deeply in his heart had sunk the voice of that cherub preacher.

"Don't you like me, papa? Are you cross at me?" asked Willie, in a hesitating tone, as they stood a few moments on the pavement, for the scene in the bar-room was an enigma to the child and he half feared a reproof.

"I was thinking what mama would like best for supper," said the father.

"Was you, was you?" was the eager question, in a gladsome voice. "O, then I know you ain't cross. O, get oysters and crackers and tea, papa, and a candle, 'cause there is only a piece. And please, papa, tell mama not to be cross at me, 'cause I left the baby. I don't believe she will though, 'cause you know if I hadn't gone as I did, you wouldn't perhaps have come home, yet, and she does love to have you home so much. O, I feel just like crying, I am so glad."

"And I feel like crying, too," said his father, solemnly, and ere midnight he did cry, and his wife, too, but they were holy tears, washing his heart of the dust that had gathered on its beauty, and hers of the sorrow that had draped it as a pall.

## EDITOR'S TABLE.

MATURIN M. BALLOU, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

### "GENTLE SPRING."

And this is spring, is it? Spring, that we sighed after when we had got tired of sleighing and cradle-holes; spring, that Miss Sophronisba Friskin, as she bent over her piano in melodious ecstasy, assured us was "coming," with a distinct reference to birds being "blithe and gay, love." (Wonder, by the way, if that sodden pigeon, who sits shivering on the eaves of the opposite house, "forenest" the big icicle, is one of those "blithe and gay" spring birds? He doesn't seem particularly "jolly.") Yes, this is spring; we have just entered on the enjoyment of its blessings. Hand us Thomson! The book opens of itself at the passage. Let us recite: "Hail, gentle Spring! Ethereal mildness—" Hullo! what's that crash? Nothing; only a blind slamming to, and four panes of glass destroyed by the March zephyr. Ah, Thomson, you were a sad rogue! Bryant had a greater reverence for the truth. He did not talk of the mildness of March, though he confessed to a weakness for it. He acknowledged that it was a "wild and stormy month," and only claimed that it brought the "promise of the spring."

Let us lay aside the poets, however, and while the glazier is "taking panes" to restore the integrity of the sash, let us glance into the street, and see how matters are going on there. Our friend the pigeon has been blown overboard, and knicked in the head with an icicle. Deacon Cyrus Foster chancing to pass, picks up the defunct bird on his way to the hill, as a present to his bride, "a bride no longer, but dearer as a wife than bride." And there goes Mellen (alphabet M.) in pursuit of his hat, looking madder than a March hare. His ribbons are fluttering in the breeze, and that mysterious "order of the serpent," which he wears next to his "heart of hearts, Horatio," is nearly blown out of his button-hole. "Hail, gentle Spring!" Well, it does hail, and snow, too; a passing squall—like the cries of that child hurried by in its nurse's arms. The order of the weather clerk may be "Forward, March!" but by the blessings of *Leap* year, this looks like a "backward spring."

Yet so it is; our New England springs only

do for "poicks," who "succeed best in fiction;" and this story of spring having arrived is an illegal fiction. April makes fools of us all, while May is a capricious, heartless coquette. Our springs begin in June. Maying parties are intense humbugs. We have been sleighing in May in our time, and snow-balling at the same season many a time and oft.

But as for this month of March—what shall we say of it? It is a blustering, roaring, ranting, swaggering, gaseous rowdy. It is no gentleman. It gives itself airs—or, rather, hurricanes. It has no reverence for age or sex, station or infirmity, wealth or poverty. It is burglarious, entering people's houses with pick-lock blasts. It makes free with our best garments; it compromises our dignity; it sends us on wild-goose chases after our hats, along highways and blind alleys, and "up all manners of streets." It is prodigal of catarrhs, and insinuates rheumatisms; it is inimical to mariners, and keeps us on tenter-hooks with regard to the non-arrival of foreign news; it puts us to enormous expenses in repairing awnings, shutters and blinds; it has a vicious spite against chimney-pots; it is ruthlessly rough with belfry pigeons, "like an eagle in a dove-cote." It is a notorious offender; it ought to be arrested and bound over to keep the peace; it ought to be tried for assault and battery; it is not fit to keep company with respectable months; it is covered all over with guilt—like the letters on a sign-board. We shall get out of it as soon as possible. It is the most disagreeable month of the year, and as such we dismiss it from our page; and would we could dismiss it from our mind.

EXTRAVAGANCE.—A fashionable woman in Paris ran in debt to the extent of forty thousand dollars in three years, besides spending twenty thousand dollars a year cash. She will probably die in the poor house.

GREAT UNDERTAKING.—It is proposed to bridge the Hudson at Albany, if the legislature give their sanction. Little doubt is entertained that the gigantic enterprise will be successful.

A QUESTION.—Is a man who has a present of a pair of boots to be called a "free-booter?"

## MAMMON WORSHIP.

Nothing is more debasing than the worship of the Golden Calf. The nation which sets up wealth as the standard and the goal, which takes the measure of men's pockets, and not the gauge of their minds and hearts, may be pretty sure of being at the verge of that ruin which has by turns overtaken every empire in which money was the be-all and the end-all of existence. The pursuit of wealth engrosses and deteriorates all a man's faculties; it reduces his wisdom to cunning, his prudence to hard-heartedness; it benumbs his imagination, it obliterates his love for his neighbor, it concentrates all his energies on self. If he resolves to make mere wealth the sole object of his ambition, he must necessarily renounce the amenities of life, the labors of mental culture, the refinement and enjoyment of intellectual tastes, all, in short, that gives the true man a proud pre-eminence over the mere animal. And with wealth comes that fatal luxury which saps the strength of nations; for wealth, obtained by exclusive devotion to its accumulation, can hardly be worthily expended by its possessor. Wealth cannot put learning and taste into his head—it cannot give him brains,—and consequently, when not employed in multiplying itself, is wasted on costly food and luxurious apparel, and the various luxuries that minister to the senses alone. One millionaire will spend a fortune on a supper, another a sum that would found an academy on a brilliant equipage. We would not be understood as censuring the efforts of any man to obtain a competence, or even to attain wealth by honorable means, and by a devotion to its pursuit of a portion of his time, reserving a fair share for the education of his higher nature. Wealth, as a means, is not to be despised; as a mighty motive power it is respectable; but as an exclusive end, worshipped as an idol for itself, it is as fatal to its followers as the Indian Juggernaut.

As a nation, we think that we are free from this sin. There are individual mammon worshippers among us, but they do not give tone to the masses. Money, with us, is almost universally regarded, as it should be, as a means and not an end; and if we are eager in the pursuit of it, it is only that we may employ it worthily. In some of the countries of the old world, the insane thirst for riches, which has overthrown so many nations of the East, is still rife. France, it appears, is laboring under this curse, and its present political degradation is a proof and consequence of its mammon worship. Let us take warning from her example. A correspondent of the Boston Atlas writes:

"The truth is, the Golden Calf has nowhere such devout, single-hearted worshippers as the French nation. Nowhere in the world is the accursed thirst for riches so ardent as in France. It parches everybody. It pervades—ambient interfused—the whole country. There is no village uninvaded by it. There is no hovel too mean for its abode. The whole nation pants after wealth. They possess no standard for merit, but that which tries the currency. It is a singular, a melancholy spectacle—France is the only country in the world where the sole aristocracy is the aristocracy of wealth. Frenchmen have elected an aristocracy of mere money.

"Nothing is more demoralizing to a nation, to an individual, than to make the enjoyment of wealth the be-all and end-all of their existence. Let anybody call his mind into subjection, and conceive a person who frames the whole duty of man into questions of entry in 'profit and loss,' whose every action is an 'adventure,' and whose social intercourse is but one long series of accounts current, with carefully balanced debits and credits. When men so sink the man into the book-keeper, the book-keeper is but too apt to glide into the scoundrel, whose best conscience is, not to shun fraud, but to escape the penitentiary. To this issue, however, Frenchmen have come."

COLLEGES AND PROFESSIONAL SCHOOLS.—According to the census and other later returns, there are in the United States 118 colleges, with not far from 1100 professors and teachers, and 12,000 students; 44 theological seminaries, with 127 professors, and 1372 students; 17 law schools, with 37 professors, and 797 students; and 37 medical schools, with 242 professors, and 5451 students.

HORSE FLESH.—It is said that horse flesh enters largely into the composition of sausages. A gentleman says it must be so, because he has a night-mare after eating them. Colt-stakes form a part of the bill of fare on every race-course.

A GOOD NAME.—The London city telegraph is managed by Alderman Wire. This is putting "the right man in the right place." They ought to have a Pole as his assistant.

ALL IN THE TRADE.—An advertisement appeared the other day for artificial flower workers. Half the bakers in the city answered it.

A BIG FIELD.—Russia is 14 times the size of France, and 138 times that of England.

## PERFUMES.

The use made of perfumes now-a-days is extremely moderate compared to the practice of antiquity; these sweet emanations are prepared with skill, and, with a few rare exceptions, they are composed of delicate elements and almost imperceptible substances. It is an advantage we possess over ancient chemistry, all of the secrets of which modern science possesses. In the seventeenth century, an unwarrantable use was made of perfumes. More than one beauty owed her death to a poisoned bouquet. Historians have analyzed for us the favorite perfumes of Aspasia and Cleopatra; those with which Judith moistened her tresses to influence the senses of the ferocious Holofernes; and the subtle odors employed by the dames of the court of Valois, to give full force to the magic of their charms. We have seen in a receipt-book, a "perfume to counteract melancholy and hypochondria," said to be potent enough to dispel the darkest gloom. It is well known that some of the most popular perfumes have a pernicious effect upon individuals. There are those who—

"Die of a rose in aromatic pain."

A young lady of very delicate nerves was one evening expatiating on her horror of the rose. "This fatal flower," she remarked, "always gives me a vertigo." At this moment a young friend of hers entered with one of the fatal flowers in her head-dress. The young lady fainted, and her friends reproached the new comer with being the cause of it, and explained the reason of the syncope. "Is that all?" said the maiden of the rose. "If so, I will sacrifice the guilty flower. But judge before you sentence." The rose, detached from her head-dress, was passed from hand to hand—it happened to be an artificial one!

Hundreds of thousands of dollars are annually spent upon perfumes. Perhaps the most popular of all is the famous *Eau de Cologne*, manufactured in a city noted for its disagreeable odors. The effluvia of the Rhine at Cologne is as unpleasant as that of the Thames has recently been at London, which gave rise to the following epigram:

"The river Rhine, it is well known,  
Doth wash the city of Cologne,  
But say, ye nymphs, what power divine  
Can ever wash the river Rhine?"

**DON'T BELIEVE IT.**—It is said that a man was found lately sitting on a granite rock with his feet in a brook, trying to catch cold so that he could sing base in the choir on Sunday. It would be base to inquire if such a story were true.

## THE ABOLITION OF SERFDOM.

It now appears to be a fixed fact that the system of serfdom, or white slavery, is to be abolished in Russia. The measure was prepared by the Emperor Nicholas; but it was not decided whether the emancipation should be gradual or instantaneous. The Emperor Alexander pronounced for general and simultaneous emancipation. He did not come to this decision until, according to custom, he had consulted the imperial council, and listened to the observations of the nobility and the great proprietors. It is believed that an ukase, relating to this subject, will soon be promulgated. The nobility, in general, have shown themselves favorable, or resigned, to this measure; considering the emancipation of the serfs at this time more favorable to them than their retention in servitude. The dearness of living, and the necessity of supporting a large portion of their serfs, tend to produce this result. The Emperor Alexander is very desirous of attracting German colonists to Russia, and thus turn aside the tide of emigration that has hitherto flowed to this country.

## A MAN OF COURAGE.

Captain Barnabas Wilkins was as great a blusterer as Bobadil! He was very quarrelsome, but he could never be made to answer for his insolence. One time a comrade, whom he had offended, ordered him to choose his weapon—"the sword or pistol at thirty paces." "Very well," said Captain Barnaby, "I'll choose the sword at thirty paces!" Once he was brought on the duel ground. "Surrender!" he called out to his antagonist, in tones of thunder, though he shook like a leaf. "Never!" retorted his enemy. "Then I'll be more generous," said Captain Barnaby; "I'll surrender myself!"

**FUNNY.**—A gentleman in Buckingham county, Virginia, has among his domestic animals a large rat, which was caught twelve months ago by a cat; but instead of devouring it, the cat nursed and fed it, and they now play and sleep together like cat and kitten.

**TEMPERANCE.**—A new temperance movement has been lately made in this city. The plan is moral suasion, and total abstinence is to be the watchword.

**MORTALITY.**—Ten thousand persons died of cholera in Venezuela, in four months.

**AXIOM.**—The wisest are not always wise.

GOSPEL ABOUT EATING.

We are not a nation of epicures, nor exactly of gourmands, yet we have been accused of eating too much, too fast, and too indiscriminately. An American *table d'hôte* rather resembles the groaning board of a feudal baron, after a successful foray, than the array of dainty dishes set before a Parisian *bon vivant*, after the scientific manipulations of some Soyer, or Vatel. We have no class of men who devote themselves to the gratification of their palates, and no ministering artists who have elevated cookery into the dignity of a science, and staked their lives on its triumphs. When some one desired an interview with Vatel, the answer of the attendant was sublime—"He is not visible, monsieur; he is composing." His end was worthy of a Roman hero. Perceiving that an entertainment he had prepared for his master, the Prince of Condi, fell short, he retired to his apartment in despair. The prince sent to console him; but the artist would not be comforted. "The kindness of my noble master overwhelms me," said he. "I know that the roast meat is deficient for two tables—I cannot survive it" and he fell upon his sword.

What cruelties have been enacted in the name of gastronomy! The enormous goose livers, which form the staple of the famous Strasburgh pies, attain their size by nailing down the unfortunate bird, alive, before a slow fire, and subjecting her to the most detestable tortures. "The goose," says the *Almanach des Gourmands*, with cynical effrontery, "passes, it must be confessed, a sufficiently unhappy existence. The punishment would be even utterly intolerable for her, if the idea of the fortune that awaited her did not serve to console her. But this prospect enables her to support her sufferings with courage; and when she reflects that her liver, fatter than herself, larded with truffles, and clothed in a scientific pie, will bear to all Europe the glory of her name, she resigns herself to destiny, and does not shed a single tear." An old English cook-book gives a receipt for roasting and serving up a goose alive, so that "she will be almost eaten up before she be dead, which is mighty pleasant to behold." Fortunately, the cookery of our country is disgraced by no such atrocities; for with respect to skinning eels alive, it is well known that pity in their case is thrown away, because they are used to it.

We shall come to culinary refinements by-and-by, when we do not enjoy such an abundance of food as at present. Cookery thrives best in those countries where the material is scarce. According to Achille Murat, every living thing

in this country is edible except the turkey-buzzard. "I have eaten ze alligator," he was wont to say; "ze alligator is good. I have eaten ze woodchuck—ze woodchuck is good. I have eaten ze owl—ze owl is good; dat is, *pooty* good. But as for ze turkey-buzzard, I have tried him different ways; I have eat him ross (roast); I have eat him boil; I have eat him vot you call hash; I have eat him smoke and pickel—but I regret to say, ze turkey-buzzard is not good."

We don't think we could relish a peacock any more than Achille Murat did a turkey-buzzard. Yet in Rome a peacock frequently commanded one hundred and sixty dollars for the table. Neither will extravagance in eating probably ever be carried among us to that pitch that a single supper will cost \$107,000, as it used to do that prince of gourmands, Heliogabalus. Vitellius spent over thirty-one millions of dollars a year on eating and drinking. But then we cannot wonder at the cost of living in those "high times," if there were many men like Clodius Albinus, the Roman military commander in Gaul, who at one sitting devoured five hundred figs, two hundred peaches, ten melons, twenty pounds of raisins, one hundred snipes, ten capons, and one hundred and fifty large oysters, besides violating the Maine law to the extent of several gallons. This Albinus must have been, as Shakspeare says of Cardinal Wolsey—

"A man of most unbounded stomach."

Something like half a dozen Falstaffs rolled into one. Of course, those old Romans were never troubled with dyspepsia!

CRIME EPIDEMIC.—Bulwer says truly, "Almost every year there is some crime peculiar to it; a sort of annual, which overruns the country, but does not bloom again." Crime begets crime. If a man commits suicide in a particular fashion, a dozen imitators spring up; for guilt has its file-leaders as well as virtue.

EFFECT OF PRAYER.—Haydn, the great musician, said the best means of restoring mental energy after the exhaustion of long and difficult studies, was to engage in fervent prayer.

NEW YORK CHAMBER OF COMMERCE.—This institution is older than the republic, having been established in 1758.

DELICIOUS FARE.—The army in the Crimea are regaled with India rubber sausages.

SAVINGS BANKS.—There are eighty savings banks in the State of Massachusetts.



## THE FINE ARTS FOR LADIES.

We have often wondered that the arts of drawing and painting were not more assiduously cultivated by ladies; at least, to a certain extent. Not with the view of becoming artists—not in the hope of attaining the rank of Angelica Kauffman, but for the purpose of adding a new grace to home, of acquiring a keener perception of the beauties of nature, of multiplying the resources of that isolation which is a necessary attendant of domesticity, and as a complement to a high education. A lady enters on the study of art with more than one advantage over a man; she possesses more patience and a better natural eye for color. We never look upon an elaborate piece of ornamental needlework, however beautiful and graceful, without regretting that the time devoted to its accomplishment had not been given to higher efforts, something less mechanical, and exerting more influence. We may be told that all well-educated young females are taught drawing. Yes—as they are taught mechanics, metaphysics, and the sciences,—they receive a smattering, and no more. They copy poor patterns in a lifeless manner, and end their educational course without having received the faintest insight into the great world of art. It is time that a better system prevailed. Well did Lord Dufferin remark in a recent address to the young ladies of Belfast, Ireland:

“But I would venture to say one word on the immense gratification you would find it to be able to handle the brush, the pencil, or the modelling tool with a certain amount of facility. But comparatively little time would be necessary to obtain a most pleasant proficiency in any of these branches. Most people, if they would but exercise it, possess the power of taking likenesses; and, without soaring to the higher regions of art, a very little practice would enable you to take faithful portraits of your friends in water colors, clay, or crayon. What would many a stricken heart have often given even for the rudest resemblance of some dear face whose place is vacant by the Christmas fire! The most valued of my own family pictures is a sister's portrait of her sailor brother, who lived to become one of England's most distinguished captains. The most popular of modern statues was executed by the daughter of a French king; the saddest souvenirs of Schonbrunn are the girlish drawings of Marie Antoinette.”

POSSIBLY.—A late traveller informs us that a race of giants has been recently discovered in Central Asia, of such size that they eat fried elephants for breakfast.

CHURCH PROPERTY.—Some pews in a new church at Chicago were sold, recently, for \$26,000 on the first day.

## FIRST TRANS-ATLANTIC STEAMSHIP.

To this country belongs the honor of sending the first trans-Atlantic steamship to Great Britain. She was the *Savannah*, of three hundred and eighty tons, barque-rigged, with a horizontal engine. She left Savannah, Georgia, in May, 1819, and arrived at Liverpool in twenty-two days. When she arrived in St. George's Channel, moving along under bare poles, with smoke issuing from her chimney, she was thought to be a ship on fire, and the alarm caused by her appearance speedily gave way to astonishment when her real character was made known. From Liverpool she proceeded to the Baltic, and the Emperor Alexander visited her, and expressed to the captain (Moses Rogers) his admiration of the new trans-Atlantic steamer. As a testimony of his sentiments, he presented Captain Rogers with two chains from the imperial arsenal, one of which is still preserved in the garden of Mr. Dunning, of Savannah, as a souvenir of the most important enterprise of modern times.

WEDDING CAKE.—We have heard of mammoth squashes, mammoth watermelons, mammoth beets, and other large groceries; but the mammotheat cake we ever read of was lately produced in London, at the wedding of Sir Robert Peel and Lady Emily Hay. It was formed in three steps, one of them large enough to support large vases of flowers, and the whole surmounted by a large Corinthian pillar. We do not know the exact dimensions, but it was probably as “large as all out doors.”

CURIOUS PASSION.—There is living at the North End, in this city, a woman who has a perfect passion for cats, and has at the present time no less than nine of various ages in her possession. She takes the very kindest care of them.

ROME.—The census of Rome has just been officially promulgated. In all there are 177,464 inhabitants, of whom 5081 are priests, monks, nuns or seminarists, or one to every 35 inhabitants.

JUST SO.—Editors are of more use than philosophers. The stars are immense worlds, and yet, owing to their great distance, they give less light and warmth than two-shilling lanterns.

DEATHS FROM CONSUMPTION.—In Boston, for a number of years past, the deaths from consumption have been about one-sixth of the whole number.

## HE PREPARED.

In addition to the six first-class war steamers already either completed or soon to be launched, by order of our government, we see it is proposed, and very justly urged, that six more be at once placed in course of construction. Prevention is always better than cure, and there is no surer way for a great commercial nation like the United States to keep at peace with the world, than for us to be *thoroughly* prepared to meet any contingency. But the economical will say, "it is so expensive." Not a bit of it. It costs less, far less than war itself, and we are liable, on account of our very weakness, at any moment to be forced into a contest to maintain our national integrity.

With a greater maritime interest to protect than all the world besides, we have less organized means to do it with than the meanest European power! Our navy should be sufficiently ample to protect and command, at least, all American seas and waters, whereas we find that all our ships afloat, in case of actual war, would be insufficient to guard the coast of New England alone. What a condition is this for such a country as our own to be in! The best argument, the best negotiator, beyond a doubt, for any maritime nation, is an able and large navy. Who is so blind as to believe that England would dare for a single moment to declare and maintain a claim to any portion of Central America, in the face and eyes of all treaty obligations, against this country, if she did not look upon our insignificant naval power with positive scorn? True, small as it is, it is no mean arm, but it could not cope successfully with her at the present time.

The present is a critical moment, and we do not lack for means to put our navy on a proper footing to command the respect which strength alone can ensure. Our treasury is full to overflowing, our mechanics want work, our manufacturers are ready to supply all demands. The government has never yet kept pace with the wants of the country in this respect, and with the honest convictions and wishes of the people themselves. Notwithstanding England would seem to have quite enough of fighting to do just now in the East, yet so strong is she in the right arm of power (her navy), that she is as arrogant as of old, and will yet teach us, we fear, another severe lesson, which is, "in time of peace prepare for war."

**COMPLIMENTARY.**—Lieutenant Maury has been honored by the Republic of Bremen with a beautiful gold medal.

## WATER, BRIGHT WATER!

"Sir," said a stranger, addressing himself to our friend Bunkum, as he surveyed a trickling stream from the hydrant in the mall, near Park Street, "can you tell me where the water comes from that supplies Boston?" He could not have addressed himself to a gentleman more capable of giving information. Bunkum straightened himself up to his full perpendicularity, and replied: "Certainly, sir. We have an anecdote which brings water from Lake Cochineal. The limping alimment leanders through iron cubes. There are hydras at the corners of the streets, and yonder is a jetty dough at the Frog Pond. The supply of water is very ample, and enables every citizen to perform his daily absolucions like a Musclemann."

## HAYTL

The emperor Faustin I. is in a very bad fix. His army has run away from the Dominicans, whom he threatened to annihilate, and he dare not even re-enter his capital for fear of a formidable insurrection that has arisen there. The general verdict is, "served him right." He had no cause of complaint against the Dominicans, and the war he declared against them was utterly unjustifiable. He has lost his money, his reputation, and perhaps his crown, and now stands between two fires. Before this goes to press we shall probably hear that he has lost his head into the bargain, and "gone where all bad niggers go."

**NEWSPAPERS.**—When Parry sojourned in the Arctic regions, in 1819–20, he published a paper for the amusement of the expedition. We suppose it had leaders on icebergs, paragraphs on the Aurora, and reports on the barometer. Of course the editor sometimes found his ink frozen, for they used to have to cut their coffee in slices, and toast it before they could eat breakfast.

**AN EXAMPLE FOR CHRISTIANS.**—The Hindoos, when gathering in their harvest, before it is removed from the threshing-floor, take out the portion for their god. However poor, or in debt, or small the crop, the god's portion is first given.

**CLASSICAL.**—A classic southern editor says, if the Naiads were constantly bathing, he presumes, from their name, the Dryads were the ones who brought their towels.

**THE DRAMA.**—Two hundred and thirteen new plays were produced at Paris during the past year—good, bad and indifferent.

## Foreign Miscellany.

A company has been organized at Hamburg for a steam packet line from that place to Brasil.

The new line of railway from Vienna to Raab was opened to the public on Christmas morning.

The Wesleyan Methodists of England have sent missionaries to Spain.

Mdlle. Alboni has appeared with great success at the Theatre Royal, Brussels, in *La Favorita*.

The Countess Dowager, of Errol, daughter of William the Fourth, and the celebrated Mrs. Jordan, is dead, aged 55 years.

Hon. Henry Gralbourn, Ex-Chancellor of the Exchequer, is dead. By his death the chancellor's office ceases.

In Europe, thistle heads are getting to be used, as a substitute for rags, in the manufacture of paper.

The gold mines of the Oural are said to have yielded, during the first six months of the past year, 9000 livres of gold.

A company of French capitalists has offered to construct 1560 miles of railway in Spain, taking national property as a guarantee.

It is said that Jenny Lind receives five hundred pounds sterling for each concert in which she sings in the series now in progress in London.

All the Russian families living at Vienna, most of whom belong to the nobility, complain bitterly of the war, and loudly call for its cessation.

The Baron de Wonar, Minister Plenipotentiary from Wurtemberg at Paris, has married Miss Lee, a young American lady, possessing a large fortune.

The Russian government has levied a new tax on Poland, in the shape of a voluntary contribution for the benefit of the defenders of Sebastopol. Every peasant will pay a sum equivalent to twenty centimes.

From the 1st of May up to the 15th of November 549,099 persons had the cholera in the Austrian empire; 288,039 recovered, 280,861 died, and 30,208 were still under medical treatment.

The Emperor Napoleon claims and receives from the Catholic Church its complete subservience, and whoever refuses this is treated like the other adversaries of the emperor, even if he be foremost in the Catholic ranks.

Light and pleasant bread is made in France by a mixture of apples and flour, in the proportion of one of the former to two of the latter. The usual quantity of yeast is employed. Very little water is required if the apples are fresh.

According to official reports, published in the beginning of 1855, the capital of France, with a population of one million souls, has only forty-six churches, or one church to 23,900 of the inhabitants.

Sir G. Grey, governor of New Zealand, has stated his belief that out of one hundred thousand natives, there were not more than one thousand who did not profess Christianity. Of these, fifty thousand are estimated to be in connection with the Church Missionary Society.

A life of Washington is about to be printed at Athens in modern Greek.

In Murano and Venice 4000 men are engaged in the manufacture of glass, and 15,000 people live by it.

M. Scribe proposes to lay aside the pen he has used for thirty years so much to the delight of thousands.

Alexandria and Cairo now communicate with each other by railway and electric telegraph. By the former the distance is eight hours.

The Berlin police have forbidden newspapers to admit advertisements for wives and husbands, on the ground that they are contrary to propriety.

Serious disturbances have broken out at Mecca, and in different parts of Arabia, in consequence of the Porte having prohibited the sale of slaves.

Fourteen hundred services have been conducted by the open-air mission in London the past year. The average attendance was about fifty.

Some decorations of the Legion of Honor have been sent by the Emperor Napoleon to the Crimea, for distribution in the English army.

The tone of the English and French journals seems to point to the dissolution of Turkey. Already it is a common joke in Constantinople, that the next sultan will be a Frenchman.

Mr. Rogers, "the banker-poet," is said to have first induced Lord Lansdowne to take Mr. Macaulay under his patronage, and return the brilliant essayist for one of his nomination boroughs.

There is now living at Dyrham and Hinton, England, a widow named Anne Ball, in the 99th year of her age, who actually takes in washing, and does it herself.

In Russia, where the Greek Church is the State religion, Roman Catholics, Lutherans and Calvinists may hold the highest offices in the State. Nesselrode is a member of the Church of England.

A private of the English artillery was lately whipped to death for drunkenness. He received fifty lashes, being made fast to the limber wheel, and died the next day.

The oldest living poets, since the death of Mr. Rogers, are said to be Walter Savage Landor, born in 1775, Leigh Hunt, born in 1784, and Barry Cornwall (Mr. Proctor), born in 1790.

The Belgian papers report that M. Jehose, the sculptor, of Liege, has discovered in a cupboard of the Vatican Library, a fresco of the head and bust of Charlemagne.

The sultan of Turkey permits all the articles sent from the Ottoman empire to the Paris Exhibition, to be sold for the benefit of the widows and children of those who have fallen in the Crimea.

Mr. Gisborne is now in Egypt to make arrangements for the laying of the submarine electric telegraph from Constantinople to Alexandria, to cross Egypt, and be hereafter extended from Suez to India.

When Sir C. Campbell left the Crimea, Marshal Pelissier is reported to have said: "Nothing could have given me greater grief; he was the MAN of the English army; such was my esteem and regard for him as a soldier that I felt inclined to embrace him whenever I met him."

# Record of the Times.

Out of 165 men hung in this country in 1854, only seven of the number could read and write.

George Sand has written a new play for the French theatre, Paris.

Ex-President Fillmore has been received well everywhere abroad. A true-hearted American.

Miss Adelaide Phillips has \$200 a night and travelling expenses for singing.

Jenny Lind will make another fortune by her engagement in England.

The total value of property in San Francisco is over thirty-two million dollars.

The United States navy are wearing buttons, bright as jet, made of India rubber.

At Cincinnati they have three music halls and two theatres, for the public amusement.

In London, one half of the deaths of children is produced by hereditary inebriety.

A man in England recently tried to kill himself by swallowing a red hot poker!

There are two hundred and thirty-four boys in the Maine State Reform School.

The effective force of the United States army is 15,752, officers and men.

The Hartford Bank redeemed the other day a two dollar bill that had been in circulation fifty-two years.

The Baltimore Sun says the capital invested in the oyster trade in that city, is \$5,000,000, employing 500 vessels and 15,000 persons.

The number of farms in New Hampshire is 47,408; in Vermont, 48,312; in Massachusetts, 55,082; in Connecticut, 31,756; in Rhode Island, 8,398.

A. Shade, Esq., has built and presented to the Episcopal Church in Galt, Canada, a school-house that cost \$20,000. This is a "shade which follows wealth or fame" to some good purpose.

We find in the St. Louis Herald a grand scheme proposed by a young man in that city. He calls it "A Leap Year Scheme," in which he proposes to raffle himself off at \$5 a chance—the number of chances to be limited to \$500.

The value of stone quarried in Rockport for building purposes last year was a quarter of a million dollars. There are some 300 men constantly at work on the ledges, and twenty sloops are all the time employed to carry it away.

Mr. Wm. B. Astor has purchased three lots adjoining the Astor Library, and intends erecting a building and stocking it with books, at a cost of about \$100,000, as an addition to the Astor Library.

Estimates of the present population of Texas, based upon the number of votes polled at the last election, make the number of inhabitants over half a million. This is an astonishing increase.

The tobacco crop of Connecticut has become so important that the tobacco growers lately held a convention at Hartford to promote their interest. A tobacco warehouse has been established in that city, where the crops of all the principal growers are sent for sale.

The city police of New Haven are henceforth to carry pistols.

If you do good, forget it; if evil, remember and repent.

Large apartments and large heads are not always the best furnished.

A codfish for breakfast and an India rubber coat will keep a man dry.

Where twenty persons have stomachs one has brains—the butcher thrives, the printer starves.

Bachelors and men with mustaches are to be taxed five dollars each in Tennessee.

It is thought that prunes may be raised in this country for drying as well as in France.

The Louisville Journal is twenty-five years old. Good old paper!

Milton says "a good book is the precious life-blood of a master spirit."

The late revolution in Mexico has not brought peace to that republic.

There is a heavy crop of Austrian vice-consuls in the United States.

The great saint, Interest, rules the world with an iron rod.

It takes two thousand years for a current gold coin to be worn out.

They make boots by machinery at Troy, N. Y. Good souls!

There is now living in the State of Tennessee a man, aged 98 years, who has recently cut eight new teeth.

The Peruvian Legislature is about to sell all the guano in Chincha Islands. It is valued at \$350,000,000.

The Canadians are about to experience the benefit of an extensive lumber trade with France, as one of the results of the Paris Exhibition.

The maple sugar crop of the year 1855 is estimated by the officials in Washington, in the agricultural bureau, at \$2,720,000.

The debt of the city of Baltimore on the 1st of January, 1856, was \$13,000,000, exclusive of the floating debt. The finances of the city are said to be improving.

A new county is to be taken from Lincoln county, Me., to be called Knox county, in commemoration of the gallant Gen. Henry Knox, of revolutionary memory.

The bachelors of Cleveland are an ungallant set of fellows. At their annual supper a few nights ago, the following was the seventh regular toast: Our future wives—distance lends enchantment to the view.

The largest railroad scale in the world, in actual use, is one built by Messrs. Fairbanks & Co., of Vermont, for the Mine Hill and Schuylkill Haven Railroad, in Pennsylvania. It is one hundred and twelve feet long, and is capable of sustaining a load of a hundred tons.

There are in the English language 30,500 nouns, 40 pronouns, 9200 adjectives, 8000 verbs, 2600 adverbs, 69 prepositions, 19 conjunctions, 68 interjections, and 2 articles—in all above 40,000 words. According to Webster's dictionary, there are 100,000 words.

## Merry Making.

Pretender to a crown—a lady's bonnet.

"I'll take your part," as the dog said when he robbed the cat of her portion of the dinner.

A friend has presented us with the autograph of the blacksmith that "riveted the public gaze."

Did you ever see anything walk without legs? Yes—a rope-walk.

When will Russia yield to the pressure of the allies? When she can't bear it any longer.

The bumps raised on a man's head by a cudgel, are called "fray-nological developments."

The man who was frightened by the bark of a tree, is supposed to have been of a nervous temperament.

Why cannot a deaf man be legally condemned for murder? Because the law says, no man shall be condemned without a *hearing*.

Some slandering bachelor says it is much joy when you first get married; but more *jawy* after a year or two.

The hardest thing to hold in this world is an unruly tongue. It beats a hot smoothing iron and a kicking horse considerably.

A militia captain at the West, by the name of Bang, has named his eldest son *Slam*. What a noisy fellow he'll be, ha? Slam Bang!

A Dr. Somebody, in New York, undertakes to prove that every herb has a distinct soul or spirit. If this be so, is not herb tea "spirit" uous drink?

A clerk seriously alarmed his employer the other day by informing him that a Middlesex county bank was *in the same state* with the Grocers' Bank.

Burke told Garrick, at Hampton, that all bitter things were hot. "Indeed," replied Garrick; "then what think you of a bitter cold day?"

Our friend, Mrs. Spudge, is in favor of the abolition of small bills; for she entertains the very delusive idea that 5's will be more plenty after that. Poor woman.

A philosopher, who had married a vulgar but amiable girl, used to call his wife "Brown Sugar," because, he said, she was very sweet, but unrefined.

A contemporary says that the difference between Joan of Arc and Noah's ark, is that one was Maid of Orleans, and the other was *made of Gophir* wood.

"This is really the smallest horse I ever saw," said a countryman, on viewing a Shetland pony. "Indade now," replied his Irish companion, "but I've seen one as small as two of him!"

"Sambo, you's larned in de law; can you say if de devil was to lose him tail, whar would he go to find anoder one?" "Why, to de grocery, ob course, you ignerent nigger—dat's de only place I knows on whare dey re tail bad spirits."

An old cynic, at a concert the other night, read in the programme the title of a song, viz., "O, give me a cot in the valley I love." Reading it attentively, the old fellow finally growled out: "Well, if I had my choice, I should ask for a *bedstead*!"

What *bourne* is that from which a traveller frequently returns? Mel-bourne.

What insect would denote that the Spaniards were defeated? The Spanish fly.

Why is the letter H like a cure for deafness? Because it makes the *ear hear*.

"It is time to wind up," as the watchmaker said, when he found he couldn't pay his debts.

When is iron the most ironical? When it is a railing.

In raising the heart above despair, an old violin is worth four doctors and two apothecary shops.

What proof have we that there was sewing in the time of David? Because he was *hemmed in* on every side.

Why is a woman in love like a man of profound knowledge? Because she understands the *arts and sigh-ences*.

A lazy fellow down south spells Tennessee thus: 10ac. He is the same fellow who spells Andrew Jackson thus: &ru Jaxn.

At a late hen convention, the feathered tribe finding it difficult to raise the price of eggs, resolved for the future to lay only ten to the dozen.

It is stated that a professor at Cambridge has been displaced, because he regulated the astronomical clock so as to make it keep *mean time*.

A simple friend desires to know whether the abolition of flogging in the navy includes "spanking breezes."

The fellow who broke into an almshouse and stole a couple of cases of ship fever has finally been detected.

People who wish to lead peaceful lives should never go to balls; for *hope* produce a great deal of bitterness.

A man boasting of his temperance habits, said he never saw a glass of wine without his mouth watering.

Coleman, the dramatist, was asked if he knew Theodore Hook. "Yes," replied he, "Hook and eye are old associates."

A witty lawyer placed on his office-door a card with the inscription, "Those who call on business will please make it *brief*."

"Grandma," said a little urchin, "your specs are up-side-down. Do you wear them thus to see to sew?" "No, my dear, I wear them so to see."

The Albany Knickerbocker cautions "the four black cats that are continually raising thunder on our back shed, to beware, or we'll send them to the sausage shop."

It cannot be said that the venerable and illustrious poet Rogers died without pain; for he expired in presence of Dr. Beattie and Mr. E. Paine, his attendant.

A member of the *Lazy Society* was complained of last week by another, for running. His defence was, that he was going down hill, and that it was more labor to walk than run.

Habits are as easily caught as "yallar birds." Let a circus arrive in town, and in less than a week half the boys in town will be throwing somersets, and breaking their necks over an empty mackerel barrel.

# BALLOU'S DOLLAR MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

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WHOLE No. 17.

## RESCOE, THE ADOPTED SON OF THE OCEAN.

BY EMMA CARRA.

"**FIRE! fire! fire!**"

"Heave to a shake, shipmate! Didn't you hear a cry that if we were on board would pipe all hands in a jiffy?"

"Fire! fire! fire!" again echoed through the midnight mist, and aroused the slumbering firemen to their work of duty.

"You're right, Will," answered the one addressed; "but where away, shipmate, shall we go? It seems as if it were a woman that just gave that awful shriek; if so, it isn't Phil Brown that will stand by and see one of the dear little craft in distress; for Will, if there is anything I love better than a clear sky and a fair breeze, it is the bright eye and smooth words of woman. I tell you, shipmate,—after a long voyage, when I come home without money enough in my pocket to buy a mug of beer, and take Poll on my knee, she has such a way of saying, 'Never mind, Phil; better luck next time,' that I forget there ever was a storm. But heave ahead; for I see the blaze coming out of the lower story window of that house; and as I live, there is a woman aloft there at the garret window screaming for help with a baby in her arms! May I never walk the deck of the Sea Gull again, if I don't save them!" And the two sailors started with the utmost speed in the direction of the burning building.

It was not in the most thickly settled portion of the city, and no watchman's beat was near. The hour was midnight, when the great sea of human faces that crowd the thoroughfares of a

populous city during the day have disappeared, and silence and darkness succeed. The two friends, whom we have introduced to the reader, were the first to arrive at the burning house.

"Save, O save my babe!" again shrieked the woman, holding her infant out into the air, and leaning far out the casement.

"That I will, and yourself, too!" replied Will, as he attempted to climb a slender spout that conducted the water from the roof to the ground; but ere he had ascended far, the weak foothold gave way, and he was precipitated to the earth.

In the meantime his companion had taken off his rough pea-jacket, and spreading it across his arm, begged the woman to drop the infant upon it, and then jump from the window, and his friend Will, who had received but a slight bruise in his fall, would break her descent to the ground by receiving her in his arms. In an instant the babe was dropped, and with a light wail was resting safely on the coarse but warm jacket of the sailor. The young mother was preparing to follow, and a heavy gust of wind blowing the smoke aside showed the friends that she was young and beautiful; but they saw no more, for at that moment came a piercing shriek, and then a fearful crash, and the floor gave way beneath her feet, and she was precipitated into the flames below!

Phil, with a heavy blow, shattered the window opposite where he stood, in hopes to extricate the sufferer; but within all was still, save the crackling and roaring of the fire as it gained

strength in its upward course. By this time the neighbors had been awakened. Some, with heads projecting from open windows, cried out "fire! fire!"—others, half clad, rushed towards the flames, as if they would fain stay their progress. But in a moment more, the rattling of wheels and the din of the firemen were heard; and in the confusion that followed no one noticed Phil or his companion, nor the rescued babe. So the sailor wrapped the warm clothing more closely about it, and he and his shipmate took their way out of the crowd that was fast collecting; nor did they stop until they had reached the deck of the *Sea Gull*, that was moored alongside the wharf, and made fast to the land.

There seemed to be no one on board; so they went below, and in a few minutes there was a bright fire crackling in the little stove, which soon sent out a grateful heat, and made the little cabin look comfortable. Phil laid his pea-jacket, with its contents, into a berth near by, and then took a seat at the stove by the side of his companion. Neither spoke for some moments; but Phil kept his eyes in the direction of the berth, and then removing no very diminutive piece of tobacco, said:

"I'm blowed if I know what to do with that chap, Will. It seems a pity to cast him adrift, for he will always find a rough sea now that his mother is gone; for I tell you, Will, you might as well lose your sheet-anchor in a storm, as to lose your mother before you're a man;" and the kind hearted sailor drew the coarse sleeve of his red flannel shirt across his eyes, and seemed absorbed in a reverie.

"That is a fact, Phil. Do you know that I can never bear to go down to the old homestead since they gave my mother a damp berth beneath the old chestnut tree? No, I always want to see her sit in a corner knitting, and hear her tell about what I used to do when I was a boy. Now when I do go, everything puts me in mind of a wreck, with her colors half-mast. But you was speaking about that chap. Why don't you keep him, and make a skipper of him?"

"Why, he isn't mine, you know."

"Well, you see his mother is dead, and it kinder seems to me that they hadn't any friends, or somebody would have come to help them sooner, or they wouldn't have been in the house alone."

"That's a fact," answered his companion, a new idea seeming to take possession of him. "I'll leave him here with you in the morning, while I go down to where the fire was and see if I can find out anything about them; and then if

I can't, why, I will keep him on board, and take him down to Polly and see what she says about the youngster. She always says she don't like children, and when I ask her why she is borrowing them of the neighbors every now and then, and making them presents, all the answer I get is an extra box on the ear, or—O, bless me! the little fellow is waked up!—so just look in the locker and see if there was any milk left."

Will, the younger of the two, did as he was directed, and in a few moments a cup of warm milk was standing on the little pine table, which was made fast to the floor, while Phil, who acted the part of a nurse, had drawn himself up much in the shape of a hoop, with his feet on the stove, and the infant in his lap, and was plying a spoon back and forth from the cup to the babe's mouth with about as much rapidity as a weaver would ply his shuttle—much to the amusement of Will, who in the scene before him forgot for a moment the sad occurrence he had witnessed at midnight. When the cup was empty, the sailor threw off the soft blanket with which the child was wrapped when he first caught him in his arms, and then pressed his lips to its cheek, and caressed it as fondly as any father could have done. The little stranger, feeling comfortable, and not realizing its loss, repaid the caresses with its innocent smile and infantile gestures. It seemed to be about a year old, and the night clothes which it wore were of fine texture, and showed the needlework of a skilful hand.

"I tell you what it is, Will," said his companion, dancing the babe on his knee, "I have made up my mind that the Great Captain aloft knew what he was about when he put this child into my arms, and took the mother himself. So you see I aint a going to give it up if I can help it; and if you tell any one but Polly where I got it—"

"There, there, Phil, spare yourself the trouble of a threat. You and I haven't sailed together these ten years, and never had a brush, to run afoul now on account of that little bright-eyed chap. What should I say but that when the mother was about to slip her cable and go aloft, she gave the little fellow to our care, and that you are keeping it, and I'll do all I can to help you raise him."

"Give us your hand, Will! If ever I say another unkind word to you, I deserve to be set adrift in a storm, without provisions, or a hammock to swing in at night."

And both drew nearer the stove, and laid plans for the future until the babe was again asleep, and then Philip gently laid it on the pillow in his berth, and cautiously stretched himself beside

it, where both slept soundly until the heavy tread of the sailors on deck aroused Philip, who crept noiselessly from his berth, and approached the one where William lay unconscious of what was taking place around him.

"Will," whispered the captain in his ear; for that was the title Philip bore, and his was the responsibility of giving orders to the few sailors they employed in working the little craft in their voyages to and from different ports, engaged in carrying articles of merchandize. But perhaps we had better stop here a moment while Philip is awakening his companion, and in a few words give a little sketch of his former history.

Philip Brown was born of poor parents, who lived on a small farm, one side of which was washed by the waves of the Atlantic. From his boyhood he had ever loved the sea, and when his arms became strong enough to ply the oar, many were his feats of daring on the water, until at length the neighbors called him "the son of the ocean." A farmer's life did not satisfy the ambition of the only son, so as time sped on he sailed a larger boat than the little skiff. He had the reputation of being honest, industrious and a skilful sailor; so at the time we introduce him to the reader, he had risen to the command of the *Sea Gull*, a small but well-built vessel, and so true had he been to the interest of those who employed him, that his word was thought by many sufficient guarantee that all business transactions would be done with the strictest honesty, without the formula of a written compact. In his wanderings, he had engaged William Laine as a deck hand; but there soon grew up a strong friendship between them, until it seemed essential to the captain's happiness that Will should be ever at his side. He, too, was honest; and, as the sailors said, there could be no foul play when William's eagle eyes were upon you, and they often used to speak of the vessel having two masters. But let us return to the sleeper.

"Will!" again repeated Philip.

The drowsy sailor only drew a longer breath, and gave no further sign of awakening. The captain took up a small speaking-trumpet that lay near, and putting one end to his lips, he placed the other close to the ear of the sleeper, and then in a hoarse whisper he half shouted, "Fire! fire! fire!" at the same time catching up a burning lamp, and holding it near the closed eyes of Will, who with one bound sprang to his feet, and rubbing his eyes, exclaimed:

"Where away, captain?—and where is the young skipper? I'll save him!"

"Hush!" said Phil, pressing his hand over his mouth to keep from laughing aloud, when he saw

the effect his stratagem had had on his companion, who, discovering the ruse that had been played upon him, pouted a little, and an extra tinge of crimson shot upward to his brown cheeks and forehead.

"I want you to see to the youngster," whispered the captain; "and if he wakes keep him from crying, while I go upon deck and pay off those hands; for you know if they should see that little chap on board, 'twould be all up with our plans."

"But wont they think it strange, Phil, that you discharge them with so little warning?"

"O no; for I told them yesterday I didn't know how long I should stay in port, and I couldn't afford to pay hands to sit round on old sugar boxes and chew tobacco; so you see I'll just pay them off, and then when we get ready to start, why—we'll hire a new crew, and have them mind their own business."

"That's a fact," returned Will; "so I'll obey orders and be getting our breakfast ready while you're gone."

And Will hung up his boots on a rusty hook at the head of his berth, and walked carefully about in his stocking-feet, putting things to rights, while the captain went on deck to pay and discharge his men.

That being done, Philip did not return to the cabin, but walked down the plank that connected his vessel to the shore, and then stood upon the wharf, as if undecided where to go. A little way from him, he perceived a group of well-dressed men—merchants, he concluded, who had come down to the wharf to see about their goods, yet on board some of the ships lying alongside; but in a moment more he caught the words "fire last night;" so, unnoticed by them, he drew nearer, and with anxious ear listened to what they were saying.

"It was a dreadful affair, indeed," said one, "that they should perish in the flames. It will be a sad tale to—"

The captain did not wait to hear any more, for he was afraid they might observe him listening, and say something to him; and he felt so agitated that he knew if he said anything, he should by his emotion betray all he knew concerning it; so he passed on in the direction of the street where the fire occurred.

The morning was cold. There had been a light fall of snow during the latter part of the night, so that the air was bracing, and as Philip walked on, his mind gained composure, and by the time he arrived at the spot he had so abruptly left the night previous at midnight, no one could have guessed he had ever had an uneasy



thought. He stopped when he came opposite to where the fire had been, and seated himself near by on a charred timber. The nearest house was a few rods down the street, and there seemed to be no one astir as yet, save an Irish servant girl, who came out with a pail, and crossed over, apparently to get some water. Philip arose and beckoned for the girl to come to him, while he walked towards her.

"I guess you had a fire here last night?" said he to the girl.

"Faith, an' we did, sir," answered she; "and it makes my heart ache to think of it; for there was a beautiful lady and her child burnt up in the house."

"And did you or your mistress know them?" inquired Philip, putting his firmness to the test to appear unconcerned, save as a common passer-by.

"O no; they hadn't been there more than a week, and it was only once or twice we saw the lady at the window, with the baby in her arms; and that is all I know about them."

Philip took from his pocket a large red silk handkerchief, and pretended to wipe some dust from his eyes; and when he took it away, it seemed as if they had borrowed the hue of the cloth that had just passed over them; but the Irish girl thought it was only the effects of the frosty air, and she continued:

"O yes, there is one thing more," and the girl seemed to be a little vexed; "there was a *Yan-kee* servant girl with her the first day or two; and one day I went up to their yard to get some water, and as she was walking around with the baby in her arms, I asked her what its name was, and where they came from; but she turned away so saucy, and said it was none of my business; and when I went home and told Mrs. Jenks, she said she guessed they must be queer folks."

"And was the servant girl burned up with the woman and child?" inquired Philip, as if he would fain prolong the conversation, as the girl turned to go.

"No. I saw her come out day before yesterday, and get into a hack and ride off. I was going for water, and she whispered something to the lady just as she left the door, and I heard the lady say 'I will'; and then she closed the door, and I heard the key turn in the lock, and so that is all I know about it; but it does seem to me you are dreadful inquisitive."

"Well, it is a dreadful thing to have a human being go out of the world that way," said Philip, "and I can't help talking about it;" and he turned and went in one direction, while the girl pursued her way for the water.

The captain walked slowly along, musing on the events of the last few hours, and wishing he had stopped longer and listened to those men on the wharf; for it was evident one of them knew something about the sufferers; but he thought he could not recall their looks sufficiently to recognize them again; and from this frame of mind he was aroused by the cry of the news-boy, "Have a paper, sir?" as he saw Philip's eyes turned in that direction. "Line packet just arrived—latest news from Europe and—"

"Is there anything about the fire last night?" interrupted the captain, those thoughts being still uppermost.

"O yes," answered the boy; "one of our reporters was on the spot, and it gives the full particulars."

Philip waited to hear no more, but snatching one of the papers, and throwing the boy a piece of silver, he rushed down the nearest alley, and seated himself on the low step of a dilapidated house, and began to scan the contents of its pages.

"Do you see that, Jim?" said the successful dealer in papers, holding up the shining silver in view of his companion.

"Humph!" said the other, "I shouldn't a dared to take it. I'll bet he's that crazy feller that yesterday's paper gave an account of; because who ever heard of a man who wasn't out of his head giving so much for a newspaper."

"Nonsense, Jim! you're only mad 'cause you didn't get it; but I see the chap what knows how to sell papers!"

Here each laid down his bundle and began to make arrangements to settle the affair in a pugilistic manner, when they were stopped by Philip, who again made his appearance, and learning the cause of the trouble, dropped a silver coin of the same size in Jimmy's hand, and passed on, while he, looking into his companion's face, whispered:

"I don't believe he is crazy after all; he's a real generous old feller."

But let us follow the captain to the deck and cabin of the *Sea Gull*. The morning was not very far advanced when he again trod the planks of his vessel; but ere he went below he walked cautiously along, and peeped through a crevice of the door that led to the cabin. A smile passed over his features as the scene within met his view, and he noiselessly opened the door just far enough to admit his form, and then crept along and hid himself behind a loose sail that had been thrown into the cabin the day previous for repairs. The back of the faithful sailor and friend was towards the captain when he entered,

and the babe was on his knee trying to hold in his hands a large boiled potato.

"Can't you manage it, my little fellow?" said Will, taking it and biting out a large piece, and then giving it back. "There now, boy, you can make fast to it, and I'll stow you away in the berth while I get the captain's breakfast ready; for he will soon be back again, and he is a great chap for ham and eggs when he gets into port."

And Will smuggled the babe close to his brown cheek, and danced around the cabin; but coming in contact with the sail, he got entangled, and before he could extricate himself there was a collision between the joint captains of the *Sea Gull*, which ended in a hearty laugh by Phil at his companion's awkwardness in his novel capacity of nurse. Half an hour after, the two tried friends were seated at a table in the cabin of their vessel enjoying a meal which the long experience of Will had taught him to prepare to the satisfaction of his employer. While seated at the table, the captain told his companion the events of the morning, and then taking the paper from his pocket, he read:

"**FIRE.**—Last night, about twelve o'clock, there was a fire on Alto Street, and before any one reached the spot, the interior of the building (a dwelling house) fell in, and a woman and child perished in the flames. They were strangers in our city, so we cannot give their names."

"So you see, Will, nobody will think of coming here after the boy; but somehow I don't feel just as I should if Polly was his mother; for though I don't know as I have tried as hard as I might to find out about him, yet I always have been honest, and if ever I come across anybody that has a better right to him than I, why, I shall give him up, although I love him more than I can tell—he seems so much like the angels that my mother used to tell me about when she used to kneel at the side of my trundle-bed, and hear me say my prayers, and then kiss me, and say 'good night, Philip.' Will, it's my nature to love something, and I want that boy, when he gets old enough, to go to sea with me; it will be such a comfort to me, after a storm, to have him by my side listening to the yarns I shall spin about shipwrecks and dangers; and then what a blessing it will be when I am old—and it won't take long to make me so now—to have him command the craft; maybe I shall have a bigger one then. No, I sha'n't part with the boy; so to-night, after dark, you may take him up to old Mrs. Chancey's—nobody ever goes there except you and me, to get our washing done—and ask the old woman to take care of him until we sail; for you see while we are

loading up, there will be a good many on board."

Reader, we will not detain you by giving geographical descriptions of the spot where Philip's little brown cottage was located. It stood just where we should suppose one of his mind and habits would wish to begin and end his days. In summer, from the blue sea, wafted inland through the clustering foliage around it the invigorating breeze. The captain's wife, his idolized Polly, was generally the only occupant of this retreat, save the numerous pets that skipped and ran about as if used to kind words and good fare. Not many rods from the dwelling was a high rock, the base of which had been bathed by the Atlantic for ages ere the foot of man had pressed it. From the top of that rock had Polly often watched for the white wings of the *Sea Gull*, until the stars glittered. But now the weather was cold, and when the wind blew off the sea it brought a keen edge, which almost reached the vitals; and so Polly stationed a light upon the peak, and gathered in her pets, and then knelt and prayed to Him who alone had the power to restore her husband in safety. As she knelt, Buff the old watch-dog came and took a seat by her side, and laid his head upon her shoulder, as if he comprehended her words, and would fain join in the petition, although he knew not to whom she was talking. But in an instant he forgot the better part of his nature, and gave a low savage growl, and then walked stealthily towards the outer door. His mistress was not afraid, for there were true and trusty neighbors near. So when a strange voice asked to be admitted, she bade Buff be quiet and drew back the bolt.

"Your husband has arrived," said the stranger.

"Where is he?" eagerly inquired the wife, forgetting the common rites of hospitality in her anxiety to meet the one she loved.

"He is making his boat fast to the pier," replied the other, still standing without the door; but as he attempted to go away, Polly remembered her incivility and invited him to enter; but he answered no, he was in a hurry to reach his friends, who lived at some distance; he had been a passenger on board the *Sea Gull*, and merely stopped to inform her of the arrival.

Polly did not repeat the invitation, so he passed on, while she hastened with almost electric speed to arrange things for her husband's comfort. The little iron tea-kettle was hung on the crane (for in those days stoves were not common), and an extra number of sticks were laid across the andirons, and as they crackled and

blazed they sent a glow to the cheek, and a thrill through the nerves, that the more modern invention fails to do. In a few moments the voice of Philip was heard as he came up the path.

"God bless you, Polly!" he said, as he stepped within the door, and clasped his little wife in his arms. "If every sailor finds such a harbor, it will be all he will need to keep him from the shoals and quicksands of life."

But ere Polly could reply, the counterpart of her captain made his appearance, bearing in his arms what seemed to be a bundle of clothes.

"I guess you have brought me some work," said the wife, as the idea of a washing day flitted across her brain.

"That is a fact," answered Philip, who had taken the bundle, and begun to remove the different articles, while Polly hastened to his side to assist.

"O dear!" she half screamed, as her hand came in contact with our little hero, whom the two sailors had agreed to call *Rescue*, as they said it sounded enough like *rescue* to remind them from where they had rescued him. "Bless me!" she said, "why didn't you tell me you had a child here? I was going to throw the bundle out into the porch. But where is its mother?"

"Dead!" said Phil; "but don't ask me any more questions now. Give us some supper and then we'll tell you all about it; for you see we knew where we were going to cast anchor to-night, so Will and I haven't disturbed the locker since morning."

Polly had been expecting her husband for several days, so she was not unprepared, and in a short time tea, with a variety of viands, was smoking on the table. When the meal was ended, Will went back to the boat to remain through the night, and Philip and his wife were left alone. So he drew her to his knee, and placing his arm around her waist, said:

"Polly, dear, do you love your rough sailor husband?"

"Yes, Phil, or I should not have set up to-night till so late an hour, and prayed for your safe return; neither should I keep house here alone, that you may have a good home to come to when you are tired of the sea;" and she wound her arms around his sunburnt neck as lovingly as when first she was his bride.

"Then you must love that boy for my sake, and—God bless you, girl, I know you will; and protect him, too, when I am away, as the stars and stripes protect the *Sea Gull*." And Philip with the back of his brown hand brushed away the tears that dimmed his vision; and then he told her all the particulars of the fire and rescue,

and that he wished her to keep it a secret, and bring up the child as their own; and he told her, too, that if the neighbors were inquisitive, she might say that its mother was dead, and had confided the babe to his care. "I knew you always said you didn't like children, Polly; but I think you will love that little fellow—he has such a kind of a way of looking up into your face; and then he isn't afraid of anybody."

"I didn't mean it," answered Polly; "but I didn't want to seem dissatisfied, and I didn't know what else to say."

And so they talked until the old oaken sticks had turned to ashes on the hearth and the frost glistened on the windows, and then they removed the babe from its soft bed on the settee to their own couch, where it slept quietly on the arm of the sailor's wife.

It was late in the morning when Philip awoke, and then he quietly crept from the bed, and before he aroused Polly the teakettle was steaming up the chimney, and the glowing coals sent out a genial heat. This was Philip's first attempt at anything of the kind at home, and the wife guessed the cause—he feared the care of their new charge might have kept her awake, and he would make amends by sharing other duties. But we will not stop to relate the details of Philip's stay at home.

A week passed away, and bidding Polly take good care of the boy, and make herself as comfortable as possible, he gave each a kiss, and he and his friend Will once more embarked on board the *Sea Gull*, and by the aid of a fair wind her white sails soon bore them far away from the little cottage; and we will leave them to roam the wide waste of waters, while we spend a little time with the sailor's wife.

Polly stood upon the peak with the infant in her arms, well protected from the weather, until the wings of the *Sea Gull* had vanished, as it were, in the clouds, and then staunching the tears that had gathered on her lashes, she pressed the babe more closely, and clambered down the rock and entered her lonely home.

On the old arm-chair in the corner lay her husband's tarpaulin hat, which he had cast aside for a new one, and the pea jacket which the little stranger had been wrapt in, was hanging on a wooden peg; all looked dreary, and everything reminded her of him who would be absent many months, and perhaps never return. Tears started afresh as she thought of this, and all else was forgotten until she felt the soft cheek of *Rescue* pressed against her own, and his warm lips endeavoring to kiss away the grief he could not comprehend.

"Rescoe, darling," she said, as she returned his embrace, "for the moment I forgot I had anything else to love; but mother will feel so no longer—you shall be all when father is away." And so she went about her work, putting everything in order that had been neglected while her husband was at home, that she might spend more leisure with him.

Winter passed away, and the pure sea breeze was again grateful, and the vegetables grew in the garden tilled by the hand of the sailor's wife; and when nature's beverage was needed to quench the burning thirst, the old sweep-well was there to yield its refreshing and almost icy liquid; and at evening came Brindle from the meadows to give her quota towards the support of the sailor's son.

Health glowed on his cheek, and rapidly did his form expand; so that a year after, when Philip returned and found him playing beside the door, he passed by and inquired for the babe he had left. Polly laughed and pointed to her strong boy, who was engaged in sailing a boat in a tub of water. Philip turned to look, and with one bound he was by his side.

"Avast there, you lubber!" he cried, snatching the boy playfully from the tub. "Look here, Will, didn't I tell you he would be a sailor?" And then, after a few caresses from the two friends, they let him go back to his play, while they watched him from the window.

Ere Philip sailed, it was resolved that the next time they returned, they would let the little cottage, and Polly and the boy should take a voyage in the *Sea Gull*. "For there is nothing like beginning early to learn the ropes," said Phil; "and it seems to me, Will, that I never had so many storms when Polly used to sail with me, when we were first married; or if we did I didn't notice them."

"That's a fact, captain," replied Will. "Some sailors say it is bad luck to have a woman on board, but all the bad luck that I ever believed in was that they are generally so taken up with them that they don't mind their business; and then if they come near going to Davy Jones's locker, they lay it to the wrong cause. But that is a good idea about their going—we sha'n't be in such a hurry to get back again."

And now, reader, we must take a leap along the track of time; our limits will not permit us to follow our young hero through the minutiae of his youth up to manhood. From the first trip that he took in the *Sea Gull*, the ocean was his home. For many years Polly accompanied them, and then as he grew older and stronger, she went back to the seashore cottage, and kept a pleasant

home for them to return to at the close of each voyage.

Twenty-two years have elapsed since Philip and his companion rescued the child from the flames. He is now a tall and muscular young man, with a dark flashing eye and noble mien. With the kind-hearted Philip he has visited every clime, and extracted information from almost every land. His education has not been neglected; teachers have been provided by the liberal hand of his adopted father; and when the seas ran high and the billows roared loudest, the love of books was called in requisition, and by many he was called "the learned captain."

The tide has long since ebbed and flowed over the wreck of the old *Sea Gull*, and Philip Brown stands on a broader deck and is shadowed by taller masts than when we last met him. William Laine has taken in sail for the last time, and his soul is safely moored in heaven. A deep base voice gives orders to the sailor at the mast-head to keep a sharp lookout, for they have just passed fragments of a wreck. The one who gave the order is Rescoe, who occupies a seat on a settee that has been brought from the cabin and placed on deck at the stern of the ship, and beside him is a fair girl, whose hand rests confidently in his.

"You are sad this evening, captain," she said, as she looked into his face. "Now that the storm is over, and we are once more in safety, with the full moon shining above us, methinks it is ungrateful to be sad."

"I would not, Louise," replied the young man, "if I did not remember the words of your father this morning. He says you can never be mine, for I am but a poor adventurer of the sea, and that the one who marries you must have wealth equal to your own. In company with my father I own this ship—it is all I have."

"We are young yet, Rescoe, and I will wait for you; but I think my father will relent when he reflects how much we owe you for our safety. Had it not been for your skill, your brave old father's commands would not have saved us from encountering the foaming breakers that threatened us almost within a cable's length."

"When once in a safe harbor we forget the storm. But, Louise, you must not remain here; your father will be engaged in the cabin but a short time, and when he returns to the deck he will be angry to find you here. Besides, much as I love you, I would not wed you against his will, for it is worse than piracy to rob a parent of his only child. No, no, Louise! I know not what my future fate may be, but should I by some happy turn in the wheel of fortune possess

that which your father so highly prizes, then you will be the first one I shall seek ; but until then, although my heart should break, I will not force myself where it were better I should not be."

And the young man, who was protected from the view of those on duty by a screen that was placed to keep the spray from dashing over the after-part of the deck, pressed the lovely girl to his bosom, and kissed her again and again, as if it were the last interview he ever expected to have with the one beside him. But ere she could answer, "Sail ho!" was shouted from the mast-head, and the young captain springing to his feet, led her to the cabin door, and then in an instant placed the trumpet to his lips and demanded, "Where away?"

"About half a league to the eastward," returned the sailor. "She seems to be a small boat, with a signal of distress set at her mast-head."

Our old friend, Philip, hearing an unusual noise overhead, now made his appearance from below, where he had been engaged the last half hour talking with Mr. Beachley, one of the passengers, and father to Louise.

"What is the matter, my boy," said he, as he came up to Rescoe.

The young man briefly related what the sailor had said.

"Heave to!" shouted Philip; "and lower a boat and bear away for—" And then looking off on the water, he perceived that the order had been given and obeyed ere he reached the deck. "O, it's no use for Phil to try to be captain any longer," he said pleasantly, "as long as I have got such a smart boy. I tell you, Mr. Beachley, he knows every rope from the bow to the mizzen, and can balance himself on the maintop like a bird;" and the old sailor walked slowly along, and seated himself near the helmsman, and looked off in the shining wake of the rowers who were pulling away for the object in the distance. There was scarcely a breath of air astir, and the long steady swell that is ever felt after a storm served but to give a gentle, undulating motion to the ship and spread a home feeling among the passengers.

An hour later, the little boat again came alongside; but there were added three to her number—an elderly gentleman and two younger ones, in sailor garb. On inquiry it proved that the old gentleman was a passenger, and the other two were sailors, who had left Liverpool in the ship *Amity*, which was bound for New York, and in the storm which had occurred a few days previous, she was run into and sunk. They could give no account of the rest of the

crew or passengers, as the ship sank in a few minutes after being struck. They, with some others, had succeeded in getting on board of a boat, but she leaked badly, and they were without provisions. By long continued exertions in bailing and by fasting they had become exhausted, and all had died save those three.

"Bear a hand," said the mate to one of the sailors on deck, "and help swing this old gentleman on board. He is very feeble; so make fast a swing-hammock to those ropes;" and then he bent over the invalid and encouraged him to fear no danger; and so it proved, for in a few moments he was safely on board the *Flying Cloud*, Philip Brown, master.

Though Philip bore the title, all understood that on Rescoe devolved the responsibility of working the ship, and attending to business when in port. For several days Rescoe remained on deck most of the time. This was in part to attend to the duties of his office, and also to avoid meeting with his loved Louise; for he dared not risk another interview, lest the manly resolutions he had adopted might be overcome.

The old captain remained below with the invalid, who seemed to grow weaker every day. Several days had passed, when one morning, Rescoe, wishing to consult his father on some subject connected with the management of the ship, entered the cabin, where the sick man was bolstered up in a half reclining posture. His father, who was leaning beside the invalid, bade him come nearer. As he did so, and spoke in a low and softer tone than usual, the passenger half raised himself from his pillows, and fixed his eyes on the young man. Philip saw the movement, and every nerve trembled; for more than once since the sick man had lain there, had he thought he had discovered a resemblance between him and Rescoe; and at night he had often heard the invalid, who gave his name as Frederick Manton, cry out in his troubled dreams words of which the old captain could not mistake the meaning. For the moment he had forgotten this when he bade the young man come nearer. The eyes of Mr. Manton did not leave the form and features of Rescoe until the cabin door had closed behind him; then turning to Philip, he said:

"I think you told me you had a son who took the principal charge of this ship; is that he?"

Philip nodded assent. He could not speak; for he knew he should betray himself.

"'Tis strange," muttered the invalid; "and yet—I must be dreaming; my sufferings have driven me mad, and I shall die unknown, and my property will be divided among strangers!"

"Have you no wife nor child?" said Philip, endeavoring to appear calm.

"Not now," replied the stranger. "It is more than twenty years since I left them at home to dwell with my mother, while I went on a voyage to transact business which was to put me in possession of a fortune. Like yourself, I had followed the sea for many years, and had been successful, and so I started on what I told my wife should be my last voyage, and then I would return home and enjoy life with her and our babe. I had been gone several months, and was about to return; so I wrote to her to come to the city where our ship would land her cargo, so that she might be there when I arrived, and I could be with her in my leisure hours until my business was settled, and then we were to purchase a residence in the country, near where my mother lived. Too well did Ellen obey my request. Accompanied by my mother's servant girl, she took a small house in the city, and a few days after, the girl returned for some articles they had left, and the second night after her departure, my idol wife and child were—O God! I cannot say more!" and the invalid's face was the hue of death.

Philip arose and paced the cabin. He felt that the father of his beloved Rescoe was before him; and yet how could he resign him? He had never told the youth he was not his father, for he feared that he might blame him for not making further efforts to discover his parents; and he might leave him, too—and that was the most heart-rending thought of all; for to him and Polly he had become as necessary as were the oaken timbers to his ship. But he had an honest heart, and he could not bear to see the invalid suffering in his berth, without home or friends; and if he died!

Philip saw there was but one course to pursue, so he nerved himself for the worst, and went back to the sick man and knelt beside the berth. He was a blunt sailor in his words, so he waited for no glossing ideas to present themselves, but said:

"Well, captain, I suppose you will think I ought to be thrown overboard when I get through with spinning this yarn, and I'm blown if I care much what you do with me; for if the boy leaves me, 'taint much matter;" and the old sailor's face was very pale, and he bit his lip until the blood started and crimsoned his teeth, and then he continued: "You see when we compare logs, your reckoning and mine make it out that at the same time you lost your wife and son, I gained a boy;" and then he related all the particulars of the fire and rescue; he told, also, that he had educated him, and how much he and his Polly loved the youth; still he would now give him up,

for he had not many years to live, and it didn't matter much if they were shortened a little.

"You need not give him up," said the invalid, feebly; after he had recovered a little from the surprise; "for he will soon have no friend but you. My mother did not long survive that dreadful shock, and my wife, when I married her, was an orphan. I had but one friend in the city on that fatal night, and he did not arrive at the burning building until it was too late to—to—" and here the sick man hid his face with his thin hand.

"He must have been the one," thought Phil, "whom I heard speak about the fire while standing on the wharf."

After a short pause, Mr. Manton continued; "It would have been a great comfort to me, Captain Brown, to have known that the child was saved, but I would not reproach you for you have done well by him. I would again like to see him, and if he is my son, I shall will to him and you all I possess. Is there nothing which he wore upon that night that you have preserved?"

"There is," said Phil, "a small trinket that he had on, which I stowed away in my chest. It got broke and I never had it mended."

In a moment a small gold chain with a broad clasp was handed to the invalid who took it and pressed a secret spring upon the clasp; it flew open and revealed the name, Frederick Manton. It was enough.

And now, reader, we have a few more words to say, and then you and I will part company for the present. Rescoe loved his foster-parents too well to cherish one hard thought for the past, and few ever knew the circumstances of his so suddenly coming into possession of such vast wealth. Mr. Beachley knew, for Rescoe's father proved to be an old friend of his, and readily did he give his consent for the marriage of his daughter to the young sailor, whose love had commenced while floating on the sea and bid fair to be as lasting as the voyage of life. The old captain and his wife shared in the wealth of their foster-child, as was decreed by the will of his father drawn up on board the Flying Cloud, where he drew his last breath.

Reader, I suppose you would like to know how I obtained a knowledge of these facts. If any one asks you, you can just say that you don't know; for I can keep a secret, if I am a woman.

Always suspect a man who affects great softness of manner, an unruffled evenness of temper, and an enunciation studied, slow, and deliberate. These things are all unnatural, and bespeak a degree of mental discipline to which he that has no purpose of craft or design to answer, cannot submit to drill himself.

## BOSTON HARBOR.

BY SIM.

'Tis noon! the sky is clear—the sunny deep  
Is still, save where the rippling breezes sweep  
Woofing, and whispering along, to sleep:  
Each stately ship poised at anchor rides—  
By it the sportive ripple, as it glides,  
Laughs in the sunbeams, and uncertain plays  
On the dark vessel with reflected rays.  
Now o'er the lulling waters sit awhile,  
Broken reflections of the floating pile;  
Th' inconstant breeze each trembling charm enhancing,  
As beauty's eye most fascinates in glancing,  
Or as the glimpse our parting clouds bestow  
Of heaven's blue ether gladdens more the view,  
Than in those realms of sultry solstice glow,  
Their one unchanged expanse of azure hue.  
Hushed every sound of man, of toil, of care,  
The wanton pennons dally in mild air,  
All silent though not still. For even the bark  
That fleets as rapid as electric spark  
O'er the blue surface—mystic motive given—  
Seems by a secret, silent impulse driven;  
Unheard the music of the plashing oar,  
That brightly sparkles on the raptured sight,  
Though lost its sound—so distant from the shore—  
It gleams in measured harmony of light!  
Soothing the sight! Haply those realms of bliss  
May prove a haven typified in this—  
A calm eternity of peaceful light,  
Where wearied souls may rest them from their flight,  
And happy spirits, like those fleet barks, move  
Ever in radiant harmony above!

## SAGATABSCOT.

BY MARY E. ROBINSON.

THE sturdy forest yielded to the axe; the trees disappeared from Sagatabscot Hill; fire passed over it; the plough stirred its soil; grain grew upon it, and at length cattle pastured upon its swelling slopes. Mr. Serjent labored assiduously, and the earth began to reward munificently his labors. A family of children grew around him, bidding fair to comfort him when his hair should become silvery and his step feeble. He loved his offspring, and next to them the fruitful acres which his industry had redeemed from the wilderness, and by years of toil converted into fields, pasturage and tillage.

Serjent lived in that dangerous period when the red men were arrayed in deadly hostility to the white settlers. The tomahawk and the knife were at work upon the frontier. Pitiless foes lurked on the border, leaping from ambush to slay the lone laborer, making direful marauds at night, carrying terror and destruction to many homes, leaving blood and death, sorrow and wailing upon many hearthstones.

The summer of 1702 came. Martha Serjent had reached the estate of early womanhood; her sister Mary was a girl of fourteen; while her three brothers were but lads of twelve, ten, and eight years. Martha was pretty; at least John Lewis thought so, and he was a sensible young fellow and I dare say a judge of beauty. John was the son of a farmer who formerly lived in an adjoining settlement; but who moved from the frontier on account of the increasing hostility of the Indians. John returned immediately after his father's hurried flight—for it was a flight rather than an ordinary quiet removal—in order to prevail on Mr. Serjent to do likewise. He reasoned with him upon the rashness of remaining when every other settler had fled in dismay from the ravages of savage revenge. Serjent pointed to his farm and his comfortable dwelling for a reply.

"Yes," said Lewis, "it is hard to leave what has cost so much toil; but what will all this suffice when the redskins pounce upon you like wolves? Life is more precious than these cultivated acres."

Serjent admitted that John's argument was weighty. "But" replied he, "I have made up my mind to stay and defend what belongs to me at all hazards."

John referred to his family, instancing some of the more recent massacres, which had filled the country with horror and mourning. These examples of Indian cruelty were not disputed or palliated by the farmer, neither was his determination shaken. With a troubled and heavy heart, young Lewis sought Martha, hoping through her influence to overcome the obstinacy of her father. She required little urging to add her solicitations to those of her lover. Indeed, she had a very accurate idea of the state of the country, and already attempted to induce her father to leave the dangerous vicinage from which their neighbors had judiciously fled.

We must not forget to mention, also, that Mrs. Serjent was alive to the peculiar peril that menaced them, and felt all the mother's anxiety to see her children in a place of safety; but notwithstanding that consciousness, she relied with a tolerable sense of security on her husband's courage and determination.

Lewis had a powerful ally in the pretty Martha, but failed to move Mr. Serjent's resolve to stay at Sagatabscot and defend his property.

Late in the autumn of the year I have named, and about two weeks after the removal of the last to the nearest military station, while the Serjent family were partaking of their evening meal, the clattering of hoofs reached their ears. One of

the boys ran to the window and announced that a horseman was approaching in full speed. A moment after a man drew up in the yard, and throwing himself from the panting beast, presented himself unceremoniously to the inmates of the dwelling. He was a messenger from Captain Howe, commander of the nearest military post; he brought news of new enormities in the adjacent settlement, and a pressing warning for Mr. Serjent to remove without delay.

The man was thanked for his faithful delivery of the captain's message, and cordially invited to share their repast, which he did; then mounting, rode away as swiftly as he came. This hurried visit left a vivid and unpleasant impression upon all the household. Some discussion ensued, but most of the evening passed in gloomy silence. In six days from that date another messenger appeared with a similar warning. But they had lived so long unmolested, that Mr. Serjent began to feel quite confident that the moment of peril was passed, and he should be left to the enjoyment of his own. Even his wife and Martha shared in this hope, as ill-founded as it was.

Young Lewis was now ready to despair; neither fear nor remonstrance could overcome the obstinacy of Serjent. Full of the benevolent thought of saving the family, the young man set out for the nearest military post to make more summary efforts. Some days passed after his departure and nothing extraordinary occurred.

The labors of the day performed, they gathered about the evening fire, the ruddy blaze of which diffused both warmth and light. There was an evident trial at cheerfulness by the elder members of the household; but the absence of Lewis, who had been with them much of late, was felt to be a sensible drawback upon their happiness. The younger children gathered closely into the chimney corner, fearful each moment might bring to their listening ears the sound of savage visitors. A fixed conviction of coming evil seemed to settle upon every mind. Tears were seen upon Mrs. Serjent's cheeks that night as she looked anxiously at her offspring. Her husband busied himself for a time in casting bullets and putting his gun in order; that task completed he paced the little room with a nervousness that was new to him, pausing at the windows occasionally to gaze out into the night. Just as the family were about to retire, there was a slight tapping at the door. Mr. Serjent grasped his gun and demanded who was there.

"A friend of the white man," said a female voice.

"A squaw!" exclaimed Serjent. "What do you want?" he added.

"Let me in, and be quick!" continued the voice.

"Perhaps there are others close at hand," suggested Mrs. Serjent, warningly.

Her husband hesitated a moment and then opened the door. A young squaw glided in. She could not have been past sixteen; her features were very pretty and interesting. She glanced timidly about the room as if half-reluctant her purpose; but her ingenuous face soon resumed its confidence of expression. Martha motioned her to the fire—the snow was beginning to fall and it was quite cold—but she signified that there was no need; and remained silent.

Martha approached her and gently took her hand.

"Speak! what can we do for you?" she said, in a kindly voice.

"Girl with the white skin, for me you can do nothing. It is you that are in danger. Pale faces, you have been foolish; why did you not fly to the strong house with your people? Behold they are gone, and you are left alone!" she exclaimed, with energy.

"This is my house!" said Serjent, firmly.

"Pale face, you are like the foolish deer that turns to look at the danger close at hand. Where will be your house to-morrow?"

"Go on, go on!" cried Martha, parting the hair from the girl's forehead, and looking entreatingly into her black eyes.

"White squaw, I have come here at the risk of my life! Before the bright sun rises into the heavens again, Sagamore John and his warriors will visit your wigwam."

"And can you, and will you save us?" asked Martha.

"Whiteskins, you must save yourselves. Go to your great wigwams where your fighting men are."

"They will track us in the snow," said Martha.

"The falling snow will cover your trail. But go—go to the woods, anywhere for a hiding place, death awaits you here."

The Indian girl turned to depart.

"Stay!" cried Martha, detaining her by grasping her garments. "Can you not conduct these children and my mother to a place of safety?"

The girl gazed an instant at the fair pleader with a soft expression of pity, and then suddenly freeing herself ran from the house.

Half stunned by what she had heard, and full of anxiety for the beloved ones around her, not well knowing what she did, Martha pursued the flying steps of the red maiden, impelled by some strong, vaguely understood hope. But the peaceful messenger was far out in the storm, fit-



ting like a spirit to the distant peaks of Wachusset. The white snow was falling in blinding profusion. A mist was before the eyes and upon the brain of Martha. She sped on, as if safety were to be found in that direction only. So many days and nights of suspense and painful expectation, with the awful certainty revealed in addition, for a moment bewildered her.

The air was cold and the wind whistled mournfully through the leafless trees.

The Indian girl glanced behind her and saw the dim shadow of Martha as she hurried wildly through the descending snows; she saw her stop, press her hands to her head and fall. Hastening to her side, she raised her in her arms, and seeking a sheltered spot, laid her there, wrapping her carefully in her own blanket. The girl then sat down beside her, and took her head on her knees, waiting patiently till she should revive.

Martha was unconscious a long time. Just as she opened her eyes there was the report of a gun. The sound recalled her to the outer world, and the realization of her condition.

"Where am I?" she asked, looking at her unknown friend.

"Hush! be still! you are safe!" said the Indian maiden.

The echoes of another gun vibrated through the woods.

"They have attacked my father's cabin!" cried Martha, attempting to rise to her feet. "Do not detain me—let me go and share their fate!"

She struggled to go, but the girl held her. Fortunately she became unconscious again. When she recovered her faculties all was quiet in the direction of Serjent's dwelling. The red maiden was preparing to go her way.

"The vengeance of Sagamore John is completed. By this time his face is turned towards the distant wigwams. Go back in safety," she said.

Martha rose and kissed the girl affectionately; a moment more and she was pursuing her way towards the lodges of her people, while Martha retraced her steps slowly, with fearful forebodings.

The cabin door stood open; there were sanguinary stains upon the threshold. She entered with feelings of dread impossible to describe. A terrible spectacle presented itself—Her father's body, mutilated and lifeless, was stretched upon the floor. Where were the rest of the family she had left but a little while before! She called them by name. Alas! there was no answer—they were on the weary march to Canada; the family circle was broken forever. Mrs Serjent, it was afterwards learned, was despatched by a

single blow of the hatchet while exerting her feeble strength to ascend a hill, which proved too rugged for her efforts.

It may be supposed that Martha passed a miserable night alone with the remains of her father, with the realization, also, of the mournful change that had taken place in the household.

Near morning she thought she heard sounds indicative of the proximity of enemies, and had scarcely time to conceal herself behind the ample, old-fashioned chimney, before the door was thrown open and six Indians rushed in, as she could see from her hiding-place. But she was soon relieved from apprehension as she perceived that their object was not murder and plunder, but to find a place of concealment. It appeared from their conversation that a party of twelve men were close at hand, and it was from them they were anxious to escape.

The cellar was accessible—as was common in those days—by a trap door, which they raised. Passing through the aperture into the darkness below, they drew the trap into its place. This was barely accomplished when Martha heard the party approaching which had excited their fears. It was led by John Lewis, who had been to the station. Captain Howe had sent him with twelve men to conduct Serjent and his family to the garrison, forcibly, if need be. He was too late; Serjent had paid the penalty for his rashness. Lewis was shocked with what he beheld. Pale and agitated he contemplated the work of the red men and thought of Martha; but Martha herself silenced his fears by springing from her hiding place to his arms, where she swooned. Her nervous system had sustained such a heavy shock that it was several days before she could remember what had transpired, or render a connected account of what she had witnessed.

Meantime the soldiers spread their blankets over the trap door, and slept several hours without mistrusting what kind of visitors were in the cellar. Later in the day, while they were burying the body of Serjent, the Indians made their way out and escaped; but it was afterwards discovered that they had no agency in the tragedy of Sagatabscot Hill.

Martha rewarded young Lewis for his devotion by the gift of her hand.

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THE EATING-HOUSE WAITER.—Did you ever ask a waiter, when the bill of fare was new laid, what he'd got? His answer might be repeated as follows: "Haunchavenison, breastervcalan-oysters, very nice; curry fowl, rosegoose, legger-lamb an' sparrowhawks;" or, at least, it sounds like that.

## WINTRY KNELLS.

BY J. DAY BARROW.

They are ringing, ringing, ringing,  
Through the leafless, smiless trees;  
And the birds have hushed their singing,  
For they mourn the summer's breeze.

They are moaning, moaning, moaning,  
In the sober, solemn pines;  
Like a guilty spirit groaning  
For the peace it never finds.

They are wailing, wailing, wailing,  
As they whistle madly by;  
And the fitful clouds are sailing  
Athwart the leaden sky.

They are shrieking, shrieking, shrieking,  
In a weird and fearful tone;  
Like a guilty spirit speaking,  
Whose last fond hope is gone.

They are sighing, sighing, sighing,  
In the distance—far away;  
Like a faithful Christian dying,  
Whose lamp has burned away.

They are whistling, whistling, whistling,  
Through the frost-king's glittering gems;  
And the leafless trees are bristling  
With their pearly diadems.

They are telling, telling, telling,  
Of the bright day yet in store;  
When the buds will all be swelling,  
And old winter's reign is o'er.

## A QUARTER-DECK STORY.

BY CHARLES CASTLETON.

Our ship lay at Diamond Point, below Calcutta, and close by lay another American ship, belonging to New York, which was both owned and commanded by Captain Lemuel Rowe. I had known Rowe when he was a poor boy, and I knew that he had gained his present position of wealth by a peculiar stroke of luck. His wife was with him, and she was one of the most beautiful women I ever saw, being not only eminently handsome, but possessing one of those faces which at once appeal to the nobler and purer affections of the heart, and excite respect. In Calcutta, she had been the acknowledged belle, though some of England's fairest flowers of nobility were there.

One day, Captain Rowe came on board our ship to take dinner. I had renewed the acquaintance of bygone times, and I found him rather proud, than otherwise, of having once been poor. After dinner, we lighted our cigars and went upon deck, where we sat down and

enjoyed the cool evening breeze that came sweeping up the great river. Thus had we spent an hour, when Captain Ffield, our own commander, asked Rowe if he had any objections to giving us a little sketch of his life.

"The fact is," said Ffield, "we have heard a thousand rumors concerning your marriage, and if you have no objections—"

"Not at all," broke in Rowe, with a smile. He was a perfect pattern of a man—tall, powerful, and handsome. "They have their yarns on the fore-castle, where Jack tells his adventures; and I don't know why we may not have a story of the quarter-deck. At all events, you shall have one; so listen:

"Few youths can well be poorer than I was at the age of fourteen. I had just rags enough to cover my nakedness, and that was all. I had no stick with a bundle on it, for I had nothing to make a bundle of. In that plight, I found myself in the city of New York. One night, I slept on one of the wharves, and on the next morning, I begged my breakfast at the kitchen of a gentleman's house, and then started on the search for work. I was obliged to beg a dinner, which I got on board a North River sloop. About three o'clock, I came to a great store, where I asked for work, as I had done at a hundred others above it on the same street. The owner's name was Osgood—Laban Osgood. He asked me all about my former life, and then wished to know if I would go to sea. I told him yes. Then he told me there was a ship just ready to sail, of which he was part owner, and in which he intended to take passage with his family, and that she was short of men. He gave me a letter to the captain, and then sent a boy to conduct me to the ship, which lay at one of the North River slips. The captain's name was Bailey. He was a bluff, stern man, but honorable and just. I informed him that I had lived upon the water about Long Island Sound nearly half the time since I was big enough to sail a boat, and though I had never been to sea, yet that I felt sure I could very soon learn the ropes. He asked me a host of questions, and finally told me that he should be glad to have me ship for the voyage to Canton and back.

"I think that that moment was about the happiest I had ever experienced up to that time—in fact, I know it was. After I had signed the papers, I received an advance of two months' wages, and with this money I purchased such clothing as I needed, and on the evening of the next day, I looked as spruce as any of them. On the third day after I had shipped, we hauled out into the stream, and were towed out by a

steamer; and then Mr. Osgood and his family came on board. His family only consisted of himself and wife, and one child—a daughter named Florence, who was then only twelve years of age. Mr. Osgood had a great desire to go out, partly on business, and as his wife and daughter were anxious to see the world, he readily consented to take them with him. He said he had been confined to his counting-house for twenty years, and he was now going to take a wider range just for the air and variety; and his wife said the same, save that she had been confined to the coach and drawing-room, instead of the counting-house. But they were a happy trio, and were bound to enjoy themselves. This was the merchant's second wife. He had had no children by his first wife.

"It is natural for children to seek children's company; but I might have been in their company for years, and I should never have dared to advance beyond the distant respect I felt for the favored ones. But Florence was not so reserved. Remember—she was twelve, and I only fourteen, and I, too, the only boy on board. She sought my company, and by the time we had been at sea a month, she could not have clung more fondly to an own brother than she did to me. Her father smiled upon our sports, and more than once did he get me relieved from duty, that I might entertain his child. Of course, I don't wish to flatter myself, but I must be allowed to say that I was always called a remarkably good-looking boy.

"Well, we were on board that ship a year, and whenever Mr. Osgood went on shore, he invariably took me with him as a sort of *valet*. Of course, the parents dreamed not of the feelings which were springing up in the souls of those two children; if they had, the companionship would have been severed in a moment. When we reached New York, we were both a year older, and I loved that gentle girl with a love that occupied my whole soul—and I had told her so; and, more still, she had told me the same in return.

"For a year after this, Mr. Osgood kept me in his store as a messenger, and gave me a home beneath his own roof. At the end of this time, I was sixteen and Florence fourteen. I felt quite a man then in my love, and had even talked to Florence about being married. She was still the same, loving me with her whole soul, and thinking no harm of it. Mr. and Mrs. Osgood seemed to take no notice of our intimacy, and so our lives moved on another year in the same smooth way. When I was seventeen years old—it was during the very week on which my birth-

day occurred—Mrs. Osgood discovered the secret of our love. Florence told me of it. But they said nothing to me of it, only on the next day the merchant informed me that he had secured an excellent chance for me to go to sea once more. It was for an India voyage, and I was informed that if I studied the profession as I might, I should have a mate's berth on the next voyage. This was for the purpose of keeping me at sea.

"Before I went, I saw Florence alone, and she swore that she would never marry any but me. So I went away as happy as need be. When we reached Calcutta, our second mate died. The third mate was promoted, and I took his place. When we returned, I saw Florence, and she was the same as ever. I next went as second mate, for I had worked hard, and studied well. When I was nineteen, I took the office of first mate, and gave my employers and my captain perfect satisfaction. When I returned from this voyage, I was going on towards twenty-one years of age. I had laid up some three thousand dollars, and now resolved to ask Mr. Osgood for his daughter's hand. I went to his house, and did so. At first, he seemed to be perfectly astonished—and then angry. He accused me of seducing away his child's affections, and ended by bidding me quit his house and never enter it again.

"I will not attempt to tell you how I felt. I remember very well that I left, and that for a while I was blinded by passion; and during that time, I was foolish enough to speak to some of my shipmates of the subject in my vengeful mood. But when I became cool, and reflected upon all that Osgood had done for me, my feelings began to take a new turn. I saw that he had been more than a father to me, for few fathers could have extended to me such patronage as he had done. I knew the feelings of the aristocratic parents, and when I came to reflect upon my own circumstances and position, I felt that I had no just cause of complaint. I had known, three years before, the sentiments of the parents upon the subject, and I could not blame them now for adhering to their former resolution.

"It was nearly a month after the meeting with the merchant, that the train of circumstances commenced which gave me a wife. Our ship lay at the wharf ready for her load, and one evening, while I was alone upon the quarter-deck, two men came on board, and after a variety of questions, they asked me if I was not the man who had had something to do with Mr. Laban Osgood. I informed them that I was. They then asked me if I had not sworn that I would be revenged upon him.

"By some strange freak of thought, the idea at once came to me that these two men had some evil intent upon the old merchant, and wished for my assistance; and with it came the determination to work for the old man's good, if I could, for I could not forget all the good he had done for me. So I answered them in such a way as to lead them on. I pretended to be very anxious for vengeance, and they believed me. Gradually I learned that one of them had just been released from prison, where he had been confined four years upon complaint of Mr. Osgood for stealing; and that the other had been turned away from the merchant's employ on account of his dishonesty, and that he had also lost three or four opportunities for a place, on account of Osgood's making known his crime to those who would otherwise have hired him. O, I pretended to be very savage, and thus I gleaned the whole of their plot.

"He's ruined us," said one of them, "and now we'll take amends at our own will."

"I saw clearly that they were desperate characters, and that they knew no such thing as moral fear. When their plan was all opened, it amounted to this: They meant to enter the house at night and rob it of all that was worth carrying off, and to kill any one who interfered. As to Mr. Osgood, they would rather kill him than not, and I could see that the fear of possible detection was all that withheld them. But their chief object in hunting me out, was to get a plan of the house, for they had never been inside of it, and to gain my further assistance, if possible. I gave them a thorough plan of the merchant's house, describing where he kept his money when he had it by him, and where all the gold and silver plate was. They then stated that they meant to make the attempt on the next night, and asked me if I could go with them. I told them I would if I could, but I feared that I should have to start for Boston on the very next morning, and that I must be gone several days. Yet I hoped they would succeed—I gave some more severe flings at Osgood—and then told them over again how they could gain entrance to the house. I told them to come to the ship on the next day, and if I was not there, they would know I had gone to Boston. But I begged of them, if I did go, to let me see them when I got back. This they promised, and then they went away.

"On the next morning, I went to the street where Mr. Osgood lived, but I did not call. I had thought of placing them on their guard, but I feared they might thus be led to thwart the very object I had in view, which was to arrest

the villains and place them beyond the power of doing more harm. I kept myself concealed all day, and when evening came, I went to the police-office and obtained two good stout men to go with me and watch the movements of the robbers. We concealed ourselves in a narrow alley directly opposite Osgood's house, and there we remained until midnight. It was nearly fifteen minutes after the city clocks had struck twelve that we saw two men come crouching along under the shade of the buildings, upon our side of the street. They reached a point opposite the merchant's house, and then crossed over. At that moment, I saw a light in one of the front chambers. It was gone, however, in a moment, but it sufficed to show me that some one was up in the house.

"I could see by the starlight that these were the men who had visited me the evening before. They stopped when they reached the door of the house, but only for a moment. Then they went to the gate of the carriage-way and climbed over. I knew where they would enter the house, for I had explained to them the easiest way.—I want you to remember one thing here. I had not in the least set them on to this work, for they were fully resolved before they saw me, and had their time set. All I had done was towards trapping them.—We waited a few moments, until we imagined that the villains would have had time to enter the house, and then we went after them. I still had a key to the small gate—one which I had never given up—and thus we passed easily into the back yard. We found one of the kitchen windows open, and in we went in a trice.

We listened a few moments in the kitchen, but could hear nothing, and I then started to lead the way up stairs. The kitchen was a story lower than the front hall on the street, and just as we reached this hall, I heard a quick cry in the hall above, and then followed the shuffling of feet. I knew that cry. I had a policeman's club, and grasping it firmly in my hand, I leaped up the stairs. At the farther end of the hall, I saw a female form, and a man close upon her with a knife in his hand, and I heard him say, with an oath:

"Make the least noise, and I'll let out your heart's blood on the spot!"

"Next I heard a low, supplicating moan from the female. It was Florence—I knew it well. With one wild bound, I leaped forward, and with all my power in that one arm, I brought the thick lignumvitæ club down upon the villain's head. He sank upon the floor like a lump of lead, without sound or motion.

"Where is the other one?' I asked, as I caught Florence to my arms.

"In my father's room," she gasped.

"So into the old man's room I hastened, with the officers after me. We found the old merchant upon the floor, and the robber just in the act of raising his knife. My club descended upon his head ere his knife could fall.

"The officers now came forward and lifted the villain up, but he was still senseless, and so they bore him down. But the man in the hall was dead. I had broken his skull completely in. With Florence half fainting in my arms, I told Mr. Osgood the whole story, from first to last; and then I learned that his wife was very unwell, and that he and his child had been up with her. Thus had they been in the robbers' way.

"Mr. Osgood,' I said, as I placed Florence upon a seat, 'you have been very kind to me—more than a father—and I hope this act may be some faint mark of my gratitude. If I have saved your life, it is no more than you have done for me. You may rest now, sir, for your enemies are past harming you.'

"With that, I turned and left the house in company with the officers; and the fellow whom I had last struck did not recover until we had reached the station-house. On the next day, Mr. Osgood sent for me to come to his house. I will not tell you all he said, for you can imagine something from the circumstances. But I will tell you one thing he said, and what he did at the same time. He took his daughter's hand and placed it in mine; and he told me I had saved the dear girl's life, and he made me promise that I would never forsake her, never treat her unkindly, but always love and protect her. And I have kept my promise. The old man has been dead now three years, and I have come to settle up the last of his business here. Florence would not let me come alone. I was her companion during her first voyage, and she would be mine now."

#### THE USE OF OIL.

In this country, children are "perpetually watered," as though they were amphibious animals. In the East Indies, children are rarely washed with water; but they are oiled every day. A child's head can be kept much cleaner if oiled, than without it, and many young persons with hectic cheeks would probably never know the last days of consumption, if their parents would insist on having the chests, back and limbs anointed with sweet oil two or three times a week. The Hebrew physicians seem to have considered oil as more efficacious than any other remedy. The sick were always anointed with oil, as the most wonderful means that was known of checking disease.—*Christian Freeman*.

#### "FOR MOTHER'S SAKE."

A father and son were lately fishing near New York city. The boat was suddenly capsized and they were thrown into the water. The father, who was not an expert swimmer, while his son could not swim at all, at once commenced to aid the lad. He, seeing that his father was becoming exhausted, calmly said to him: "Never mind me, save yourself for mother's sake." God bless that boy, and God be thanked that both were rescued from the peril in which they were involved. "For mother's sake!" There spoke a true son and a true hero. He knew that his tender years ill fitted him to support and sustain her who bore him—that if his father perished she might be reduced to want and sorrow. So he bid his soul be quiet amid the troubled waters, amid the excitement and apprehension that such a scene must engender, and resolved to die for his mother, unless, indeed, some hand was stretched forth for his safety and the safety of his father. It was all right, because it was done "for mother's sake."—*New York Atlas*.

#### JOHN BUNYAN.

Lord Campbell, the present distinguished Chief Justice of England, in remarking upon the *Pilgrim's Progress*, says: "Little do we know what is for our permanent good. Had Bunyan been discharged and allowed to enjoy his liberty, he, no doubt, would have returned to his trade, filling up his intervals of leisure with field preaching; his name would not have survived his own generation, and he would have done little for the religious improvement of mankind. The prison doors were shut upon him for twelve years. Being cut off from the external world, he communed with his own soul, and inspired by Him who touched Isaiah's lips with fire, he composed the noblest allegory, the merit of which was first discovered by the lowly, but which is now lauded by the refined critic, and which has done more to awaken piety, and to enforce the precepts of Christian morality, than all the sermons that have been published by all the prelates of the Anglican Church."—*Illustrated News*.

#### PRACTICAL FALSEHOODS.

Lies of action are blood relation to lies of speech, and oral lies constitute a small share of the falsehoods in the world. There are lies of custom and lies of fashion—lies of padding and lies of whalebone—lies of the first water in diamonds of paste, and unblushing blushes of lies to which a shower would give a different complexion; the politician's lies, who like a circus rider, strides two horses at once—the coquette's lies, who, like a professor of legerdemain, keeps six plates dancing at a time—lies sandwiched between bargains—lies of livery, behind republican coaches, in all the pomp of gold band and buttons—lies of red tape and sealing-wax—lies from the cannon's mouth—lies in the name of glorious principles that might make dead heroes clatter in their graves—Malakoffs of lies, standing upon sacred dust, and lifting their audacious pinnacles in the very light of the eternal heaven.—*Chapin*.

## I'M SAD TO-NIGHT.

BY LIZZIE RAY.

O, ask me not to join the ring,  
 From whence those joyous notes arise,  
 A merry song I hear them sing,  
 But ah, my heart responds in sighs,  
 The starting tear bedims mine eye,  
 I'm sad to-night—please pass me by.

Nay, tell me not that "friendship's beams"  
 Now brightly gild the closing day,  
 My heart is with its early dreams,  
 I cannot call it thence away.  
 'Tis listening now to other lays,  
 'Tis living over by-gone days.

Nor tell me yet, that "lays of love"  
 Will now your joyous notes prolong,  
 Too deeply they my spirit move,  
 I cannot join you in the song.  
 For O, I've heard those same sweet lays  
 From other friends, in by-gone days.

Where are they now, those friends so dear,  
 So fondly loved in earlier days?  
 Alas! not one is with you there!  
 Then ask me not to join your lays—  
 I cannot quell the rising sigh,  
 I'm sad to-night—O pass me by.

## THE HAUNTED SHIP.

BY HORACE B. STANIFORD.

CAPTAIN GASPARD FENWICK came home in the ship "Our Lady." He was a good seaman, and an expert navigator; but he was a man of deep, bitter passions, who knew no feeling but revenge in connection with any injury, real or supposed. Luke Leeman had come home in the "Our Lady" in the capacity of first mate. He was a mild, generous man, and the sailors loved him well. Fenwick was not long in discovering that the men obeyed his mate more cheerfully than they did himself, and that what they did for him doggedly and sullenly, they would do for Leeman cheerfully and gladly. He professed to imagine that his mate had been poisoning the minds of the crew against him, and thus he allowed himself to cherish a feeling of bitter hatred against the unoffending mate. And then Leeman's very mildness gave him cause for ill feeling, for he could never get him into a brawl, nor manage to make him degrade himself before the men. In his wrath, the captain had ordered his mate to flog one of the men, but this Leeman flatly refused to do, and from that moment Fenwick hated him.

Towards the end of the voyage Fenwick contrived, after repeated trials, to get Leeman pro-

ved, and a quarrel ensued, which resulted in a direct challenge from the captain. The whole crew had been spectators of the scene, and Leeman accepted the warlike proposal. On the very next day after landing at the wharf, the captain and his mate went over beyond Flushing, Long Island, taking two of the crew with them as seconds for Leeman, while the second and third mates went with Fenwick. At the first fire, Leeman fell. His adversary's ball had struck him in the forehead.

"He's dead!" uttered Sam Nutter, an old foretopman, who had gone out. "Your bullet's gone right through his head, sir!"

Captain Fenwick gazed for a moment upon the fallen man, and then started off in company with his mates, leaving the two seamen to take care of the body.

In the course of a month, the ship was ready to sail again, and the same crew were engaged as before. Fenwick had supposed that most of the men would have refused to sail with him again; but they consented at once to ship, and only one man was added. John Savage was appointed first mate—he had been second mate before—and Miles Brown, who had been third mate, was elevated to the next higher office.

Captain Fenwick was more harsh and cruel than ever. He had no one now to thwart him in his vengeance, and he gave full scope to his feelings. But his actions were not all natural. He seemed to be haunted by a spectre, for he was often seen to shudder when standing all alone and thinking, and it was soon evident that he vented his spleen upon his men for the purpose of keeping his mind from this dark pondering upon the past. At all events, he was now savage and cross, and he did really seem to long for occasion to punish his crew.

One night, after Fenwick had been more than usually ugly on deck, he descended to his cabin and turned in. He was alone, for his mates were on deck. He was more than usually depressed, and for a long while he lay uneasy in his berth. At length there came a deep, heavy groan to his ears. He started up, and with a pale, frightened look, he gazed about him. He was a coward, morally and spiritually; and, like most of his class and station, very superstitious. He could see nothing, and soon lay down again; but hardly had his head touched the pillow, when the groan was repeated louder than before. Again he started up, and this time he heard a voice. It said:

"Gaspard Fenwick, beware! This ship is your tomb!"

The words were spoken so deeply that they

seemed to come from the very waters beneath the ship. The captain hastened from his bunk, and having put on his pea-jacket and hat, he went on deck, where the cool night breeze struck gratefully upon his hot brow.

"Captain," said Savage, as the former came up, "the men swear the ship is haunted."

"What?" uttered Fenwick, starting with a fearful shudder.

"They say the old ship is haunted—that they hear deep, unearthly groans at night, and other strange sounds."

"Nonsense!" whispered the captain, turning away. "Let me hear 'em blabbing such stuff, and I'll—I'll—see!"

When Mr. Brown, the second mate, went below, the captain followed him, and during the rest of the night the only voices he heard were in his own bosom.

Two nights after this, when Fenwick and Savage were in their bunks, the dreadful groans were heard again. They were deep and solemn, and very plain. The captain started up and spoke to Savage.

"Gaspard Fenwick, beware! This ship is your tomb!"

So spoke the voice again.

"Savage! Savage! Hallo, there!"

"What is it?" asked the mate, opening his eyes, and raising himself upon his elbow.

"Did you hear that voice?" asked the captain, nervously.

"No; what—"

Here the mate stopped, for the deep groans were repeated.

"Hark!"

"This ship is your tomb!"

"By the powers, Fenwick, that is Leeman's voice!" gasped the mate.

"But Leeman's dead and buried," whispered the captain.

"I know he is—but—"

"It may be his spirit, you mean."

"Yes."

They listened awhile longer, but as nothing more was heard, they lay down again.

On the following morning, Mr. Savage took the responsibility of having the ship searched fore and aft, and below and aloft. But nothing could be found. The hatches were thrown off, and all the loose cargo overhauled; but without effect.

From that time forward, the strange sounds were heard almost every night. Fenwick began to grow pale and haggard. "This ship is your tomb!" rang in his ears continually, and often was it repeated to him from that dreadful pres-

ence that hung about him. He was stricken with a mortal fear, and he could not hide it.

The ship had entered the Mediterranean, on her way to Smyrna, when, one stormy night, Captain Fenwick was again in his cabin alone. He was not well, and he had retired to his bunk at an early hour. The door of his state-room was left open, so that he could look out into the cabin. He had been trying to sleep, and had his eyes closed, when that deep groan sounded close by him. He opened his eyes, and a low, quick cry of horror burst from his lips. There—standing in the light of the hanging-lamp—was the form of Luke Leeman! It was arrayed in a white winding-sheet, and looked pale and deathly. Near the centre of the forehead was a dark, livid spot, from which the blood seemed to be oozing. Slowly the form raised its finger to that dark death-spot, and in a hollow, sepulchral voice, said:

"Gaspard Fenwick, beware! This ship is your tomb!"

The terrified captain clapped his hands upon his eyes and cried out in terror.

"What is it?" asked Savage, who came rushing down.

"See! See!"

"Where?"

"Has it gone?" whispered the captain, starting up and looking around.

"But what was it?" asked the mate.

"Leeman!"

"What of him?"

"He came here—here at my door—he showed me the death-mark upon his forehead—he spoke! O, Savage, did you not see him?"

"No. I came down as soon as you cried out, but I saw nothing. It must have been some freak of your imagination."

"No, no, Savage. I saw him as plainly as I now see you."

"But I tell you he's dead and buried."

"And yet he was here—as you are here now."

Savage himself began to grow timid and doubtful.

"By my soul, Fenwick," he uttered, earnestly, "I've often wished that I had had nothing to do with that man's death. I see him, sometimes, just as he laid there, dead, on the grass."

"Don't speak of him," gasped the captain.

"But stop. You say you have seen him?"

"Only in my thoughts."

"Then you have not seen him as I have seen him."

After this, the captain tried once more to sleep, but the "sweet restorer" came not to him, save in uneasy, harried visions, that rested

him not. On every night these groans were repeated, and once more Mr. Savage had the ship searched all through, but without finding the least trace of anything unusual. The men were in the habit of gathering in knots now, and conversing in low tones upon the subject.

"Savage," said the captain one day, as the two stood together upon the quarter-deck, "it appears to me that the men take this thing easy. I always supposed that common seamen were much worked upon by these haunted ships."

"So they are, generally," returned the mate; "but there is something curious connected with this. I am confident that this spirit, or ghost—or whatever it is—gives good cheer to the men. Nutter and Banks both say he has appeared to them, and that he assured them he meant them well. You remember they were his seconds."

At this moment, Nutter came towards the quarter-deck, and the captain called to him.

"Nutter," he asked, trembling, "have you seen Luke Leeman?"

"I don't know what it was, sir," returned the man, shuddering. "But something appeared to me on the fore-castle last Friday night. It looked like Leeman. It was wound all up in a white sheet, and had a blood-spot on his forehead."

"Did he speak to you?"

"Yes, sir," answered Nutter; but he spoke reluctantly.

"What did he say?"

It was some time before the man would answer this question. He said he would rather not tell.

"But I command you."

"If I was sure you wouldn't be angry with me, sir. O, I dare not tell a lie about it, for he looked so terrible all the while he spoke."

The captain promised that he would not be offended, and then Nutter answered:

"Well, sir, I was standing by the lee cat-head, looking into the water, when I heard my name spoken by some one behind me. I turned, and saw the spirit. It was dark—very dark—but I could see him plainly, for he seemed to be kind o' light of himself—just like the glistening of the foam as it dashes out from our bows. I should have run, but he stopped me by telling me he was not to harm me. Then he laid his finger on the red spot of his forehead, and he said: 'Nutter, I am your friend; but he who did this, shall find his tomb in this ship!' And with these words, sir, he disappeared. He seemed to vanish into the air."

Fenwick asked no more questions; and from that time he began to grow more pale and thin than before. He trembled when he was on deck, and his very looks showed that he enjoyed

but little sleep. Savage and Brown did all they could for the comfort of the crew, and they were often heard to express the deepest regret for the part they had acted against Leeman. They remembered how generous and kind he had always been, and how often he discommoded himself for their good. But they had not only been anxious to retain the favor of Captain Fenwick, but they feared him, too; and they had said as much to the men.

At length the ship entered the harbor of Smyrna, and there cast anchor. Fenwick at once proceeded to pack up his goods, and on the second day after having obtained pratique, he took himself and his effects on shore.

"Mr. Savage," he said, "I cannot stay in that ship another day. I'll make that ghost a lying one, at all events. We'll see whether the hulk of the 'Our Lady' is to be my tomb."

The mates tried to persuade him to remain, but he would not. He assured them that not all the money in the world would tempt him to return in the ship. And upon second thoughts, they did not wonder, for he was wasted almost to a skeleton now, and at that rate, he could not surely live during the return voyage. He begged of them not to tell the truth, when they returned to the States, but to say that he was very sick, and had to go on shore. On the very next day, an English ship left for Gibraltar, and Fenwick obtained passage in her.

On the evening after the Englishman sailed, the crew of the "Our Lady" were all assembled on the quarter-deck, where a consultation was being held on the subject of the command. Savage did not feel competent to take the responsibility, for he had obtained his present berth more from Fenwick's exertions than from any capability on his part. They were thus conversing, when they were startled by seeing a dark object approaching from the fore-castle. It was a man, and habited in a seaman's garb.

"The ghost!" gasped Savage, in terror.

"'Tis Luke Leeman!" uttered Brown, equally terrified.

"Hold, shipmates," spoke the presence, in familiar tones. "Be not alarmed, for Luke Leeman means you no harm. I am no ghost—nor am I a spirit, save such an one as may rightfully walk about on earth."

Savage and Brown were soon assured that Luke Leeman, in *propria persona*, did stand before them, and then they caught him by the hand. They thanked God that they could now wipe their hands of his death; and then they asked to know what the wonderful circumstance meant.

"I can tell you all about it in a very few



words," returned Leeman, after a dozen questions upon the subject had been asked him in quick succession. "You all know how long Fenwick had hated me because of his jealousy, and I knew, as you must know, that he longed to take my life. On that day when we went out to fight, I did not fire at him, for I would not send such a man, in such a shape, to his God. His ball struck me in the brow, but not fair. I stood side to him, and the bullet struck at an angle so obtuse that it glanced off. Of course, it stunned me; and when I came to myself, I found Nutter and Banks kneeling by my side. They told me that Fenwick believed me dead, thinking the ball had entered my skull. I was taken to a cottage near by, where I soon recovered. Yet I think my mind was not wholly strong. It was in a morbid state, or I should not have done as I did. However, I resolved to punish Fenwick, for he had been worse than a brute, and I wished to touch the only feeling he possessed that held any connection with his soul—and that was, his superstition. And more than this: I believed I could save the crew from much evil at his hands. I communicated my plan to Nutter and Banks, and they urged me to it at once. They conferred with the men, and all swore the most implicit secrecy. So when the officers were away from the ship, the men worked upon a secret hiding-place beneath the after cot on the starboard side of the fore-castle, where they conveyed bedding for my use. A secret passage was also opened to the hold, and in loading the ship, they were careful to place the bales and boxes so that I could easily make my way aft to the cabin bulkhead. Thus I could enter the cabin when I pleased, and also make my escape as readily as necessary, for one of the bulkhead panels had been removed and fixed so that I could slide it, and so that I could also fasten it on the inside. The men have fed me regularly. After I had entirely recovered from the effects of the wound, I would have made myself known, but I had gone so far then, that I resolved to carry it through. You have seen the result."

No one blamed Luke Leeman. At the urgent solicitation of the mates and the men, he took command of the ship, and from that time all went well; and for five years, Leeman commanded that same ship.

Fenwick never saw Leeman again, but he learned of the deception that had been practised upon him, and it only served to aggravate the disease of mind that already preyed upon him. He became more savage and ugly than before, and once more got command of a ship, and on

the return voyage he was lost overboard in a gale of wind. Some people wondered if other agencies than the wind might not have had a hand in this, but no regular inquiry was ever instituted.

#### SCALING TURTLES.

The tortoise shell of commerce is merely the scales that cover the bony shield of the turtle. The scales are thirteen in number, varying from an eighth to a quarter of an inch in thickness. A large turtle will furnish about eight pounds. To detach this shell from the living animal is a cruel process, which it made my flesh creep to witness. The fishers do not kill the turtles; did they do so, they in a few years would exterminate them. When the turtle is caught, they fasten him, and cover his back with dried leaves and grass, to which they set fire. The heat causes the plates to separate at their joints. A large knife is then carefully inserted horizontally beneath them, and the laminae lifted from the back, care being taken not to injure the shell by too much heat, nor to force it off until the heat has fully prepared it for separation. Many turtles die under this cruel operation, but instances are numerous in which they are caught the second time with the over-coating reproduced; in such cases, instead of thirteen pieces, it is a single piece.—*Florida Gazette.*

#### ANSELM ROTHSCHILD.

The fortune of Baron de Rothschild, who recently died, has been valued at forty to fifty millions of florins. The sum of 1,200,000 florins is destined to continue the alms which the deceased was in the habit of distributing every week, as well as for the distribution of wood to the poor in winter. The fund for giving a dowry to Jewish maidens receives 50,000 florins; the fund for the sick as well as the Jewish hospitals, 10,000 florins each. The Jewish school, 50,000 florins. Sums of three thousand florins are bestowed on several Christian establishments. The clerks who have been more than twenty years in the firm receive 2000 florins, the others 1000; and the juniors from three hundred to five hundred. Many legacies are left to servants.—*Sicilian Mercury.*

#### IMAGINARY MONSTERS.

In order to grow wiser, perhaps we could hardly do better than recur to the little parable, spoken some time since, on the borders of Wales, by an itinerant preacher of the Evangelical Alliance. "I was going toward the hills," he said, "early one misty morning. I saw something moving on the mountain side, so strange-looking that I took it for a monster. When I came nearer to it I found it was a man. When I came up to him, I found he was my brother."—*Westminster Review.*

Avarice is rarely the vice of a young man: it is rarely the vice of a great man; but Marlborough was one of the few who have, in the bloom of youth, loved lucre more than wine or women, and who have, at the height of greatness, loved lucre more than power or fame.

## O, THINK OF ME.

BY DARK STEEL.

Not when thy heart with mirth is light,  
And friends around thee smile,  
When on thy path the sun beams bright,  
And earthly joys beguile.

Not when thou'st yielded to the spell  
Of music's soothing power,  
Nor when the chilling word "farewell"  
Bespeaks the parting hour.

But when thy heart is weary, love,  
And all seems dark to thee,  
O, let one sunbeam pierce the gloom,  
And that my memory.

When hearts you trust a mask unfold  
It chills thine own to see,  
Then nestle closer to mine own,  
For I'll be true to thee.

And when the world is cold and stern,  
And darkly frowns on thee,  
Then from its heartlessness O turn,  
And cherish, cherish me.

## THE ARTIST'S BRIDE.

BY MARY A. LOWELL.

It was a morning in early June, soft, warm and odorous. Not with bright and dazzling sunshine, but with a dreamy, hushed murmuring sound of leaves and quiet streams, and a soft, grayish atmosphere that comes upon the sense deliciously. The air was heavy with flower scents, and as the breeze came pleasantly to the cheek, it seemed to whisper of the roses it had lingered to caress.

In a large room, at the very top of an old fashioned mansion, an artist stood before his easel, surveying the portrait which had just received the finishing touches from his long, pale fingers. Pressing the edge of his palette to his lips, he gazed thoughtfully on the hard, cold face that met his eye, and after pondering well the harsh and severe lineaments, his gaze lowered gradually from the portrait to his own feet, which were powerless, unless aided by crutches on which he now stood leaning.

He turned suddenly away as if a sharp pang had shot through his frame, and pressing his hand upon his heart, he coughed slightly and in a moment his lips were red with blood. He sat down and wiped away the crimson stream with his handkerchief, and as it still came faster and faster, he smiled, faintly.

"This will finish me, perhaps," said the boy; for he was but a child in years, and the lameness under which he suffered made him look young by reducing his height.

He sat there, vainly trying to stanch the blood, until he reached forward to a small table on which stood a pitcher of water and a small cup of salt. These he mixed and swallowed hastily, and in a few moments the purple tide ceased. A light rap at the door made him start. He called, faintly, "Come in," and there entered a young girl of small and delicate figure, and a face which was absolutely startling in its beauty.

"A soft, rich bloom overspread cheeks whose olive hue made her seem still more beautiful, while eyes of liquid black were so shaded by the long, dark lashes as to give sweetness to what might otherwise have seemed too piercing, and her mouth betrayed the loveliest of teeth and the sweetest of smiles; and yet there was a likeness, strongly marked and peculiar, to the face on the canvass. As she entered, Michael Waldmyer attempted to conceal the traces of his recent suffering, but her quick eye saw them and she faltered and turned pale. "It is nothing—absolutely nothing, Madeline. It was only an accidental fit of coughing which produced it." Madeline looked mournfully at the blood drops on his clothes, and then at the crutches which leaned against his chair. He watched her look and smiled again, for he was sure of Madeline Hargrave's love, even though he did have to use those appendages to his footsteps; and he knew that in her eyes, they were no bar to his fame and no hindrance to his goodness.

Boy as he was, Michael Waldmyer had already designed and executed works, which, in some countries would have brought him wealth and fame; and even here, his brother artists all acknowledged his genius without a shade of envy, for he had won them all by his sufferings, and his sweetness of temper.

"Why, here is father's picture all finished," said Madeline, "but, dearest Michael, he surely has not a face so stern and harsh as you have pictured him."

"Just so he looked, Lina, when I asked him for your hand. He was absolutely terrible in his expression. I confess that I copied that very look. It was in my memory too strong not to be mingled with every touch of the brush.

Mr. Hargrave had employed Waldmyer to paint his own portrait, because it was the fashion to patronize the lame artist, and wealthy friends had urged him to do so; but had he dreamed of his presumption in thinking of his daughter, his anger would have been most terrible. She had met Waldmyer, at a village on the sea-coast, where she had passed the preceding summer, and where he, too, had passed several months. His genius, his talents, and the serene

beauty of a face somewhat mournful in its expression, with large melancholy eyes that looked out from their blue depths like moonlight from the blue vault of the sky, and the infirmity which appealed so strongly to her pitying nature, had conquered Madeline's heart, and when they returned from their summer abode to the gayer scenes of the city, she would not have exchanged the love of the lame artist for that of the highest in the land. But when actually at home, with hearts full of the sweet memories of the moonlight scenes where they first talked of love, both felt the cold reality of their position.

Madeline feared her father, for he was cold-hearted and austere to others, if not to herself, and he paid a worship to wealth which she could not share. To her, a home in the wilderness with Michael Waldmyer by her side, would be sweet indeed.

"Some little oot, lone, simple, wild,  
Where nameless flowers around were growing,  
Would shine a palace bright for her—"

if he were her companion.

Of late, she had feared for his health, for twice before this, she had seen him wipe the blood from his lips, and each time had experienced a heart quake which told her how dear he had become to her; but he had laughed at her fears, and assured her that it was accidental and not at all alarming. And Madeline, young and inexperienced in sickness, was easily persuaded to believe him.

"I must not stay here," she said, as she turned away from the contemplation of that pale face, "Papa is coming here, and I would rather not meet him."

He called her to his side again and she bent over him with a loving smile.

"Let me show you this letter, dearest," he said, taking one from the table before him.

It was from a well known gentleman of great wealth, who was noticed for his liberality to young and indigent artists; and who had become singularly interested in Waldmyer. In the letter he had generously offered to take upon himself the whole expense of a voyage to Italy and a year's study there, if he would go at once; promising patronage and influence after his return.

"Shall I go, Lina?"

"Go! certainly, you must and shall go, Michael. Why, you would be mad not to accept this offer. Besides, do you know that if you go to Italy and succeed—as I know you *will*—my father would be proud to receive you when you return under the auspices of such a man as Mr. Lennox? Nay, you will think me unmaidenly if I say all that I was about to utter."

Then, as if struck by a new thought, she said, "yes, Italy will be the very thing for that terrible cough. Indeed you will go, Michael—and go now, yes, go now."

The young girl was beseeching her lover to part from her, even with tearful eyes, and he smilingly told her so. But she persisted, and soon left him to his own meditations upon the subject.

Rome! Italy! The very goal to which his thoughts had flown a thousand times, and as often returned as did the dove to the ark. Would his feet touch the land so beautified and hallowed by the art he loved? True, it would separate him from Madeline, but they were both young; and, as she said, when he had gained a name, perhaps he might dare to love her. He decided to go, and wrote a few brief but grateful lines to Mr. Lennox, signifying his acceptance of his generous offer.

He had just sealed his letter when Mr. Hargrave came in. He was, as usual, very stately and magnificent. He came to look at his picture for the last time before it should be removed to his house.

"You have an expression there, young man" (he said this very pomposely), "which I am not conscious of wearing. Will you amend your work in that respect?"

Waldmyer bowed acquiescence and with a few strokes of the pencil, he changed the expression to a grave but pleasant one.

"Better, much better, and I flatter myself much more natural. When shall I send for this?"

"To-morrow, if you please, sir."

Mr. Hargrave gathered up his gloves and hat, and was leaving the room, when Waldmyer, who had exerted himself too much, was again attacked as before, and the red stream was flowing from his lips.

"Bless me, Mr. Waldmyer! let me call a physician." He could only answer by a sign not to do so. Mr. Hargrave handed a glass of water and held it softly to his lips. He was touched by Waldmyer's gentle and patient look.

"I am truly sorry for you," he said, in a tone unlike his usual imperious one. "You must go to a warmer climate, Mr. Waldmyer. Unquestionably it would be better for you than this changeable one which tries even my healthful frame," and he bowed himself from the room.

Hargrave was a man, after all, of kind feelings and strong benevolence. Perhaps he was not so much to blame for not wishing Madeline to marry one like Waldmyer. He was poor, ill and lame; and in his heart, Michael, ever candid and right-judging, could not censure him for the part

which he had taken ; while yet he sighed bitterly over the destiny which seemed to separate him from Madeline Hargrave.

Madeline had gone from Waldmyer's room to the house of a dear friend, Alice Clifford, to whom the lovers had mutually confided their hopes and fears. Alice was the niece of Mr. Lennox, who had been so generous to Waldmyer, and it was partly by her representations, that her uncle had become so interested in the youthful artist.

"You will not hinder this, Madeline," said Alice. Do not ! for I feel that it is his only chance for life. I speak plainly, for you must see that Waldmyer is dying by inches—not so much from ill health, as that he is so hemmed in by circumstances, so narrowed in his prospects, that he has become hopeless of the future. I have talked long and earnestly with him, dear Lina, and this is my conviction, that he must go or die !"

Madeline thought of the blood, and shuddered.

"I will urge him to go, Alice," she answered. "I have done so already. God knows that I would not stand in his path. I will go to him again," and she added, with a quivering lip, "poor fellow, he *shall* go."

She did go to him and he consented to go. Over their last parting, we must not linger. It was full of a sorrow too sacred to be revealed ; the sorrow which looks on death as near and certain.

It was on a morning in the latter part of July, that Waldmyer sailed for Italy. He arrived in safety, and wrote, full of hope and reviving health, to Madeline. Several months elapsed after this, and he was rarely heard from. Alice Clifford, however, received a letter from a friend at Rome, which contained this paragraph :

"By the way, Alice, one of your far-famed American youths, whose praises you have so often trumpeted, is here ; and if those who are tall and straight and healthy among them can compare with this one, I will concede to you what I have so often disputed—the superiority of American artists in points independent of their art. You know that you have claimed for your countrymen that they were not only professional, but that the profession was only an adjunct of the man himself ; while I, alas, was forced to admit that our artists have, in general, no claim—beyond their actual profession—to intellectual wealth.

"But I take it, Alice, that this youth must be an exception ; for, although he is suffering from excessive lameness, and is often embarrassed in company, from his continual dependence on his

crutches, yet I assure you he is highly distinguished here, for his professional talents, for the mournful beauty of his face, and for his intellectual acquirements. He is studying with one of our first artists, and bids fair to paint well ; understand me, Alice, not as Italians paint, but as Americans can paint. For the rest, I will only say that this wonderful youth is called Michael Waldmyer, and if he were not an American, I should expect him some day to rank with our best artists."

"What a teasing thing Agnes is, uncle Lennox," said Alice, as she showed him the letter. "We have disputed so many times about American talent, that she considers herself bound to keep up the quarrel. Well, I forgive her in consideration of what she admits, and will go to Madeline with the letter. Even its qualified praise will rejoice her."

The year waned and ended, and it was not until the second had nearly expired, that Waldmyer returned to his native shores. Unknown to any one, Mr. Lennox had furnished him with the funds which should enable him to pass a few months with an eminent French surgeon, who had so far succeeded as to allow him to walk without pain, and occasionally to dispense with any other support than a light crutch and another person's arm. He thus looked a very little taller than before. His face wore a more hopeful expression, and there was a lighting up of the countenance, which no one ever saw there in the old time.

Mr. Lennox did nothing by halves ; and almost before the arrival of the steamer that brought him was announced, a splendid room was fitted up with every requisite for the pursuit of art, that could be devised.

"Who is going to wear that splendid dressing-gown and cap ?" asked Mr. Lennox, as he saw Alice finishing them.

"They are for your favorite, Mr. Waldmyer," she answered.

"Excellent ! I believe they are the only things I did not provide. Purple velvet, I declare ! Just the color of Raphael's. Why, Alice, I should think you were in love with Mr. Waldmyer, yourself ; I will certainly tell Lina to watch you or you will run away with her lover. Nay, you cannot do that, Miss Alice, for poor Waldmyer is not given to running."

"For shame, uncle, to sport with his dreadful infirmity."

"I trust, Alice, from the accounts I hear from our young friend, that his infirmity will be greatly lessened."

"Now I can guess the meaning of those mys-

terious packets which you have been addressing, so often to that French doctor with the unpronounceable name. Dear uncle, is Waldmeyer cured of that terrible lameness? O, do let me go and tell Lina."

"Why, Alice, how you jump at conclusions. Because I hinted that Mr. Waldmeyer may have received some benefit abroad, you—woman-like—conclude at once that he has thrown away his crutches, and can now walk as well as you do yourself."

"Well, that will comfort Lina a little. I will tell her that."

"No—wait and let her find it out."

A few months after this, Mr. Lennox and Mr. Hargrave were walking together, when the attention of the latter was drawn to the handsome sign on which the name of "Waldmeyer, Artist," was conspicuous.

"Is that the same whom you recommended to me as a portrait painter?"

"The same. He is making a great sensation here. His room is constantly occupied by sitters, and already he has acquired a fortune, although it is only a few months since he came from Italy."

"Italy! and has he travelled?"

He has, and since he returned his success has been unrivalled, not only professionally, but socially, for he is now admitted to very select circles."

"Yes, very likely," said Mr. Hargrave; "by the way it was I who advised his going to Italy. I knew it would save his life, and moreover, I discovered such wonderful talent in him."

Mr. Lennox bit his lip. "Let us go in," said he. They did so, and Mr. Hargrave greeted the artist with so much cordiality, and congratulated him so warmly upon his restoration to health, and paid him so many compliments upon his success, that Waldmeyer ventured to draw the curtain from a large picture which stood in the room. It was Madeline—so lifelike, so beautiful that one would have almost expected to hear her voice. It was a full length portrait, and perfectly matched another standing just behind it, which Mr. Lennox had employed him to paint for Alice. The two girls had sat privately, at hours when no one but themselves and Mr. Lennox were admitted.

Mr. Hargrave gazed and wondered; and then he gazed at Waldmeyer—at Waldmeyer, standing erect, or leaning but lightly upon a crutch of a peculiar French manufacture; and which seemed a light support to a cripple, such as he remembered him when he asked him for his daughter.

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"If ever life was prosperously cast," it was that of the two beings whose love had endured so long and so well. It was not in Mr. Hargrave's nature to withstand the pleadings of Waldmeyer and his two friends, Mr. Lennox and Alice; and there is not a happier little wife in the whole world than Lina Waldmeyer, the ARTIST'S BRIDE.

#### EXTRAORDINARY DISCOVERY.

One of the most singular accidents which sometimes bring to light the fruits of crime, the discovery of which has baffled all the efforts of official vigilance, has transpired in the city of Berlin, and has caused a great deal of conversation in commercial circles. On the 19th of last month, a well known firm, engaged in the bullion trade, were waited upon by a respectable-looking person, who asked them to dispose of some Prussian, Russian, and Polish bonds, amounting, in value to 10,000 thalers. Upon examining the bonds, it was discovered that the coupons attached to the bonds were overdue for nearly six years, and this circumstance occasioning some suspicion in their minds, the firm refused to make a purchase of any of the bonds until inquiry were made respecting them by their agents in Berlin. On the 24th the bonds were sent to their agents, and the following day the firm received a telegraphic message from the former, stating that some bonds of a similar description had been forwarded to the agents of another London banker, and that a full explanation would be afforded respecting the bonds by two Berlin officers, who were on their way to this country.

About half an hour after the receipt of the message the two officers called upon the firm, who were informed that the bonds were the property of a lady of the name of Henrietta Hirsch, a native of Berlin, who was foully murdered in October 1849, and plundered of Russian, Prussian, and Polish bonds of the value of 18,000 thalers or £2700; and that a man and two women were concerned in this murder, who had ever since its discovery been confined in Berlin jail, in which one of the women had died a short time since. It was added that all attempts to recover the missing bonds had been unavailing, notwithstanding the most vigilant inquiries of the police authorities in Berlin, and that those inquiries were set on foot by the Berlin agents of the firm, who were the nephews of the murdered lady.

Upon this information Messrs. — had the Berlin officers at call to await the return of the person who had offered them the bonds. On the next day this person called at Messrs. — counting house, and, being asked whether the bonds belonged to him, he replied that they did not; upon which Messrs. — stated that they must decline to negotiate with any one but the owner. The person answered that the owner was confined to his bed by illness, and, in order to obviate this difficulty, Messrs. — proposed that he should be accompanied to the owner by one of their officers which was agreed to. The Berlin officers followed at a distance, and the result was the apprehension of the *soi disant* owner of the bonds, who it is believed is the brother of the murderer.—*London Paper.*

## THE CASKET.

BY MRS. M. W. CURTIS.

The casket is open for jewels of thought,  
Not flashes of flattery—those are not sought;  
The gems of the heart are the riches desired,  
By loving ones penned, and by friendship inspired.

This casket of memory will bring to the mind  
Of the owner a garland of flowerets combined,—  
Of the sweet hopes of youth, and the blessings of age,  
'Twill speak of the absent from each written page.

This bright earth hath many a beautiful spot,  
And many a sun-ray will ne'er be forgot;  
O this be the fate of the autographs here,  
To meet in the realms where the angels appear.

## THE TWO LADY WATCHERS.

BY JOHN THORNBERRY.

RIGHT next door to one another, lived two unmarried ladies, who were each busily occupied with getting into matrimony as fast as they could. Their names were Miss Padd and Miss Tilly. The former lived in No. 175, and the latter in No. 176. The exteriors of the houses were remarkably similar, so that it would be the easiest thing in the world for a man to get through one door, when he meant all the while to go into the other. There were several striking little circumstances connected with these two ladies and their beaux, among which were two that I will be at the trouble especially to mention. First, each of them felt compelled, by the force of unhappy domestic prejudices, to receive and entertain her favorite in a secret sort of style, and if it happened to be in the evening, always in the dark. Such coincidences may be common enough, if you take the entire sex through; but when you come to place them side by side in a way like this, and the two houses so very like one another, too, it really offers a subject for the liveliest remark.

In the second place, the names of their worshippers exactly made rhyme with their own names! That was stranger yet, if anything. For example,—The gentleman who waited upon Miss Padd, was named Mr. Dadd; and the name of Miss Tilly's favorite was Mr. Lilly. Rather ludicrous, perhaps, considered from some points of view, and something that almost any person in his senses would be apt to notice as at least very peculiar.

It turned out, in the natural course of events, that both Miss Dadd and Miss Tilly—who, by-the-by, were not acquaintances at all—had made private appointments for their lovers one evening, and the better to admit them to their houses with-

out suspicion on the part of their friends, they had arranged to fasten back the night-locks on the hall doors, and to have them enter as stealthily as they could, and slip up stairs into the front parlors. The families were in the habit of passing the evening in their back sitting-rooms; but the courageous lovers were expected to take their seats in rooms without lights, and without fires, too. For shivering weather, it was not exactly the most comfortable arrangement we have ever heard of.

On this particular evening, the two young ladies sat in their parlors, surrounded by nothing but the dark. Miss Padd at 175, and Miss Tilly at 176. Both waiting. Both shivering. Both rattling their teeth together like the rolling clatter of castanets. By-and-by Mr. Dadd came creeping along up the street, and put his hand on the door knob of No. 176! He *should* have gone to the other number. But there was no gas light flaming near by, and, so long as he felt very sure he was right, stopping to study the number was the last thing he would have thought of. He opened the door softly, and climbed the stairs. Working his way along a tip-toe, he finally found the parlor door, which was situated just where it was in No. 175, and went in.

"It's me," he whispered, as soon as he had got safely into the room.

That was signal enough. Immediately a female figure glided along into the centre of the room, with its arms outstretched and rambling around in every direction. He extended his own to embrace it, although he was perfectly unconscious at the time that he was making the most, in an affectionate way, of Miss Tilly. He thought of course she must be Miss Padd.

So close was the parlor to the other room, that Miss Tilly dared express her feelings only in the most chastened whispers, articulating her words slowly and with much difficulty. And upon her visitor she enjoined the same caution. It were better not to say anything, she told him, than even by a careless whisper to arouse the suspicions of her dear papa. Accordingly there was very little talking done on the premises; what there was, was more in the way of a slow and thick liap, than anything after the style of spoken words or syllables.

As for Miss Padd, she still sat alone, shaking and shivering in the cold. She had told the family that she was going up-stairs for awhile; which occasion she improved to come down again sily, and slip into the parlor in the dark. And there she sat now; while Mr. Dadd and Miss Tilly were having such a sweet time of it, she was freezing for her negligent lover. She could only

sit and wonder what it meant. The clock had struck another hour since she had been there. It would not do for her to stay away from the family too long at a time, and so she went back up stairs, took her light, and came down again among them. It would be easy enough to slip into the parlor again, on one pretence or another to see when he did arrive; which she did several times, but no Mr. Dadd was to be discovered there. And because he was passing the evening, agreeably to a mistake of which both remained ignorant, with Miss Tilly.

Mr. Dadd sat with Miss Tilly as long as he thought it safe, and then took his leave. They had enjoyed their secret interview highly. Each had been deceived, but O, how pleasantly! Miss Tilly was in a flutter of excitement, and Mr. Dadd was ditto.

By-and-by Mr. Lilly came along. Something or another had happened to make him late that evening; but better late, thought he, than never. He made no mistake in the number, I warrant you. He did not go in at Miss Padd's door, when he had promised to go in and see—or try to see—Miss Tilly. But he got the right figures to begin upon, and in he went, working up very softly to the door of the parlor. Having opened it, he listened. All was as still as a tomb.

He sat down, after calling in a whisper many times vainly on the name of his lady-love, and tried to settle his thoughts into a mood something like patience. For a time this plan worked quite well, but it soon began to wear itself out. He could hear Miss Tilly chatting and laughing gaily in the next room, and wondered why she did not come in to meet him. He heard one after another pass along the little hall to bed, but still she sat and talked and laughed incessantly. He wondered what it meant, and shivered as he wondered.

And then he thought that there must be some untoward family circumstance in the way, which she would know much better how to manage than himself. This thought buoyed him up a little, making him feel assured that she would certainly come in as soon as the coast was all clear. And still he sat and listened, and wondered and shivered, until Miss Tilly took her light, passed through the hall exactly by the parlor door, and went—to bed! This was more than Mr. Lilly was going to stand from any one. He had sat there in the cold long enough. Now he was going home. He would be careful to keep free from any such engagements for the future. He took his hat accordingly, and crept down through the door again. And the town clocks began to strike twelve on the frosty air, as he carefully shut the

outer door—which had had the night-lock properly fixed by Miss Tilly since his arrival—and put his foot out upon the sidewalk again.

From that day forward, Miss Tilly could see nothing of him. He avoided her in the street, and went round the shortest corners if he found such sort of travel necessary to escape her. He determined that he would give up his passion forever, and clear himself of the foolish thralldom into which he had fallen.

Miss Padd, on the other hand, went back into her parlor after the family retired, and there held her cold and lonely vigils for a long, long season. But in vain. No Mr. Dadd was destined to call on her *that* night, let her wait there in solitude the whole night through. He had made his visit—though at the next door—and gone home upon it. And she grew more and more vexed as the hours wore on, and finally worked herself up into a very respectable passion. And at last she pushed off up stairs again, this time determined to go to bed in her wrath. She did not forget, however, to run down and fasten the outer door. But from that night forward, she was resolved on giving her lover the “go-by.” Anything so ungallant as this negligence, she could not find it in her heart to forgive. She would have nothing more to do with Mr. Dadd whatever!

It was just such a case with Mr. Lilly. Both of them determined on the same evening to turn over new leaves entirely. And still, for the time being at least, Mr. Dadd certainly thought he had met his engagement properly that evening. Miss Tilly likewise thought she had met hers. And both had finally gone to bed perfectly satisfied with themselves, and expecting to dream of wonderful pictures for their future. Stranger and shallower infatuations than these lead the world by the nose every day that is counted off the calendar.

Mr. Dadd afterwards met Miss Padd in the street, but she knew no such man. She threw him one single cutting look, and then lifted her chin as high as it would go. And Miss Tilly met Mr. Lilly in her turn, too, and thought she was certainly going to stop and chat with him as he came up. But he never came up! He turned off at a cross walk, bestowing on her a hasty glance of anger as he went, and passed on his way alone.

And thus were two very good matrimonial engagements broken off forever, which, but for so trifling an accident, might have made a deal of difference with the hearts of four individuals at least for a lifetime! Reader, if you mean ever to go to No. 175, don't pray drop in at No. 176. That's the moral.

## THE SWEETEST SONG I EVER HEARD.

BY MRS. E. T. HARRISON.

The sweetest song I ever heard,  
Was one calm summer night;  
'Twas like the carol of a bird,  
It thrilled me with delight;  
It seemed not like a maiden's voice,  
It was so low and clear,  
It trembled on my spirit's chords,  
And forced a pearly tear.

I sought a sylvan bower hard by,  
And met the songstress there;  
She was a child some twelve years old,  
With flowing auburn hair;  
"Tell me," said I, "sweet child of song,  
Whence gushed that thrilling lay?  
Didst learn it at thy mother's knee—  
In childhood's earliest day?"

Her mild blue eyes were bright with tears,  
She sweetly answered, "Yes:  
'Tis full of tender memories,  
A mother's smile and kiss:  
I never knew that others prized  
The song I love to sing;  
I wonder, lady, that you weep,  
It is a simple thing."

And often now when I am sad,  
And deem the world unkind,  
The pleading looks of that fair child  
Come thronging o'er my mind.  
Though oft I've heard sweet, dulcet strains,  
That turned my thoughts above,  
I ne'er shall hear a song again,  
So full of truth and love.

## A SEA-SIDE STORY.

BY FREDERICK W. SAUNDERS.

"MANY tailors have done wisely, but thou hast excelled them all," was my involuntary ejaculation, as I stood before the mirror, one day last summer, and viewed my exquisite figure in the inimitable garments for which I am still heavily indebted to the most accommodating clothier in existence. "Now I will go forth to conquer," said I, still addressing the individual whom I consider superior to any other gentleman at the present time sojourning in any portion of the solar system. "Never before have I looked so irresistibly fascinating. This coat is perfection with tails to it;" and I made an insane attempt to see how it fitted in the small of the back, by looking over my right shoulder, as men always do with a new coat on. "What though I have been jilted by Lucy Tompkins, because she fancied a beau more to her mind? or got the mitten from Mary Jones, because that blustering Jack Smith took it into his head to

'wait upon her?' Thank fortune, the race is not always to your fast men, nor the battle to your stout covies. With such a rig as this, there is little fear that I can create a sensation, and I'm bound to do it. Let me see; where shall I go, this hot weather? Newport is rather too lively; Cape May, ditto. Nahant—ah yes, Nahant might do; but I fear I could hardly get the very best accommodations for three dollars and a half per week, which must be the extent of my expenditures. Ah, now I have it; I will go to Pugwash. The water-cure establishment is in full blast—or perhaps I should say full flood. Blessings on those water-cure establishments; a fellow, under the pretence of looking after his health, can doctor a lean purse to great advantage, and still contribute his drop to the 'pail' of fashionable society.

It is a long ride, from here to Pugwash. The sun was very hot, the road was very dusty, and the panting travellers *would* insist on keeping the car windows open; so that upon arriving at the station, each delighted pleasure-seeker found *itself* amply supplied with cinders—at least a peck of cinders in its hair, rather more in its mouth, scarcely less in its eyes, and an unlimited quantity sifted down between its collar and neck, and sprinkled over its person generally.

Having accomplished the usual amount of handkerchief-brushing, and made a frantic attempt to improve our personal appearance by wiping the adhering cinders from our perspiring faces, which only resulted in rubbing in and spreading out the black abominations, thereby giving to each countenance a streaked and savage aspect, infinitely more picturesque than beautiful, we were deposited inside a lumbering old stage.

A short but stormy passage, over a fearfully agitated road, brought us in front of the water-cure establishment—a long, low range of yellow, consumptive-looking buildings, attached to a large garden, in which at stated intervals stately pines, stirred by the summer breezes, gracefully waved their foliage almost as high as your head; while in the centre of this terrestrial paradise, a melancholy little squirt drizzled pitifully, doing its best, yet evidently depressed by a sense of its utter inability to deserve the sounding title of "the fountain," bestowed on it by its proprietor. On the piazza in front of the house were seated the identical young ladies you invariably see on the piazza at watering places, some reading, some sewing, others working out startling zoological specimens, in little square frames, with crewl (appropriately so named), and all giggling sweetly, as young ladies will.



As we drew up at the door, the giggling ceased, and there was a solemn hush, each young lady becoming instantly absorbed in her occupation, and apparently totally unconscious that a stage-full of new arrivals was being unloaded near them. Having made all necessary arrangements at the office with the "gentlemanly landlord," the porter shouldered my trunk, and preceded me up as many pairs of stairs as the structure of the building would admit, showing me into a little love of a room, eight feet square, with a gracefully sloped ceiling overhead, of which, in consideration of certain weekly payments, I was to be absolute lord and master.

It is unnecessary to detail, step by step, the occurrences of the first few days. Let us suppose that I have been at Pugwash three weeks, have taken all sorts of baths, douches, plunges, sitz shower, rising douches, been "packed" and had a wet blanket thrown over my young aspirations, besides a wilderness of other performances, the very name of which can only be remembered by a Dutchman.

It is evening. The great, round, pewter-colored moon is flooding the entire landscape, after the manner described in story-books; the beautiful bay of Pugwash seems a boundless sheet of silver, stretching far as the eye can reach; while from the very feet of the wanderer by the shore, a long and glorious line of light passes on and on to the horizon, a seeming path to the spectator by which he might pass to the bright orb of night.

On such a night as this, the subject of the present memoir, with love in his heart, and his new suit of irresistible garments on his person, wandered slowly along one of the paths leading from the "establishment" to the bay. But not alone did he wander; by his side stood one of those bright visions one sees in dreams, or at a watering place, and nowhere else, a woman, and yet a child, just old enough to be bewitching, and just young enough to be artless and confiding. It matters not how these two beings became acquainted, how their acquaintance ripened into friendship; let it suffice that for three short but happy weeks, they had been all in all to each other. And now there they stood on the hill above the bay, looking—my overweening modesty forbids me to say how he looked; but she—ah, you should have seen her, as she stood there, her dark luxuriant hair clustering in rich curls about her beautiful forehead, her soft brown eye, so deep and full of meaning, the color coming and going on her peachlike cheek, and her bosom heaving with excitement and the gentle toil of the ascent. With one little hand she

held one of those dear little crotchet hoods, which she had removed from her flowing tresses, while the other was clasped in that of her friend.

"And must you really go to-morrow?" she asked, in the sweetest and most musical voice imaginable, as she lifted those soft brown eyes, pleading so eloquently for a favorable answer; then blushing, dropped them again, as she met the glance of her companion gazing so sadly on her. "Must you go to-morrow, Aristides?"

Mr. Jinx did not reply at once. He was thinking; calculating the same thing he had calculated a hundred times, during the preceding three weeks, whether, with the very limited expectations of the fair young creature before him, and the no expectations at all of his own, he could in any way contrive to commence house-keeping. His heart said yes, but judgment said none the less plainly, no; and it was therefore with a heavy heart that he placed his arm about her taper waist, and drawing her yielding form towards him, printed a kiss upon those ruby lips, sadly articulating: "Yes, Carrie, I must indeed go to-morrow."

Gently removing his arm from her waist, and withdrawing her hand from his grasp, she stood long, silently gazing far out on the waters of the bay, while her companion moodily bent his eyes on the ground. At length she turned, and with the slightest perceptible tremor in her voice, said: "I think we had better return to the house, Mr. Jinx; it is growing late."

Mr. Jinx offered his arm; she either did not, or affected not to observe the motion, and in silence they turned their steps homeward. Several times, during the walk, Mr. Jinx essayed to break the silence; but he felt a choking sensation in his throat, which interrupted his articulation. She never raised her eyes from the path before her.

"Good night, Carrie," said Mr. Jinx, with a violent effort, as they stood upon the piazza, where they were to separate.

"Good night, Mr. Jinx," she returned, in a mournful tone; "or rather good-by. As you go to-morrow, I suppose I shall not see you again."

"Good-by," stammered Mr. Jinx. But neither moved from the spot.

"I suppose you are anxious to meet some one—your lady-love, perhaps—that hurries you away so soon?" said Carrie, at length breaking the silence which had lasted some minutes.

"O, Carrie, how can you say so?" gasped Mr. Jinx, now completely overcome with emotion. And in a hurried voice he told her all—how he had loved her from the first moment of

their meeting, would cheerfully endure everything for her dear sake, but that he *must* go. It was necessary to the happiness of both that they should part; for he was poor, and could never find it in his heart to take her from her luxurious home to make her the wife of a beggar.

But Carrie could not see how that made such a great difference. She was not rich herself, did not want to be rich, and thought it the nicest thing in the world to make pies and things herself, without the assistance of those disagreeable servants. Mr. Jinx intimated that man could not live by pie alone, and that she was too inexperienced, too young, and too delicately nurtured, to contend against the iron hand of poverty; at which she manifested a great deal of indignation, and assured Mr. Jinx that, so far from being so very young as he seemed to think, she would be seventeen in less than ten months. And as to what she was capable of doing, she entered into such a wonderful recital, that had any one else told it, Mr. Jinx would have been inclined to doubt the correctness of some of the statements.

It was a feverish night that Mr. Jinx passed, turning and tossing, flapping and flouncing on his bed, and catching now and again a short cat-nap, in which he dreamed of heaps of gold, of untold magnitude; and when he stooped to pick up the glittering coin, he found to his astonishment they were all marked with Carrie's name, and bore the impress of Carrie's sweet face, instead of an eagle. And while he gazed, they were not coin at all, but soft brown eyes that looked lovingly yet sadly on him, and said, mournfully: "Good-by, Aristides; good-by, Mr. Jinx." And when he started from his troubled slumbers, it was morning, and the sun was shining brightly through the curtain.

If Mr. Jinx carried a heavy heart to bed, it was like lead, as he made his arrangements for his departure. You would have thought him possessed of a very satanic disposition, could you have seen him tumbling his clothes into his trunk, topsy-turvy, and punching them down with his boot-heels, accompanying each kick with a mild malediction. At length everything was punched in, the cover shut down with the catch of the lock through the centre of a shirt bosom; the straps buckled, and the porter bore it away on his shoulder, very civilly indeed, for as the gentleman was going, he was on the look out for the odd change.

The coach was to start very early; indeed, it was but just sunrise, and no one beside the servants were astir in the house. "Carrie can hardly be up at this hour," thought Mr. Jinx, as

he moodily turned the key in his door for the last time and strode along the passage. "I have looked my last upon her; well, perhaps it is better as it is." But Mr. Jinx was wrong, as he often is; for upon passing a hall which intersected the one in which he was, a sad, sad little face was before him, and those soft brown eyes of his dream looked mournfully into his own, while two little white hands were held out to him in a mute farewell.

"Good-by, Aristides," sobbed Carrie, burying her face in his bosom, as he drew her to him, and with a trembling hand smoothed her silken curls. "You'll think of me, sometimes, won't you?" and the little fluttering dove drew a fresh rosebud from her bosom and placed it in his hand.

He could not answer; his heart was too full. One kiss, a pressure of the hands, and he tore himself from the spot where he had been so happy, and yet so miserable.

As the coach turned the corner which shut the house from view, he looked back. Carrie was standing on the piazza, and he thought—yes, he was sure, she had her handkerchief to her face, though he couldn't see very well. Something was wrong with his eyes, probably the want of last night's sleep; so he coughed smartly two or three times, brushed the back of his hand across his eyes, in a careless manner, cleared his throat again, with a savage ahem, tried to whistle, and couldn't make any sound, and so buried his face among the cushions in the corner of the carriage.

Only those who have returned from a summer tour, leaving their heart in the keeping of the dearest little creature in existence (and who has not?), can imagine the desolation of spirit, the utter loneliness of heart, with which Mr. Jinx returned to his city home and his customary avocations. It was strange how three short weeks could have so altered every person and thing with which he was familiar. The places where he had once enjoyed himself and been happy, were now pleasant no longer. Did he hear sweet music? They were not the strains to which he had danced with Carrie, nor yet the sweeter music of her voice. Did he meet fair and joyous maidens? Alas, they had not *her* face or figure, nor those gentle, loving eyes, which haunted him so sweetly, and yet so mournfully.

Meanwhile, the little fresh, white rose-bud, so fit an emblem, he thought, of his beloved, began to wither, like his hopes—each delicate white leaf turning brown at the edges; and as day followed day, the sombre hue of decay extended, though he cherished it carefully, until at length the bud was dry and lifeless, falling to pieces in

his hand. So he chose his favorite volume of poems, and selecting passages of beauty, laid each withered leaf, as a holy relic, carefully upon them, and placed the book among the most precious of his heart's secret treasures.

And so a month passed away, until one warm, summer Sunday afternoon he sat by the open window, reading his precious volume of poems, looking at the withered rose-leaves, and thinking of Carrie, when he fell into a delicious reverie of such sweet sorrow as to lose all sense of outward things; and dropping his open book upon the window-sill, he leaned his head upon his arms, and dreamed such dreams as young lovers will, as I have understood. And as he dreamed, the gentle summer breeze played in and out at the window, now toying with the flowers upon the sill, now gently rustling the drapery of the curtain, until catching sight of the open book, it began fluttering its leaves, gently at first, but, as if curious to learn what therein might be, it began hastily turning them over and back, shaking out here and there a rose-leaf, until the last precious leaf floated on the breeze high over the housetops; then, as if angry at finding no more, or out of mere wantonness, to display the mischief it had wrought, it shook the leaves rudely and strongly, awakening the dreamer from his dreams.

It would have made you laugh could you have seen the look of dismay which overspread the countenance of Mr. Jinx, as he gazed upon the empty book, and felt that the last memento of his love was gone. But it soon vanished, for a new train of thoughts took possession of his mind, and he soliloquized. "Why," he muttered, "should I refuse the blessing that I might enjoy? True, I parted with Carrie from a sense of duty; but is it duty? I am not so very poor, after all, and if she is willing— Perhaps, too, she suffers, poor child." Ah! the selfish heart, for the first time, began to think that some one else might be unhappy. He wondered why he had not thought of that before; but Mr. Jinx did not consider how much of selfishness there is in the truest love. But the thought that she might suffer as much as he, opened his eyes, and he ejaculated, with great vehemence: "I will go to Pugwash to-morrow."

The next day found Mr. Jinx hurrying over the dusty road, with a heart so light, that the heat, the dust and the cinders only served to make him more joyous, for it reminded him of Carrie and his first trip to Pugwash. Indeed, he brought himself to believe that he rather liked to have cinders in his eyes, than otherwise. How his heart palpitated, as he got into the

dear old stage, and tied his legs in a knot to accommodate the other passengers! He hoped, and yet trembled at the thought of seeing Carrie on the piazza, but she was not there; he looked into the parlor, as he passed—she was not there either. Could she have left the place, and not informed him? Yet why should she? he had not asked her to communicate with him. Almost staggering to his room—the same he had occupied before—he rang the bell for the chamber-maid; she, at all events, could give him the desired information. She came; placing some coin in her hand, he asked for Carrie. "Carrie was still stopping at the house." Had the presence of two tons and a half of coal been suddenly removed from his heart, Mr. Jinx could not have felt more relieved. He was in ecstasies; he could have kissed the chamber-maid (she was rather good-looking) for her glad tidings. The girl hesitated; he felt there was something more to be communicated. "What is it?" he asked, placing more money in her hand.

The girl, with all the volubility of her sex, added to the extra volubility of the chamber-girl species, informed him that in his absence, a rich old uncle of Carrie's, just such an uncle as one reads about in story books, had returned from foreign parts, bringing with him a young gentleman, a very nice looking young gentleman, too; and she rather thought—she didn't know for certain, but from what she heard the ladies say, when she was doing their rooms, that it was the uncle's wish for Carrie to marry the young gentleman, and in case of her complying, she was to be his heir. The young gentleman, she went on to say, seemed to think a sight of her, but whether she liked him or not, she could not say; she had been dreadful kind of still and mopeish for a month or more.

"That will do," said Mr. Jinx; and as the door closed behind the retreating figure of the girl, he fell into a reverie of a nature as unpleasant as can well be imagined. While he thought her poor, he had scarcely allowed himself to entertain the idea that she could by any possibility become anything more to him than she then was; but now, when by marrying contrary to her uncle's wishes, she would in all probability forfeit a fortune, the thing was not to be thought of. Besides, how did he know that she still cared for him? Their acquaintance had been short, she was very young, and might she not be as much interested in the young gentleman of her uncle's choice, and who was such a "nice looking young gentleman, too," as she ever was in him? No; he would not believe it. Still, it might be so. At all events, he would

see Carrie; so making a careful toilet, he descended to the parlor.

Within the room were congregated most of the guests of the house, for it was evening, and the visitors at Pagwash did pretty much as the visitors at any place of more or less pretensions, and amid the throng of people stood Carrie. How his foolish heart fluttered, as he gazed upon her! She was leaning upon the arm of a young gentleman, and a confoundedly handsome fellow he was too, Mr. Jinx thought, gritting his teeth. Both Carrie and the young gentleman were listening to the remarks of an old gentleman, whose every word and motion bespoke him a millionaire, and who jingled a huge bunch of watch seals incessantly.

Mr. Jinx did not accost her at once; he liked to feast his eyes upon her unobserved. She was looking paler than usual, and very pensive and sad. Presently raising her eyes, she encountered the gaze of Mr. Jinx fixed earnestly on her. A deep flush suffused her cheek, and her eyes sparkled, and slipping her arm from the gentleman by her side, she tripped hastily across the room.

"O, I am so glad to see you again, Aristides," she said, in a joyous tone, holding out both hands.

There is no knowing what answer Mr. Jinx might have made, for before he could frame a reply anywhere near glowing enough to express what he felt, Carrie's uncle and the young gentleman followed her to the part of the room where she was standing. She felt that an introduction was necessary, which she rendered with a troubled look, awkwardly indeed for one so graceful as she.

The young gentleman gazed superciliously at Mr. Jinx, bowing stiffly, while the uncle merely nodded, without turning his eyes in the direction of the person he was addressing. "Carrie," he said, "I wish to see you;" and the poor child, looking anxious, obeyed him, whispering to Mr. Jinx, "I shall be on the piazza early in the morning."

When the sun rose in the morning, Mr. Jinx was on the piazza, and Carrie and he wandered away into one of the delightful paths of the dim old woods of Pagwash, and talked of all that was in their hearts. Having confided to each other all that they had thought, done and felt, during the month of their separation, they proceeded to speak of the future, and their hopes and fears. Carrie's story corroborated all that Mr. Jinx had learned from the chamber-girl. It appeared her uncle had heard of their intimacy, and forbade her having anything to say to Mr. Jinx, for the future, on pain of his severe dis-

pleasure. And Carrie placed her little hands in his, and looked beseechingly with her soft brown eyes into her companion's face, and asked if she should obey her uncle. And Mr. Jinx, smoothing her silken curls with his trembling hand, kissed her fair forehead, and in a sad whisper, told her she must; and Carrie buried her face in his bosom and sobbed bitterly.

"How can I see you here, and not speak to you?" she asked, in a broken voice.

"I shall not be here, my child," said Mr. Jinx, in a scarcely audible tone. "I shall go away to-morrow, and you will see me no more."

So they parted—those two loving hearts—and returned to the house by different paths. Very mournful and sad was the heart of Mr. Jinx, as he saw Carrie lifted into a grand carriage by the young gentleman who was to be her husband, and in company with the stern old uncle, drive towards the beach. Strong east winds had blown for many days, and the surf was breaking into the bay furiously, with a roar that could be heard for miles, and Carrie, with her companions, had gone to enjoy the dangerous pleasure of surf bathing. As Mr. Jinx had no heart to do likewise, he wandered away to the hill overlooking the bay, and seating himself at the foot of an oak, watched the carriages as they rolled over the beach. He saw the carriage belonging to Carrie's uncle drive up; he saw her, too, as she alighted and mixed with the throng. But he could not keep sight of her; something was wrong with his eyes again, and his sight was dim.

Suddenly, he was startled by a commotion on the beach; people running confusedly to and fro, shouting for help or gazing at the sea, while in the midst of the fierce breakers a struggling form rose and fell on the heaving waters.

The sight of a person in such imminent peril caused him to forget his own sorrows, and rushing hastily down the steep hillside, he was on the beach in a moment. His worst fears were confirmed. Carrie's uncle had rushed madly into the waves, but had been restrained by the bystanders, who were now holding him; and he, struggling to break from their grasp, with alternate prayers and imprecations besought the young gentleman who accompanied him to rescue her. But the young man, pale as the white foam at his feet, shrunk back.

All this Mr. Jinx took in at a glance, as he dashed through the crowd, divested himself of his most cumbersome garments, and plunged into the waves. It was a desperate undertaking to swim out among those wild breakers. Again and again the fierce surf threw him back almost to the beach, but he battled manfully with the

waves, gaining slowly but surely upon his object. At length a monstrous comber rose high above his head, gathering strength as it rushed towards him, and breaking with a prolonged roar, buried him deep beneath the seething waters, now hurling him with terrific force against the sandy bottom, now whirling him over and over with inconceivable velocity, as the undertow caught him and bore him out towards the sea. At length, when nature was almost exhausted, he rose to the surface. He was on the smooth sea, outside the outermost breaker. But where was Carrie? Nothing was visible on the face of the water, but deep down beneath, was something swaying backward and forward with the heave and swell of the ocean, that might be a human body. Taking a long inspiration, he dove, and after an interval that seemed an eternity to those on shore, he rose again, bearing in his arms a lifeless form. Brushing the salt spray from his eyes, he gazed on that beloved face. He raised her above the water; her head fell on his shoulder without life or motion. Could it be that she was indeed dead? With the terrible thought, the strength fled from his heart, and he felt himself sinking. At least, he would preserve her body. The boat was already near, the men bending to the oars with energy. He strove to strike out towards them, but his muscles refused to obey his will. He was going down; the salt sea filled his mouth as he gasped for breath. One stroke more would bring the boat to him. He held the body above his head as he sank beneath it. He was conscious some one lifted it from his grasp, and that was all.

When he returned to consciousness, he was lying on the bed in his room, about which people moved on tip-toe, occasionally bending over and looking at him anxiously. His first thought was of Carrie. Where was she—was she dead? he asked. They looked grave, and told him he must keep calm; his life depended on his remaining quiet. This could not satisfy him—he must know the worst. Springing from the bed, he dressed himself hastily, and hurried down to the parlor, near which her room was situated. About her door were standing a number of people, while others moved hastily in and out with vials and medicines, and all looked sad, and spoke in whispers. He did not ask how she was; he feared to do so. So he tottered into the parlor, and sinking on the sofa, buried his face in his hands, absorbed in anxious thought.

A long time he sat there; it might be an hour, it might be five—he could not tell. Some one else was in the room, but he did not look up to see who. It was Carrie's uncle, who, with his

hat pulled over his eyes, paced back and forth, jingling his watch seals; and though the time was long, still he never varied his step, nor spoke. Once a grave looking man stepped gently into the room; the uncle never halted in his step nor ceased jingling his seals. Mr. Jinx did not raise his head. "You must prepare yourself for the worst, sir; there is very little hope," the grave looking man said, and went noiselessly out again.

Another long interval Mr. Jinx sat listening to the monotonous step of the old man, and the jingling of his seals. Presently the grave looking man came into the room again, looking less grave and stepping quicker. "I have waited, sir," he said, "until our hope became a certainty. The young lady is now out of danger, she will recover;" and he left the room.

Mr. Jinx, who had raised his head when the man entered, let it fall into his hands again, and the tears ran through his fingers and fell upon the carpet. The old man continued to pace back and forth, jingling his seals, as before. Presently he halted, and gazed long and earnestly at Mr. Jinx. "God bless you, my boy!" he said, and quitted the room; and Mr. Jinx returned to his own room, and slept.

A day or two later, Mr. Jinx was walking on the piazza, with Carrie on his arm, looking very pale and very lovely, as she turned her soft, brown, eloquent eyes to her companion's face with the old look of love and confidence. As they walked, the uncle came to the door, and gazed at them long and earnestly, and went in again. Presently he came back, and looked at them again. Then he called to them, and they followed him into his own room.

It was more than an hour before the door opened again; and when it did open, it was the old man who came out, and he walked several times briskly up and down the piazza, chuckling to himself, and jingling his seals very smartly. By-and-by he stopped and looked into the window, and chuckled audibly and jingled his seals furiously; and could you have looked in at that window, you would have seen Mr. Jinx with one arm round Carrie's waist, while with the other he smoothed her silken curls. But his hand did not tremble then; and when Mr. Jinx did come out of the room, the old man shook him heartily by the hand, and said, in a cheerful voice: "In one year from this, my boy, if you love each other as well then as now."

That was enough. Mr. and Mrs. Jinx are now among the happiest of the happy.

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Railbery is the lightning of calumny.

## PLANT FLOWERS ON MY GRAVE.

BY VINA VAUGHAN.

I muse in the gray twilight,  
And in the midnight deep;  
I'm thinking in the starlight,  
When others are asleep.  
And this I'm wishing ever,  
That, when I'm dead and gone,  
Some one will plant sweet flowers  
Beside my funeral stone.

The bright and pretty flowers!  
May guardian angels save  
Them from the rude destroyer,  
And plant them on my grave.  
I care not for proud mourners,  
And endless, careless train,  
If one will plant sweet flowers,  
When spring shall come again.

When grief and care oppressing,  
Weigh heavy on my heart,  
Hope whispers, there's an ending  
To this life's stinging smart;  
It is in yonder churchyard,  
When thou shalt sleep below  
A little mound of grassy earth,  
And flowers above thee grow.

When peacefully I slumber  
In the graveyard cold and dim,  
Let breezes sing above me,  
And chant my requiem;  
And when my wearied spirit  
From earthly sorrow 's free,  
I'll whisper to some dear one,  
Plant flowers over me.

## POVERTY AND WEALTH.

BY ELLA FORREST.

"I WISH you would step into Hammond's, on your way home to-night, and get a set of corals for Edith. Poor little thing! it is too bad her neck and arms are so bitten by the mosquitoes. You send home a mosquito-net to-day—will you? Mother thinks it is ridiculous we should let her be so bitten, when a few dollars would prevent it." Scarcely waiting for a reply, and without noticing that her husband's face was clouded by an anxious, serious look, Mrs. Mendon went on: "When Edith and I go to Newport, this season, I hope you will be able to leave your business with the clerks for a few weeks, at least, and be with us. It's so dreary, only to see you once or twice a week."

"I don't think I can go to Newport at all, this season, it is so expensive. And then my business has been very poor, hardly paying for itself of late."

"Can't go at all? Mother said yesterday she

thought we'd better go very soon, as I haven't been very well, and Edith looks so pale. I don't know what she'd think to hear you say we can't go at all," said Mrs. Mendon.

"I can't help what she thinks. I have all I can do to pay my bills, and keep my head above water, now, and I can't go to any extra expense to please anybody. I newly furnished the parlors, last spring, and hired another servant, to please you, because your mother thought best; but I can't go to Newport this season, and that's all there is about it," said Mr. Mendon, in a very decided tone.

"I could give it up, Charles, and not feel badly, only so many of our friends are going. Then mother always feels so sad, and says so much about it, when I'm deprived of a comfort or pleasure, on account of our limited means," said Mrs. Mendon, in a peevish way.

"I am sorry to hear you say that again, Ellen," said Mr. Mendon. "Do you think more of your mother, and of pleasing her, than you do of me?"

"Of course I don't; but I can't bear to have her complain of you. I wish we were rich—then I should be happy. If you had been contented to stay in California a little longer, perhaps we might now have been as rich as Tom Mason."

"Good heavens, Ellen, you drive me mad. Mason was base enough to gamble, and shrewd enough to cheat everybody that came in his way. That's how he got his money. Would you like to have me do that?"

"I didn't know how he made his money. Mother said that Mason, who went to California when you did, had now returned home with great wealth, bought and furnished a splendid house, and was now living in great style."

"Having a fine house, and living in great style, is all you think about, I believe, Ellen. But these would never make us happy—no, nor anything else, so long as your mother meddles so much with our affairs, and you think more of her opinion than of mine."

"Why, Charles, I never heard you talk so before? What does it mean?"

"I know you never heard me talk so. I have borne insult after insult, and have never said anything; but I have thought, you may well believe. How came I to come home, and leave Mason in California? Every letter I received while there, was filled with some dreadful tale about you, or dear little Hattie that's gone, and what a dreadful thing for you to be left so. Then your mother (unknown to you, I suppose,) wrote me a long letter herself, saying she thought you would live but a short time, your health was so

poor. I waited not a moment, but left, just as I had begun to do something (for then it took much longer to get under way, than it does now). And how often has it been thrown in my face that so much money was spent, and so little earned, in those two years?" said Mr. Mendon, his face coloring, and his voice assuming quite an angry tone.

Mrs. Mendon was by this time venting her own feelings by a flood of tears, for this was the first time her husband had ever complained of her mother. And without trying to soothe her, or dry up her tears, Mr. Mendon left his home, and walked towards his store.

"How do you do? Why, I should as soon have thought of meeting my old grandfather in the city, as you, Jones," said Mr. Mendon, as he met an old acquaintance from the country. "What, pray, can have brought you here?"

"The love of gold, I suppose, friend Mendon, and I expect it will carry me a great deal further, too."

"What, you are not going to California, are you?"

"Yes, and I only wish you were going, too."

"I going? I wish I was going somewhere—anywhere. I'm sick of living here, or trying to live."

"Come, then, make up your mind, and be off with me to-night?"

"O, don't mention it. I couldn't do any such thing, Jones. Do you start to-night?"

"Yes, for New York, and from there to-morrow, I suppose."

"Come into the store, Jones. I want to have a chat with you, for I've not heard from the friends in your vicinity for a long time."

But Mr. Mendon had other business to attend to; as he entered his counting-room, a gentleman was waiting.

"Can you settle this bill this morning, Mr. Mendon?"

"How much is it?" said he, taking the bill.

"Seventy-five dollars. I have a note due to-morrow—if you could wait till next week, Mr. Twist, it would accommodate me very much."

"Very well, sir," said Mr. Twist, quite satisfied with Mr. Mendon's promise to pay next week, for he well knew he would fulfil it, if possible.

"I shall hardly be able to settle with Twist next week, after all," thought Mr. Mendon, "for I have another note due, and my rent to pay. I am really discouraged. Seventy-five dollars! Just what I gave Ellen yesterday to purchase her shawl, a thing she didn't need—no, nor she wouldn't have thought so, either, but Mrs. Mar-

tin and Mrs. Bailey had one, and then nothing would satisfy Ellen's mother but for her to have one, too. And now I must study and calculate, make promises and be dunned. Ellen ought to be more independent, more considerate, think a little of consulting my wishes, and of living within my means, not always expect me to buy this and that (no matter about the cost), just because her mother thinks she needs them. I can't live so, and it's no use to think about it longer. I'm tempted to go off with Jones, and leave Ellen and her mother to manage matters as they please."

Thus mused Mendon, as he stood gazing out of his counting-room window, which only served to increase the anger with which he left his home in the morning. He sat down, trembling with excitement, and wrote a note to his wife in the most hasty manner, stating that unexpected business had called him to New York, therefore she needn't expect him home that night.

He arrived in New York in the morning, and before he had time to cool his passion, and repent his rash measure, the steamer was ready to leave for California. He merely wrote a line to his wife, which run thus:

"DEAR ELLEN:—While you read this, I am far away on the broad ocean, in the steamer ———, bound for California. I have left all I possess with you, except enough to buy my ticket. CHARLES."

Mrs. Mendon was an only daughter, and though her father was kind, and inclined to be indulgent, he died when she was very young, leaving her to the sole care of her mother, a stern, rigid woman, who held the reins of government tightly, but like Queen Elizabeth, without their being felt to be so.

She seldom indulged her daughter, but taught her to think and act as she directed, without consulting her own inclinations at all. And unfortunately she married and settled quite near her mother; therefore she still consulted her, and knew not how to do or say anything contrary to her wishes, to gratify herself or please her husband.

On the morning we have described, after her husband left, Mrs. Mendon soon managed to dry up her tears, and then resolved never again to quote her mother in any matter that should in the least irritate her husband, and by her cheerfulness at noon she hoped they would both be able to forget the unhappy affair of the morning.

"What is the matter, Ellen, that makes you look so grave?" said her mother, as she entered at this moment. "Is Edith sick?"

"No, nothing is the matter, only my head aches, and I've been trying to sew."

"I met Miss Dillaway last evening, and engaged her to come and make your dresses next week; and, as it is so pleasant this morning, I think we'd better go out and purchase them."

"My head aches, mother, and Edith don't seem very well, so I think I'd better not go out to-day," replied Mrs. Mendon, in a timid voice.

She had not the courage or the independence to say that she shouldn't need the dresses, that her husband didn't think of going to Newport, and so forth; therefore, she allowed herself to be censured for giving up to a little headache, and for putting off, till the last minute, those things that might be done at once just as well.

Thankful was Mrs. Mendon when she found herself alone again. "O, dear," sighed she, "I wish I could please Charles and mother too. I know I offended him this morning, and I feel so unhappy about it, and now I've offended her. I seem never to be allowed to have a wish of my own, but I'll not think of this now," thought Mrs. Mendon, "for I'm determined to appear happy and cheerful, when Charles comes home, and try, if possible, to heal the wound of the morning. But why is Charles so late? It's nearly an hour past his usual hour for return. There he is, and I'll run myself to answer the bell."

She started back in astonishment to meet one of the clerks (instead of her husband), who handed her the note before mentioned, and shuddered as she opened it, for a shadow of something undefinable fell upon her. The day passed sorrowfully away, and the night fell gloomily around the troubled wife.

"He'll come to-morrow," said she, as the first ray of morning peeped into her window. Still she felt sad. "What could have called him to New York so suddenly, that he couldn't come home to see Edith and me before starting?" thought Mrs. Mendon; "he must have known I should feel anxious."

To-morrow came; but instead of the looked-for husband came a letter, which, though it contained but few lines, conveyed much. Mrs. Mendon read it over and over again, doubting what her eyes beheld.

"It's not like him. He would never do so. Somebody else has sent this to me." And half frantic, she started for the store, to ascertain what she could of his strange departure.

She found them all collected in the counting-room, evidently conversing on some very exciting subject. The story was soon told. A letter had just been received at the store, which con-

tained the strange intelligence that Mendon was then far away, and instructions to Marsh, the head clerk, to settle up his business in the best way he could, and after paying his debts, give what should be left to his wife.

"How could he leave little Edith and me?" Thus thought Mrs. Mendon, much grieved, and her pride not a little wounded. "What shall I do?"

She had just resolved to consult her mother less, but now the one whom she ought ever to have consulted was gone, and she could only go to her and tell her troubles. Mrs. Walton, her mother, was in the greatest rage imaginable.

"One thing is certain, Ellen," said she. "He don't care anything about you or little Edith, else he would never leave you in this way. Depend upon it, there is something wrong somewhere (not dreaming she had had any influence in the matter). But don't sit down and cry, till you make yourself sick, Ellen. You must do the best you can, with what he has left for you. You'd better give up your house at once, and come home with me."

Ellen did so, giving up both her servants, for she was thought able to take care of Edith herself, now, and there was no more said about Newport, notwithstanding she was troubled by debility, and Edith looked pale.

Mr. Mendon had now been gone six months, during which time several letters had been received; but now Ellen was quite overjoyed to learn that he had been very fortunate, and in his next, designed sending her a draft for a considerable amount.

Ellen didn't rejoice because she wanted the money to spend—no, for she had learned, and was encouraged to practise the strictest economy now; but she could scarce endure longer the censure against her husband, and hear the same repeated morning and evening.

The two weeks (which were to elapse ere he sent the letter) passed rapidly and joyfully away, but no letter came; and two and two again were numbered with the past, when Ellen, with great delight, received and carefully opened her letter. But alas! it contained no draft—no, but a long account of a severe fit of sickness, occasioned by the climate and exposure, and the great expense attending his sickness. He wrote in a very desponding strain, and ended by saying that to stay where he was would soon end his days, and as soon as he could make arrangements, and his health would admit, he should return home.

"He's coming home!" said Ellen, smiling through her tears, as her eyes fell on that word.



"Coming home!" exclaimed Mrs. Walton. "He has no home to come to. He left you, and I have taken you home; but I can never take him too, sick and penniless as he will be. He'd better stay there till he gets better, and then see if he can't do something, and I should tell him so, if I were his wife."

"It is so strange," thought Ellen, "when mother has so much property, which of course I shall have some time, that she is so determined Charles shall make a fortune, even at the risk of his life, and say too, in such a decided tone, that he can't come to live with her, till his health has improved, and he is able to do business again! But if he comes home, and is without money, what can we do?" thought Ellen, in great trouble. "We couldn't live here, among our old acquaintances, but should be obliged to go to some other place, and he take the situation of a clerk, or worse still, he might have to work at his trade, which he learned when a boy. I think I must write him at once, and explain how it would be, and try to encourage him to stay awhile longer, till he has acquired a little, at least. Perhaps he is quite well and strong even now."

Had he been so, even when he read her letter, the advice it contained had been received quite differently. But his sickness had been severe; and it was long before he could stand under a burning sun, without great pain and dizziness. After his first day's labor, he came into the rough place he and his companions called a house, and threw himself upon the floor, weary, exhausted, aching in every limb, and sick at heart, saying, as he did so:

"I wouldn't ask to live another day, but for my wife and child. It's horrible to feel as I have to-day, and know that I must work, or starve."

"O, don't be discouraged, Mendon," said young Randall, a noble-hearted fellow, who was ever ready to pity and help the suffering, "you will feel better after you have some supper, and I have it most ready. Better still, here comes Joe Smith with letters for some of us. Cheer up, Mendon, one for you from home, all full of little nice sayings, of course. I wish I had a wife, or anybody to send me a letter," said Randall, who had from his earliest remembrance been an orphan.

Mendon began reading his letter, but instead of becoming more cheerful, he threw it down and buried his face in his hands; for much as men despise tears, when sickness has enfeebled them, and repeated defeat drank up their courage, a few of these "signs of weakness" may glitter upon the cheek and dim the eye.

"Is it possible," thought Mendon, "that Ellen could advise me to stay, when I told her plainly that I could live but a short time! Then, too, to say we couldn't live among our old acquaintances, unless I make a fortune here! That shows how much regard she has for me. Well, she's told me to stay now, and I *will* stay till I am rich, or die! But she'll not hear from me again very soon, nor shall she ever enjoy a fortune with me, unless I am convinced that she has changed her ideas a little, and is willing to live with me, even in poverty, regardless of her mother's opinion, or that of those old acquaintances, as she calls them."

Mrs. Mendon waited with greater anxiety than usual for her husband's next letter; but she waited in vain. Months passed by, and no news from him. None could conjecture the cause of his long silence, till a paragraph appeared in one of the morning papers (taken from a California paper), announcing the death of "C. Mendon, from Massachusetts." There were no particulars—not even the town or city of his former residence was mentioned; still, none doubted that Charles Mendon, of Boston, was the said "C. Mendon."

Mrs. Mendon was frantic with grief for many weeks. She felt that his life had been one of toil and care, and feared—ay, she knew that she had not tried to lighten his burden, and throw sunshine in his path, as it was her duty, and ought to have been her pleasure. But repentance came too late, and mingling with her grief at the loss of her husband, it cast a shadow over her life, and even made it a burden to her.

Mrs. Walton never mentioned his name from the day she learned his death, but tried by every means to divert the mind of her daughter. She gazed on her and her little child with a troubled heart, for she could expect to live but a few years, as her health and strength failed daily.

A year had now passed since Mrs. Mendon had worn the sable dress of a widow, but her heart mourned the lost one with the same deep grief of the day she learned his death.

"Ellen," said her mother, as they were alone in her chamber, "perhaps when I tell you what I have always endeavored to conceal from you, and every one else, you may be induced to act differently in this matter, and treat Malden less coldly."

"But I can never love him, mother. I can never regard him as other than my cousin."

"But he is not your cousin exactly, Ellen, though you have always called him so. You ought to feel flattered by his preference for you,

rather than treat it indifferently, for he is from one of the first families in the city of ——. His father was one of its richest and most influential men, and though he lost a large portion of his wealth, Melden is now worth enough to make a good appearance in the world, and live easy."

"But mother," said Ellen, the tears filling her eyes, "I can never marry Melden Ashley, or any one else."

"Perhaps you will think differently, when I tell you all. Your father, at his death, had in his possession a vast amount of real estate; he had been very rich, but entering largely into speculation, he lost much, and at his death was much in debt. But I had the widow's claim upon his real estate that remained unsold. These houses, and the property you have always supposed mine, will at my death go to your father's creditors. This must account for many things which may have seemed strange to you."

"Does Melden know this, mother?"

"No, I presume not; but you can't think that in seeking you, he thinks of my money, for he has enough of his own, and you have no right, child, to doubt his sincerity."

"But I don't love him, mother, and I don't wish to marry. The more I think of the matter, the further I am from it."

"Listen to me now, Ellen; it is my last request. I can live but a short time, and I can't think of leaving you in the condition you must be in, if you still persist. That the daughter of George Walton must be a beggar, is to me more dreadful than the pangs of death. But I doubt not you will do as I wish, and that I shall see you and Melden united in marriage before that sad day," said the mother.

Mrs. Mendon made no reply to these last words, for they fell like stunning blows upon her humbled heart, and she left the chamber that she might weep over her troubles alone, as usual. A few weeks from this time we find her again lone and sorrowful.

"Mother's last request," said she, "yes, and my last obedience my last act. I have ever done as she requested, but this will end my life. Why do I now think so much of my dear, dear lost husband? Why do I dream of him every night such bright dreams? O, I would rather live with him in a hut, than with Melden in a palace."

"Why are you looking so gloomy and sad, Ellen?" said her cousin Fanny, as she entered the room at this moment. "I thought everybody was laughing and gay at the bridal hour."

"I don't know why I feel sad, Fanny," said Ellen, "but I do, and can't help it. There

seems such a shadow over my life, the future looks so dark, so uncertain, and seems filled with such fearful forebodings, I dare not proceed into it. I feel as if I was leaving everything beautiful and lovely forever. The rustling of the leaves on that old maple, the rippling of the fountain, and the ticking of the clock, seem whispering farewell to me."

"Nonsense, Ellen," said Fanny, "for you to feel so. If you don't dry up your tears, and look gay at once, I'll call Melden, and tell him about you. He's cheerful enough, I assure you."

"I can't be gay, Fanny. I just went into the chamber where lay all my bridal attire, and such a chill as ran over me, at that sight! Had it been my coffin and shroud, it couldn't have made me feel worse. But I'll save you the trouble of calling Melden, for I'm going to call him myself, and have our marriage put off till to-morrow evening."

"How strangely you talk, Ellen. Your friends are all invited, and what reason could you give for putting it off till to-morrow?"

The clock chimed out the hour of eight, and Mrs. Mendon, pale and trembling, stood beside her lover, and the good man commenced the ceremony that unites hands and destinies forever. At this moment, the door-bell rang, and Sally, fearing some guest would find himself too late for the wedding, hastened to open the door. But to her astonishment, she saw a rough-looking and very poorly-clad man, whom she took to be a beggar, or purchaser of old boots and clothes, and was about to shut the door in his face, when he inquired if Mrs. Ellen Mendon lived there.

"Yes," said Sally, "she lives here, but you can't see her to-night, for she is just being married," and she made another effort to shut the door.

"Being married!" exclaimed the man; and he burst open the door, and rushed into the parlor, which he had observed was brilliantly lighted.

None knew him except Mrs. Mendon, who shrieked, "my husband!" and rushed to meet him just as the words were trembling upon the lips of the good parson that would have made her Mrs. Ashley; but she fainted and fell.

"Begone, villain!" said several, who didn't even now dream who it was.

"No, not till my wife bids me go!" said he, in such a tone none dared approach him; and he raised the prostrate woman, who seemed revived sufficiently to whisper:

"Am I dreaming? or is it you, Charles, and are you alive?"

"Alive, Ellen? Did you suppose I was dead?"

"We heard so, more than a year ago."

He now assisted her in reaching a chair, near the window, and then glanced round the room for his little Edith, fearing to ask for her, lest during his absence she had been laid beside his darling Hattie.

"Are you looking for Edith?" said Mrs. Mendon. "She was not quite well to-night, and Sally has put her in her little bed. Would you like to see her?"

After kissing his little child over and over again, he said:

"Ellen, how unfortunate that I returned, and thus deprived you of the honor of being connected with the Ashley family, and the comforts of the wealth Melden possesses!"

"That honor and wealth would have been dearly bought, Charles. I would rather live in poverty while I do live."

"Ellen, you know nothing about poverty. Could you dress to correspond with the garments I have on, and leave this beautiful house, for a few rooms?"

"Yes, to be with you, I will with pleasure go anywhere, and live as your means may permit."

"But what will your mother and your friends say?" replied Mr. Mendon.

"I care not what they say," replied she, with great earnestness. "I have listened to them too long, and have learned by bitter experience that a wife, to be happy, must forsake her friends, and live for her husband."

Mr. Mendon now rose to his feet, threw off his coarse garments, untied his faded cravat, wiped his face, and took a shabby wig from his head, and the handsome, finely-dressed Charles Mendon then caressed his wife tenderly, and whispered to her his plans for the enjoyment of the great wealth, with which he had returned, all of which he had obtained honestly.

"And now let us never mention, but forget the dark and gloomy past, from which I hope we have both learned a profitable lesson."

The guests soon dispersed, after Mr. and Mrs. Mendon left the parlor. Mrs. Walton found herself quite exhausted after the excitement of the wedding, and her disappointment and anger, when her daughter threw herself into the arms of a beggar, as she supposed. And Melden Ashley has ever since believed there is some truth in the homely saying of our grandmothers, that "there is many a slip 'twixt cup and lip."

—  
Tis ever the least in talent who become malignant and abusive.

## HOW TO OPEN OYSTERS.

"Talk of opening oysters," said old Hurricane, "why, nothing's easier, if you only know how."

"And how's how?" inquired Starlight.

"Scotch snuff," answered old Hurricane, very sententiously. "Scotch snuff. Bring a little of it ever so near their noses, and they'll sneeze their lids off."

"I know a genius," observed Meister Karl, "who has a better plan. He spreads the bivalves in a circle, seats himself in the centre, and begins spinning a yarn. Sometimes it's an adventure in Mexico—sometimes a legend of his loves—sometimes a marvellous stock operation in Wall Street. As he proceeds, the 'natives' get interested—one by one they gape with astonishment at the tremendous and direful whoppers which are poured forth, and as they gape, my friend whips them out, peppers 'em and swallows them."

"That'll do," said Starlight, with a long sigh. "I wish we had a bushel of the bivalves here now, they'd open easy."—*Philadelphia Post.*

## HALLUCINATIONS OF GREAT MEN.

Spillo, who has painted the Fall of the Angels, thought he was haunted by the frightful devils which he had depicted. One of our artists, who was much engaged in painting caricatures, became haunted by the distorted faces he drew; and the deep melancholy and terror which accompanied these apparitions, caused him to commit suicide. Miller, who executed the copper plate of the Sistine Madonna, had more lovely visions. Towards the close of his life, the virgin appeared to him, and thanking him for the affection he had shown her, invited him to follow her to heaven. To achieve this, the artist starved himself to death. Beethoven, who became completely deaf in the decline of life, often heard his sublime compositions performed distinctly. It is related of Ben Jonson, that he spent the whole of one night in regarding his great toe, around which he saw Tartars, Turks, Romans and Catholics climbing up and fighting. Goethe, when out riding one day, was surprised to see an exact image of himself on horseback, dressed in a light colored coat, riding towards him.—*Historical Researches.*

## IMPORTANT DISCOVERY.

Jean Blanc, of New Orleans, represented to be an agriculturist of considerable scientific attainments, has secured letters patent from the United States for the discovery of a process of converting thirty different varieties of plants, which grow wild in enormous quantities in various sections of the Union, into flax of great strength and beautiful texture. Specimens are now in New York, and among them are said to be the flax made from the stalks of the cotton plant, large quantities of which are burned on the Southern plantations to get them out of the way; the century tree, or wild Manilla, which grows in abundance in Florida; the wild hollyhock, with a fibre ten to fifteen feet long; the gold nankeen, of a natural nankeen color; the vegetable silk, and the vegetable wool.—*Western Enterprise.*

## "TIS BUT A DREAM."

BY TAMAR ANNE KERMODE.

"'Tis but a dream," said the aged man,  
As he lay at death's dark door;  
'This world, with its changes, a long, long dream,  
And now it is nearly o'er.

"How fair was its promise in youth's bright hours,  
How sweet were its hopes of joy;  
It seemed like an Eden—this world of ours,  
To me when a careless boy.

"Yet soon I passed on to manhood's prime,  
Then thorns were around me cast;  
I looked in vain for my Eden flowers,  
They remained with the gladsome past.

"Then on with the busy, restless throng,  
I rushed in pursuit of gold;  
When this was obtained to my heart's desire,  
I found I was growing old.

"That my eye was losing its lustre bright,  
My step its elastic tread,  
That my brown hair was thickly sprinkled with grey,  
And that soon I'd be laid with the dead.

"This world with its changes is but a dream,  
Its strong ties will soon be riven;  
But O, when awakened from death's deep sleep,  
May I open my eyes in heaven."

## THE LAST SIXPENCE.

BY AUSTIN C. BURDICK.

It was on a chill, bleak morning in November that Charles Aubrey emerged from an old shed where he had passed the last part of the night under a pile of sheep skins. He was a young man, not over two-and-twenty, and yet retained great beauty of person, though his clothes were torn and dirty, and his face pale and haggard. Only one year before he had been left an orphan, with eleven thousand dollars in money in his possession. He had always been a generous-hearted, frank, and loving companion, but evil associations had gathered about him, and in an unfortunate hour he gave himself up to their influence. He thought not of the value of money, but designing knaves, under the guise of friendship, could always draw it from him. But the poor, misguided youth had run the race, and was now alone. His money was gone, and his sunshine companions had left him. He had reached the goal towards which for a whole year he had been dashing on.

As young Aubrey stood there now, his lips were parched, and his limbs shook as though with the palsy. He mechanically placed his

hand in his pocket, and took therefrom a sixpence. He searched further—felt in every pocket—but he could find no more. That single sixpence was the last of his fortune.

"Ah, Charley, Charley," he murmured to himself, "you've run your race. Where now are the friends who have so long hung about you? One poor sixpence! It will buy me one glass of grog to allay my burning thirst. O, would to God it would buy me one true friend!"

He spoke thus, and with the words came rushing through his mind the memory of the past. He remembered his mother as she held him for the last time to her bosom and blessed him; and he remembered when he saw them cover her body up in the warm flowery earth of the summer, not many years ago. He remembered his kind, good father, and how that father had loved him and blessed him with his last breath. And he remembered one other, a bright-eyed, joyous girl, in whose keeping he had once placed all his love, and all his hopes of joy. But it was gone now! Thus he stood, with the small coin in his hand, when he heard footsteps approaching. He raised his eyes, and beheld an old woman, with bended back, who came tottering on, slowly and tremblingly. Her garments were torn and tattered, and the thin, gray hair hung matted and uncombed. She stopped when she came to where the youth stood, and leaned heavily upon her staff.

"Charity, good sir!" she uttered, in hoarse, tremulous tones. "Give me wherewith to purchase a single meal, and I'll ask God to bless thee."

"By my life, good woman, you are the very one I have been wishing for. Here—it is all I have—it is my *last sixpence*! Take it. I have only wished that it could buy me one true friend."

The old woman hesitated.

"Will you not take it?" asked Charles, earnestly. "Take it, so that I may feel that I have one friend."

"I need it, sir," the woman said, "but I dare not take it from you, for you would not profit by my friendship."

"Yes I would. It would send a ray of sunshine through my soul, to know that one human being blessed me."

"But what good could come of that while you continued to curse yourself?"

The youth started, but he spoke not.

"If you would have me for a friend, will you listen to me as a friend?"

"Listen? Yes."

"Then let this be your lowest vale of life," said the woman, with startling solemnity. "Turn

now and go up hill. Go up, up, until you have reached the sunshine once more. I knew your mother, Charles Aubrey, and I remember well how kind she was. O, did she ever think that her well beloved son would sink so low!"

"Stop, stop," groaned the unhappy youth. "O, who shall give me the first lift to regain all I have lost?"

"I will."

"You? Who are you? You say you knew my mother. Who are you?"

"Never mind. Suffice it for you to know that I have suffered as deeply as you ever did. I know what it is to suffer. I say I can give you the first lift. I mean by that that I can show you the way. Follow my counsel, and you may yet recover all that you have lost."

"No, no, not all. O, there is one loss I can never make up!" And as he spoke he bowed his head and covered his face with his hands.

"Let not such feelings be with you now. First resolve that you will turn from the evil that has brought you down. You know what it is as well as I do. Can you do this?"

"Ay, I had done it ere you came up."

"Then take the next step. Go and make a friend who can help you further. Go to Amos Williams and—"

"No, no, not there. O, not there," interrupted Charles.

"Go to his store and freely confess to him all your faults," resumed the woman, without seeming to notice the interruption. "Tell him all, and then ask him to trust you once more."

"No, no, I dare not go to him."

"But listen: I heard Mr. Williams say with his own lips that he would help you if he could; that he would give you his hand if you would only help yourself."

"Did he say that?" uttered Charles, eagerly.

"He did. And now, Charles Aubrey, be assured that you have not lost everything. Let people know that you mean to arise and be a man, and all whose friendship is worth having will give you their hands. Go to Amos Williams first."

"I will go."

"Then give me the sixpence."

\* \* \* \* \*

Amos Williams stood at the great desk in his counting-room, and he was alone. While he thus stood, casting up a column of figures upon a page of one of the ledgers, the door was opened and Charles Aubrey entered. He was yet pale and haggard, and looked as he did when we saw him two hours ago. The merchant started back with an utterance of pain and surprise as he rec-

ognized in the miserable form before him the once happy and beloved youth whom he had delighted to honor.

"Charles," he uttered, as soon as he could command his speech, "why have you come here?"

"Mr. Williams," spoke the youth in a choking voice, "I have come to—to tell you that my course of wickedness is run, and from this moment I am—a—"

Here he stopped. He hesitated a moment, and then his feelings overcame him, and bowing his head he burst into tears, and sobs, loud and deep, broke from his lips. The merchant was deeply affected, and with the warm tears gathering thickly in his own eyes, he started forward and placed his hand upon the youth's head.

"Charles," he uttered in a tremulous, eager voice, "have you resolved to be a man?"

"With God's help I will be a man again!" was the youth's reply.

"Is your money all gone?"

"Yes, sir. This morning I had one solitary sixpence left, and that I gave to a poor old woman who bade me to come here."

"Ay, I know her. She is an unfortunate creature, and has suffered much. I bade her if she saw you, and you were cast down and repentant, to send you here, for I heard yesterday that you were at the foot of the precipice. Now if you are determined, you shall not want for help."

In eager, broken, sobbing sentences, Charles poured out his thanks, and stated the resolution he had taken.

"And now," said Mr. Williams, after the matter had been talked over some, "we must find a place where you can recruit your strength a little before you try to work. There is my brother, who owns a farm out in M——. He would be glad to have you come there and stop awhile; and when you wholly recover your wasted strength you shall have a place here."

At first the youth refused to accept so much, for he knew his unworthiness; but the merchant simply answered him:

"You can pay me for all this if you choose, so you need not be delicate about it; and as for your unworthiness—when the lost ones of earth are not worth redeeming, then some other standard of worth must be regarded than that simple one which Jesus of Nazareth gave to his followers."

So it was settled that Charles should go out into the country and remain awhile. He found Mr. Williams, the brother, ready and happy to receive him, and there he soon began to regain

his health and spirits. In two weeks he was as strong as ever, and at the end of a month the marks of dissipation had all left his face. Then he returned to town, and entered the store. Amos Williams gave him a lucrative station, and bade him remember nothing of the past save the one great lesson he had learned.

"Charles," he said, "you know the widow Swan?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, I have engaged board for you there. I hope the arrangement will suit you."

"Yes, sir," returned the youth, with emotion.

From that time Charles Aubrey went on nobly and truly in the path he had marked out. As soon as he again made his appearance in prosperity his old companions sought his company once more; but he repulsed them with a stern firmness that left them no hopes. Yet for a month he was beset with temptations in every shape, but he hesitated not once. His mind was made up, and he made but one answer to all invitations to depart from his course. At length these temptations became less frequent, and finally he was left to pursue his own course.

Little did Charles Aubrey know how closely he had been watched. Mr. Williams knew his every movement, even to his prayers which he poured forth in the privacy of his own apartment. Thus passed away three months, and at the end of that time Mr. Williams called the young man into the counting-room one evening, after the rest of the people had gone.

"Well, Charles," the merchant commenced, "how would you like to change your boarding-place?"

There was something in the look and tone of the man as he spoke these words that made the youth start. The blood rushed to his face, and anon he turned pale.

"If you would like," the merchant resumed, in the same low, strange tone, "you may come and board with me. I will not deceive you, Charles. Until I could know that you would entirely reform, I dared not carry you to my house. But I am satisfied, now. I have not doubted you, but I would prove you. And now, if you please, you may inform Mrs. Swan that you shall board with her no more. She will not be disappointed, for I have spoken with her on the subject."

With these words Mr. Williams left the store, and as soon as Charles could recover from the strange emotions that had almost overpowered him, he called for the porter to come and lock up, and then, having locked the great safe, he took his departure.

On the next morning he came to the store, and when his employer came he informed him that he had given his notice to Mrs. Swan.

"Very well," returned the merchant. "This evening, then, you will go home with me."

Evening came, and Charles Aubrey accompanied his old friend home. Tea was ready, the rest of the family having eaten an hour before. After tea Charles was conducted to the sitting-room, where lamps were burning, and where Mr. Williams informed him he could amuse himself by reading.

Charles sat down there, and his employer went out, but he could not read. His heart beat wildly in his bosom, and his soul was strangely worked upon. O, how natural everything there appeared. And how many happy, blissful hours he had spent in that same room. Thus he sat, when the door was slowly opened, and a female appeared within the apartment. She was a bright-eyed, beautiful maiden, and when she first entered a happy smile was upon her face. But the smile faded away, and her lips trembled. She tried to speak, but she could not. She only stood there with her hands half extended, gazing tremblingly upon the youth. In a moment more her bright eyes overrun with tears, and then Charles started up. He could doubt no more. Why else should he have been brought hither? why left thus? why placed on such probation? He hesitated no more. With one quick step he sprang forward, and without a word he caught the fair girl to his bosom.

"Mary," he uttered, as he gazed into the sparkling eyes of the fair being who still clung fondly to him, "you still love me—you forgive me all—and trust me once more?"

"Yes," she murmured; and ere she could speak further her father entered the room.

"Aha—so you've found him, have you, Mary?" he cried, in a happy, joyous tone.

"Mr. Williams," uttered Charles, still holding Mary by the hand, and speaking with difficulty, "I hope I am not deceived. 'O, you have not brought me here to kill me! You cannot have passed this cup to my lips only to dash it away again!'"

"Of course not," returned the merchant. "But you must know now the whole truth, and for fear my child may not tell you all, I'll tell you myself. This noble girl has never ceased to love you, and when you were the lowest down, she loved you the most. She came to me and asked me if she might save you if she could. I could not tell her nay, and she went at the work. She has suffered much, and, Charles, it remains with you to decide whether her future shall be one of

happiness or not. She knew that you were down, that your money was gone, and that your false friends had forsaken you. Then it was that her love for you grew bold and strong. She wondered if you would repulse her. She knew not what might be your feelings, and to save herself the pain of a direct repulse from you she assumed a disguise, so that she might approach you without being known, and yet gain some idea of your feelings, and save you if she could. I think she has done well. At any rate she has regained you to herself, and it must now be your own fault if the silken tie is loosed again."

With these words the father left the apartment.

"You, Mary? you in disguise?" queried Charles, as soon as he could speak.

"Ay, dear Charles; and you know why I did it. "Here—do you not remember it?" And as she spoke she drew from her bosom a small silken purse, and took therefrom a sixpence.

The youth recognized it in an instant.

"O!" he cried, as he strained the noble girl to his bosom, "what can I say? Mary—Mary—my own heart's truest love—let my life in the years to come tell my gratitude. O, my all of life is yours, and my last breath shall bear your name in gratitude to God."

And Charles Aubrey never forgot his promise. With this noble companion by his side he travelled up the hill, and in his path the flowers of life grew thick and fragrant.

Upon the wall of his sitting-room hangs a picture. It is a splendid painting of the Prodigal Son's Return. Upon the face of a heavy, gilt frame, visitors notice a small blemish, but which, upon closer examination, proves to be a small silver coin. Our readers need not be told why that bit of metal is thus carefully preserved.

#### A BRAVE MAN.

We have read of a battle in India, where column after column reeled back from a breach that vomited forth death on thousands, until an ensign at the head of his company rushed up through the rain of bullets, and planted the British flag on the ramparts. His example encouraged the troops, and the town was taken. The gallant young soldier was found dead, but still standing, clinging to the staff of the flag he had planted so bravely. His body had formed a target for the enemy's marksmen. When they tried to remove him, they found the staff could not be released from his death grasp without force. So they buried him with "the banner he had borne so well." And without the walls of that city a tall tamarind sheds its fruit over the grave of Ensign Vernon.—*Boston Bee*.

The praise of the envious is far less creditable than their censure. They praise only that which they can surpass; but that which surpasses them they censure.

#### VALUE OF JEWELS.

A lot of jewelry, sold at auction a few years since in London, brought \$229,000. The crown of her British Majesty cost \$555,000. The pearl which Cleopatra dissolved and drank to the health of Marc Antony, is estimated by Pliny at about \$375,000. Feuchtwanger records a small box, containing a diamond, a blue sapphire, a Brazilian berge, and a few Peruvian emeralds, sold for \$830,000. Murray mentions a pair of bracelets set with brilliants, valued at the enormous sum of \$5,000,000. But the most precious of all gems is the diamond; it exceeds in value a hundred thousand times its weight in gold. It is a portable empire. The great Russian diamond is estimated at \$1,000,000; one belonging to the Rajah of Mattan, in Borneo, at \$1,840,000; the celebrated Regent diamond, now among the crown jewels of France, at \$2,000,000; one in the Austrian diadem, at \$450,000; and three in the Persian, dignified with the grandiloquent titles, "Mountain of Splendor," "Sea of Glory," and "Crown of the Moon," at \$900,000. The largest diamond known, that of the King of Portugal, is counted worth \$2,500,000; and the famous "Koh-i-noor," or "Mountain of Light," belonging to Queen Victoria, is said to be equal in value to half the daily expenses of the whole world. A string of such pearls a mile long would purchase the fee-simple of the globe; and one that would belt Britain might, at the same rate, buy up the solar system.—*Life Illustrated*.

#### EXTRAVAGANCE OF TURKISH LADIES.

Life in the harem would be insupportable were it not for the stimulants of luxury and dress; and the extravagance of the favorites of the Seraglio in particular is proverbial. A correspondent writing from Constantinople says: "These ladies have at length run up such terrible long bills, that the Sultan has just caused all the creditors to be called together, and their accounts examined. The charges of these dealers being judged too high, as is usual, both in the East and elsewhere, the merchants were obliged to consent to a deduction of ten per cent. on their accounts; and this point being satisfactorily settled, the Sultan has engaged to pay up the amount (no less than fifty-four millions of piastres), in monthly instalments, out of his private purse. But to think of a company of women, secluded from the rest of the world, and with nothing better to do than to run up bills for silks, gauzes, cachemires, jewels, sweetmeats, and cosmetics, to the tune of fifty-four millions of piastres (\$4,320,000)!"—*New York Mirror*.

#### SENSIBILITIES OF THE BRAIN.

Extreme emaciation, produced by low diet and exhausting diseases, is highly injurious to the brain. Great mental depression, and even in some cases insanity, are generally produced by the exhausted and bloodless condition arising from protracted abstinence, exhausting diseases, blood-letting, hemorrhage, or any cause by which the quantity of blood is greatly reduced and its quality impaired. A copious supply of good blood enables the brain to nourish itself properly, diminishes its irritability, and prevents those degenerations of its substance which are apt to occur in all impoverished constitutions.—*Hall*.

## MUSINGS.

BY U. D. THOMAS.

I was musing—musing lonely,  
At my window yester-night,  
While my candle, burning dimly,  
Shed around a fitful light;  
While the wind without was moaning—  
Moaning through the naked trees,  
I was musing on the future,  
And its dread uncertainties.

Darkness o'er my spirit brooded,  
Like the darkness of a room,  
Where the dying embers only  
Give distinctness to the gloom;  
Wearily the moments glided,  
Wearily, with sadness fraught;  
Clad in sable robes of mourning,  
Seemed each melancholy thought.

Then the future to my vision  
Seemed its mysteries to unclose;  
I beheld life's dreary pathway  
Thickly set with lurking foes;  
Friendship seemed unreal and fleeting,  
Love inconstant and untrue—  
And the stars that hope had lighted,  
One by one in clouds withdrew.

Then I prayed in deepest anguish,  
That the cup might pass from me,  
That those days of darker sorrow  
I might never live to see;  
And, the while, a change came o'er me,  
Like a wave from Lethæ's tide,  
A most sweet and soothing calmness  
O'er my spirit seemed to glide.

Then a something spoke within me,  
That did more than mortal seem;  
Whispering softly—whispering sweetly,  
Like an angel in a dream:  
"Fear not thou to trust the future!  
Wheresoe'er thy lot may fall:  
God is with thee and above thee;  
He directs and governs all."

## LITTLE KINDNESSES.

We have long since come to the conviction that the habit (easily acquired) of conferring and reciprocating little kindnesses is the heart's proper element. Their cost is so trifling, they afford so much pleasure to the parties who are in the secret, and make the pulse beat so healthily, that from a motive of very selfishness they should be kept up. The mutual exchanges of love, regard and pure affection which we hint at, are the very lungs of life. They are not to be occasional, studied, or of necessity. O, no! Let them be free-will offerings, perpetual in their freshness. If we have a beautiful flower given us, or growing in our garden, the post will convey it to a friend, unharmed. Send it; ay, send anything, however trifling, that can speak the eloquent feelings of a tender, loving heart.—*Boston Evening Gazette.*

No cord or cable can draw so forcibly, or bind so fast, as love can do with only a single thread.

## GREAT DIAMOND OF RUSSIA.

In the first volume of the quarto edition of "P. S. Pallas's Travels through the Southern Provinces of the Russian Empire in the years 1793 and 1794," which was taken from a wreck on the coast of Cape Cod, we find a very full and interesting account of "The Moon of the Mountain," the celebrated diamond of Russian royalty. Pallas was Counsellor of State to the Czar Alexander, and during his stay at Astrakan became acquainted with the heirs of Grigori Safarov Shaf-rass, the Armenian who sold the precious gem to Russia. Shah Nadir had in his throne, with this diamond, another of equal splendor, called the "Sun of the Sea." At the time of his assassination the soldiers secured and secretly sold many of the richest ornaments belonging to the Persian Crown. Shaf-rass, also named Millionshik, or the Man of Millions, resided at Bassora. One day an Arganian Chief visited him, and secretly proposed to sell the diamond, with other precious stones. He was surprised at the low price demanded, and affirming that he had not money enough to buy the jewels, asked time to consult two brothers who were in business with him. The Armenian, with the approval of his brothers, went in pursuit of the vender. He wandered in vain in search of the treasure. Shaf-rass at length accidentally met the Arganian in Bagdad, and bought all the jewels in his possession for 50,000 piastres.

The gem of the first water, with a large emerald and ruby, was laid away in brilliant seclusion for twelve years. Then the Armenian, whose fears of losing the royal plunder were overcome by the love of money, set off with the jewels for a market. Passing through Itham and Constantinople, he directed his course across Hungary and Silesia to Amsterdam, where he made the first public display of the beautiful stones, and offered them for sale. It is said that the English Government was among the bidders. Russia sent for the "Moon of the Mountain," promising to pay the expenses of transmitting it if not purchased. The Russian Minister, Count Panin, through M. Lasereff, the Court jeweller, made the following offer:—Shaf-rass was to have the patent of hereditary nobility, an annual pension of 6000 roubles, i. e., \$4500, during life, and 500,000 roubles, or \$375,000 in cash. The Armenian, feeling that "blessings brighten as they take their flight," became so extravagant in his demands that the negotiation was broken off and the diamond returned. Shaf-rass was now in trouble. His outlay had been great, and he had borrowed large amounts. He absconded, and went back to Astrakan. Afterward, Count Grigoricritsh Orlof renewed the Russian offer to purchase; and Shaf-rass accepted 450,000 roubles, or \$337,500, ready money, together with the grant of Russian nobility. About one quarter of the sum was paid to the negotiators, and the rest, which at the death of the Armenian was the dower of his daughters, was squandered by the extravagance of their husbands. The diamond was secure, and shines on, though royal eyes which beheld its light with pride of power have lost their fire forever. Such is the story of the "Moon of the Mountain,"—the ornament of a sceptre which is shaken now in its sweep over the domain of the sultan. Who shall tell its history in the future? —*New York Sun.*



## TOGETHER IN THE ARK.

BY WILLIE R. FAVOR.

Wearily our hearts were drifted,  
O'er the dark, uncertain wave,  
Where the tide of error lifted  
Phantoms from their slimy grave.

She was proud, but I was prouder;  
Each to each would scorn to yield;  
As the voice of pride grew louder,  
So each stubborn heart grew steeled;

Steeled against the plaintive pleading  
Of the voice within the soul;  
Though that very soul lay bleeding  
At the threshold of life's goal.

I had fame and she had beauty,—  
Each had once been lovers true,  
And the shrine of love and duty  
Never vows so holy knew.

We had pictured out our bridal  
Underneath the skies of May;  
But the bark that held the idol  
On the shore of error lay.

Thus it happened for a season—  
Each a friend and yet a foe;  
Though to think of love was treason,  
Each no other thought could know.

But at last stern pride has yielded;  
All is bright that once was dark;  
And our hearts, by true love shielded,  
Are together—in the ark.

## THE BELLE OF GRANADA.

BY ELLEN EUSTACE.

CELESTINE PEREZ, at the age of eighteen, was the most famous beauty of Granada. An orphan, and heiress to an immense fortune, she lived under the care of an old uncle, hard and avaricious, who was called Alonzo. He was occupied during the day in counting his ducats, and through the night in driving away the serenaders who sought the window of Celestine. The intention of Alonzo was to marry this rich heiress to Don Henrique, his son, who had already studied six years at Salamanca, and had begun to translate Cornelius Nepos quite passably.

All the handsome cavaliers of Granada were lovers of Celestine; but they could only see her at mass, and the church days were strictly kept by these worthy devotees. Among the most distinguished of these was Don Pedro Alvarez, captain of cavalry. Of little wealth, but of noble family, brave and distinguished, he attracted the eyes of all the dames of Granada, but he

only perceived Celestine. This she soon discovered, and her glances, in return, were directed to him alone.

Thus they passed two months without daring to speak, but at the end of that time Don Pedro found means to convey to his mistress a letter, in which he disclosed to her all that she well knew already. He also solicited permission to stand beneath her window, and behold her near him, if for only a moment. Such is the custom in Spain, where the lattices serve more for the night than the day. At a late hour, when the street is deserted, the lover, enveloped in his cloak, armed with his sword, and invoking the god of love and silence, walks joyfully toward the happy spot, and takes his station beneath the barred window. Soon it is softly opened. A charming Spaniard appears, and asks, in trembling tones, if any one is below. Her lover, transported with joy, re-assures her; he speaks in a low voice; they interrupt each other, saying a thousand times the same thing; vows ascend to the lattice; kisses fly through the air. But the day approaches—they must separate. An hour is passed in bidding adieu, and they part without having said a thousandth portion of all they had intended.

The window of Celestine overlooked a small place, almost deserted, and occupied only by a few poor people. The old nurse of Don Pedro there dwelt in a miserable chamber, opposite the room of his mistress. Pedro soon sought his old friend.

"My good woman," said he, "I have too long suffered you to remain in this miserable place. This forgetfulness is culpable on my part; go and occupy a room near me, and leave this humble abode for me to dispose of."

The good nurse could only reply with her tears. She accepted with joy the exchange, and kissed the hands of her pious foster-son.

No king ever took possession of his regal palace with greater joy than Don Pedro felt, when established in his nurse's apartment. As soon as night came, Celestine appeared at the window; the days were passed in writing to each other, and no cloud seemed to obscure their happiness, when Don Henrique, the son of Alonzo, and the future husband of Celestine, arrived from Salamanca, bringing a declaration of love in Latin, which he had been months in writing.

While Alonzo was preparing the marriage contract for his son and Celestine, the lovers determined to secure their happiness by an elopement. They decided to fly to Lisbon. Every preparation was made; Don Pedro, after having left his horses outside the city, was to seek Ce-

lestine, who would descend from the window, and both were to fly to Portugal.

Don Pedro employed all the hours of the day in arranging his affairs; and Celestine, on her part, re-opened again and again a little casket of jewels which her mother had left for her. It was filled with diamonds and other precious stones, and among the rest shone a ring of emerald polish Don Pedro had lately given her. This treasure she was to bear away, and guarding it carefully, Celestine sat watching at the window, as Don Pedro hurried towards the spot, his heart palpitating with joy and expectation.

But just as he arrived at the street, he heard cries for succor, and turning, saw two men attacked by five assassins, armed with swords and clubs, and evidently intent on murder. The brave Pedro forgot everything to throw himself on the aggressors; he pounded two, when the others fled. What was his surprise at recognizing in those he had delivered, Alonzo the uncle of Celestine, and Don Henrique! Don Pedro sought in vain to free himself from his companions. In their gratitude, they determined that he should pass the night with them, and the poor lover found that he had already lost two hours of his precious time. Alas, he little knew of the misfortune that had already occurred!

One of the assassins, in his flight, passed beneath the window of Celestine. The night was very obscure, and the unhappy maiden, when she saw the ruffian appear, believed that Don Pedro had at last arrived. Extending her hand with a sigh of impatience and joy, and presenting the casket:

"Take these diamonds," she said to him, "while I descend."

At the word diamonds, the assassin stopped, seized the casket without replying, and while Celestine was occupied in descending, he fled precipitately.

Judge of the surprise of Celestine when alone in the street she looked around her in vain for him she had thought to be Don Pedro! She called in a low voice, but no one responded. Fear seized her; she knew not what to do. Should she return to the house? Should she leave the city and seek for the horses and attendants of Don Pedro who awaited them? She hesitated; the silence and obscurity of the streets redoubled all her fears. At last she encountered a man, and asked in a trembling voice for the street which conducted to the gate of the city. The man pointed it out. She advanced with courage, and soon found herself in the environs of Granada. Here she sought in vain for

Don Pedro; calling him at every step, she still advanced, but in a direction opposite to Portugal.

However, Don Pedro, believing that Celestine had seen or learned the cause of his delay, submitted to the entreaties of Alonzo and his son, and entered the house with them. Here the tutor sent to the chamber of his niece, to inform her of the peril they had escaped. But the room was deserted, and by the open window they saw that Celestine had fled. The house was alarmed; all started in pursuit. Don Pedro, in despair, would have followed on the moment, but Henrique, thanking him for the interest he seemed to take in their misfortune, insisted on accompanying him. Don Pedro then convinced him that each should take separate roads; he ran to rejoin his people, not doubting that Celestine had taken the road to Portugal, while Henrique galloped towards the road which the fugitive had really taken.

The sad Celestine continued to travel on toward the mountains. Soon she heard the sound of horses behind her. Her first thought was that it might be Don Pedro, her second that either travellers or brigands were approaching. She left the road, trembling, and concealed herself in a thicket. Soon she saw Don Henrique pass, followed by his attendants. Alarmed at the sight, and fearing to fall again into the power of Alonzo, she left the main road, and turned into the entrance of a wood.

The Sierra Nevada are a chain of mountains that lie between Granada and the Mediterranean Sea. They are inhabited only by shepherds and laborers. As Celestine, worn and weary, rested a moment from her journey, she heard a voice singing a sad and touching air. Turning towards the spot from whence the voice proceeded, she perceived a young man habited as a hunter; in his hands he carried a gun, and at his side was suspended a bundle covered with goat-skin. Approaching the stranger, Celestine thus addressed him:

"I am alone and unprotected; have pity on my unfortunate state, and direct me to a village or habitation where I can find repose and sustenance."

"Alas, madam, I would gladly conduct you to the village of Gadara, situated behind these rocks, but you will require it not, when I tell you that my mistress resides there, and yesterday espoused my rival. I quit these mountains forever, carrying only with me my gun and a shepherd's suit, as a remembrance of happy days forever passed and gone."

These few words inspired Celestine with a

new idea. "My friend," she said to the youth, "you cannot travel without money. I have many pieces of gold which I will share with you, if you will give me the garments which you carry in the package."

The young stranger accepted the offer. Celestine gave him a dozen ducats, and after having inquired the road to Gadara, she bade adieu to the hunter, and entered a grotto to attire herself as a shepherd.

She soon appeared again, with a jacket of chamois skin, slashed with celestial blue, a hat ornamented with ribbons, and was more beautiful in this disguise than when covered with jewels and decked for the balls of Granada. She then took the road to the village, stopped in the market-place, and inquired if any one needed a keeper on his farm. All surrounded, and gazed upon her. The young girls admired the beautiful golden locks that hung upon her shoulders, her eyes so soft and brilliant, her noble carriage and graceful motions—all surprised and delighted them. No one believed that it was other than a handsome young man. One thought it was a great lord in disguise. Another said it was a prince, in love with a shepherdess. And the magistrate, who was the poet of the place, declared that it was Apollo descended to earth again more charming than ever.

Celestine, who now assumed the name of Marcello, was not long in finding a master. It was the old alcade of the village, regarded as the most honest man of the country. This good laborer, for the alcades are not much more, soon felt the most tender friendship for Celestine. Not more than a month passed, in her duty as shepherd, when she was employed to direct the household affairs; and Marcello performed every duty with such sweetness and fidelity, that master and servants were equally pleased. Marcello was the example and love of the village. His sweetness, his graces and wisdom won all hearts.

"See," said the mothers to their sons, "see this good Marcello. He is always with his master; he is occupied ever in making others comfortable and happy; and he never quits his duties, like you, to run after the shepherdesses."

Thus passed two years. Celestine, thinking always of Don Pedro, had secretly sent a shepherd, whom she could trust, to Granada to obtain information of her lover, Alonzo, and Don Henrique. The messenger, on his return, reported that the old man Alonzo was dead, that Henrique was married, and that Don Pedro, for two years, had not been seen in the country. Celestine then gave up all hope of ever seeing

him again, and strove to content herself with the prospect of passing her life in the village, with a heart dead to the sentiment of love, when the old alcade, her master, fell dangerously ill. Marcello watched over him with the greatest care and tenderness, but notwithstanding this, he died in a few days, and left all his property to her.

All the village wept for the alcade, and after the funeral assembled to choose his successor. In Spain, certain villages have the right to name their alcade, who performs the duties of magistrate and judge, pronouncing sentence upon, or restoring liberty to the few offenders who occasionally transgress the laws among these simple rustics.

The villagers, on assembling to decide upon their new ruler, declared unanimously that the will of the old alcade had pointed out his successor. The old men, followed by all the youths of the place, then marched with much ceremony to the dwelling of Marcello, carrying the mark of dignity, an ivory baton. Celestine accepted it, and touched to tears by this proof of affection from these honest people, she resolved to consecrate to her duties a life which could never be blessed by affection.

While the new alcade is thus occupied, we will return to the unhappy Don Pedro, whom we left galloping on the road to Portugal, seeking always for her whom he hoped to encounter. At length he arrived at Lisbon, without having heard any news of Celestine. He retraced his steps, searching in vain on the borders of the route, and returned discouraged and hopeless. After having assured himself that his dear Celestine had not returned to Granada, he imagined that she had perhaps gone to Seville, where she had relatives. He hastened to Seville; the relatives had lately left in a vessel for Mexico. Don Pedro doubted not that his mistress had departed with them, and took passage in the next vessel, arrived at Mexico, found the friends of Celestine, but they could give him no information regarding her. In returning to Spain, the ship was wrecked upon the coast. Don Pedro saved himself upon the fragments of the wreck, reached the shore, and penetrating into the mountains to ask succor, the chances of love conducted him to Gadara.

Having entered the first inn that they met with, Don Pedro and his companions in misfortune congratulated themselves on their escape, and while talking over their dangers, one of the passengers commenced quarrelling with a sailor for the possession of a casket, which the passenger declared to be his property. Don Pedro,

who sought to appease the quarrel, requested the claimant to describe the contents of the casket, and opened it himself to ascertain the truth.

Imagine his astonishment at recognizing the jewels of Celestine, and among them the emerald that he had given her! Remaining for an instant immovable, he examined more attentively the precious treasure; then fixing his eyes, filled with fury, on the passenger, he exclaimed:

"Of whom did you obtain this casket?"

"That is of no importance to you," fiercely replied the man; "it is sufficient that I claim it as my property."

He then attempted to wrest the treasure from Don Pedro, but he, placing it within his doublet, drew his sword, and attacking the robber:

"Traitor," cried he, "confess thy crime, or thou diest within the hour."

In saying these words, he threw himself upon his enemy, who defended himself with valor, but soon fell, pierced with a mortal wound.

At this sight, all the villagers gathered around Don Pedro; they surrounded and seized him, threw him into a prison, and the innkeeper ran to urge his wife to seek a priest, while he went to deliver the casket into the hands of the alcade and inform him of what had happened.

What was the joy and astonishment of Celestine at recognizing her diamonds and hearing that the robber was in custody! She ran hastily to the inn; the priest was already there, and the dying man, touched by his exhortations, confessed that two years before, in passing through a street in Granada, a female from a window had lowered to him a casket, telling him to guard it while she descended, that he had fled with the jewels, and that he asked pardon of God and the person he had robbed. After this recital, he expired, and Celestine hastened to the prison.

How her heart palpitated, as she advanced! She believed, after having heard of the rescue of her jewels, that she should behold Don Pedro; but she feared to be recognized by him. Drawing her hat over her eyes, enveloping herself in her cloak, and preceded by the jailor carrying a light, she descended to the dungeon.

Hardly had she reached the foot of the stairs, when she recognized her lover. At this sight, joy for a moment clouded her senses; she leaned against the wall; her head fell on her shoulder, and tears flowed over her cheeks. But soon rising, she sought to subdue her emotion, and approached the prisoner.

"Stranger," said she, disguising her voice, "you have committed a crime; you have killed your companion. What has led to an act so culpable?"

Here her voice failed her, and sinking upon a stone bench, she covered her face with her hand.

"Alcade," replied Don Pedro, "I have not committed a crime; it was an act of justice. But I demand death. Death alone will end the sufferings of which this villain, whom I have slain, was the first cause. Condemn me—I have no wish to defend myself; deliver me of a life which has no joys for me since I have lost all hope of ever finding—"

As he finished, his lips pronounced the name of Celestine.

Celestine trembled, in hearing him pronounce her name. She was no longer mistress of herself; she rose, and would on the instant have revealed herself to her lover, but the presence of the jailor restrained her.

"Go," she said to him, "I would remain alone with the prisoner."

She is obeyed. Then advancing to Don Pedro and extending her hand, she said, with much emotion:

"You have always loved, then, her who has lived only for you?"

At the sound of her voice, at these words, Don Pedro raised his head, but dared not believe his eyes.

"O, heaven! is it you? Is it my Celestine? Or is it an angel who has taken this figure? Ah, it is she; I can doubt no longer," he cried; and folding her in his arms, he kissed away her tears. "It is my love, my Celestine, and all my misfortunes are ended."

"No," replied Celestine, after some moments' silence, "you are guilty of murder. I cannot break your chains, but I will go to-morrow to the city, reveal all to the governor, tell him my birth and history, recount our misfortunes, and if he refuses thee thy liberty, I will return here to end my days in a prison."

Day had hardly dawned when Celestine, who had revealed her story to her loved companions the villagers, went, accompanied by them, to the palace of the governor. There she betrayed her sex, told her adventures, and informed the ruler of the crime which Don Pedro had committed, and of the motives which rendered it excusable. All the inhabitants fell at the feet of the governor, entreating that the request of their loved Marcello should be granted. A pardon is pronounced, and they hasten back to open the prison doors of Don Pedro.

As the happy lover pressed Celestine once more to his heart, an old man advanced from among the villagers.

"Stranger," said he, "we have given you your liberty, but you would take from us our

Marcello; and our loss will be greater than your benefit. Deign to become our alcade, our master, and our friend. Live for the future among us, and permit us to reverence and admire as your wife her, who as a noble youth first won our affections."

Don Pedro and Celestine, touched by this new proof of affection, could not refuse the request of the inhabitants of Gadara. They returned to Granada, where they converted their wealth into money, and after their nuptials were solemnized, they chose for their future home a domain among these friendly people, who never ceased to bless the day when the youth Marcello first sought an asylum among them.

#### ASTONISHED:

A newspaper in one of the midland counties of Pennsylvania relates the following:

"A singular accident occurred on the Reading Railroad on Monday last. As the morning train was approaching Manayunk, the cylinder-head of the engine blew out, and with such tremendous violence, that, at the distance of forty yards, it struck a man who was walking between two others on the opposite track, carrying away the top of his head entirely, leaving his companion uninjured, but—considerably astonished."

"Considerably astonished!" We should think so.

A man—a friend—is walking by your side, along the public highway. You are talking as you jog along, when presently your friend has half of his head completely blown off by an explosion, and you are "considerably astonished!"

That is to say, the man was quite surprised! It seems to us that the use of this word, in this place, is almost as ridiculous as the Frenchman who said to an American friend, that he was "very much dissatisfied," having just heard of the death of his father!—*Harper's Magazine*.

#### KILL OR CURE.

When old Bogus's wife fell ill, he sent for a doctor as sordid and avaricious as himself. Before the doctor saw the patient, he wished to have an understanding with the miserly husband.

"Here's forty dollars," said Bogus, "and you shall have it whether you cure my wife or kill her."

The woman died, and the doctor called for the fee.

"Did you kill my wife?" asked Bogus.

"Certainly not!" replied the indignant doctor.

"Well, you didn't cure here?"

"You know she's dead."

"Very well, then, leave the house in double quick time," said Bogus. "A bargain's a bargain. It was kill or cure, and you did neither."

—*Eccentric Anecdotes*.

**A WILL IN RHYME.**—A Chancery Lane lawyer died lately in London, and the following was actually probated as his last will and testament:

"As to all my earthly goods, now and to be in store,  
I give them to my beloved wife and sons forevermore;  
I give all freely—I no limit fix;  
This is my will, and she's executrix."

#### BASKET WILLOW.

There is no fear about finding a ready market for any quantity of willow. It can be used for such a great variety of purposes that there is no calculating the amount that will be used in this country when it can be obtained. It can be peeled by machinery, at a cost not exceeding ten dollars a ton, and the whole cost of raising and peeling a ton not exceeding twenty dollars; it will sell for one hundred and fifty dollars, and it will be a long time before the market can be supplied so as to reduce the price, and it will never be reduced so that it will not pay better, perhaps, than any other farm crop. The amount annually imported into this country from France and Germany is variously stated to be from five to six million dollars worth. At present New York monopolizes the whole willow trade; but they will find a ready market when offered in any city in the Union. In St. Louis and all the Western cities they are worth three cents per pound more than in the Eastern cities. Two or three tons may be considered a fair average yield per acre, in good situations and with proper cultivation. After the second year they will generally shade the ground, and so they require no cultivation. Willows can be cut any time after the leaves fall, before the buds begin to swell in the spring. The bark makes good mulching for fruit-trees. It contains a large amount of potash.—*Tribune*.

#### RAILWAYS IN INDIA.

The progress of railways in India exceeds all anticipation. The line of 1000 miles from Calcutta to Delhi, for which government gave the land, is advancing at each extremity. One hundred and twenty-five miles from Calcutta to Rangungee are open; and another seventy-five miles, to Rajamahall, will soon be ready. The four hundred miles from Delhi to Allahabad are to be finished in 1857. To travel between those two cities at present takes four days and nights, and costs \$125; but by rail it will be a journey of twenty-four hours, at a charge of \$30. The whole line is to be completed in 1859.—*Boston Journal*.

#### GAS ENGINE.

Many attempts have been made to construct gunpowder and explosive gas engines, but Dr. Drake of Philadelphia, is the first inventor who has succeeded in harnessing this mighty agent, and making it subservient to driving machinery. In external appearance, Dr. D.'s machine resembles a horizontal engine. It has a piston and cylinder, but in its other parts a number of new devices are involved that are not required for steam. Motion is produced by exploding gas in the cylinder, first behind and then in front of the piston, just the same in effect as steam is employed.—*Philadelphia Ledger*.

The day is passed when science and learning were feared as contradicting the Bible; rightly used and applied, they verify every page. Progress and improvement are the business and duties of reasonable beings. We are not to live merely upon the past, upon other men's thoughts and opinions.

TO S. J. S.—

BY BLANCHÉ LEE.

Thou'rt far away!

Thy vessel ploughs the foaming main,  
Where the billows heave and foam again,  
Where the lightnings flash,  
And thunders crash,  
On the restless, ever moving sea;  
Yet, dear one, I remember thee,  
Far, far away.

I think of thee

When morn unbars the gates of day,  
And evening shades fly swift away,  
When the sun rides high  
In the boundless sky,  
And sinks from our gaze in the west;  
When darkness falls,  
Like a leaden pall,  
O'er the earth, and the world is at rest;  
Then, love, I think of thee.

And when amid the world's gay throng,  
In halls of mirth and pride,  
I cannot join in jest and song,  
Thou art not by my side.  
My heart is sad; I turn away  
To shed a silent tear,  
And weep in loneliness of heart,  
Because thou art not here.

Then hasten from the dark blue sea,  
Where the rolling waves are dashing free,  
To thine own dear home,  
No more to roam  
From the friends who are waiting for thee.

Almighty Father! thou that calm'st  
The angry wind and wave,  
Protect the loved, the absent one,  
From a cold, watery grave;  
And, by thy everlasting hand,  
O, bring him to his native land.

## THE ROYAL BIRTH MARK.

On the banks of the sonorous river Tsampu, whose thundering cataracts refresh the burning soil, and sometimes shake the mighty mountains which divide Thibet from the empire of Mogul, there lived a wealthy and revered lama, whose lands were tributary to the Supreme Lama, or Sacerdotal Emperor, who governs all the land from China to the pathless desert of Cobi; but though his flocks and herds were scattered over a hundred hills, and the number of his slaves exceeded the breathings of man's life, yet was he chiefly known, throughout all the east, as the father of Serinda. It was the beauty, the virtue, the accomplishments of Serinda that gave him all his fame, and all his happiness; for Lama Zarin considered the advantages which birth, and wealth, and power, conferred, as trifling, when

compared with that of being father to Serinda. All the anxiety he ever felt, proceeded from the thoughts relative to her welfare, when he could no longer guard the innocence of her, whom he expected soon to quit forever. A dreadful malady, which had long seized him at a stated hour each day, he found was gaining on him, and threatened, in spite of all the arts of medicine, to put a speedy period to his existence.

One day, after a fit which had attacked him with more violence than usual, he sent for the fair Serinda, and, gently beckoning her to approach his couch, he addressed her thus:

"Daughter of my hopes and fears! Heaven grant that thou mayest smile forever! Yet, while my soul confesses its delight in gazing on thee, attend to the foreboding melancholy dictates of a dying father's spirit; my Serinda, whose breath refreshes like the rose; and whose purity should, like the jessamine, diffuse voluptuous satisfaction on all around her, disturbs the peace of her dejected father, embittering all the comforts of his life, and making his approach to death more terrible!"

At these words, Serinda, unconscious of offence, and doubting what she heard, fell on her knees, and urged her father to explain his meaning; while he, gently raising her, proceeded thus:

"The angel of death who admonishes and warns the faithful in the hour of sickness, ere he strikes the fatal blow, has summoned me to join thy holy mother, who died when she gave birth to my Serinda; yet let me not depart to the unknown and fearful land of death, and leave my daughter unprotected. O, my Serinda, speak! hast thou ever seriously reflected on the danger to which thy orphan state must soon be subject; surrounded as thou then wilt be, with suitor lamas of various dispositions and pretensions! Some with mercenary cunning, wooing thy possessions through thy person; others, haughtily demanding both, and threatening a helpless heiress with their powerful love?"

He then reminded her that he had from time to time presented her with portraits of the several princes and lamas who had solicited a union with his house; and which they had sent, according to the custom of Thibet—where the sexes can never see each other, till they are married; he also repeated, that he had already himself given her in writing an epitome of their characters, their good and evil qualities, their ages, their possessions, and their rank in the priesthood of the lama; and concluded by saying: "Tell me, then, my Serinda, which of all these mighty princes can claim a preference in the soul of my beloved daughter?"

Serinda blushed and sighed, but answered not. Lama Zarin desired that she would withdraw, to consult the paper which he had given her; to compare it with the several portraits; and determine before his next day's fit returned, which might be most deserving of her love.

At the word love, Serinda blushed again, but knew not why. Her father saw the crimson on her cheek; but said it was the timid flushing of a virgin's modesty; and urged her to withdraw, and to be quick in her decision.

Serinda, with innocence, replied: "My father knows that he is himself the only man I ever saw, and, I think, the only being I can ever love; at least, my love will ever be confined to those objects which delight or benefit my father, whether they be man, or beasts! I love this favorite dog, which my father so frequently caresses; I loved the favorite horse on which my father rode—till, by a fall he put his master's life in danger—then, I hated him. But, when the tiger had seized my father on the ground, and he was delivered by his trusty slave, I loved Tarempou; and, since my father daily acknowledges that he saved his life, I love Tarempou still."

The father heard her artless confession; and told her that Tarempou was no lama.

"But," said she, "which of all those lamas who now demand my love, has made an interest in my heart by services to my father, like the slave Tarempou? And yet I have not seen his person, or his picture; nor know I whether he is old or young; but he has saved my father's life, and is a favorite of my father; therefore, it is my duty surely to love, and I will love the good Tarempou."

The lama, smiling, gently rebuked his daughter for the freedom of her expression, and desired her to withdraw; after he had explained to her that love was impious, according to the law of Thibet, betwixt any of the race of lamas and their slaves. Serinda left her father; and, as she stroked his favorite dog, which lay at the door of his apartment, a tear trembled in her eye, lest she should be guilty of impiety.

And now the slave, Tarempou, who for his services had been advanced from chief of the shepherds to chief of the household, had an audience of his master; and, observing him unusually dejected, declared that he had himself acquired some knowledge of medicine, and humbly begged permission to try his skill where every other attempt had proved unsuccessful. The lama heard his proposal with a mixture of pleasure and contempt—or, as it is expressed in the original, "His eyes flashed joy, his brow looked forgiveness; but contempt and incredulity stifled on

his lips, while his tongue answered the faithful Tarempou in gratitude and doubt."

The slave replied: "May Lama Zarin live forever! I boast no secret antidote; no mystic charm, to work a sudden miracle; but I have been taught, in Europe, the gradual effects of alterative medicines. It is from these, alone, that I expect to gain in time, by perseverance, a complete victory over the disease; and if, in seven days, the smallest change encourage me to persevere, I will then boldly look forward, and either die or conquer."

The prince assented; and from that day became the patient of Tarempou, whose situation, both as chief in the house, and as physician, gave him a right to be at all times in the lama's presence, save when Serinda paid her daily visit to her father, and then he had notice to withdraw.

The first week had not elapsed, before the lama was convinced that his disease gave way to the medicines of his favorite; the fits returned, indeed; but, every day, they attacked him with less violence, and were of shorter duration. In proportion as Tarempou became less necessary as a physician, his company became more desirable as a friend. He possessed a lively imagination, and had improved his natural good understanding by travel in distant countries; thus his conversation often turned on subjects which were quite new to the delighted lama. They talked of laws, religion, and customs of foreign kingdoms, comparing them with those of Thibet; and, by degrees, the slave became the friend, and almost equal, of his master. Among other topics of discourse, the lama would often tell of the virtues and endowments of his beloved daughter; while Tarempou listened with delight and felt an interest in the subject, which he was at a loss himself to comprehend. On the other hand, in the conversations of the lama with Serinda, he could talk of nothing but the skill and wisdom of Tarempou; wondering at such various knowledge in so young a man.

It happened, one day, when he had been repeating to his daughter the account Tarempou gave of European manners, that Serinda blushed and sighed; her father asked the cause, when she ingenuously confessed, that he had so often mentioned this young slave, that she could think of nothing else by day or night; and that, in her dreams, she saw him, and thought he was a lama worthy of her love. Then, turning to her father, with artless innocence, she said:

"O, lama, tell me! can my sleep be impious?"

Her father saw her with emotion; and told her that she must think of him no more.

"I will endeavor to obey," she said; "but I

shall dream, and sleep will impiously restore my banished waking thoughts."

The lama, dreading the flame which he had himself kindled in his daughter's bosom, endeavored to check her rising passion: and resolved, henceforth, never again to tell her of the slave Tarempou. But it was now too late; love, of the purest kind, had taken full possession of the virgin's heart; and, while she struggled to obey her father, the fierce contention betwixt this unknown guest, and the dread of being impious, preyed upon her health, till feverish days, and sleepless nights, at length exposed her life to danger.

It was impossible for Lama Zarin to conceal from Tarempou—whom we will no longer call his slave, but his faithful friend—the sickness of Serinda; and while he confessed his alarm for his fair daughter's safety, he plainly saw that he had too often described that daughter to his favorite. He saw, what it was impossible for Tarempou to conceal, that he had been the fatal cause of mutual passion, to two lovers, who had never seen, and but for him, could never have essentially heard of each other. Thus situated—even if the laws of Thibet had permitted the visit of a male physician—prudence would have forbade his employing the only skill in which he now had confidence; but Serinda, whose disease was occasionally attended with delirium, would only call on the name of Tarempou; often repeating: "He saved my father, and it is he alone, who can save the lingering Serinda."

Overcome by the entreaties of his sorrowing daughter, the afflicted father, in an agony of grief, cursed the cruel laws of Thibet; and told her that she should see Tarempou. Serinda heard this with ecstasy; and, knowing that a lama's promises must ever be performed, the words became a balsam to the wounds of love; but the lama had not fixed the time when his sacred promise should be fulfilled; nor would he, until he had first withdrawn, and weighed the consequences of what had fallen from his lips. The oftener he revolved the subject in his thoughts the less appeared the difficulties; and having, by his conversations with Tarempou, raised his mind above the slavish prejudices and customs of his country, he at length resolved to overcome all scruples, and to give his beloved daughter to the only man whom he thought worthy of her.

Full of the idea of their future happiness, he determined to obtain all that remained necessary for its completion; which was the sanction of that higher power to which all the lamas of Thibet are subject. He instantly dispatched

messengers to the great lama, who resides at Tonker; with whom his influence was so great, that he had no doubt that he should obtain whatever he might ask, though unprecedented in the laws of Thibet; laws which forbade the holy race of lamas to intermarry with any but of their own sacred order. And now, unable to suppress the joy which he felt in communicating to the lovers that plan of future bliss he had formed, he raised Tarempou to a pitch of hope, which neither his love, nor his ambition, had ever dared to cherish; and to Serinda he promised, that the sight of her physician, and her lover, should only be deferred one week, or till the messenger returned from the great lama at Tonker.

From this day the physician was no longer necessary; but the week appeared a tedious age to the expecting love of young Tarempou, and his promised bride, Serinda.

The seven days at length elapsed; when the messenger returned from Tonker, with the following answer:

"The most sacred sultan, the mighty sovereign lama, who enjoyeth life forever, and at whose nod a thousand princes perish or revive, sendeth to Lama Zarin, greeting. Report has long made known, at Tonker, the beauty of Serinda; and, by the messenger, we learn the matchless excellence of thy slave Tarempou. In answer, therefore, to thy request, that these may be united, mark the purpose of our sovereign will, which not to obey is death, throughout the realms of Thibet. The lovers shall not see each other, till they both stand before the sacred footsteps of our throne at Tonker; that we ourselves, in person, may witness the emotion of their amorous souls."

This answer, far from removing the suspense, created one a thousand times more terrible. The Lama Zarin thought it portended ruin to himself and family; he now reflected on the rash steps he had taken, and feared that his sanguine hopes had been deceived, by frequent conversations with a stranger, who had taught him to think lightly of the laws and customs of Thibet, for which he now recollected with horror, the great lama's bigotry and zeal. He knew that he must obey the summons, and trembled at his situation. Tarempou was too much enamored, to think of any danger which promised him a sight of his beloved mistress; and all the fear he felt was, lest the beauty of Serinda should tempt the supreme lama to seize her for himself. But she, in whose love-sick heart dwelt purest innocence—a fountain from whence sprung hope; which, branching in a thousand channels, diffused itself over all her soul, and gleamed in her counte-



nance, half seen and half concealed, like the meandering veins that sweetly overspread her swelling bosom—revered the lama for his decree; and thought it proceeded from his desire of being witness to the mutual happiness of virtuous love. With these sentiments, she felt only joy at their departure, which took place that very day, with all the pomp and retinue of eastern splendor.

Here, in the original, follows a long detail of their journey; describing the number of their attendants, with the camels and elephants employed on the occasion. It relates that the lama would sometimes travel in the sumptuous palanquin of his daughter, and sometimes rode on the same elephant with Tarempou; dividing his time betwixt the conversation of each, but unable to suppress his apprehensions, or dissipate the fears of his foreboding mind. To compress the story within suitable limits, we shall immediately proceed to the tribunal, which was held in the great Hall of Silence, and leave the reader to imagine the magnificence, which there is not now room to describe at large. At the upper end of a superb apartment, sat, on a throne of massive gold, the supreme lama. Before him, at some distance, were two altars, smoking with fragrant incense; and, around him knelt a hundred lamas, in silent adoration—for, in Thibet, all men pay divine honor to the supreme lama, who is supposed to live forever, the same spirit passing from father to son! To this solemn tribunal, Lama Zarin was introduced by mutes, from an apartment nearly opposite to the throne; and knelt, in awful silence, betwixt the smoking altars. At the same time, from two doors facing each other, were ushered in Tarempou and Serinda; each covered with a thick veil, which was fastened to the summit of their turbans, and touched the ground; and each, accompanied by a mute, fell prostrate before the throne. A dreadful stillness now prevailed—all was mute as death—while doubt, suspense and horror chilled the bosoms of the expecting lovers. In this fearful interval of silence, the throbbing of Serinda's heart became distinctly audible, and pierced the soul of Tarempou. The father heard it, too; and a half-smothered sigh involuntarily stole from his bosom, which resounded through the echoing dome. At length, the solemn, deep-toned voice of the great lama uttered these words:

"Attend! and mark the will of him who speaks with the mouth of Heaven; arise, and hear! Know, that the promise of a lama is sacred as the words of Alla! therefore are ye brought hither, to behold each other; and in this august presence, by a solemn union, to receive the re-

ward of love, which a fond father's praise has kindled in your souls; and which, he having promised, must be fulfilled. Prepare to remove the veils. Let Lama Zarin join your hands, and then embrace each other; but, on your lives, utter not a word; for know that, in the Hall of Silence, it is death for any tongue to sound, but that which speaks the voice of Heaven."

He ceased—and his words resounding from the lofty roof, gradually died on the ear, till the same dreadful stillness again prevailed through all the building—and now, at a signal given, the mutes removed the veils, at the same moment, and discovered the beauteous persons of Tarempou and Serinda. What language can describe the matchless grace of each! far less convey an adequate idea of that expression with which each beheld the other, in agonies of joy, suspense, and rapture! But they gazed in silence; till, by another signal from the throne, the father joined their hands; and then Tarempou, as commanded, embraced his lovely bride; while she, unable to support this trying moment, fainted in his arms.

And now, Tarempou, regardless of the prohibition, exclaimed—"Help! my Serinda dies."

Instantly, the voice from the throne returned this melancholy sound—"Tarempou dies!"

Immediately two mutes approached, with the fatal bow-string; and seizing Tarempou, fixed an instrument of silence on his lips, while other mutes hurried away Serinda, insensible of the danger of her lover.

But the father unable to restrain the anguish of his soul, cried out with bitterness—"If to speak be death, let me die also; but first, I will execrate the savage custom, and curse the laws that doom the innocent!"

He would have proceeded, but other mutes surrounded him, and stopped his speech, as they had done that of Tarempou.

Then the supreme lama again addressed them in these words—"Know, presumptuous and devoted wretches, that before ye broke that solemn law which enjoins silence in this sacred presence, ye were already doomed to death. Thou, Lama Zarin, for daring to degrade the holy priesthood of lamas, by marrying thy daughter to a slave—and thou, Tarempou, for presuming to ally thyself with one of that sacred race. The promise which this foolish lama made, was literally fulfilled; these daring rebels against the laws of Thibet have seen and been united to each other, and the embrace which was permitted, was doomed to be the last. Now therefore, mutes, perform your office on Tarempou first."

They accordingly bound the victim, who was

already gagged, to one of the altars, and were fixing the cord about his neck—when they desisted on a sudden, and prostrating themselves before Tarempou, they performed the same obsequance, which is paid only to the heir of the sacred throne of Tonker! A general consternation seized all present! and the supreme lama, descending from his throne, approached Tarempou, on whose left shoulder, which had been uncovered by the executioners, he now perceived the mystic characters with which the sacred family of Thibet are always distinguished at their birth. He saw the well-known mark; the voice of nature confirmed this testimony of his sight; and falling on the neck of Tarempou, he exclaimed:

"It is my son! my long-lost son! Quickly restore his voice. Henceforth, this place shall be no longer called the Hall of Silence, but of Joy; for in this place, we will to-morrow celebrate the nuptials of Tarempou and Serinda!"

The history then explains this sudden event, by relating, that some Jesuit missionaries, who had gained access to the capital of Thibet, in their zeal for religion, had stolen the heir of the throne, then an infant, hoping to make use of him in the conversion of these people; but, in their retreat through the great desert of Cobi, they had been attacked by a bandit, who killed the Jesuits, and sold the young lama for a slave. He had served in the Ottoman army; he had been taken by the knights of Malta; and afterwards, became servant to a French officer, with whom he travelled through all Europe, and at length accompanied him to India; where, in an engagement with the Mahrattas, he had been again taken prisoner, and sold as a slave to some merchants of Thibet. By these means he came into the service of Lama Zarin, without knowing anything of his origin; or the meaning of those characters which he bore on his left shoulder, and which had effected this wonderful discovery.

The history concludes with saying, that Tarempou was wedded to the fair Serinda, and that their happiness was unexampled; that the lessons he had been taught in the school of adversity, and the observations which he had made in the various countries he had seen, prepared him to abolish the many foolish and impious customs of Thibet; and he caused to be written over the great throne of the great hall this inscription:

"Mark the cries of distress, and give relief—receive the blessings of the grateful, and rejoice in them—hearken to the words of age, experience and goodness, and obey them—stifle not the feelings of humanity, but encourage virtuous love: for the still small voice of innocence and nature is in every country, the true voice of Heaven!"

### THE MOON.

"If the moon is made of green cheese," said a philosophical old lady once upon a time, in the town of Rye, on Long Island Sound, "then that settles the question about its being inhabited; 'cause everybody knows that cheese is inhabited!"

Good reasoning; but Lord Ross (whose famous telescope is one of the wonders of the world) don't seem to think so. He says, in a late communication to an English paper:

"Every object on the surface of the moon, of the height of one hundred feet, has been distinctly seen through my instrument; and I have no doubt that, under very favorable circumstances, it would be so with objects of sixty feet in height. On its surface are craters of extinct volcanoes, rocks, and masses of stone almost innumerable. I have no doubt whatever, that this building, or such an one as we are now in, if it were upon the surface of the moon, would be rendered distinctly visible by these instruments. But there are no signs of habitations such as ours; no vestiges of architectural remains to show that the moon is, or ever was, inhabited by a race of mortals similar to ourselves. It presents no appearance which would lead to the supposition that it contained anything like the green fields and lovely verdure of this beautiful world of ours.

"There is no water visible; not a sea, or a river, or even the measure of a reservoir for supplying a town or a factory. All is desolate!"

"Hence," says Dr. Scoresby, "would arise the reflection in the mind of the Christian philosopher, 'Why had this devastation been? Was it a lost world? Had it suffered for its transgression? Had it met the fate which Scripture foretold us was reserved our world? All, all is mysterious conjecture.'—*Knickerbocker*."

### REFRESHINGLY COOL.

A conductor on a New-England road was sent for by the president or superintendent of the road one day, and rather summarily informed that after that week the company would not require his services. He asked who was to be his successor, and the name was given him. He then asked why he was to be removed. After pressing the question some time, and failing to obtain a satisfactory explanation, a little light dawned upon him, and he addressed his superior officer nearly as follows: "You're about making a great mistake, sir, a great mistake. You know, sir, I have a nice house, a fast horse, a splendid gold watch, and an elegant diamond ring. *That fellow you have chosen to take my place has got to get all these things.*" It is said the argument was conclusive, and the conductor was allowed to retain his position.—*Franklin Express*.

"How do you like the character of St. Paul?" asked a parson of his landlady one day, during a conversation about the old saints and the apostles. "Ah, he was a good, clever old soul, I know—for he once said, you know, that we must eat what is set before us, and ask no questions for conscience sake. I always thought I should like him for a boarder."—*Past*.

## THE OLD SCHOOLHOUSE.

BY MRS. S. E. DAVES.

In a shady spot by the quiet roadside,  
It stands in all its ancient pride,  
Save that its ciden coat of red  
Is now with snowy white o'erspread.

How many forms, years long ago,  
Have passed within its portals low,  
And up the aisle with cautious feet,  
Have safely climbed their lofty seat.

How many aching limbs and sore,  
From thence have sought the distant floor,  
And finding vain their efforts all,  
Have sighed to be like giants tall.

How oft, perchance, some rogue so sly,  
Unseen by teacher's watchful eye,  
Has down the aisle, on mischief bent,  
An apple or an orange sent.

Perhaps beneath the ancient seat,  
The girls have dressed their dolls so neat,  
Or held a whispered, social chat,  
With schoolroom chums who meet them sat.

And there enthroned in chair of state,  
Behind the desk the master sat,  
And while he thundered forth each rule,  
Terror reigned in the village school.

From youthful sports and schoolday dreams  
Those forms have passed to other scenes,  
And other feet now tread the floor,  
And play around the schoolhouse door.

## CELEBRATED CASES OF POISONING.

BY FRANCIS A. DURIVAGE.

THE press has briefly alluded to the case of William Palmer, the alleged poisoner and forger, which has caused an excitement all over England, and on the continent of Europe. The crimes of which this man stands charged seem to carry us back to the days of the Borgia, when poisoning was a crime as common as robbery now is. William Palmer is a surgeon by profession, and his house at Rugeley, Staffordshire, in the valley of the Trent, on the line of the Northwestern Railway, is described as a delightful residence. Mrs. Palmer, his mother, is the widow of a wealthy dealer in wood. She has had five sons and two daughters. Of the sons, the first was a lawyer, the second a clergyman, the third a surgeon, the fourth a corn factor, and the fifth a wood dealer, like his father. One of the daughters is still living; the other died at an early age, the victim of intemperance.

William Palmer, who is now about thirty-five

years of age, always passed for a man of skill in his profession, a jovial, good-natured fellow, very fond of the turf, but rather lax in his morals. He married a daughter of Colonel Brooks, who is said to have been mysteriously assassinated. Palmer passed whole nights in his study, studying the properties of poisons—strychnine, prussic acid and morphine. He carried his passion for the science to such an extent that he gave the name of "Strychnine" to one of his favorite race-horses. He was very fond of horses. Brought up in a town which is famous for its annual horse-fair, and which is eminently popular with the heroes of the turf, he was accustomed to attend the races, to back the horses heavily, and to enter animals of his own. He spent the few thousand pounds his brother left him on his stables and the course. He bet very high and rarely won. As gambling debts are debts of honor, he was compelled to liquidate them, and often borrowed money at sixty per cent. At his wit's end for means, he had recourse to his mother-in-law. The latter was afraid of the man. She feared for the happiness of her daughter, and left Stafford to reside in Palmer's house, at Rugeley. Four days after she reached it, she died. Her fortune passed to her daughter, whose husband now found himself possessed of a considerable income; but on her death it was to go to her children. The Rugeley doctor was a cautious man, and accordingly set about effecting an insurance on the life of his dear Anne. Three companies agreed to pay, collectively, the sum of \$65,000 on the day of her death. On the 24th of January, 1854, a child was born, which lived two days. The second day the father summoned Mr. Bamford, an old physician of eighty, who prescribed a potion. Palmer administered it, and one hour afterwards wrote in his memorandum book, "Baby died at 10 P. M."

Some months after this incident, a Mr. Bladen, the agent of a large brewery, to whom Palmer owed £400, borrowed on the turf, came to Rugeley to demand immediate payment. His friend—for Palmer only borrowed of his friend—invited him to pass the night at his house. During the night he fell sick. Old Dr. Bamford was called in, and administered a sedative potion. One hour afterwards Mr. Bladen no longer lived, and Mr. Palmer no longer owed two thousand dollars. In the month of September, 1854, Mrs. Palmer fell sick, was attended by Dr. Bamford, and died—the doctor signing in advance a certificate that she had died of cholera. A Dr. Knight and the old nurse afterwards signed the certificate. The insurance

companies promptly paid the sixty-five thousand dollars. Palmer tried the insurance policy speculation again. He had a brother, Walter Palmer, who had already suffered from an attack of delirium tremens. But he found physicians to give him a certificate of good health, and by dint of all sorts of intrigues, he effected an insurance of \$70,000 on his head. He now placed beside Walter a man who, day and night, ministered to his passion for liquor, giving him gin constantly. Returning drunk from the Wolverhampton races, August 14, 1855, Walter was urged to drink more by this servant, and died of congestion—Dr. Bamford certifying that he had died a natural death. The insurance company, however, refused payment, and suspicions of foul play attached to Palmer; but were not pressed.

Last autumn, Mr. John Parsons Cook, a young man of twenty-eight years, after being in Palmer's company at Rugeley, and drinking with him, was seized with convulsions. Palmer was called professionally, and administered a soothing draught. Dr. Bamford came in and prescribed two opium pills, which the patient refused to take. After which, another physician, Dr. Jones, a friend of Cook, arrived and remained with the patient. He gave him two ammonia pills, after taking which Cook expired in terrible convulsions. An inquest in the case could not be avoided. Dr. Bamford asserted that there was a cerebral congestion, but Dr. Taylor, a famous chemist, to whom Cook's father sent the stomach of the deceased for analysis, gave the following reply to the questions asked: "Death produced by tetanus—tetanus produced by strychnine."

The next morning Palmer was arrested, charged with voluntary homicide. But this was not all. Of the £700 Cook was known to have with him, only £15 could be found; and his betting-book, which he had placed on the marble mantelpiece was gone. Then it was shown that the first day of the deceased's illness, Palmer had run up to London to get some notes discounted, to which the signature of Cook had been forged. The chief of police now obtained permission of Sir G. Gray to exhume the bodies of Mrs. Palmer and of Walter Palmer. Dr. Taylor, after making his analysis, reported that while Mr. Cook had been poisoned by the aid of strychnine, Mrs. Palmer had succumbed to repeated doses of antimony, and Walter Palmer to the effects of prussic acid. He is now charged with having obtained by forgery sums amounting to £10,000 sterling. How indefatigable and marvellous must have been the activity of this

man, if we suppose him guilty of the crimes laid to his account. An English journal remarks that he combines in himself the audacity of Napoleon, the memory of Wellington, and the strategic genius of the greatest of conquerors. The evidence at the inquest, for which we have no room, developed the most extraordinary ingenuity and fertility of resources on his part. Dr. Taylor says he occupied six months in poisoning his wife; he took a year in killing his brother with gin, in the meantime plying him with prussic acid—it is known that he purchased an ounce at Wolverhampton.

And what an accumulation of incidents in this dreadful history! Mr. Palmer, the father, amasses a colossal fortune, no one knows how, and dies of apoplexy. One of his daughters dies of drink; one of his sons dies poisoned by his own brother. Col. Brooks is killed, without his assassin being discovered; his companion dies, poisoned by her son-in-law; their daughter poisoned by her husband—four of her children descend prematurely into the grave. Five years ago this man poisons one of his friends—two months since he kills another. Are there not enough horrors heaped on the head of one man? Public opinion maintains that the plans crowned with such success in the cases of Bladen and Cook, were tried upon twenty other persons of note, belonging to London, Manchester, Newcastle, Cambridge and Nottingham. People even talk, in connection with Palmer, of the sudden death, two years ago, of Lord George Bentinck, son of the Duke of Portland, one of the most influential members of the conservative party in Parliament, and at the same time one of the most distinguished turf men in England. How much can be legally proved against Palmer remains to be seen. At the time of preparing this article for the press, we are without advices of the trial.

The crime of poisoning is by no means rare in Great Britain. A few years since the community was horrified by the discovery of frequent murders, committed for the most part by mothers on the persons of their own children, solely in order to obtain the miserable sums paid by the "burial clubs" for funeral expenses, when any of their members died. It had, indeed, horrible as the statement may appear, become a regular system—the lives of children were bartered for these burial fees with little more compunction than a grazier would exhibit in disposing of his flocks for the shambles. So frequent were these murders, that people began to look upon these burial clubs as positive incentives to infanticide, until, by the strong force of popular

opinion, the societies were for the most part done away with.

The crime of poisoning, according to Voltaire, first became known in France during the age of Louis XIV. This cowardly vengeance had previously only been resorted to amidst the horrors of civil war. This crime, by a fatal singularity, infected France during the period of glory and pleasure which refined her manners, as it glided into ancient Rome during the brightest days of the republic.

Two Italians, one of them named Exili, had for a long time been laboring with a German apothecary, named Glaser, to discover what was called the "Philosopher's Stone." The two Italians lost the little they had in this business, and sought to repair the consequences of their folly by crime. They sold poisons secretly. By means of the confessional, the grand *penitencier* of Paris learned that some persons had died of poison, and gave information to the government. The two Italians were suspected and thrown into prison, where one of them died. Exili remained there without being convicted; and from the depths of the prison circulated through Paris those fatal secrets that cost the lives of the civil lieutenant D'Aubrai and his family, and which gave rise to the erection of the tribunal of poisons called "The Burning Chamber."

St. Croix, a captain in the regiment of the Marquis of Brinvilliers, had excited the jealousy of the latter by his attentions to the marchioness, and was sent to the Bastille. He was lodged in the same room with Exili, who taught him how to avenge himself. He was soon liberated; but his associate, the marchioness, refused to attempt the life of her husband. She, however, poisoned his father, his two brothers, and his sister. It must be observed here that the marchioness enjoyed a high reputation for piety and charity, and the poor were her devoted friends. No suspicion attached to her in consequence of the numerous deaths in her family. But they were talked of in all the saloons of Paris, and caused the greatest anxiety to St. Croix. Still he pursued his chemical experiments in an obscure part of the city, away from his proper place of residence. Although his manipulations in regard to the preparation of subtle poisons were conducted with all possible secrecy, a just retribution was at no great distance. Already, he was so ill, though ignorant of the cause, that unable at length to quit his dwelling-house, he had got a furnace brought to him, that he might still continue his experiments. He was at that time engaged in researches into the nature of a poison so subtle, that its mere emanation was fatal. It

was amidst these fearful occupations, at the moment when bending over the furnace, watching, no doubt, the deadly operation approach its greatest intensity, that the glass mask worn by him as a protection against its fumes, went to pieces, and the agent or accomplice of so many murders, by means of his fell knowledge and preparations, was struck down as by a thunder-bolt. His wife—for the villain was a married man—surprised that he remained so unusually long in his laboratory, went thither, and found him lying extended and quite lifeless near to the furnace, the fragments of the glass mask round him. It was impossible for her to conceal the circumstances of his death. The servants had seen the body and could reveal the facts. The proper functionary was therefore required to put everything under seal, thus insuring a proper scrutiny into the affairs and conduct of the deceased.

As soon as the Marchioness de Brinvilliers heard of the death of her associate, with its attendant circumstances, she took refuge in a convent at Liege. Lauchausse, St. Croix's servant, and the agent of the guilty pair in their poisonings, was arrested, "struck in the boots," as Macaulay says of that mode of torture, made a full confession, implicating his deceased master and the marchioness, and was broken alive on the wheel. Desgrais, one of the most active of the Paris police, succeeded in winning the confidence of the marchioness at Liege, under the guise of a gallant abbe, and prevailed on her to leave the convent and the city with him. She was brought to Paris under arrest, her captor having foiled all her attempts at self-destruction. Among her papers was found a full confession of her crimes. Yet she behaved with great firmness on her trial, denying everything, and treating the witnesses against her with haughty contempt. She was put to the rack, and then conducted in penitential garments, and holding a taper, first to the church of Notre Dame, and then to the Place de Greve, the spot appointed for the execution. She was beheaded, and her head and trunk afterwards burned to ashes in presence of the assembled populace.

"On the morrow," says Madame de Sevigne, "the bones of the marchioness were sought for, as the people believed she was a saint."

By the execution of this French Medea, the practice of poisoning was not suppressed; many persons died from time to time under very suspicious circumstances; and the archbishop was informed, from different parishes, that this crime was still confessed, and that traces of it were remarked both in high and in low families. For

watching, searching after, and punishing poisoners, a particular court, called the *Chambre de poison*, or *Chambre Ardente*, was at length established in 1679. This court, besides other persons, detected two women, named La Vigoreux and La Voisin, who carried on a great traffic in poisons. Both of them pretended to tell future events, to call up ghosts, and to teach the art of finding hidden treasures, and of recovering lost or stolen goods. They also distributed philtres, and sold secret poison to such persons as they knew they could depend upon, and who wished to employ them either to get rid of bad husbands, or recover lost lovers. Female curiosity induced several ladies of the first rank, and even some belonging to the court, to visit these women, particularly La Voisin; and who, without thinking of poison, only wished to know how soon a husband, a lover, or the king would die. In the possession of La Voisin was found a list of all those who had become dupes to her imposture. They were arrested and carried before the above-mentioned court, which, without following the usual course of justice, detected secret crimes by means of spies, instituted private trials, and began to imitate the proceedings of the Holy Inquisition. In this list were found the distinguished names of the Countess de Soissons, her sister the Duchess de Bouillon, and Marshal de Luxembourg. The first fled to Flanders, to avoid the severity and disgrace of imprisonment; the second saved herself by the help of her friends; and the last, after he had been some months in the Bastile, and had undergone a strict examination, by which he almost lost his reputation, was set at liberty as innocent. Thus did the cruel Louvois, the War Minister, and the Marchioness de Montespan, ruin those who opposed their measures. La Vigoreux and La Voisin were burned alive, on the twenty-second of February, 1680, after their hands had been bored through with a red-hot iron, and cut off. Several persons of ordinary rank were punished by the common hangman; those of higher rank, after they had been declared by this tribunal not guilty, were set at liberty; and in 1680 an end was put to the *Chambre Ardente*, which in reality was a political inquisition.

The case of Palmer has revived the story of Thomas Griffin Wainwright, who, under the *nom de plume* of "James Weathercock," wrote for the London Magazine when Lamb, Proctor, Hazlitt and Allan Cunningham were among its contributors. He was an epicurean, very fond of self-indulgence, a good-natured egotist, had a good deal of literary talent, and was quite an

artist. Lamb called him, "kind, light-hearted James Weathercock."

In 1829, Wainwright went with his wife to visit his uncle, by whose bounty he had been educated, and from whom he had expectancies. His uncle died after a brief illness, and Wainwright inherited his property. Nor was he long in expending it. A further supply was needed; and Helen Frances Phoebe Abercrombie, with her sister Madeline, step-sisters to his wife, came to reside with Wainwright; it being soon after this that Wainwright effected insurances on Helen's life at various offices, amounting in all to £18,000. By a forgery of the names of the trustees of his wife's property, he obtained the principal, which was invested in the Bank of England, and soon squandered it. Miss Abercrombie died suddenly, and he then claimed his £18,000 from the various offices. The "Imperial" resisted payment on the ground of deception, but their counsel insinuated a charge of murder against Wainwright. Wainwright lost his case, and in the interim had been compelled to fly to France on account of the discovery of his forgery on the Bank of England. At Boulogne, he insured the life of an English officer, with whom he lived, for £5000. One premium only was paid, the officer dying in a few months after the insurance was effected. Wainwright then left Boulogne, passed through France under a feigned name, was apprehended by the French police, and that fearful poison known as strychnine being found in his possession, he was confined at Paris for six months.

After his release, he ventured to London, intending to remain only forty-eight hours. In a hotel near Covent Garden, he drew down the blind and fancied himself safe. But for one fatal moment he forgot his habitual craft. A noise in the street startled him; incautiously he went to the window and drew back the blind. At the very moment, a person passing by caught a glimpse of his countenance, and exclaimed: "That's Wainwright, the Bank Forger." He was soon apprehended, and his position became fearful enough.

The difficulty which then arose was, whether the insurance offices should prosecute him for attempted fraud, whether the yet more terrible charge in connection with Helen Abercrombie should be opened, or whether advantage should be taken of his forgery on the bank, to procure his expatriation for life. A consultation was held by those interested, the Home Secretary was apprised of the question, the opinions of the law officers of the crown were taken, and the result was that, under the circumstances, it

would be advisable to try him for the forgery only. This plan was carried out, the capital punishment was foregone, and when found guilty he was condemned to transportation for life.

The career of Waiawright has its moral. Selfish indulgence hurried him into crime—crime brought punishment in its train. He died in a hospital at Sydney under circumstances too painful to be detailed. It is painful to dwell on these fearful records of great crimes. Truly "the way of the transgressor is hard."

#### SALE OF A WIFE.

A short while ago, Mr. Robert Rhodes was united in the bonds of matrimony with a Miss Eastham, of Longbridge, but the marriage was unfortunate. Both parties very soon forgot their vows to "love and cherish," for shortly after, they relinquished the fascination of each others' charms and separated. Since this event, they have both lived in private lodgings. To bring the marriage knot to a solution, the husband recently led his wife through the streets of the village by a halter, offering her for sale, when, being viewed by one and examined by another, she was ultimately, after a little higgling, knocked down for 20s. The purchaser was a Mr. George Banks, who quietly but gallantly seized the halter and led her away.—*Preston (Eng.) Chronicle*.

#### THE ANT THAT FIGHTS ITSELF.

The insects, as I have often said, are countless; swarm everywhere, and over everything. Their tenacity of life is most amazing. I have told you of the manner in which one half of a bull-dog ant fights the other if cut in two. I saw an instance of it just now. Our giant cut one in two that was annoying him. The head immediately seized the body with its mandible, and the body began stinging away manfully at the head. The fight went on for half an hour without any diminished sign of life; and this is what they always do. Instead of dying as they ought to do, they set and fight away for hours, if some of the other ants do not come and carry them away; whether to eat them or bury them we know not.—*Howitt's Australia*.

#### A TITLE.

A certain widow O'Keefe, who flourished in the city of Cork, and who did a little banking business, on her own account, cashing bills for gentlemen in distress, made her appearance at Bath in the height of the season.

"She must be a lady of quality," said one gentleman.

"A marchioness," said another.

"A duchess," said a third.

"By the powers! You're all wrong," said an Irish officer. "I know the lady well—she's not even a countess!"

"What then?" was the simultaneous question.

"Why, gentlemen, the fact is, she is a dis-countess."—*Eccentric Anecdotes*.

#### BRITTANY.

Of all the provinces of France, Brittany is the richest in religious sentiment. The country where are found the most extensive and magnificent relics of Druidism, now reposes most calmly beneath the shadow of the cross. Christianity seems to have pursued her triumphs into the last strongholds of that gigantic idolatry which once exercised so marvellous an influence over the human mind. Churches rise side by side with Druidical temples, and many of the stupendous ruins are connected by exulting tradition with the victories of Christian faith. One of these old legends, still repeated by the peasantry, declares that the "stories of Carnac" owe their origin to a heathen army, which chased St. Cornelius into the valley because he had renounced paganism. Being close pressed and surrounded on all sides, he had recourse to prayer, whereupon the whole host were petrified in their lines as they stood; and thus the stories of Carnac were formed.

Throughout Brittany, the fields, the causeways, the roads and the mountains, are dotted with churches, chapels, crosses, images, expiatory monuments and consecrated chaplets. The sanguinary agents of the revolution had difficult work to accomplish in this sturdy province. The Britons clung to their religion until the guillotine was wearied of its victims. The Republican committees pronounced the penalty of death in vain against the minister who should perform any of the functions of the church. "I will pull down your belfries," exclaimed the famous Jean-Bon-Saint-Andre to the mayor of a village, "in order that you may have no more objects to recall to you the superstitions of past times." "You must leave us the stars, and we can see them farther off," was the memorable reply of the enlightened peasant.—*Portfolio*.

#### A GREAT STORY.

The following "thrilling story," although not of the highest order of merit in a literary point of view, may serve as an amusing theme for lovers of "puzzles" to exercise their ingenuity:

We once saw a young man gazing at the \*ry heavens, with a † in 1 ☞ and a ~ of pistols in the other. We endeavored to attract his attention by ing 2 a ¶ in a paper we held in our ☞, relating to a young man in that † of country who had left home in a state of derangement. He dropped the † and pistols from his ☞ ☞ with the 1 "It is I of whom U read. I had left home b4 my friends knew my design. I had s0 the ☞ of a girl who had refused 2 lis10 to me but smiled upon another. I —ed madly from the house, uttering a wild 1 to the god of love, and without replying to the ??? of my friends, came here with th s † & ~ of pistols to put a . to my Xistence. My case has no || in this †." —*Philadelphia Ledger*.

A writer in a late English paper, speaking of the culinary nicety of the French, relieves himself of the following:

"Full many a fruit of purest juice serene,  
The dark unfathom'd woods of Gallia bear;  
Full many a mushroom springs to rot unseen,  
And waste its ketchup on the desert air."

## THE RIPPLING SEA.

BY CARLO CARRINGTON.

Gilding o'er the rippling sea,  
Come sail, my love, with me;  
Why must I roam and leave thee here,  
While I am on the sea,  
While I am on the sea—  
To tarry still O do not seek,  
But come with me at morning break.

A joy thou hast not tasted yet,  
Is travelling on the sea;  
The pleasure that I find in it  
I wish to share with thee,  
I wish to share with thee—  
Then do not stay to mourn the time,  
But come with me to another clime.

Thou wilt not fear the danger, love,  
Whilst I am near to thee;  
The arm that round thee now is thrown,  
Shall thy protection be,  
Shall thy protection be—  
Then say thou'lt come and make the sea  
Thine only home while 'tis for me.

I would not tempt thee to forsake  
Thine home to come with me,  
Were I not sure that I could make  
Thee happier o'er the sea,  
Far happier o'er the sea—  
In place of friends that thou wilt leave,  
I'm then thine own—how canst thou grieve?

Hurrah! we're on the bright blue sea,  
My bark, my love, and me;  
Our sails are trim—we skim with ease  
Across the rippling sea,  
Across the rippling sea—  
Away we speed to spend the time  
Of sweetest love in a foreign clime.

## OUR OWN FAULTS NEVER VISIBLE.

Of all this common failing of our nature the heathen were very sensible, and represented by saying that every man carries a wallet, or two bags, with him, the one hanging before him, the other behind him—into that before he puts the faults of others, into that behind him that of his own—by which means he never sees his own failings, whilst he has those of others always before his eyes. But self-knowledge helps to turn this wallet, and place that which has our own faults before our eyes, and that which has those of others, behind our back.

A very necessary regulation, this, if we would behold our own faults in the same light in which others do; for we must not expect that others will be as blind to our foibles as we ourselves are; they will carry them before their eyes whether we do or not. And to imagine that the world takes no notice of them because we do not, is just as wise as to fancy that others do not see us, because our eyes are shut.—*Mason's Self-Knowledge.*

Whoever makes the fewest persons uneasy, is the best bred in the company.

## HANNIBAL AS A GENERAL.

Hannibal in his 28th year was nearly of the same age at which Napoleon Bonaparte led the army of the French Republic into Italy. Bred in the camp, he possessed every quality necessary to gain the confidence of his men. His personal strength and activity were such that he could handle their arms, and perform their exercises on foot or horseback more skilfully than themselves. His endurance of heat and cold, of fatigue and hunger, excelled that of the hardest soldier in the camp. He never required others to do what he could not and would not do himself. To these bodily powers he added an address as winning as that of Hasdrubal, his brother-in-law, and had talents for command fully as great as those of his father, Hamilcar. His frank manners and genial temper endeared him to the soldiery; his strong will swayed them like one man. The different nations who made up his motley army—Africans and Spaniards, Gauls and Italians—looked upon him each as their own chief. Polybius twice remarks that, amid the hardships that his mixed army underwent for sixteen years in a foreign land, there never was a mutiny in his camp. This admirable versatility of the man was seconded by all the qualities required to make the general. His quick perception and great sagacity led him to marvellously correct judgment of future events and distant countries—which, in those days, when travellers were few and countries unknown, must have been a task of extraordinary difficulty. He formed his plans after patient inquiry, and kept them profoundly secret till it was necessary to make them known. But with this caution in designing was united marvellous promptness in execution. "He was never deceived himself," says Polybius, "but never failed to take advantage of the errors of his opponent." Nor was he a mere soldier. In leisure hours he delighted to converse with learned Greeks on topics of intellectual interest.—*The Court and Camp.*

## PHILOSOPHY.

What oddities men are, to worry because they are not so well off as "that fellow across the street!" The richest man in town will be as forgotten in fifty years as the mason who built the Pyramids. In 1843, we attended the funeral of a millionaire. We visited his grave recently, and saw four bob-tailed pigs rooting the soil from his grave. And this was the end of influence—a neglected grave, with four stub-tailed pigs rooting up the soil. "So passes the glory of the world!"—*Life Illustrated.*

## GOLD WATCH CASES.

The Philadelphia Ledger, in speaking of the manufacture of watch cases, which is carried on extensively in that city, says there are eleven firms engaged in the business, all of whom employ over 300 hands, and turn out at least 500 cases per week, at a cost of some \$20,000, or more than \$1,000,000 annually. The gold manufactured into cases weekly will not amount to much less than \$14,000, or over a half million of dollars annually.



## TWILIGHT MUSINGS.

BY GERTY.

Silently the twilight shadows  
 Gather o'er earth's quiet breast,  
 And the gorgeous hues are fading  
 Slowly from the glowing west;  
 In the azure vault of heaven  
 Myriad stars are gleaming forth,  
 And the night is closing sadder,  
 Deeper, o'er the snow-robed earth.

But the night is not eternal,  
 And its hours will pass away,  
 And again earth's busy millions  
 Will hail the cheerful day;  
 But with my spirit dwelleth  
 Deeper gloom than night can shed,  
 There a darkness reigneth ever,  
 Sadder than by nature spread.

There were hopes which lit my pathway,  
 Bright unto my spirit's view  
 As the clouds around the sunset,  
 But like them they faded too.  
 There were friends who clustered round me  
 When my sun was shining bright,  
 Now, alas, I seek them vainly,  
 In the gloom of sorrow's night.

Though to me no morrow cometh,  
 Save the morning which shall dawn  
 When the night of life is over,  
 And its fears and darkness done;  
 Yet in hope of that bright morning,  
 Heavenward still I lift my eyes,  
 For I know the sun is shining  
 Evermore beyond the skies.

## THE MAN OF THE WILLOWS.

BY ANNE T. WILBUR.

"THE mad-woman! the mad-woman!" exclaimed the children of St. Florentin, half laughing, half trembling, at sight of a poor girl wrapped in a blue shawl, her head covered with red rags, marching like the heroine of a tragedy on the road to The Willows.

The children laughed much at her singular dress. But the vagueness of her look, and the sadness of her countenance, extremely pale, caused them an indefinable terror.

The poor girl marched with measured step, seeing and hearing nothing. She passed the mill situated at the foot of the little town. The mill was turning, the miller singing; she heard neither the mill nor the miller. Very soon she passed the numerous poplars along the road, and traversed the meadows, among the elms which were rustling in the breath of evening.

"Poor girl!" murmured an old woodcutter, who was slowly regaining his dwelling; "there she is, taking, as usual, the path to The Willows.

May God have pity on her soul! Run in, children!" And one saw only, through the dark and gnarled trees, a silent shadow becoming by degrees effaced, dying in the distance, then disappearing.

In those days, a poor woman lived in a farmhouse of St. Florentin. Left a widow with two daughters, she managed to provide for the wants of her little family. The widow Gremi was a washerwoman.

These two daughters were named—the one Mariette, the other Rosette. Mariette was the youngest of the two sisters. She was a simple creature, thinking only of keeping the house in order, and of lightening, as much as possible, the difficult task of her mother. She was one of those who are born and die in the shade, after having fulfilled their duties without ostentation; not thinking they have merited anybody's esteem for having remained prudent and good. But whether she wished it or not, Mariette was beloved, praised, admired by the whole neighborhood. Mariette was a genuine wild-flower. Although she was only eighteen, she did not suspect that there could exist any other sky than that which, overcast or sunny, hung over the cottage of the widow Gremi.

Rosette was not less beloved; nevertheless, the neighbors could not help noticing her want of taste for rustic labors, her aversion for monotonous household cares. Her poor mother had never been able to prevail upon her even to drive the cow to pasture. To put a little wood under the kettle when the humble food of the family was cooking, was for this child quite an effort. Rosette passed long hours in watching the ladies as they promenaded in the avenues of the chateau. It was then that her mob-cap seemed to oppress her forehead like an evil thought. She would begin to weep, and crouch before the fire, dreaming of a thousand foolish things.

One day, Jean Louis, a stout youth of the village, her betrothed, an industrious laborer and a pleasant fellow, by whom more than one maiden in the place would have been proud to have been led to church, said to her:

"We have no ambition, we wish above all to love our wife, and we think a little property on our side, if not a sufficient evidence that we love her, if we offer it heartily, at least proves that we do not mean she shall take up her abode with poverty, pouting and quarrelsome. You see why, Rosette, we are proud of having a little property under the sun."

Rosette blushed.

"It is true," said she, "you remind me, in

fact, that I do not possess a single inch of ground."

Jean would have taken her hand; Rosette withdrew it.

"You slight me!" resumed Jean, a little disconcerted, not comprehending how a word from the heart could disturb the susceptibilities of the mind. "We did not think that the sincere word of an honest youth could cause you vexation. You are too proud, Rosette. That does not become us poor folks; it should be left to those who have nothing better to do. And besides, every one knows that your pretty walnut sabots may walk without disgrace in the same path with my iron-heeled shoes."

Rosette made an effort to conceal her pretty walnut sabots.

"Certainly your striped blue woolen petticoat is as good as my coarse gray frock," continued Jean.

Rosette fell back in her chair like lightning, and as if overwhelmed by the striped blue woolen petticoat.

"And if anything should blush, it is our coarse hempen cap, when we meet you at the market with your pretty white cap, so coquettish, so nicely plaited," added he, again.

Rosette felt a thunderbolt fall on her cap, so coquettish, so nicely plaited. She cast down her head.

"We are not as rich as the Marquis of Carabas," continued Jean; "nevertheless, when we commence housekeeping, we will raise our little dwelling one story, add to it a wing, and surround it with a pretty whitewashed fence, with a gate of red bricks. At this very moment, two beautiful hens are setting to prepare for us a nice poultry-yard. Chickens and ducklings await your appearance, to break their shells and flutter before their gentle mistress. Carillon, my beautiful white cow, has a pretty calf. The harvest will fill the barn, and the vintage the wine press. To-morrow let us kneel together, to ask the blessing of the curate; you will be, we hope, the happiest of wives, and we the most favored of husbands."

"We have time," replied Rosette, with a pouting air; "what hurries us?"

All Jean's vexation betrayed itself at these words.

"That is a wicked answer, miss; you do not reply thus, doubtless, to the gentleman who passes and re-passes the door of your house every evening," added the poor boy, bitterly.

In fact, a man of singular physiognomy, wearing a grotesque costume, his head covered with a cap surmounted by a floating plume,

theatrically enveloped in a long mantle, passed and re-passed the house of Rosette every evening, and went away only when he had perceived the young girl and been seen by her.

Rosette became as red as a cherry.

"Monsieur Jean," cried the young girl, sharply, "it seems to me your tools are rusting in the court."

"So I will rejoin them," replied Jean, with a heavy heart.

As he went out, a merry voice exclaimed: "Rosette! Rosette, come and help me." It was the voice of Mariette returning from the stream with a heavy load of linen on her back. Jean helped Mariette to lay aside her burden.

"Here is a brave girl!" exclaimed he; then he went away.

"Thanks, Monsieur Jean," replied Mariette, "not for the compliment, but for the service."

Jean disappeared without replying. Mariette busied herself in spreading out her linen on the hedge in the garden.

Rosette began to devour the pages of a bad book, lent her recently by a discreditable woman in the neighborhood. All the pride of the world was presented there under the most alluring, the most perfidious colors. The Bible was forsaken in the dust, on the old mantel-piece of the chimney. The bad book never left her. On this day, the extravagances with which she fed her imagination had raised such a degree of excitement, that it was impossible for madness itself to surpass it.

Mariette entered, still damp from the water of the stream. Rosette hastily concealed her book. Her eyes were full of tears.

"What is the matter, my good sister?" said Mariette to her, throwing an armful of vine-branches in the fire, to dry her garments.

"Nothing," replied Rose, who was embarrassed by the question.

"You are weeping then for pleasure, good sister?" said the little washerwoman, smiling playfully; and the little Mariette began to prattle without her sister's listening to her:

"The day has been pleasant; the birds were never gayer, the trees were never greener, the water never softer; our luncheon on the grass, on the banks of the stream, in the shade of the tall lindens, would have given us much pleasure, if the sun had not darted its rays so brightly upon us; never was the beetle lighter in our hands; fatigue was, as it were, asleep in the reeds. So, good sister, your cap is white as the flower of the hawthorn; your apron, red as a poppy; your dress, clear as a field-flower."

Night fell; the precipitate roll of an equipage

was heard returning to the chateau; it was a caleche; it stopped. Some ladies descended from it; Rosette saw them and sighed; Mariette uttered a cry and almost fainted; her eyes had met the eyes of The Man of The Willows. The ladies buried themselves beneath the shady avenues of the chateau; the man disappeared. Mother Gremi entered the cottage; Rosette wiped away her tears, Mariette forgot her terror. Rosette began to smile; Mariette thought she had dreamed, so dreamed that she did not perceive that Rosette concealed in her bosom a billet which The Man of The Willows had deposited mysteriously on the little window opening on the garden.

"Let us sup, children," said the widow Gremi; and they supped.

The village was profoundly asleep, when, at the first strokes of midnight, the door of the house of the widow Gremi opened and turned discreetly on its hinges. A person, pale and trembling, issued from it hastily, holding her sabots in her hand, scarcely daring to touch the ground with her foot. The door closed as it had opened. Meanwhile the widow Gremi, who was not asleep, thought she heard an unusual movement in the house. She rose, then lighted the lamp.

Let us follow Rose, for it was she who was directing her steps rapidly towards the valley of The Willows. The mysterious billet had produced its effect. This step of Rose was the reply.

"Thou shalt be queen if thou wilt, young girl. To-morrow, thy beauty shall eclipse that of the ladies of the chateau. I can lay at thy feet the attire of an empress, all the pleasures of the world, all the power of kings; thou shalt be beloved, admired, obeyed. Come to us, as we come to thee. At midnight; to-morrow will be too late. At the valley of The Willows.

"Signed, THE MAN OF THE WILLOWS."

Rosette had resolution. She quitted without regret the paternal roof, arrived without terror at the spot designated. The infernal billet, in passing over her breast, seemed to have withered her heart. As she arrived, some one said, with a diabolical smile:

"It is here."

She stopped. It was the voice of The Man of The Willows.

"Enter," said he, "through the cavernous trunk of this old tree; it is the baronial door of our castles," added he, with an imperceptible mocking tone.

Rosette entered without replying. He followed her. The old willow trembled from

roots to branches, and Rosette found herself transported into an enchanted place, dazling with lights, azure and gold.

"Here are your apartments, beautiful Rose," said the mysterious man tranquilly, as he led her by the hand.

Then transpired one of those scenes of sorcery worthy of the enchanter Merlin. The pretty walnut sabots, so much admired by poor Jean, were changed into pretty boots of white satin, with red heels, and laced with a silver ribbon. Her petticoat of striped blue wool was transformed into a silk dress of such dazling whiteness, such a perfect cut, such a rare fit, that it seemed woven, cut, adjusted by the hand of a little fairy. Nothing can express the art which had presided over her coiffure; a gold comb, sparkling with jewels, glistened like a flame in her black, glossy and abundant tresses; a necklace of the brightest coral surrounded her snowy neck, like a circlet of fire; on her fingers, diamonds of inestimable value gleamed like live sparks; bracelets of massive gold, surmounted by the richest topazes, adorned her arms.

A mirror stood opposite Rosette. When she saw herself in it, she thought she should die of joy.

"Rose," then said the mysterious man to her, "you must know that I possess a power unknown to men, which power makes me richer than mines of silver and gold. Science has no secrets for me."

"Yes, sir," replied Rosette, who could not tire of admiring herself.

He conducted her by the hand into vast gardens, full of the rarest flowers, planted with the choicest fruits of earth; thousands of birds of the most varied plumage, from distant climes, were flying about and singing. The light in this garden was strange; it was like a day without sun, like a sun without heat. Rosette nevertheless experienced a secret terror. As she passed beneath a flowery eglantine, The Man of the Willows shook this tree, and roses detached themselves from it in abundance and fastened themselves to the white robe of Rosette. And, again, advancing beneath an immense hedge, The Man of The Willows shook the dew from it; thousands of pearls were scattered among the tresses of the young girl, on her pretty boots, in the roses which set off the brilliancy of her dress; then, a little mist suddenly arose, hovered above Rosette, enveloped her, descended upon her shoulders. The mysterious man stretched out his hand, and this mist became a long mantle of azure; then, raising his eyes to heaven, a thousand stars dropped among the

folds of this imperial mantle. They passed into the court; coursers were impatiently pawing the ground, harnessed to an equipage of sombre green; a richly liveried coachman held the reins. At the approach of the mysterious man, two lacqueys came to open the caleche. The Man of The Willows and Rosette hastily entered; the two lacqueys silently took their places behind. The equipage started at a full gallop.

"Where are we going?" said Rosette to The Man of the Willows.

"To Paris!" replied the latter; and the carriage went on, on like lightning.

As Rosette passed by the house of her mother, which she left an hour before, she heard a loud sigh, something like a death-rattle, then sobs. The widow Gremi was expiring; Mariette was weeping. The horses started back; the coachman whipped them; they sprang forward again, fire flashing beneath their feet.

"How beautiful you are thus!" then said to her The Man of The Willows.

Rosette forgot the sighs and sobs of the cottage to smile at this compliment. Nevertheless she could not help saying:

"What are those sighs? Whence come those sobs?"

The man replied:

"It is the wind whistling among the trees by the roadside."

Behold her at Paris, enjoying the world and its pleasures, always under the guidance of the strange man who had carried her off from the poor village. A secret torment began to devour the heart of Rose; ennui seized her. There is a voice which we silence with difficulty, which we can never wholly silence; it is the voice of conscience. It began to trouble the heart of Rosette. A violent desire seized her to throw herself at her mother's feet. Her heart, enervated by pleasures, was incapable of executing such a resolution; she was ignorant of the death of the widow Gremi. The poor woman having risen, as we have said, having lighted her lamp, had perceived the flight of Rosette. The billet, found on the floor, at the threshold of the door, had explained all. She expired just as her daughter was passing by the door; the sobs which Rosette heard were those of her good sister Mariette, who did not know what was to become of her. Jean Louis had hastened to them. The brave youth, on seeing the desolation of the poor cottage, was desolate himself; and, as Mother Gremi looked anxiously at her faithful and gentle Mariette, the honest boy said:

"Mother, fear nothing for her; our head was turned yesterday, but our heart tells us to-day that it is Mariette whom we ought to marry."

The good woman could only press the hand of Mariette and that of the good Jean Louis within her dying hands; the widow Gremi expired like a Christian, without cursing, but asking God to pardon her unhappy daughter.

After the mourning was over, Jean Louis espoused Mariette, who had always cherished a secret affection for him. On her death-bed, the widow Gremi had said to Mariette:

"Mariette, take this ring which was given me by your father; it is blessed, my child; seek to find your sister; she is the eldest; give it to her."

The poor woman labored under the idea that her daughter Rosette was the victim of a spell. She had faith that this ring would release her and restore her to repose. Mariette promised to comply with her wishes.

By chance, Mariette discovered the dwelling of Rosette. She set out for Paris; Jean accompanied her. She arrived at the house of Rosette; but each time she presented herself, received only evasive replies:

"Madame is not up;" "madame is at her toilette;" "madame is bathing;" "madame is breakfasting;" "madame is visiting;" "madame has company and cannot receive calls;" "madame is at a party;" "madame is at the opera."

Mariette related all this to Jean Louis, who did not fail to confirm the opinion of the widow Gremi.

"Our poor sister Rosette is certainly the sport of some sorcerer," said he.

It was the season of carnival. One evening, when a crowd of people disguised and masked were surrounding the hotel of Rosette, Mariette resolved, by aid of the confusion, to penetrate there. In order to do this, she put on her prettiest peasant's costume: beaver shoes with silver buckles; a round cap, flowered handkerchief, figured dress; a golden heart and cross on her breast. Mariette entered suddenly. All eyes were turned upon her.

"There is a pretty costume," said the domineers. "The little one is very well disguised. What freshness! what whiteness! a genuine wild flower!"

Mariette did not stop to hear all these compliments; she sought her sister amid the crowd which encumbered the apartments; she found her in the dancing-hall, surrounded like a queen. Her heart beat. She soon entered. This strange man was about to essay the last act of the temptation which was to overcome the soul of Rosette. False priests were awaiting her de-

cision to give her their benediction. On this day, Rosette would certainly have yielded. No one could surpass her in beauty, in decoration, in power. Pride seemed to have vanquished all her repugnance. Mariette appeared. Rosette saw her, and uttered a cry which was heard through the house. The two sisters fell, weeping, into each other's arms.

"And my mother!" exclaimed Rosette; "my mother?" repeated she.

"Dead!" replied Mariette, wishing to give a deep wound to this almost insensible heart.

Rosette cast down her head. Here The Man of The Willows, suspecting some conjuration against his power, made a sign. The orchestra gave forth strange sounds; a diabolical choir howled fearfully. They could hear each other no more. Mariette then drew from her finger her mother's ring, and presented it to her sister. Rosette took it.

"It is our poor mother's ring," said Mariette to her.

Rosette, bursting into tears, raised it to her lips. The infernal orchestra and choir were silent, and behold her pretty satin boots became pretty walnut sabots; her silk dress, a striped blue woolen petticoat; her gold comb, a white and nicely plaited cap; the azure mantle dissolved into mist; the pearls became dew-drops; the roses fell withered at her feet; the lights were extinguished one by one; and the dancers seemed to be shadows passing through each other, effacing and re-appearing like beings of phosphorus. A cry of despair was then heard, and all was extinct. It was The Man of The Willows lamenting the loss of his prey. This fascinating demon, whose name is Pride, was vanquished; the blessed ring had triumphed. Mariette carried her sister back to the village. Jean took her in his willow carriage. From that day, poor Rosette did not cease to go from the cottage to the valley of The Willows, to seek what she had left there—repose. It was in vain; she never found it again. This is the reason why she wandered about silently, why she was indifferent to all around. She was now only a kind of phantom among the living. It seemed as if she sought, despairingly, the innocence of her early days.

One summer night, a shepherd of the place saw Rosette enter mysteriously the village cemetery, then advance, kneel and pray at the foot of a wooden cross planted on a tomb still new. The old shepherd approached; then he heard heart-rending sighs, bitter words. Rosette wept; her long and black hair was dishevelled and

hung down over her shoulders; her aspect was so mournful, that the old shepherd dared not disturb the prayer of the poor girl. By degrees the voice of Rosette became extinct; the unhappy child sank down and lay extended on the funeral turf. Very soon the shepherd heard and saw no more; but raising his eyes, watching a moonbeam obstructed by the clouds, he saw something like two shadows closely embracing—a poor woman, a kind mother, who, all in tears, was bearing away in her arms a sad and pale child, invoking God and looking upward to the sky. It was the soul of the widow Gremi; it was the soul of the unfortunate Rosette.

And as the young men and young girls interrogated the good curate concerning the story of the old shepherd, saying to him: "What, then, has wrought this miraculous reconciliation?" the good pastor replied to them:

"It is, my children, *filial repentance and maternal love!*"

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#### CAUSE OF THE COLD.

In a communication to the *Scientific American*, Mr. T. Barrows, of Dedham, Mass., alluding to the intense cold of the past winter, states that he never saw the sky so brilliant and clear by day and night before. He attributes the cause of the cold to the hundreds of thousands tons of powder which have been burned at Sebastopol, and other places, having put into circulation large quantities of nitrous gas. "If saltpetre and sal ammoniac," he says, "be put into a given quantity of water at fifty degrees Fahr., it will reduce its temperature fifty degrees." He therefore concludes that the gases of the exploded gunpowder named have exerted a great cooling influence upon the atmosphere, both in Europe and America. On account of the pure cold air this winter, he is of opinion that cholera, yellow fever, and the potato rot will not be so prevalent during the present, as in former years.

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#### A CUSTOM WORTH IMITATING.

It is a custom among certain tribes in Siberia, that, when a woman is married, she must prepare the wedding dinner with her own hands. To this feast all the relatives and friends, both of her own family and that of the groom, are invited. If the viands are well-cooked, her credit as a good housewife is established. But if the dishes are badly prepared, she is disgraced in that capacity forever. The result is, that a Siberian wife is generally a good housekeeper, whatever else she may be, and thus is competent, beyond her sex generally, for the practical duties of life. Girls, bear that in mind!—*Russian Life*.

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No evil is wholly evil. Behind the blackest cloud the sun shines, or the stars. All our trials and sorrows have elements of good in them; hopeful features, which smile upon us in gentle reproof of our unbelief and discouragement.

## HOME BY THE SEA.

BY MARY W. CUTLER.

Where the sunlight danceth o'er the crested wave,  
And the murmuring of the billows lave,  
Where are rocks half-hidden 'neath a sea of foam,  
And the wild bird flieth—there I'd have my home.

There, when twilight shadeth in a summer eve,  
Oft I love to wander, and bright fancies weave,  
Listening to the chiming of the sea and shore—  
There I love to linger when the day is o'er.

When the moonlight resteth with its silver light  
On the ocean's bosom, in a summer's night,  
Then the sparkling moon-rays, lovely to behold,  
Cast a spell around me with entrancing fold.

When the sunbeams sparkle o'er the glassy deep,  
And the wintry storm winds 'neath the wavelets sleep,  
Azure skies above us, whence the zephyrs come,  
On the shore I linger—there I'd have my home.

## A NIGHT AMONG WOLVES.

BY E. S. MIDGLEY.

POOR JEAN BRAGG was a Texan ranger known to almost every fighting Mexican or Indian over the whole borders of Texas. But at last he is missing, and none know where his bones lie, or of his fate, save that he must have met it on the prairies or in the forest he once loved so well.

Speaking of wolves reminds me of one of Jean's bold and perilous adventures, which even he could scarcely refrain from shuddering at, as, seated round the camp fires, he whiled away the time by repeating it. He had just eluded the vigilance of a band of hostile savages, when he came upon the track of one of those terrible prairie-fires, which devastate the country for hundreds of miles at a time. Before him, as far as the eye could reach, there was only one charred, levelled, smouldering waste, that had to be crossed before he could reach water for which both himself and his wearied horse were now almost perishing. To return in his track, were death, for the yelling redskins were scarcely out of sight; and feeling sure, from the actions of his companion, that escape was impossible in that direction, as the animal was already run down, he determined that the safest course for him would be to cross the still smouldering track of the destroying element, whose glare and smoke could be seen towards the west. But water, water he must have, or they would both die. He urged on his wretched steed with the last energies of his sinking life.

In an hour he had begun to grow dizzy, and the blackened earth swam round and round, and

tossed him to and fro! Now strange noises were around him, and in the wavy moments of consciousness, he could catch glimpses of huge wolves careering about him, who would turn up their fiery eyes to his, and howl at him with red-hot, open mouths, and boiling tongues.

Suddenly his horse rushes down a steep bank, and there was a great splashing. Water! O, how thankful! water! He tumbled from his saddle into the cold, delicious fluid, and the bath at once restored his consciousness, and he saw himself surrounded by thirty or forty prairie wolves, some of whom were swimming in the water after him, while the others sat upon the bank of the small lake he now discovered it to be, and howled fiercely at him.

He struck those which were the nearest with his gun-barrel and beat them off, while he had time to draw his hunting-knife. One of them had seized his passive horse (who stood and drank) and endeavored to pull him down; his head was split by the heavy knife. But those on the bank only howled the louder, and they were answered by hundreds of others, who were swiftly gathering at the well known call to banquet; for these wearied and infernal brutes always collect to follow the course of a prairie fire, and tear the carcasses of those animals that are killed, or to chase and drag down those that, scorched, blind and staggering, are yet alive. The creatures at other times are utterly contemptible for their cowardice, but Jean shuddered when he called to mind their deadly fierceness at such times as these.

The horse, also, now refreshed, gazed round with staring eye-balls upon the crowds that lined the shores. He snorted in affright, and lifted his head with a mournful neigh that seemed the most piteous sound poor Jean had ever heard. He mounted, and after firing his rifle with deliberate aim into the thickest of them, charged through at full speed. They leaped at his feet and attempted to seize his horse's legs; but through them he trampled, and across the prairie flies snorting with terror, and moving with as great speed as if fresh and strong. And away, too, in pursuit, swept the crowd of wolves, now numbering over a hundred; and as Jean glanced his eyes around, they seemed close to his heels. The greater part, particularly those that seemed the most fierce and ravenous, were scorched nearly naked. With the white foam flying from their long red tongues, and their fiery, glaring eyes, they presented the most unearthly terror that ever mortal lived to be chased by.

The appalling conviction that if his horse should fail or give out, they would both be torn

in fragments in an instant, caused him to give all his attention to guiding his steed, for the only hope now lay in him. He soon found that he was gaining, for there is little comparison between the speed of a horse and that of a prairie-wolf, and hope began to rise in his bosom as he sees timber ahead, and he shouted in an ecstasy of joy, for he, at least, can be safe. His horse sees and is inspired too, but they have scarcely reached the timber, when the poor animal gives out, and after a few ineffectual efforts, can only lean against the trunk of a tree and groan with exhaustion. He is tied to one of the lower limbs, while his master ascends the tree and loads his arms in the vain hope of defending him. He ascends higher to look out for the approachers, in the vain hope that they have given up the chase; but there they come, and several large white wolves have joined them now, and his heart sinks as he knows the tameless ferocity of those red-eyed monsters, and feels that his true, his noble horse must die. The poor steed shivers, as he hears their cry, and utters that wailing neigh, as they rush upon him in a body. In a twinkling he's down and torn to atoms. Jean fires upon them; of what avail is it? and the empty halter hangs useless beside the tree.

Now they lie panting around, with their fiery eyes turned up wistfully at him. Whenever he makes a movement, they rise, and leap with eager yells towards him, as if to meet his face. In this dreadfully hopeless position, a grotesque sort of humor suddenly possessed him, and he commenced deliberately firing at the glaring eyeballs of the white wolves, and fairly danced with glee when he saw them tumble over with the shrill death-cry, then the whole pack rush on and tear them into shreds in an instant. In this way, every white wolf that had joined the chase was slain. This sport delighted him so much, that he became careless and commenced falling, and only saved himself by dropping his gun, which they seized and almost tore its stock to pieces before they discovered it was not eatable.

Darkness was coming on, and they seemed not in the least disposed to go; and he felt that he must tumble from the faintness of hunger and fatigue, if he was compelled to stay another hour in that tree without food.

It is a peculiarity worthy of remark that these pieces of timber, or islands, as they appear on the smooth face of the undulating prairies, are nearly always of one sort of tree, and it is very rare to meet with one where there are two sorts. Like the beasts of the forest that herd together according to their kind, so does this wild vegetation preserve itself distinct in its several spe-

cies. One island will be composed of live oaks, another of plum, and a third of pecan trees; the vine only is common to them all, and embraces them all alike with its tenacious but slender branches. They are generally perfectly free from bushes and carpeted with the most beautiful verdure. In this instance, the huge volumes of smoke and flame that had passed so near and only suffered the island to escape from the dampness and luxuriance of the foliage, and from its being situated on the summit of a high knoll, had withered the leaves and crested all with the same sable pall of the smoking prairies around.

In the moments of almost despair, prompted by the pangs of hunger, he began chewing the bitter and smoky bark of the tree on which he had taken refuge, when suddenly, he observed that those surrounding him were loaded with plums now just ripe, and the thought that if he could only pass to the next tree, he might be safe, flashed through his mind.

The distance was scarcely ten feet, and yet to reach it, he must dare the ferocity of the yelling pack below, who, with fiery eyes and ivory teeth laid bare, waited anxiously to tear him in pieces. But Jean was one to whom all expedients were common. He saw to descend were death, and his only safety was in bridging the intervening space; and he immediately commenced cutting off with his stout hunting-knife the top of the tree above him, after first carefully trimming it of all branches.

If he can only succeed in guiding the fall of the pole thus produced, so that one end may lodge firmly on the nearest tree, and thus form a bridge on which to cross, he may yet be saved; and the hope of life grows strong within him. Cut through at length, he sees it tremble—he exerts his feeble strength—it cracks—it slowly moves! O, if it fails, there's no more hope for Jean! It falls, goes crashing through the withered leaves and smoky branches, and catches—moves again—but finally becomes firmly fixed in the opposite tree, while the end just severed (and which he had taken the precaution to firmly fasten with his hunting-belt) is safely secured, and a bridge is formed, on which to cross would require a strong man's arms; but still the weak tired and suffering hunter must dare or die. He seizes the frail support with both his hands and commences passing himself across, while his dangling feet, scarcely a man's height from the ground, seem the mark for an hundred fiends to precipitate themselves against. But their haste is his safety; and in their eagerness and thirst for blood, they hinder each other, and battling, they roll and rage in madness at their failure.

At this moment, as if to seal his fate, the treacherous branch to which he clung with convulsive grasp, began to crack and bend. At such a time, fear in a brave strong man might be excused, and hope grow dim. But for poor Jean there seemed no hope. Even his broad Panama, as if forsaking its master, and influenced by the evening breeze, fell off and was borne away. As his eye glanced after it, his brain grew dizzy, and murmuring a prayer for mercy from Heaven, the faithless tree-top broke and he fell to the ground.

Man's life hangs on a single hair, and oft the destiny of nations turns upon the smallest point, and it was thus with Jean Bragg; and to the simplest accident he owed his life. When his hat blew off, the crowd of wolves pursued, and he had gained the foot of the long-coveted tree before they, apprized by the loud crash of his fall, came rushing on. And need was there of haste, for scarcely had he gained the lowest branches before the merciless leaders of the hideous throng dashed at him, but missing their way so narrowly, that they carried away in their ugly and frightful jaws part of the hunter's clothes. But trembling and breathless, he felt that at least he was safe, and hastened at once to assuage those keen demands of appetite that had so nearly cost him his life; and the small sour fruit, smoked and sodden, seemed to his parched and fevered taste the most delicate of dainties.

Somewhat refreshed and at length satiated, Jean observed for the first time that the sun was just sinking behind clouds of smoke that hovered over the flames now hidden by distance, like the vulture over the track of war and desolation, and the question at once arose in his mind, how was he to pass the night? He knew that if he slept, it was but to fall into the ravenous jaws of demons whose eyeballs he could see glaring around him like globules of fire, shining through the rapidly increasing darkness, and who, with parched lips and snapping teeth, kept watch around. Securely buckling himself to the tree with his belt, he resolved to keep watch, if possible, through the live-long hours of darkness in silence, in hope that, wearied out and despairing of obtaining the morsel so longed for, they would leave him. This very silence induced sleep, and after vainly resisting the overpowering inclination, his eyes imperceptibly closed and he slept.

How long he remained unconscious, he knew not; but visions wild and fanciful chased in dreadful dreams repose away. The scenes of the day came before him, and the horrid acts

seemed acted over again. It seemed to his disordered fancy that a colossal phantom blacker than the darkest night encircled him with its huge sable arm; and the poor hunter shrieked piercingly in the midst of his slumber, for it seemed as if the cold and alimy contact of a tremendous snake were coming upon him, and he writhed and struggled with horrible convulsions in the imaginary grasp of the sable being. And then it appeared as if he were suddenly carried away with appalling rapidity through an atmosphere as black as pitch, and dense as if it were one vast mass of soot. His tongue seemed paralysed, so that he could not give vent to the scream which he wished to send forth as an expression of his agony, when he became aware that the shape of the colossal being was growing every instant more and more terrible. The legs and feet became elongated in the form of a tremendous serpent—the vast mass of moving, loathsome, undulating blackness stretching away to an incalculable distance, till at length it became lost in the soot-like gloom; while its head seemed turned to a multitude of wolves' heads, with gaping mouths and long red tongues, nodding and winking with those fiery eyes, that seemed to burn into his very soul and scorch his very blood with terror.

But suddenly the demon stops, and his sable arms placed the dreamer upon the summit of a pillar shooting up from some unfathomable abyss, and shrieking aloud in tones so like the last loud plaintive neigh of his faithful steed, mixed with the yells of grinning fiends innumerable, that the sounds rang in the hunter's ears for years. The demon relinquished his hold upon his trembling prey, who instantly fell, screaming and shrieking horribly, through the air.

But just as it appeared to the wretched Jean that he was about to be plunged headlong into the bottomless pit, he awoke with so convulsive a start, that the vast tree-trunk shook and quivered as he clung to it in an agony of terror. Then he hung motionless—utterly motionless—for a few moments, striving to collect his scattered thoughts and deduce the conviction that it was all a dream.

But such a dream—the deathbed knows no anguish, and the churchyard has seen no mental misery, more poignant than he had passed through in this phantasy. Still upon his haggard brow stood the big drops of terror, and still was the sense of an awful consternation upon his brain and heart.

At length, when assured that there was nothing of reality in all that he had gone through,



he raised himself only to see the glaring, horrid eyes of the wolves fixed upon him. And there he clung, silent and sleepless, until the rising sun cast its bright, glorious, warming rays over the desolate and charred prairies. They glanced on him, warming his stiffened limbs and kindling within his despairing heart fresh hopes of life, and longings to escape the fate which half an hour before he had almost wished to dare, as a panacea for all his pains. He watched it as it climbed slowly up the vast blue arch until overhead it marked with shortening shadows the hour of noon, and hope again began to wane, as slowly it passed on its way to the golden gates of the west; and the conviction forced itself upon his mind that at last he must surely perish before another sun arose. He had become entirely reckless now, and loaded his pistols, determined, if he must fall, to bring death with him for some more of his ferocious persecutors.

Suddenly he heard a distant yelling on the prairie like that which had sounded so dreadfully behind his flight. The wolves sprang to their feet and with pricked ears, listened. He looked towards the prairie, and could faintly discover a large buffalo bull plunging along over the plain, surrounded by a great herd of wolves, who were tearing him at every jump. He could even hear the low bellowing of the creature's agony—another victim!—and his thirsty guardians started to join the chase. One after one they went, while those who staid behind would turn their heads to look wistfully back at him and whine and lick their dry chops.

When the chase came in sight, off they started in a body with savage yells. He knew he should be safe now if he could get a fire kindled before they returned, if they did so at all. Before they were out of sight, he had reached the ground, and with trembling eagerness proceeded to light a fire with the help of the tinder-box which every ranger carries. He soon had a great blazing fire, and then curtailing a piece from the last wolf killed—for when they started off, he had fired his pistols after them, killing one and breaking the shoulder of another, who kept on yelling with the pack—he proceeded to roast it for food. Having eaten, he felt so much refreshed that he could now proceed to make provision for the night's rest. He gathered a great heap of wood and built a large blazing circle about the spot selected to sleep upon. The wolves came back in about an hour after he had made his arrangements for the night; but he now felt perfectly secure, for though he could see their hungry eyes shining all around, and they kept up a continual howling all night long, he laid himself down and

slept soundly until morning, and when he awoke the wolves were all gone but one or two cranking at the bones of yesterday's feast. He shot one of them and made a breakfast off of it. On picking up his gun, he found that although much torn and gnawed, it could still be used. He now took his course and started towards the settlements, which after a long tramp he reached safely.

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#### PETRIFIED CITY.

The enterprising traveller, Mr. Ritchie, who proceeded, some years since, with an expedition from Tripoli, for the purpose of exploring the interior of Africa, wrote as follows:—"As one of my friends desired me to give him, in writing, an account of what I knew, touching the petrified city, situated seventeen days' journey from Tripoli, by a caravan, to the southeast, and two days' journey south from Onguela, I told him what I had heard from different persons, and particularly from the mouth of one man of credit, who had been on the spot; that is to say, that it was a spacious city, of a round form, having great and small trees therein, furnished with shops with a large castle magnificently built. That he has seen there several sorts of tree, the most part olive and palms, all of stone, and of a blue, or rather lead color. That he saw also figures of men, in postures of exercising their different employments; some holding in their hands staffs, others bread; every one doing something; even women suckling their children, all of stone. That he went into the castle by three different gates, though there were many more; that there were guards at the gates, with pikes and javelins in their hands. In short that he saw in this wonderful city, many sorts of animals, as camels, horses, asses, and sheep, and various birds, all of stone, and of the color above-mentioned."

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#### PLAYING WILLIAM TELL.

In Pittstown, Rensselaer County, N. Y., Horace H. Wadsworth, with his rifle at arm's length at twenty paces, shot a potato from the head of a young man named Crogan. The potato was cut in two, and by the force of the ball a wale as big as a man's finger was raised on Crogan's head, and the poor fellow thought his skull was split, though no blood was drawn nor any real harm done. The truth is, a party in the tavern, somewhat elevated, had been discussing the story of William Tell, and that led to the perilous trial. Crogan says it was the first and last time that he will ever stand as a live illustration of Swiss patriotism.—*Boston Transcript*.

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SHARP WORK.—Professor Gould, in a recent lecture on astronomy, at New Orleans, said, when the great book of Copernicus was being published in 1543, the populace were so exasperated against his new doctrine that they threatened to destroy the printing-office, and "printers set it up with a composing stick in one hand and a gun in the other." They must have had smart compositors in those days. Of course they must have set type with their teeth, both hands being occupied.

## FAREWELL TO THEE, ERIN.

BY WINNY WOODBINE.

Farewell to thee, Erin, thou home of my childhood;  
I've wandered afar 'neath the shade of thy wild-wood,  
I have roamed through thy valleys, thy mountains roved  
o'er,

And now I am leaving thy dearly loved shore.

How oft by the streamlet I've wandered at even,  
To gaze on the glory that shone from the heaven—  
Till my heart, in its loving, deemed the stars ne'er could be  
As bright elsewhere as in Erin, the gem of the sea.

The memories of home softly round me are stealing,  
And moving the waters of love and deep feeling;  
And I sigh for the cot, by the wide spreading wild-wood,  
And the maiden who shared all my griefs in my childhood.

But fate hath ordained that far away I must roam,  
To fight in the behalf of my country and home;  
To battle for freedom; our fair Ireland to save  
From the grasp of the tyrant—or else find a grave.

Far, far o'er the ocean our vessel is flying, [ing;  
I shall view thy fair plains and thy cottages dear;  
And echoes back sadly to our passionate grieving,  
A dirge for the homes and the land we are leaving.

Then fare thee well, Erin, I know not if e'er  
I shall view thy fair plains and thy cottages dear;  
Should I fall in the strife, then my last words shall be  
The name of my Ailene, and a farewell to thee.

## ONE OF A THOUSAND.

BY HOWARD STANHOPE.

"I SAY, she's one of a thousand, my mother.  
Such wit, such loveliness, such vivacity."

"Ah, my son, I fear you have in this instance  
been led away by outside show. Did I not know  
Ellen Varney well, I would not say one word  
against your proposal; but I do know her well.  
She is not the girl to make you a good wife.  
And were she even an excellent girl—which she  
could not be under the circumstances I am about  
to state—you would do wrong in a measure to  
take her for a wife. You know Lucius Warren  
has waited upon her nearly two years; and she  
has always given him encouragement until she  
found you. You are no better than he, but he  
has no money, and you have. Your few thou-  
sand dollars have attracted her. It is no noble  
quality she has detected in you, take my word  
for it."

"You mistake her, mother. She does love  
me, well—and for myself, too; for she has told  
me so in language not to be mistaken. I tell  
you she is one of a thousand."

"But I know her, my son, and I cannot see  
you take an unworthy partner to your bosom

without using all my efforts to save you. Ah,  
you do not yet know how much of your future  
welfare depends upon the wife you shall choose.  
Look upon the home you would have when your  
poor old mother is gone."

"Speak not so, my mother. I cannot bear to  
hear you."

"But, my son, I cannot always remain with  
you. You know that. You have been my only  
care for years. I have loved you well, and I  
know that you have loved me in return, so all my  
cares have been joys, and all my labors for you  
only so many sources of blessedness. But the  
time must come when you will have no mother;  
and then who shall take that mother's place?  
When you are worn and weary with the business  
of the day, who shall give you peace and com-  
fort? Remember, my boy, what you will want  
for a home. It is not a beautiful face, nor is it  
wit and vivacity—though these are worthy  
qualities in a woman who is worthy of them.  
Think calmly of Ellen Varney, and see if you  
can find—I mean not to praise myself, but yet I  
will ask it—can you find the signs of your moth-  
er's home qualities in her?"

"But, mother, you—you are prejudiced. You  
do not like Ellen. You have seen some little  
thing which you did not like, and hence you  
fancy she is not the girl I think she is."

"I have seen some things in her which I did  
not like, Vulcan. I will tell you one, if you will  
listen."

"Tell me."

"Then, only last week I was at her mother's.  
While I was there, a poor blind man came to the  
door and asked for food. He was cold and hun-  
gry, and his limbs were weak and tremulous.  
The servant-girl had gone out, and there was no  
fire in the kitchen. The only fire in the house,  
was in their little, back sitting-room. Ellen at  
first objected to admitting the old man to the  
house, though she thought he might have some  
food out of doors. But her mother saw my look,  
and she admitted him. I proposed having him  
come into the sitting-room where he could warm  
himself, but Ellen came nigh going into parox-  
ysms at the bare idea. She said she could not  
remain in the room with such a 'horrid creature!'  
And so the poor, shivering old man was forced  
to sit down in the cold kitchen and eat. The  
door was left ajar at the suggestion of Ellen,  
who feared that the 'old wretch,' as she termed  
him, might steal something. In a few moments  
the old man's dog came into the sitting-room,  
and crawling up to where Ellen sat, he wagged  
his tail and whined imploringly. He either  
wanted food or drink. She started up and gave

him a kick that sent him crying away to his master. The noble brute had led his poor blind owner over the earth when all other friends had forsaken him. And this was the treatment the noble animal received at Ellen Varney's hands. I was sick at heart when I came away; but I came not until I had bade the old man follow me. That was the man who remained here two nights, and in whose conversation we found so much pleasure and profit."

"But Ellen—a—has very sensitive feelings, I know. Her nerves are not strong," returned the son, somewhat perplexed.

"And is such the woman for the wife of one who wants love and care through all the dark hours of a lifetime? Suppose you were sometime to be struck blind?"

"O, mother, you wrong Ellen, now. Whom she loved she would protect and care for."

"I don't know, my son. I fear, were you to become maimed in body, now, she would leave you at once."

"There, now I know you are prejudiced, or you would not have spoken those words. I know you do not understand Ellen."

"I will say no more, Vulcain. I have only spoken for your good, for I fear you do not fully realize the vast importance of the choice you are to make for a wife. You know what HOME is; and remember that all of your future home on earth will depend upon the character of the wife. One word more, my son: Poor Julia Lawrence loves you truly and well. You should not have turned from her."

"But I never, never, gave Julia any hopes of being my wife. If she loves me, how can I help it? She is not the girl that Ellen is. I tell you, Ellen is one of a thousand. She loves me, and I love her."

"Very well, my child; I only hope that ere your fate is irrevocably fixed, you may know exactly how much Ellen Varney loves you."

After this the son went to attend to important business, and the mother was left alone.

Vulcain St. Egbert was twenty-two years of age, and was just upon the point of going into business. His father had come over from France, at the accession of Louis XVIII. He had loved Napoleon, and when the mighty hero was banished to Elba, the elder St. Egbert came to America, and here his only child was born. When the father died, he left his widow, in keeping for his son, ten thousand dollars, also leaving the same amount for her use and comfort. Vulcain was then only ten years of age, and since then, his mother had kept him at school at her own expense, being resolved that when he

came of age he should have his patrimony untouched for such business as he might select to prosecute.

And now Vulcain was going into business. Under the careful superintendence of his mother, the ten thousand dollars had more than doubled, and he was now able to buy out one of the most extensive business places in the town. An old man had grown gray, and accumulated a fortune, in his store, and he now sold out to Vulcain St. Egbert. But none in the town, save the youth and his mother, and the old merchant and his attorney, knew the extent of Vulcain's wealth. Those who knew him, knew that he had considerable, but they knew not how much.

Not far from where Vulcain lived, resided a poor widow who had an only child—a Mrs. Lawrence, who supported herself by hard labor, though of late years her child had been of much assistance to her. Julia Lawrence was nineteen, and though not so fair and beautiful as some, yet she was a lovely and loving girl. She possessed a noble look—a soft, winning nobleness—and it required acquaintance to develop all her beauty. She had been a schoolmate and playmate of Vulcain, and she loved him for his noble qualities of heart and soul. And once Vulcain had loved her; but as he came nigh to his commencement of business, and it became known that he had considerable money, people began to court his favors. Among this class were Mrs. Varney and her daughter Ellen. The latter had a quick, flashing wit, the transitory brightness of which hid its shallowness. And she had some outward beauty, too. Her mother had commenced the onset—for it had been calmly planned that the young man should be caught and secured. She commenced the work by very adroitly leading Vulcain's mind astray. To this end she brought the whole force of her social powers to bear, and gradually she made him feel that by associating with poor people, he was losing his influence in society. This point was not presented bare and unrelieved, for had it been, Vulcain's soul would have scorned the idea; but the way was curiously paved for it, and it came upon him unawares. He was caught and ensnared, and Ellen's influence she thought complete. Vulcain knew not how Julia Lawrence wept all alone in her chamber, for he knew not how truly she had loved him. Ah, he knew not his own heart. It was in a state of fusion, caught and bound by elements not congenial with his nature, and living upon the ideal alone.

It was on the first of January when Vulcain concluded the bargain with Mr. Forbes, the man of whom he was to buy. He paid down seven-

teen thousand dollars in cash, and the store with all its contents was his. That evening he came home and held a long consultation with his mother, upon a simple subject that he had held in contemplation for some time; and in the end, she agreed with his opinion.

"And now," said the mother, after this matter was disposed of, "I suppose in the coming spring you mean to take a wife."

"I think of it," replied Vulcain.

"And are you still determined to make Ellen Varney your partner?"

"Of course."

"I wish you could know her better, my son."

"I know her well enough. I have made myself acquainted with her character, and I like it. And then her station in society is good."

"Ah, Vulcain, there is the rock upon which your bark may founder. Station in society is of much importance, I will admit, but stand up now, like a man as you are—stand up before me—look me in the eye—and then tell me if you want a wife to give you station in society! You want an honest, noble-hearted, pure-souled wife, and then, be she plebeian or patrician, her station will be with your own. You forget your own honor when you allow such a thought to enter your mind. You are what the world calls handsome—your features are noble, your hair is dark, glossy, and curling, and hence has Ellen——"

"Stop, my mother; you do not surely know Ellen Varney. I tell you she is one of a thousand."

"No, Vulcain, it is you who know her not. You have only seen her when she was prepared for your reception. I have been intimate in the family, and I know all her domestic qualities. O, my son, not for worlds would I thus speak of Ellen Varney, were it not that your whole future of earthly happiness is dependant upon your choice here. But we will say no more about it now. Seal not your vows with her until you have studied her character more carefully."

"Vulcain was perplexed, but he knew that his mother meant only for his good, and he was not offended. On the next morning he started for the city, where he was going to purchase goods, and Mr. Forbes accompanied him, partly to settle up his own affairs, and partly to introduce his youthful successor to the merchants of the metropolis. He was to be gone a week. On the fourth day of his absence, his mother received a letter from him, in which he stated that he had not quite money enough with him to do as he wished to do, and asking her to send him five hundred dollars. She did so, at once, and wrote a fond letter in reply.

That evening Mrs. St. Egbert called in upon Mrs. Varney. She found the mother and daughter both at home, and she was kindly welcomed.

"Have you heard from Vulcain, since he left?" asked Mrs. Varney, after various other topics had been touched upon.

"Yes, I received a letter from him to-day," replied Mrs. St. Egbert, in a low, sad tone.

"When is he going to buy Forbes out?" continued Mrs. Varney, not seeming to notice the tone of the answer she had just received.

"Well, they had some talk on the subject the day before my son went away. I think if Vulcain should look over his account, he would find himself—well, perhaps he will have to work diligently. A month ago he felt sure he had a number of thousand dollars, but from the tone of his letter, to-day, I am sure he finds himself with not so much money as he needed. However, he has found a good friend who can furnish him with a little. But I care not so much about that. I see by the same letter that he has lost one of his eyes!"

"Lost an eye!" gasped Ellen. "You don't mean so!"

"He has, Ellen—lost it entirely. But he has one good one left which he can use."

"O, mercy!" cried the affrighted girl, "how horribly he must look with only one eye. O, I never could bear the sight of a one-eyed man. That dreadful socket—all shrunk away and hollow! How did he lose it?"

"He didn't write me how. But then it will not hurt him for business."

"O, how dreadfully, dread-fully, he must look!" murmured Ellen, spasmodically. "And he hasn't so much money as he thought he had?"

"No. He must have been spending money lately—he must have spent a great deal; I am sure of it. But I care not for that. He is young and healthy, and business is before him."

"But only one eye! But he can have a glass one put in."

"And that would be impossible. The nature of the loss is such that art cannot do anything for it."

"How dreadful he must look!" repeated Ellen, shuddering.

"And do you suppose it hurt him any?" said Mrs. St. Egbert, severely.

"O, it must have hurt him. But what is that compared with the looks of the thing?"

"And what are simple looks, compared with the loss?"

After this the conversation was dull and unpleasant, and ere long Mrs. St. Egbert took her leave. Two days after that her son came home,

and on that very evening a servant came from Mrs. Varney's with a note for Vulcan. The young man recognized Ellen's hand, and he opened the missive eagerly. It read as follows :

"TO VULCAIN ST. EGBERT. *Dear Sir,*—However painful it must be for me to pen these lines, still duty bids me do it. If there has been in your bosom any thoughts of a union between us other than that of common friendship, I hope you will banish it from this time. I sincerely pity you in your misfortune, but more than that I cannot do. I cannot unite myself for life to a man whose very face would make me shudder, every time I looked at it.

"Yours very respectfully, ELLEN VARNEY."

The young man read the missive through twice, and then he handed it to his mother.

"In mercy's name, what does she mean?" he uttered.

His mother read the note, and she smiled as she laid it down.

"What do you think of it, my son?"

"Think? Why—I know not what to think. You know something of it. Now what is it? Tell me."

"But first answer me, my son. What kind of love can the girl have felt for you who wrote this note? Answer me?"

"But I first must know what she thinks, and then I may answer."

"Well—she thinks you have lost one of your eyes, and that a glass one cannot be put in its place. And she also thinks that you have not so much money as you thought you had."

"But how should she have thought this?"

"Why, I must confess that I am at the bottom of it. I was in there on the evening after I received your letter, and upon their asking after you, I told them I saw by your letter that you had lost one of your eyes, and the only feeling Ellen expressed was horror at the thought of how you would look. They also asked me if, or when, you were going to buy Forbes out. I did not tell them that the thing was already done, but I told them I thought, if you were to look over your money, you would not find so much as you thought you had a month ago. I also told them you had to borrow some to get through in Boston; and also that I thought you had been spending much money very recently. All of which, you know, is strictly true. And if, in the result, I meant to deceive, the end must justify the means, for in no other earthly way could I have shown you Ellen's true character."

The youth bowed his head in silent thought, and for half an hour he spoke not a word. During that time a new spirit seemed to spring to life within him. His thoughts wandered away

to the lowly widow's cot, and he knew that beneath that roof was one who loved him. The assurance was not such an assurance as he had had of Ellen's love—it was a calm, solemn truth which his soul embraced without a lingering doubt.

"We will speak of this in the morning," he at length said, and then he retired.

When he came down to breakfast his face was lighted up by a look of calm, self-satisfied joy.

"My mother," he said, taking her hand, "forgive me for the doubts I have held of your judgment. Half of this long night have I laid awake and pondered upon the subject we have conversed so much upon of late. I can only say now that Ellen Varney is not what I could have wished. The woman who can fling away a loved object for so slight a cause is not surely the companion for a lifetime. She could not have loved me for what there was good or true in me. It cost me a pang last night—a torturing one—but it is past now. I must away to business early this morning, but we will converse further upon the subject this evening."

\* \* \* \* \*

"My dear Mr. Forbes," said Mrs. Varney, meeting that gentleman in the street—Ellen was with her—"so it seems that young St. Egbert will not purchase your store, after all?"

"No—don't think he will, madam," replied the blunt old man.

"So I was informed. Poor youth! He must have spent a great deal of money lately."

"Yes—I think he must. He paid me seventeen thousand dollars in cash about a week ago."

"What? Paid you—seventeen thousand—A—But—"

"He bought my store, madam, over a week ago, and is now sole owner," said the old man, while Mrs. Varney was stammering.

"But I was told that he had to borrow money to—"

"Ah, yes. After having paid away twenty-three thousand dollars of his own, he wrote up to his mother for a few hundred, which she sent him, he being determined to buy for cash."

The scheming mother and daughter went home with a peculiarly annoying little insect in each ear.

Very soon the old sign came down from the great brick store, and a new one went up in its place, with the name—"VULCAIN ST. EGBERT."

\* \* \* \* \*

"Mrs. St. Egbert, how could you tell me such a falsehood?" Mrs. Varney indignantly asked, as she met the former lady for the first time after the interview last alluded to between them. It

was in front of St. Egbert's store they met, and Ellen was present.

"Surely," returned Mrs. St. Egbert, calmly, "I told you nothing untrue."

"Did you not inform us that your son had lost one of his eyes?"

"Yes—I believe I did," answered the lady, with a smile. "I told you I saw by my son's letter that he had lost an—eye. If you will look at his sign you will see what I meant. Don't you see—he spells his name now 'V-u-l-c-a-n,' having left out the i. Before going into business he resolved to adopt the English method of spelling the Christian name. He conferred with me, and I advised him to do it. Don't you think it sounds better? or, at any rate, that it looks better?"

"But—but—you surely meant for us to understand differently, for you spoke of his having one eye left."

"Ah—yes—I remember. I said he had one left which he *could* use. I meant that if he clung to the i, he could have it for use by spelling out his whole name—*Saint* Egbert. Don't you see?"

The indignant schemer was upon the point of giving vent to some very severe rebuke, but the approach of a third party prevented it—and they separated.

Not many days after this Vulcan St. Egbert visited at the Widow Lawrence's. Julia found it hard to compose herself, but she succeeded in doing it, and at length she conversed freely. The young man was astonished at the thought that now presented itself. Once he had preferred Ellen Varney to this noble, lovely being! But his eyes were open now, and so was his heart; and ere he left the widow's cot that night he held not a thought of love which Julia did not know. She wept, for she could not help it, but her tears were gentle dews, distilled of heaven, giving new life to the once blighted bud, and causing it to blossom as the full rose.

Years have passed since then, and many—many times, has Vulcan St. Egbert blessed the hour that led his heart back to the widow's cot; and now he can truly say, as he holds his wife to his bosom—"Thou art one of a thousand."

And Julia often answers—

"And the rest of the thousand can be easily found by those who can distinguish the false from the real. Noble women are plenty in our land."

He that never suffered extreme adversity, knows not the full extent of his own depravation; and he that has never enjoyed the summit of prosperity, is equally ignorant how far the iniquity of others can go. For our adversity will excite temptations in ourselves, our prosperity in others.

## SAMUEL ROGERS'S TABLE

What a treat it must have been with Samuel Rogers, and hear his personal reminiscences of the great warriors, poets, statesmen, artists, actors, and beautiful women of eighty years ago, the most stirring and Augustan of the world's modern history! The memory of his contemporaries has preserved some of his anecdotes, and here are a few of them. They illustrate the social atmosphere that surrounded the poet.

"I saw Garrick act only once—the part of *Ranger*, in the 'Suspicious Husband.' I remember that there was a great crowd, and that we waited long in a dark passage of the theatre, on our way to the pit. I was then a little boy. My father had promised to take me to see Garrick in *Leaz*, but a fit of the mumps kept me at home. Before his going abroad, Garrick's attraction had much decreased; Sir William Weller Pepys said that the pit was often almost empty. But, on his return to England, people were mad about seeing him; and Sir George Beaumont and several others used frequently to get admission into the pit before the doors were opened to the public, by means of bribing the attendants, who bade them 'be sure, as soon as the crowd rushed in, to pretend to be in a great heat, and to wipe their faces, as if they had just been struggling for entrance.'"  
"Boddington had a wretchedly bad memory; and in order to improve it, he attended Feinagle's lectures on the Art of Memory. Soon after, somebody asked Boddington the name of the lecturer, and for his life, he could not recollect it."  
"John Kemble was often amusing when he had had a good deal of wine. He and two friends were returning to town in an open carriage from the Priory (Lord Abercorn's), where they had dined; and as they were waiting for change at a toll-gate, Kemble, to the amazement of the toll keeper, called out in the tone of Bolla, 'We seek no change; and, least of all, such change as he would bring us.' When Kemble was living at Lausanne, he used to feel rather jealous of Mont Blanc; he disliked to hear people always asking, 'How does Mont Blanc look this morning?'"  
"I once dined with Curran in the public room of the chief inn at Greenwich, when he talked a great deal, and, as usual, with considerable exaggeration. Speaking of something which he would not do on any inducement, he exclaimed, vehemently, 'I would rather be hanged upon twenty gibbets.' 'Don't you think, sir, that one would be enough for you?' said a girl, a stranger, who was sitting at a table next to us. I wish you could have seen Curran's face. He was absolutely confounded—struck dumb."  
"Lord Nelson was a remarkably kind-hearted man. I have seen him spin a teetotum with his one hand, a whole evening, for the amusement of some children. I heard him once during dinner utter many bitter complaints (which Lady Hamilton vainly attempted to check) of the way he had been treated at court that forenoon—the queen had not condescended to take the slightest notice of him. In truth, Nelson was hated at court; they were jealous of his fame."

## LINES TO AN ABSENT FRIEND.

BY MARY DELL.

'Tis cold without, the snow is drifted round,  
The icicles are thick on every tree,  
And in my heart a kindred gloom abounds,  
For where thou art not winter reigns for me.

How strong the love that binds the heart to heart,  
Not like "the fading fancy of the hour,"  
It holds us bondmen under sorrow's smart,  
In joy or woe obedient to its power.

How prized the memory of kindly deeds,  
And friendship's tokens, are they not most dear?  
And, when afar, the lonely heart still feeds  
On thoughts of what was when our friends were near.

Ah! 'tis a troubled sleep the exile knows,  
Broken by dreams, and fancies born of love,  
Rough is the mountain, deep the stream that flows,  
Whene'er in sleep we chase our heart's lost dove.

We never hear a kind and tender word,  
But it will call to mind a friend most dear;  
And the sweet echo to a voice once heard,  
In every gentle tone we seem to hear.

## THE ART OF SLEEPING.

BY THE OLD 'UN.

POOR Sancho Panza has been immeasurably laughed at for his exclamation, "Blessings on the man who first invented sleep!" but we fancy that we shall be able to prove that his expression was perfectly correct, and that the pursuit of sleep under difficulties is an art and science, requiring talent and cultivation for success. But this we cannot well do without resorting to our old trick of story-telling.

Some dozen years since, while sojourning at Williamsburg, we went one glorious summer evening to Niblo's Garden to witness a French vaudeville company from New Orleans. The weather was as fine as a night at Naples; the moon rose without a cloud; the air was tropical, and suggestive of the necessity of white pantaloons and vest. The play was a very attractive one, and the performances long—extending, in fact, into the morning. When the "school was dismissed," the weather had become threatening; but not, as we thought, immediately betokening a storm; so we set out to foot it down Grand Street to the ferry. About half way down, a sudden thunder storm, accompanied by a perfect deluge of rain, broke over the devoted streets. An awning and a doorway afforded us temporary shelter till there was a lull in the peltings of the pitiless storm.

Between drops, as it were, we finally made our way to the ferry-house, where no lantern was displayed, and where two ruffianly proprietors of a leaky boat assured us that their craft—they, themselves, looked in the dim light very much like river-pirates—was the only conveyance for crossing the stream, and offered to ferry us over for the modest sum of ten dollars. Liking neither the men nor their terms, we concluded to take lodgings at some hotel in the city; but in all Grand Street, and in all Broadway, there was none open. The "All Nations," which we occasionally patronized, because it commanded a pleasant view of Trinity churchyard, was hermetically sealed, and though we used up our walking-stick, and a cane we borrowed of a benevolent watchman, in seeking to make an impression on the auditorium of the porter, we were compelled to relinquish the attempt. Wet, tired, sleepy, the pleasant prospect before us was that of walking the streets till morning. Diving down a by-street, a light in a window attracted us, and we entered a low-browed room, with a sanded floor, and benches ranged around it; a sort of parcel eating-house, parcel bar-room and parcel variety store. We were compelled to seek its shelter, uninviting as it was, by the rain, which descended in furious torrents just as we reached the door. The proprietor of the establishment, a venerable individual in a green baize jacket, sold at his counter liquors of all kinds, and cigars of every villainous flavor, Coney Island clams, Blue Point oysters, cakes, marbles, candy, knitting needles, ice cream, fine-tooth combs, castor oil, soap, sassafras, India rubber, musk-melons, dried codfish and snuff. Selecting from this assortment half a dozen of the least ambiguous cakes, to authorize us to a seat for a few moments, we looked around us.

A seedier set of individuals than those who rested on the surrounding benches our eyes never beheld. They seemed to be clad in the refuse of a Rag Fair; a Parisian *chiffonier* would have disdained to wear any of their garments. With arms folded, legs crossed, and hats and caps pulled down over their brows, they were all in attitudes of profound repose, with the exception of one foot, which each of these singular figures kept in perpetual motion, up and down, sideways or semicircularly. A sandy-haired waiter, evidently a London cockney, kept perambulating the room like a sentinel, holding a little rattan in his hand. We watched his motions narrowly, and observed that when one of the loafers ceased to agitate his foot, he received a sharp cut from the rattan across the toe, with the admonition of "Wake up, Mr. Ferguson—you can't sleep 'ere!"

One of the wretched men, whose foot did not exhibit the required vitality, even after receiving the admonitory cut, was seized by the collar by the waiter, dragged from his seat, and unceremoniously ejected into the street. This awful example, which created an unwonted disturbance, roused every individual in the room to unusual activity. Each one seemed anxious to prove his wakefulness by coughing, whistling, or scuffling on the floor. The waiter, after grimly surveying the same with a smile of satanic satisfaction, condescended to sit down by us and address us a few words.

"A rum set of customers, mister!" was his opening remark.

"You mean they come here for rum."

"They buys just one glass apiece," said he; "cost's 'em three-pence, and that gives them the freedom of the room—just as your cakes does yourn."

"Ah!"

"But, 'cordin' to the reg'lations of the guv'n'r yonder, ve don't allow no sleepin' on the premises. The werry moment ve detex von hasleep, hout 'e goes—just as hi served that 'ere chap just now. They haint got no other place to sleep in, 'cept the streets, and there the police stirs 'em up continually; so you see they larns 'ow to behave themselves."

"Well, they're all wide awake now," said we.

"Never you think it, mister," said the waiter.

"Ah! they're the downiest, owdaciousset set of scamps you ever see. They've larned to wiggle their feet while they're fast as a top. Long as they keep a teetering their toes, they're safe. Hullo there, old Blue Cap! wake up, or I'll be arter you with the sharpest kind of a stick."

The admonished individual stirred uneasily, and began to whistle "Dandy Jim."

"That 'ere covey's the downiest of all," said the waiter, half admiringly. "I'm blessed if he haint larned to whistle 'Ginger Blue' ven he's as fast as the Seven Sleepers. But ve've put a stop to 'Ginger Blue,' and now he's larnin' smother tune. Ve 'as to vatch 'im werry narrowly, and ve allers detex 'im by a kinder 'uski-ness in the demi-semiquavers. I gets 'alf a dollar a week hextra on account of my musical hear. Hullo! there's a false note! Confound the feller! 'E's hasleep agin. Wake up, Mr. Ferguson!"

Having seen a new chapter of human nature, and the weather having cleared up, we bade adieu to the establishment, and sallied forth once more in pursuit of a lodging. Fortunately, the City Hotel was open.

"Got a spare bed?"

"Yes'sr—cords on 'em."

The way we sunk into that bed—the way we slept—the way we didn't hear the breakfast-gong, and the roar of the imperial city waking up at daybreak—is nobody's business but ours. We never slept sounder, and never, on awaking, and on recalling the scene of the past night, had a more vivid impression of the profundity of Sancho Panza's philosophy.

#### A REMARKABLE CLIMATE.

The climate of the Khasia mountains, which lie northeast from Calcutta, and are separated by the valley of the Burrampooter River from the Himalaya range, is remarkable for the inordinate fall of rain—the greatest it is said, which has ever been recorded. Mr. Yule, an English gentleman, established the fact that in the single month of August, 1841, there fell 264 inches of rain, or twenty-two feet, of which *twelve and a half feet* fell in the space of *five consecutive days*. This astonishing fact is confirmed by two other English travellers, who measured thirty inches of rain in twenty-four hours, and during seven months above five hundred inches. This terrific rain fall is attributed to the abruptness of the mountains which face the Bay of Bengal, and the intervening flat swamps two hundred miles in extent. The district of the excessive rain is extremely limited, and but a few degrees further west rain is said to be almost unknown, and the winter falls of snow to seldom exceed two inches. —*Boston Atlas*.

#### AN AMUSING MISTAKE.

A gentleman of Dount was going out in his carriage to make some calls with his wife, when he discovered that he had left his visiting cards. He ordered his footman, recently come into his service, to go to the mantelpiece in his sitting-room, and bring the cards he should see there. The servant did as he was ordered, retained the articles to be used as he was directed, and off started the gentleman, sending in the footman with cards wherever the "not at home" occurred. As these were very numerous, he turned to his servant with the question—"How many cards have you left?" "Well, sir," says the footman, very innocently, "there's the king of spades, the six of hearts and the ace of clubs!" "The deuce!" exclaimed his master. "That's gone," said John.—*New York Mirror*.

#### SCHOOL LESSON.

"Napoleon Alexis Dobbs, come up here and say your lesson. What makes boys grow?"

"It is the rain, sir."

"Why do not men grow?"

"Because they carry an umbrella, which keeps off the rain."

"What makes a young man and woman fall in love?"

"Because one of 'em has a heart of steel, and t'other has a heart of flint; and when they come together, they strike fire, and that is love."

"That's right. Now you may go and plague the gals." So says Simon.



## MY EDEN HOME.

BY ESTHER B. STRATTON.

Has earth a dearer spot than this?  
 A home more bright with happiness?  
 More watched a nest?  
 Where every object seeds a charm  
 Of sweet, wild harmonies, that calm  
 The soul's unrest?

Where every white-robed image seems,  
 Like genii strayed from poetry's dreams,  
 To guard from wrong—  
 Where every hour the moments bring,  
 Slips, like a fly on silver wing,  
 Gaily along.

Where every song our birdie tells,  
 Like angel-echo, floats and swells  
 With hallowed trill—  
 And every gift with thought is wove,  
 Of him who shares this home of love,  
 And shields from ill.

O, earth holds not so blest a home  
 As this, where two souls blend in one,  
 So truly woven!  
 My Eden home! God grant its light  
 Be ever holy, ever bright—  
 A type of heaven.

## THE HUNDRED DOLLAR BILL.

BY ANSON B. CLIFFORD.

MR. JOHN SOMERS was a merchant, doing business in a thriving country village. He had two clerks in his employ, both of them faithful and industrious, but with some difference in minor points of character. Peter White was twenty-two years of age, the child of a now widowed mother, and in his choice of a profession he had only been governed by the desire to yield to his mother and self the surest means of honest support. Walter Sturgis was of the same age, and equally as honest, but he paid more attention to the outward appearance of things, than did his companion. For instance, it galled him to be obliged to put on his frock and overalls, and help pack up pork, potatoes, and so on; while Peter cared not what he did so long as his master required it, and it was honest.

One day Mr. Somers called the two young men into his counting-room and closed the door after them. His countenance looked troubled, and it was some moments before he spoke.

"Boys," he said, at length, "I have been doing a very foolish thing. I have lent my name to those I thought my friends, and they have ruined me. I gave them accommodation notes, and they promised solemnly that these notes should not pass from their hands save to such

men as I might accept. Of course I took their notes in exchange. They have now failed and cleared out, and have left my paper in the market to the amount of seven thousand dollars. I may arise again, but I must give up my business. Everything in the store is attached, and I am left utterly powerless to do business now. I have looked over your accounts, and I find that I owe you about a hundred dollars each. Now I have just one hundred dollars in money, and the small piece of land on the side of the hill just back of the town-house. There are four acres of this land, and I have been offered a hundred dollars for it, repeatedly, by those who have land adjoining. I feared this blow, which has come upon me, and I conveyed this land to my brother; so now he can convey it to whom he pleases. Now I wish you would make your choice. If I could pay you both in money I would, but as I cannot, one of you must take this land. What say you? You, Walter, have been with me the longest, and you shall say first."

Walter Sturgis hesitated some moments, and he said:

"I'm sure I don't want the land, unless I could sell it right off."

"Ah, but that won't do," returned Mr. Somers. "If you take the land you must keep it. Were you to sell it, my creditors would say at once that you did it for me, and that I pocketed the money."

"Then I am willing to divide the hundred dollars with Peter, for if I had the land I should do nothing with it."

"O, you need not divide the money, for I can easily raise the hundred dollars on the land. My brother will do that. But I imagined that you would prefer the land, for I knew the soil was good, though quite rocky. However, what say you, Peter?"

"Why, I will take the land," returned Peter, "or I will divide equally with Walter—each of us take half the money and half the land."

"But what should I want with the land?" said Walter. "I could not work on it, I—I—should hardly like to descend from a clerkship to digging and delving in a blue frock and cow-hide boots."

"Then it is easily settled," rejoined Peter, "for I should prefer the land."

Walter was pleased with this, and before night he had the hundred-dollar bill in his pocket, and Peter had the warrantee deed of the four acres of land upon the hillside. Both the young men belonged in the village, and had always lived there. It was only five miles from the city, and of course many city fashions were prevalent

there. It was under the influence of this fashion that Walter Sturgis refused to have anything to do with the land.

Times were dull, and business was slack, even though it was early spring. Peter White's first object, after having got the deed of his land, was to hunt up some kind of work. Had he been a mechanic he might have found some place, but he knew no trade except that of salesman and book-keeping. A whole week he searched in vain for employment, but at the end of that time he found an old farmer who wanted a hand, though he could not afford to pay much. But Peter, finally, and with the advice of Mr. Somers, made an arrangement of this kind: He would work for the old farmer (Mr. Stevens) steadily until the ground was open, and then he should have half the time to devote upon his own land, and in part payment for his services, Stevens was to help about all the ox work that the youth might need. Next Peter went to the hotel, where there was quite a stable, and engaged a hundred loads of manure, the landlord promising to take his pay in produce when harvest time came. So Peter White put on a blue frock and cowhide boots, and went to work for Farmer Stevens.

In the meantime Walter Sturgis had been to the city to try to find a situation in some store, but he came back bootless. He was surprised when he met Peter driving an ox team through the village. At first he could hardly believe his own eyes. Could it be possible that that was Peter White, in that blue frock, and those coarse boots? On the next day a relation from the city came to visit Walter. The two walked out, and during the day Walter saw Peter coming towards them with his team. He was hauling lumber which Mr. Stevens had been getting out during the winter. Walter saw how coarse and humble his quondam clerk-mate looked, and he knew that Peter would hail him if they met; so he caught his companion by the arm and dodged into a by-lane. Peter saw the movement, and he understood it, but he only smiled. By-and-by the snow was all gone from the hillside. The wintry garb was removed from that spot some time before it left other places, for Peter's lot lay on the southern slope of the hill, and thus had all the advantages of the warm sun all day without any of the cold north and east winds. The youth found his land very rocky, but none of them were permanent; so his first move was to get off some of these obstructions, and as Mr. Stevens's land was not yet clear from snow, he was able to give his young workman considerable assistance. They took two yokes of

oxen, and two drags, and went at it, and in just five days every rock was at the foot of the slope, and made into a good stone wall. Peter then hauled on his hundred loads of manure, which he had for seventy-five dollars, and part of it he plowed in, and part he saved for top-dressing.

Peter now worked early and late, and much of the time he had help. Mr. Stevens was surprised at the richness of the soil, but there was reason for it. At the top of the hill there was a huge ledge, and the rocks which had encumbered the hillside must, at some former period, have come tumbling down from the ledge; and these rocks, laying there for ages, perhaps, and covering nearly half the surface of the ground, had served to keep the soil moist and mellow. The first thing Peter planted, was about a quarter of an acre of water melons. He then got in some early garden sauce—such as potatoes, sweet corn, peas, beans, radishes, cucumbers, tomatoes and so on. And he got his whole piece worked up and planted before Stevens's farm was free from snow. People stopped in the road and gazed upon the hillside in wonder. Why had that spot never been used before? For forty years it had been used as a sheep pasture, the rocks having forbidden all thoughts of cultivating it. But how admirably it was situated for early tilling; and how rich the soil must have been, with sheep running over it so long. An adjoining hill shut off the east winds, and the hill itself gave its back to the chill north.

Peter had planted an acre of corn, an acre of potatoes, and the rest he had divided among all sorts of produce. Then he went to work for Stevens again, and in a few weeks he had more than paid for all the labor he had been obliged to hire on his own land.

In the meantime, again, Walter Sturgis had been looking after employment. His hundred dollars were used up to the last penny, and just then he accepted a place in one of the stores in the village, at a salary of three hundred dollars a year. He still wondered how Peter White could content himself in such business. Peter used to be invited to all the little parties when he was a clerk, but he was not invited now. Walter Sturgis went to these parties, and he was highly edified by them. Also, when Peter was a clerk, there were several young and handsome damsels who loved to bask in the sunlight of his smiles, and one of them he fancied he loved. After he had got his hillside planted, he went to see Cordelia Henderson, and he asked her if she would become his wife at some future period when he was prepared to take such an article to his home. She told him she would think of it and let him know

by letter. Three days afterwards he received a letter from her, in which she stated that she could not think of uniting her destinies with a man who could only delve in the earth for a livelihood. Peter shed a few tears over the unexpected note, and then he reasoned on the subject, and finally blessed his fate, for he was sure that such a girl was not what he needed for a wife.

When the first of July came, Peter reckoned up his accounts, and he found that Mr. Stevens was owing him just two dollars, and all he owed in the world was the seventy-five dollars for manure. On the third day of July he carried to the hotel, ten dollars worth of green peas, beans, and radishes; and in three days afterwards he carried to the city twenty-eight dollars worth. Towards the end of the month he had sold one hundred and thirty dollars worth of early potatoes, peas, beans, etc. Then he had early corn enough to bring him fifteen dollars more. Ere long his melons were ripe, a dealer in the city had engaged them all. He had six hundred fair melons for which he received fourteen cents apiece by the lot, making eighty-four dollars for the whole.

During the whole summer, Peter was kept busy in attending to the gathering and selling of the products of his hillside. He helped Mr. Stevens in haying, and about some other matters—enough so that he could have some help when he wanted it. When the last harvesting came, he gathered in seventy-eight bushels of corn, and four hundred bushels of potatoes, besides turnips, squashes, pumpkins, etc., and eighteen bushels of white beans.

On the first day of November, Peter White sat down and reckoned up the proceeds of his land, and he found that the piece had yielded him just five hundred and five dollars, and besides this he had corn, potatoes, beans and vegetables enough for his own consumption. That winter he worked for Mr. Stevens at getting out lumber for twenty-five dollars per month; and when spring came, he was ready to go at his land again.

In the meantime, Walter Sturgis had worked a year at a fashionable calling for three hundred dollars, and at the end of the term he was the absolute owner of just two dollars.

"Say, Peter, you aren't going to work on that land of yours another season, are you?" asked Walter, as the two met in the street one evening.

"To be sure I am," was the response.

"But here's Simonds wants a clerk, and I told him I guessed you would be glad to come."

"What will he pay?"

"Three hundred."

"Ah, Walter I can make more than that from my land."

Sturgis opened his eyes in astonishment.

"You're joking," he said.

"No, sir. I received five hundred and five dollars in money last season. Seventy-five of that went for manure; but some of that manure is now on hand, as I found the land so rich last year as not to need much over half of it. This season I shall have two hundred dollars worth of strawberries, if nothing happens unusual."

"And you don't have to work any winters to do this?"

"No, four months labor is about all I can lay out to advantage on it."

Walter went to his store, and during the rest of the evening he wondered how it was that some folks had such luck.

During the second season Peter had experience for a guide, and he filled up many gaps that he left open the year before. His strawberries turned out better than he had anticipated, and he made a better arrangement for his melons. And then from all that land whereon he planted his early peas, etc., he obtained a second crop of much value. It was but one hour's drive into the city, and he always obtained the highest prices, for he brought the earliest vegetables in the market.

On the first of the next November he had cleared seven hundred dollars for the season over and above all expenses.

One morning, after the crops were all in, Peter found a man walking about over the land, and as the young man came up the stranger asked him who owned the hillside.

"It is mine, sir," replied Peter.

The man looked about, and then went away, and on the next day he came again with two others. They looked over the place, and they seemed to be dividing it off into small lots. They remained about an hour and then went away. Peter suspected this land was wanted for something. That evening he stopped in at the post-office, and there he heard that a railroad was going to be put through the village as soon as the workmen could be set at it.

On the next morning Peter went out upon his land, and as he reached the upper boundary and turned and looked down, the truth flashed upon him. His hillside had a gentle, easy slope, and the view from any part of it was delightful. A brook ran down through it, from an exhaustless spring up in the ledge, and the locality would be cool and agreeable in summer and warm in winter. At the foot of the hill, to the left, lay a small lake, while the river ran in sight for several miles.

"Of course," soliloquized Peter, "they think

this would make beautiful building spots. And wouldn't it? Curious that I never thought of it before. And then when the railroad comes here, people from the city will want their dwellings here. But this land is valuable. It is worth—let me see:—say six hundred dollars a year. I can easily get eight or nine hundred for what I can raise here, and I know that two hundred dollars will pay me a good round price for all the labor I perform on it. And then when my peach trees grow up, and my strawberry beds increase—Ho—it's more valuable to me than it could be to any one else."

When Peter went home, he could not resist the temptation to sit down and calculate how many house lots his land would make; and he found that his hillside would afford fifty building spots, with a good garden to each one. But he didn't think of selling.

Two days afterwards, six men came to look at the land, and after travelling over it, and sticking up some stakes, they went away. That evening Peter went down to the hotel, and the first thing he heard was:

"Aha, Pete, you've missed it."

"How so?" asked Peter.

"Why, how much did you get for your hillside?"

"What do you mean?"

"Haven't you sold it?"

"No, sir."

"Why, there was a man here looking at it a week or so ago, and to-day he came and brought five city merchants with him, and I can take my oath, that each one of them engaged a building lot of him. One of 'em spoke to me about what a lovely spot it was; and I told him nobody would have thought of building there till you got the rocks off. But haven't you sold it, though?"

"No, not an inch of it."

"Why, that man told me he had engaged to pay four hundred dollars for a choice lot of twelve square rods."

"Then he will find his lot somewhere else, I guess, till I sell out."

Some more conversation was held, and then Peter went home. On the following forenoon, the very man who had been the first to come and look at the hillside, called to see Peter, introducing himself as Mr. Anderson.

"Let's see—I believe you own some two or three acres of land, up here on the hillside," he said, very carelessly.

"I own four acres there," replied Peter, very exactly.

"Ah, yes—well; it doesn't make much difference. I didn't notice particularly how much

there was. I thought I should like to build there, and if you would sell the land reasonable, I might like to purchase. It would be enough to afford me quite a garden; though I suppose it would cost about as much to till such land as the produce would be worth."

"That would depend upon how you worked it," said Peter, dryly.

"O, yes, I suppose so. But you are willing to sell out, I suppose?"

"Certainly."

The man's eyes began to brighten.

"How much should you want for it?" he asked.

"Well, I don't know. What could you afford to pay?"

"Why, I suppose I could *afford* to pay a great deal more than it is worth. Rather than not have it I would pay—well, say—two hundred dollars, or two hundred and fifty at the outside."

"I don't think there is much use of our talking, sir."

"But—you paid one hundred, only, if I mistake not."

"I had my choice between one hundred dollars and the land, and I chose the latter. But as you seem to labor in the dark, I will explain to you. In the first place, there is not another spot of land in this section of the country, that possesses the natural advantages which this one does. I can have my early peas and vines up and hoed before my neighbors get their ground plowed; so I have my early sauce in the market ahead of all others, save a few hot-house owners whose plants cannot compare with mine for strength and size. Then my soil is very rich, and yields fifty per cent. more than most other land. Now look at this: During the last season I have realized over eight hundred dollars from this land, and next season I can get much more than that, for my strawberry vines are flourishing finely. There are not any two farms in this town that can possibly be made to realize so much money as my hillside, for you see it is the *time* of my produce, and not *quantity*, that does the business. A bushel of my early peas on the twenty-second day of May, are worth ten times as much as my neighbor's bushel on the first of July and August. Two hundred dollars will more than pay me for all my time and trouble in attending to my land; so you see I have this year six hundred dollars interest."

"Then you wouldn't sell for less than six hundred, I suppose?" said Mr. Anderson, carefully.

"Would you sell out a concern that was yielding you a net profit of six hundred dollars a year for that sum, sir?" asked Peter.

"A-hem—well—ah—you put it rather curiously."

"Then I'll put it plainly. You may have the hillside for ten thousand dollars."

Mr. Anderson laughed; but he found that Peter was in earnest, and he commenced to curse and swear. At this, Peter simply turned and left his customer to himself, and he saw nothing more of the speculator.

Two days afterwards, however, three of the merchants came to see our hero, and when they had heard his simple story, they were ready to do justly by him. They went up and examined the spring, which they found to be pure as crystal, and as it was then a dry season they saw that the supply of water could never fail, and all the houses which might be built upon Peter's land could be supplied with running water, even in the very attics of the upper ones.

The merchant first went to the man who owned the land above Peter's, including the ledge and the spring, and he agreed to sell for two hundred dollars. This, to builders, was a great bargain, for the stone of the ledge was excellent granite. Then they called a surveyor and made a plot of the hillside, whereby they found that they could have forty building lots, worth from two hundred and fifty to four hundred dollars each. They hesitated not a moment after the plot was made, but paid Peter his ten thousand dollars cheerfully.

Ere many days after this transaction, Peter White received a very polite note from Cordelia Henderson, asking him to call and see her; but he did not call. He hunted up Mr. Somers and went into business with him, and this very day Somers & White do business in that town, and Walter Sturgis is their book-keeper. And in all the country there is not a prettier spot than the old hillside. The railroad depot is near its foot, and it is occupied by sumptuous dwellings, in which live merchants who do business in the adjacent city.

One thing Peter missed—that he did not reserve a building spot for himself. But his usual good fortune attended him, even here. A wealthy banker had occasion to move to another section of the country, and he sold out his house and garden to Peter, for just one half what the building cost him. So Peter took a wife who loved him when he dug in the earth, and found a home for her and himself upon the old hillside.

And now, reader, where do you think the hillside is? Perhaps you know; for it is a veritable history I have been writing, and the place I have told you about is now one of the most select suburban residences in the country.

## FASHIONABLE SOUP.

When I lived in New York, said Tom A., I received a visit from a country cousin, who being a rough hewn, clever sort of fellow, I took some liking to, and as he expected, I invited him to dine with me at the Prescott House. Ed. set at the long splendid table, mouth, ears and eyes wide open, perfectly astonished. When soup was announced, I ordered some of a new "style," which was all the go just then, and, as by some chance we had no napkins, I requested some. Garcon was prompt, and the "hasty plate" was soon before us. No sooner was it on the table, when my friend Ed., with a muttered "by Jimmy, Neddy," suddenly shoved back his chair, and before I could turn round, he was half-way out of the room. I followed as soon as possible, amid the anxious looks of those next us. When I reached the hall, Ed. was there, hat in hand, waiting for me. "What in the world is the matter?" exclaimed I, anxiously. "Tom," said he, his face looking larger and redder, "I can stand to be called *green*, for I know I aint up to all the kinks, but I swann I wont be called *dirty*, by the president." "What do you mean?" said I. "Well, Tom, I don't know what you said to that short-haired monkey, in the white round-about, but just after you spoke to him, he comes and sets down a big dish of water right afore me, and then sticks a towel in my face, as much as to say, 'Mr. Brown, you might as well wash yourself afore you eat with this crowd.' And Tom, I believe he is the only man I care about seeing afore I leave this village."

Tom vows he gained four pounds of flesh that week, and never till he forgets his cousin Ed., will he believe "stylish" soup is not fattening.—*Springfield Republican*.

## IVORY.

Few of our lady readers, while they peep so bewitchingly over the tips of their ivory fans, or play their fingers so nimbly and gracefully over the white keys of the piano, are wont to cast a thought towards the manner in which this material is procured, the quantities of which are annually used, and the number of noble animals which are yearly slain for the purpose of supplying the constantly increasing demand. Mr. Dalton, a celebrated Sheffield manufacturer, estimates that the annual consumption of ivory in the town of Sheffield alone is about 180 tons, equal in value to £30,000, and requiring the labor of 500 persons to work it up for trade. The number of tusks to make up this amount of ivory is 45,000; and according to this the number of elephants slaughtered every year for the Sheffield market is 22,500. But supposing some tusks to be cast, and some animals to have died a natural death, it may fairly be estimated that 18,000 are killed for that purpose.—*Scientific American*.

Ceremonies are different in every country; but true politeness is everywhere the same. Ceremonies, which take up so much of our attention, are only artificial helps which ignorance assumes in order to imitate politeness, which is the result of good sense and good nature.

## NIGHT WINDS.

BY HOWARD PUTNAM ROSS.

O, cease your howling, night winds,  
 Now soft—now loud—now low;  
 Ye but remind me, night winds,  
 Of misery and woe,  
 Existing in some hovel,  
 Round which ye fiercely blow:  
 Then cease your howling, night winds,  
 Now soft—now loud—now low.

O, cease your howling, night winds,  
 Now soft—now loud—now low;  
 Ye seem but voices, night winds,  
 Of misery and woe;  
 As like tortured demons,  
 Ye past my window go:  
 Then cease your howling, night winds,  
 Now soft—now loud—now low.

## GRANDMAMA'S STORY.

## A LEGEND OF "THE GREAT SNOW."

BY EVA MILFORD.

"Good evening, grandmama; what do you think of this for a snow-storm? I suspect it must equal even those, which you so often allude to, when you were young."

"Yes, George, it is a violent storm," said grandmama, looking up affectionately at the handsome face of the young man, all glowing with exercise and exposure to the furious wind and driving snow.

"But did you ever see a worse?" persisted George. "This is the third day that it has snowed, more or less, and the streets are almost impassable already. I never knew anything like it."

Ah, I hope you never *will* know anything like the snow-storm which I once knew—it was *the* snow-storm which you must have heard old people, like me, refer to as 'the great snow.' O, that was really fearful."

"Where did you live then, grandmama?" said little Ella, softly, hardly liking to disturb her venerable grandparent, whose dim eyes, fixed steadfastly on the fire, seemed to be gazing through it down the dim vista of departed years to the long past youth—youth so little valued in passing, so all-engrossing when gone.

Ella waited a little, and then putting her little white hand into the brown and withered one from which the forgotten knitting-work had fallen, she asked: "Where were you then, grandmama?"

The old lady started a little, and putting her hand upon the shining brown curls of the little girl, said solemnly:

"Child, I was where, had it not been for the exceeding mercy of God, my body had remained until the last trump shall summon the quick and the dead."

"Is it a story, grandmama?" said the child, a little awed by her grandmother's manner, but not quite able to repress the ever-active curiosity of childhood. "Do tell us all about it."

"Yes, do—I admire to hear of those grand old times when there was so much for a man to do in life," said George.

"Very well, dear. Close the shutters, and draw the curtains, and in this favorite firelight hour of ours, I will tell you of my share in 'the great snow:'"

"When your grandfather and I were married, we were both of us young, strong and enterprising; but our whole worldly wealth consisted of five hundred dollars, which my husband had inherited from his father, and a 'setting out' of household linen, clothes, etc., which was all my father, with his small fortune and large family, could afford to give me.

"After many anxious consultations, we all concluded that the best prospect for us was to buy some wild land which the just-organized government offered for sale in what was then the 'far West,' but now is the centre of the populous State of Ohio.

"The bargain was made for two hundred acres of land, and in the spring of 1779 your grandfather set off, with three other young men whom he had engaged for help, to make a clearing and build a log hut. When this was accomplished, he returned and arranged for the transportation of myself and household goods.

"The first day of August was our wedding-day, and on the next we set forth upon our westward journey. Our caravan consisted of a covered wagon drawn by a span of stout horses, which were a present from our two fathers. In this I rode in state, with all the lighter articles closely stowed in behind me. My husband sometimes rode beside me and sometimes walked at the horses' heads, to guide them over the bad places in the rude forest road. Creaking slowly along behind us came an immense wagon, or wain, as we called them then, drawn by four powerful oxen and loaded with all the rest of our worldly possessions. Among these were several bags of meal, two of rye, and one of wheat flour, but this was considered a great dainty and only to be used on great occasions.

"We had also some grain for planting the next spring, and a small supply of tea and sugar for festivals. My husband and the young men with him had already laid in a good supply of

hog for the winter from the open glades and intervals of the forest. Our journey was slow and uneventful, but as pleasant to us, perhaps, as the wedding-trips to Saratoga and Niagara, in which young people indulge now-a-days."

"We were many days upon our journey, as you may well imagine, when you consider the distance which we traversed and the slow rate of our progress, and very glad was I when, at the close of a delicious summer day, our tired horses were turned into our own clearing and brought to a halt at the door of our own log cabin. I was charmed with everything which I saw.

"The next day, the wagons were unloaded and the contents placed; and the morning after that, our companions left us with the big wain and one pair of oxen, both of which belonged to the elder of the two men who had accompanied us. And now our life fairly commenced. It was laborious, but very pleasant. My husband was the man and I was the maid, but we had the advantage over other servants in also being our own master and mistress.

"Before cold weather set in, we had everything about us snug and comfortable. John had built a shed of small trees and bark, close by the house, for the accommodation of our horses and oxen; and we promised ourselves in the spring a nice cow, which would make our housekeeping quite luxurious. The winter proved a very mild and open one, and there was abundance of game all around us, by means of which my husband kept us supplied with fresh meat, and before the next winter we were to raise a pig, the salted meat of which is the backwoodsman's staple in the way of animal food.

"As early in the spring as the frost would allow, my husband commenced farming; getting out the stumps upon the piece of land which had been cleared the preceding summer, ploughing up the rich virgin soil, and then sowing the grain which, in due time, was, with the blessing of God, to bring forth the means of life. The pig and cow were both procured, and we took the best care of them, hoping that they would repay us with their respective products in proportionate abundance. The summer sped happily, although to me somewhat wearily, and on the anniversary of our wedding-day, my first child was born."

"That was our father," exclaimed George.

"No, my dear boy, it was a little girl," said his grandmother, in a tremulous voice.

"I thought papa was your oldest child!" said George, in a surprised voice.

"Little Alice never saw the anniversary of her birth," said the grandmother, mournfully.

"The second winter set in very suddenly, and

with a degree of cold almost unprecedented for the season of the year. Our pig had not been killed, or our grain carried to mill, when the snow fell; and that very morning, John came in from the cow shed looking grave, and saying:

"Betsey, I don't think we shall have to kill the hog. I am afraid we shall find it done to our hand, and not much good from it, either."

"I went out to look with him, and we found poor piggy in a sad condition. We never knew what ailed him, but he died the next day, and so ended our hopes of pork for that winter. I could not help sitting down and crying, partly from sorrow at the sufferings of a creature whom I had fed and tended, but more from disappointment and vague despondency.

"'Never mind, Bessie—cheer up, girl,' said my husband, kindly. 'We never wanted for meat last winter, and why should we this?'"

"But we soon found that this winter was to be very different from the last. The cold was steady and more and more severe each day. Great quantities of snow fell, and threatened so to cover and destroy all vegetation, that the deer and other game would desert that part of the country and go south in search of food.

"It was in the first part of December that my husband, after waiting a week for some change in the weather, decided that he could no longer put off carrying his grain to mill, as our stock of meal was running low, and we had hardly anything else in the house. We agreed that if the part of the produce which we could spare should sell well, that John should buy a half of a pig to replace the pork of which we had been disappointed.

"The nearest town was twenty miles from us, and there was but one house upon the road thither; so I desired John not to think of coming back the next day, as I knew he would not have the grain ground, and make his purchases, so as to start before afternoon, and I would not have him upon that lonely road after dark. Everything was prepared the night before, that my husband might set off by sunrise.

"I was up very early to prepare breakfast, but in spite of all my efforts, the blinding tears fell so fast, that I could hardly see to perform my customary duties. The horses were harnessed to the great sled, and my husband came to give me a last kiss, and bid me good-by. But at this my fortitude wholly gave way, and clinging about his neck, I begged that if he must go, I might accompany him.

"'Why, Bessie, woman,' said he, 'what's come over you? It's not the first time, by many, that you've been left alone, and why are

you so down-hearted now? Besides, my dear girl, though I might take you, it would never do to carry the 'wee bairnie' out in this weather—she would be sure to freeze. Nay, nay, Bessie, don't sob so,' continued he, soothing me with tender caresses; 'it's only two days, and I will be home again for the whole winter.'

"With much difficulty, I drove back the tears and succeeded in smiling gaily, as I bade my kind husband good-by and watched him out of sight; but as I turned again into the house, that terrible presentiment of evil bore me down again, and I cried and sobbed till I was almost sick, and little Alice waking up and missing my usual quick attention, began to cry too. This aroused me; and after taking her up, and dressing and playing with her, I felt more cheerful, and went about my small household duties more contentedly. My cooking was not very extensive, for there was nothing left in the house but a little rye and Indian meal, and a small quantity of molasses; however, I thought there was plenty for three days, and then my husband would be home with a fresh supply.

"This was Wednesday; and as I could not look for John before Friday night, I got out my spinning-wheel and some rolls of wool, and thought I would occupy myself with making some yarn to knit winter stockings for my husband. I was very busy with this during Wednesday and Thursday, but Friday I devoted to cleaning house and putting everything, myself and the baby included, in the nicest trim. I determined to use my last meal in making a good kettle of hasty-pudding, except a little which I reserved for a hoe cake, which was all the variety of which my materials allowed. The morning was very pleasant; but about noon, the clouds began to gather, and as I strained my eyes to pierce the gathering gloom, in hopes of seeing the well known team cross the brow of a hill at some distance from the house, I noticed large flakes of snow slowly dropping from the sudden bosom of the dense clouds.

"He must be here soon,' said I, as I turned away from the window, more disappointed than I would confess even to myself. The kettle of stirabout was made and hung in the corner of the fireplace, the cake was mixed and all ready to spread upon the baking-board at the first jingle of the sleigh bells. Then I undressed the baby, sung her to sleep, and sat down with her in my arms before the fire, determined not to look or listen any longer, but to allow myself to be taken by surprise, when the traveller should at length arrive. I sat there perhaps half an hour, when I heard feet beneath the window.

"Ah,' thought I, 'the rogue has taken off the bells and driven up to the barn, and now is going to steal in and surprise me.' So I waited a moment in glad anticipation, but as nothing more came of it, I got up softly, laid the baby in her little cradle, and went to the window to look out. I first glanced at the barn, but to my surprise, no sign of sleigh or horses was there—only the fast falling track I had made that morning in going out to feed the cattle.

"I went to the door, and opened it; closely following the click of the latch, I heard a low, deep growl, and looking hastily out, I saw the ungainly figure of an enormous bear skulking off into the woods. I was not much frightened, for during my life in that lonely place, I had seen and heard a great deal of these wild animals; but as I hastily closed and bolted the door, a terrible feeling of loneliness came over me, and I murmured to myself: 'If he should not come!'

"I sat by the fire till the hands of the old silver watch my husband had left with me pointed to nine o'clock; then, after one long wistful gaze through our solitary window, which showed me nothing but the fast falling snow, I put away the untasted supper, covered the embers of the cheerful fire I had prepared for the traveller, and went sadly to bed.

"The snow fell steadily all night, so that it was only with considerable effort I reached the barn and fed the cattle the next morning. There was here stowed up a small quantity of dry wood for kindlings. I brought in as much of this as I could carry, not without once losing my footing and letting my load fall into the rapidly deepening snow. I at last collected it again and staggered forward into the house, so exhausted that throwing my wood upon the floor, I sunk down beside it unable for some moments to make the least exertion.

"That day passed slowly and sadly enough, although I would believe that John must arrive before night. But day grew dusk, and dusk grew dark, and still nothing was to be seen but the ever-falling snow. I went to bed utterly dejected and despondent, and after some time, fell into an uneasy sleep. In the middle of the night I waked suddenly, and going to the window, looked despairingly forth. Still fell the unwearied snow, and I could see that it was level with the window-sill. As I looked, the idea occurred to me: 'If the snow continues, I shall be quite unable to reach the barn to-morrow morning, and those poor dumb beasts must starve in the midst of plenty.'

"I lay down again, but I could not sleep. I



arose, put on some of my husband's clothes, for I knew that in female attire my plan would be quite impracticable. I put on a large pair of boots over all, lighted the lantern, and taking the snow-shovel in my hand, opened the door with much difficulty. A wall of snow rising to half the height of the door was before me. Setting down the lantern, I applied myself to the shovel, and at last succeeded in partially clearing a small space around the door, for I knew if I stepped directly into this bank, it would fall in and render it impossible for me to close the door behind me. But seizing my lantern in one hand, and my shovel in the other, I set bravely forth.

"I must have been more than half an hour in traversing the few rods between the house and the barn. Arrived at the latter, I hung my lantern on a nail in the log wall, and proceeded to shovel away the snow sufficiently to open the barn door, which of course opened outward. I had noticed before dark that by the course of the wind, the snow was drifted away from this particular spot, and it was principally on the strength of this observation that I had ventured upon my present undertaking. I found, however, enough of an obstacle to demand all and more of my feeble strength, and several times I was about to abandon my task as hopeless and return to the house while yet my strength sufficed so to do. But thoughts of poor Crummie and Star and Spot starving only a few feet from their stock of provisions, inspired me with new vigor, and I at last succeeded in forcing the door back sufficiently to admit me.

"I did not lose a moment in resting, although every limb trembled with fatigue, for I feared if I delayed, the fast falling snow would obliterate the result of my labors and make it as hard to shut the great door as it had been to open it. So untying, as fast as my numb fingers would allow, the ropes with which the three beasts were tied, I left them, knowing they would soon find the way to the haymow themselves. Coming out, I succeeded with some effort in closing the door, which indeed was very necessary, for as I paused for a moment before plunging again into the drift, I heard far off in the forest the wailing howl of the bear, and with a shudder at the thought of my unprotected situation, I made frantic efforts to reach the shelter of the house. At last, breathless and exhausted, I burst open rather than unlatched the door of our little dwelling, and falling prostrate upon the floor, gave relief to my overstrained faculties of body and mind in a passionate flood of tears.

"Morning came, but brought no relief. Still

fell the snow, and the wind shrieked around the hut. I felt it necessary to eat, not only for my own support, but for that of my little Alice, who depended entirely on me for food. My little stock of provisions could not last more than twenty-four hours longer, and what was then to be done? My brain reeled with the idea, and I clutched my baby to my breast in mad despair.

"The snow fell all that day, and before night it had risen to the top of my little window. After that, my recollections are all indistinct. I remember eating the last piece of my hoe cake—of trying in vain to give food to my baby—of watching her blue eyes grow dim and close—and I put my last fuel on the fire, and pressed close to it, with my child in my arms. Then I laid her in her little cradle and covered her with all the clothing I could collect, and kept muttering to myself, 'she sleeps—my baby sleeps—how sound she sleeps,' till the fire went out, and I crept shivering to bed; and as I closed my eyes, the wolves howled wildly outside the house.

"When I returned to consciousness, I lay for some time with my eyes closed. A low murmur of voices reached my ear, but I was incapable of thinking about them. Soon I was conscious of a pleasant warmth creeping through my limbs, and at last I languidly opened my eyes and saw my own dear husband leaning over me. As I looked up, he gave a quick start, and then sinking on his knees by the bed, he buried his face in the clothes and his sobs shook his frame. But this did not last long; springing up, he took some blankets, which had been heating by the fire, and enveloped me; then returning to the fireplace, he brought a basin of broth and fed me as one would an infant.

"Much revived, I lay after this perfectly still, with my eyes closed, and I suppose John thought I slept, for he stole away on tiptoe, and I heard heard him whispering with some one in the room. Suddenly a recollection flashed across my mind, then another and another, until the past all stood out plain and bright.

"'John,' I murmured very faintly, but he heard me, and was beside me in a moment; 'John,' I whispered, 'the baby—where is she?'

"My husband was silent a moment, and then answered softly: 'The baby is safe, Bessie—safe and happy—now shut your eyes and sleep, and when you wake, we will talk more.'

"I obeyed him, for neither mind nor body was yet strong enough to bear more exertion, and so I slept till night, and through the night and far into the next day. When I awoke, the house was very still, and beside my bed sat a kind, motherly looking woman, whom I remembered

having seen at the house of our ten-mile off neighbor. My husband had engaged her to come and take care of me till I should be strong again. As soon as she saw I was awake, she went to the fire and returned with another cup of broth. This strengthened me so that I began to talk quite fast, asking what was the matter, and why I lay there so feeble, and where was Alice.

"'Bless the dear creature,' said my nurse, with her checked apron to her eyes, 'I can't tell her and *kill* her, too, though I expect it will come nigh about as hard to him as to her.'

"Stepping to the door, she summoned my husband, who soon stood by my bedside, with a look of joy at my recovery struggling in his face with an expression of sadness at the thought of what I had to bear.

"Fixing my eyes on his, I gasped out: 'John, where is our child?'

"'Bessie, it is well with the child.'

"He said no more, nor did I, but laying his head upon my pillow, we mingled our tears.

"Some days passed before I was able to hear the story of John's adventures. Then he told me that he reached town safely, effected his business to his satisfaction, and was four or five miles on his return home, when he was startled by seeing an immense bear cross the road a little before him. Having his gun and knife with him, he determined to carry the bear home as a trophy. Jumping from the sled, he tied his horses and pursued the bear, who was in full retreat; a ball from the rifle, however, served to stop him, and he now turned upon his assailant. My husband retreated a little to re-load, but before he could do so, the bear was upon him, and a severe conflict ensued, in which, although John was the victor, he received some severe wounds, and his left arm was so mangled, that, as the bear at last fell dead, my husband fell beside him, fainting with loss of blood. When he became conscious, he found himself in an Indian lodge, surrounded by dusky forms all entirely new to him. They soon made him understand that their intentions were friendly, as he found his wounds carefully bound up with healing preparations. He was, however, too weak to move for that day or the next, but on the third day he asked by signs for his horses. The Indian, in whose lodge he found himself, assented by a nod, and gave some brief command in a guttural Indian dialect to a couple of young men, who, leaving the lodge, soon brought the horses from some rude shelter at hand, where they had been cared for.

"As my husband spoke not a word of Indian, and his hosts as little English, it was impossible

for them to relate how he had come there, but the natural supposition was, that finding a bloody hunter and a dead bear lying near the sleigh and horses, the old Indian had surmised the facts and taken the paleface to his lodge to cure him.

"Expressing his thanks by signs, my husband offered some trifling presents to the squaws and young men of the lodge, and as much shot and powder as he could spare, to the old Indian, making at the same time signs of farewell. But the master of the lodge smiled, and shaking his head, gave my husband to understand that he would find it impossible to make way through the snow alone, but that he and two of his young men would accompany and assist him; and long before they reached the highway, some three miles distant from the wigwam, my husband became sensible that without their help, he could not have found his way through the almost impassable drifts and banks in his path—so that, although they left the lodge early in the morning, it was long after dark when they reached the cabin of our ten-mile neighbor. Here both horses and men were entertained with true backwoods hospitality, and at dawn the three Indians took a silent leave of their host.

"My husband would willingly have done the same, but on examination of the poor horses who had served him so nobly the day before, he found them quite unfit for use during that day at least, and this fact, added to the great loss of blood he had recently suffered, compelled him to remain for the day and night quietly in the house of our kind neighbor. Fortunate was it for him, in these circumstances, that he had no anticipation of the terrible reality—the low state of our larder being quite unknown to him.

"As early as possible on Wednesday morning, my husband left the cabin of the hospitable settler, accompanied by Mr. Simpson himself and his two stout, broad-shouldered sons; but with the utmost exertions of all four, it was nearly dark before they penetrated the lonely hut where our little Alice slept so sound, and where I lay wrapped in a slumber which, but for the timely succor, had been indeed my last."

"And now, my dear George," said grandmama, after a pause, "you will not wonder at my not calling this the heaviest snow-storm which I ever saw."

Neither George nor Ella spoke, and the little circle sat silent and thoughtful, till the opening of the front door and the stamping of feet announced that papa had come, and that the dreamy, brooding firelight must give way to the joyous, cheering blaze of the solar.

## THE CHIEFTAIN'S FAREWELL.

BY WOODLEY READ.

"The moon is sinking slowly, love,  
 Adown the western sky,  
 But stars are beaming brightly, love,  
 As beams thy dark blue eye.  
 The soft south wind is roaming now  
 Among the orange bowers,  
 And swiftly, silently away  
 Doth pass the midnight hours.

"And when the first, faint light of morn  
 Shall make the hill-tops bright,  
 I must away, and with the sun  
 My bark be out of sight.  
 But weep not, love, for soon again  
 I will return to thee,  
 And nevermore afar I'll roam,  
 Across the deep blue sea.

"Then fare thee well, my love, my own,  
 My friends await but me,  
 And I, their chief, must not be late;  
 I must away from thee.  
 Farewell to thee;" into his bark  
 He stepped with conscious pride;  
 It swiftly bounded o'er the wave,  
 Upon the swelling tide.

And many moons had rose and set,  
 And many days passed on;  
 She waited for his safe return—  
 Yet still he did not come.  
 Ah, true he said he nevermore  
 Would cross the ocean wave!  
 Upon its coral beds below,  
 They *all* have found a grave.

Yet on the shore there wanders still,  
 A form that once was fair,  
 With moaning words, and wailing sobs,  
 And torn, dishevelled hair.  
 She gazes sadly o'er the waste,  
 And sighs "why comes he not?  
 The nymphs of ocean stole my lord,  
 And I am all forgot."

## MASKS AND FACES.

A toy-shop window, full of what boys call "false faces," is to us a very suggestive spectacle. We love to linger over those shining countenances of varnished papier mache. They carry us back into the past, and aid our imagination in conjuring up those scenes in which masks have played so conspicuous a part. We are in Athens, in the high and palmy period of her drama, when the voice of fate spoke through the rigid mask of the tragedian, in "deep and hollow tones." The scene changes—a vast multitude is gathered before a dark scaffold to behold a fellow-creature die the cruel death of the sword. The executioner, the hated and hooted agent of

the law's vengeance, wears a black mask that adds by its mystery to the terrors of his direful occupation. The sword falls—the head rolls in the ensanguined dust—but no one in that vast multitude knows whose hand has dealt the fatal blow—the grim, black mask baffles every attempt at identification.

Glance with us into that dismal cell into which the light of heaven casts the grim checkerwork of iron bars in portentous shadow—bars which fence the captive from liberty forever. And who is that captive? Vainly you inquire. An iron mask, never unlocked, conceals the features of the prisoner of state, and presents to history a strange problem for solution. That mask may, and probably does, hide the features of the twin brother of a reigning monarch. Shift the scene again. Who is that masked lady sitting beside a cavalier, and draining with her the wine cup to its very dregs? It is Margaret of Burgundy, revelling in the Tour de Neale at Paris. A few moments of reckless enjoyment, and the cavalier, the favorite and victim of a demon in human shape, will be floating a corpse in the turbid midnight waters of the Seine. And what have we here? 'Tis the chamber of poisons. A woman—the Marchioness de Brinvilliers, and her accomplice, the Chevalier de St. Croix, their faces shielded by glass masks, are concocting those fatal compounds, the fumes of which are death, and which are destined to destroy the lives of those they hate, or whose property they covet. For St. Croix, the breaking of his mask will prove his death-warrant—while the marchioness is reserved for torture and the scaffold.

Away to Italy! In the shadow of a Venetian palace lurk two men, with sword in hand, watching for a victim. They are bravoos, who murder for hire. Their faces are covered with masks. A sound of music, a blaze of light, and we stand in the centre of the great opera house at Paris, in the height of the joyous carnival. In the whirling waltz, in the demoniac gallopade, three thousand men and women are dancing, as if life depended on agility. But every face wears an impenetrable mask, and you ask in vain who are your associates in that lunatic revel. Thus genius, justice, crime, assassination, illicit pleasure and revelry are associated with the history of the mask. In the first century ladies wore them to shield their complexion from the sun, and wind, and dust, as they took their pleasure on horse-back and in chariots.

These artificial faces have been abandoned in our time; but has masquerading gone out of fashion? By no means; only we substitute false expressions for false faces. Yonder is a

countenance beaming with benignity, wearing such a look as

"Lingers give  
To the beloved apostle."

Surely that gentleman is made of earth's finest porcelain clay. By no means; he is a miser—an oppressor of the poor—a hard-hearted, selfish egotist. But here is a face that cannot deceive. It is a woman's face—lovely, smiling, smooth—unfurrowed by a single wrinkle. Sure, that face must be the sign of a happy heart. You are mistaken, friend. It is the mask that conceals the agonies of blighted affection, of ruined hopes, of secret household cares. And there goes another, and another, and another, and another. They all wear masks. They have learned that saddest of social sciences—the art of concealment—to hide what they are, to appear what they are not. In the good old times, masks concealed faces—now faces conceal hearts. Could every one wear his natural expression, we should be astonished at the revelations that would meet us on all sides. Let us cherish those frank and natural faces, in which the eye of experience detects no artifice—they far outnumber, we are happy to believe, the masqueraders in the carnival of life.

#### "DON'T WORRY."

This is the first thing an editor should get by heart. If Mr. Slocum threatens to withdraw his patronage because you criticised Prof. Drawl's lecture on the onion question—don't worry, but tell him to go ahead and do it.

If Mr. Bullion writes you an insulting letter, saying that if you don't stop writing about the Diddleton Railroad, he will ruin you with a lawsuit—don't worry, but dare him to try it on.

If Mr. Smith threatens to "cave your head in," because you mention that "his son Bob" was sent to the Tombs for pelting a street lamp with brickbats—don't worry, but tell him that you so love the law, you dine on a salad made of red tape and sealing wax.

Again we say never worry. If you do, you are no more calculated for an editor than a Quaker is for marine hornpipes.—*Trumpet.*

#### PRINTERS AS EDITORS.

The Albany Journal, says: "Printers—if men of capacity—generally make the best editors, for the reason that they are educated to their profession. The first and most illustrious example was Benjamin Franklin. Joseph Gales and Edwin Crosswell, two of the most influential editors in America, if not born in printing offices, were sons of newspaper editors, and learned their alphabet 'at case.' The late Col. Stone served a regular apprenticeship in the office of the Cooperstown Federalist."

The name of the architect who builds castles in the air, is To-morrow; and Hope lays the foundation.

#### MOZART.

At the first general rehearsal of "Don Juan," two amusing episodes occurred. Signora Bondini, who sang the part of Zerlina, was always at fault in the finale of the first act, where she has to call out for help. She either did not scream in the right place or else not loud enough; this might easily have produced confusion in the music, and, considering the importance of the situation, have given the piece, in a dramatic point of view, a blow from which it might not have recovered. Mozart impatiently stepped on to the stage, caused the last bars of the minute to be repeated, and at the instant Zerlina's voice should be heard behind the scenes, seized the lady so tightly by the waist that she cried out this time in good earnest. "Brava! Donella! that is the way you must scream," said our hero. On coming to the churchyard scene, he stopped the rehearsal, as one of the trombonists who had to accompany the commander's song, *Di rider finirari*, made a mistake.

The passage was repeated two or three times, and, on each occasion, the same mistake occurred. The composer then left his place, and, going to the incorrigible trombonist, explained how he wished the passage to be played. The musician answered rather drily: "It is impossible to play it so, and I am not going to learn how to do it from you." "Heaven forbid that I should attempt to teach you the trombone, my friend," replied Mozart, laughing. He then asked for pen, ink and paper, and added two oboes, two clarionets, and two bassoons to the accompaniment, at the same time altering the impossible passage for the trombone.—*Musical Echo.*

#### A LEARNED RASCAL.

A Greek, named Constantine Simonides, has been hauled up at Leipsic, Germany, for endeavoring to pass off forged documents as original Greek manuscripts of the most ancient dates. He was detected, among other proofs of forgery, by the fact that his text contained the emendations of modern German scholars. The cause of his arrest was the sale of a work which professed to be the first three books of a certain Ourania, who wrote on the sovereignties of Egypt and Ethiopia, the kings of Caria, Lybia, etc. The forgeries were very well executed, but the rogue slipped upon one or two points. It appears that the fabrication of ancient manuscripts is quite as much of a trade in Europe as the manufacture of old masters.—*Albion.*

#### THE HALIBUT FISHERY.

About fifty sail of fine clipper schooners of eighty tons burthen, from the port of Gloucester, are now prosecuting the halibut fishery on George's Banks. They are manned by a hardy, daring crew of about twelve men to each vessel, who will be absent from home about three weeks. So far this spring they have had good luck on the Banks; but the risk they run is very great, and the money obtained in the business hardly pays the expenses. These schooners being in the bay and on the coast during heavy weather, are a great benefit to the strange mariner, oftentimes piloting them safely into port. Our government should grant to each one large bounty.

## EDITOR'S TABLE.

MATURIN M. BALLOU, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

### READY FOR THE WORST.

There is no more golden maxim than that which bids us "in peace to prepare for war." No one in this enlightened age disputes the blessings of peace; none but a ruffian loves war for the sake of war; and all classes unite in the wish that all national disputes might be settled by diplomacy, without resort to arms. But, alas! human nature will be human nature. No matter how pacific a nation may be, no matter on what brotherly principles its intercourse with foreign countries may be conducted, it may, in any year of its existence, be forced into a state of war. Therefore every nation, while cultivating the arts of peace, should also cultivate the arts of war, and make a thorough system of national defence the foundation of its legislative action.

Now, the United States, with a sufficiently large army for a nucleus, with hundreds of thousands of well drilled volunteers ready to fly to arms whenever danger threatens, are lamentably deficient as to a navy, and as to our coast defences. With a mercantile marine greater than that of any nation in the world, our navy is inadequate to cope with that of England or France. We have got all the material for the finest navy in the world; but still, with an enormous line of coast on two oceans, and a chain of lakes, and with a world of merchant ships to protect, we are terribly tardy in the matter of building, equipping and manning a respectable fleet. It is the boast of Englishmen that

"Britannia needs no bulwarks,  
No towers along the steep.  
Her march is o'er the mountain wave,  
Her home is on the deep."

But where are our "floating bulwarks?"—where are our "wooden walls?" The entire navy of the United States, were it mustered beside the entire navy of England, would exhibit a woful disparity. Now we have no idea, and no wish, that Congress should create as large a navy as that of Great Britain; but we ought to have one a little more commensurate with the greatness of our nation and the interests we have at stake. "Two years ago," says the New Orleans Crescent City, "Congress ordered the construction of six war steamers. The arguments used on the occasion demonstrated our

wretched inferiority as a naval power, while they proved that, with a single exception, we had the largest marine of any nation upon earth! It was also proved, in case of a sudden collision with any great naval government, we would be comparatively helpless to defend ourselves, and that we would have first to build a navy before we could hope to cope on anything like equal terms with our enemies on the ocean." There should be no delay in attending to this matter; no "penny wise and pound foolish" policy on the part of our representatives. The nation will sustain them in liberal appropriations for a formidable navy.

Then, too, our coast defences ought to be looked to. The great powers of Europe possess formidable means of annoyance, and are troubled with few scruples about using them. There are only, perhaps, two cities on our Atlantic seaboard, adequately defended—Boston and New York. Pennsylvania has already demanded additional seaboard defences, and Louisiana also requires them. On the land our provisions for meeting a foe are ample; but it is not on the land that any enemy, after the experience of the past, will dare to throw down the gauntlet; the sea and the seaboard would be their field of action, and there we must be prepared to meet them. Since a state of preparation is the best security against foreign aggression, we can well afford to expend "millions for defence."

**LADIES' QUARRELS.**—The Duke of Roquelaure was told one day that two ladies had quarrelled. "Have they called each other ugly?" asked the duke. "No, sir." "Very good—then I shall be able to reconcile them."

**THINK OF IT.**—Preserve the numbers of our Magazine from month to month, and when the year is complete they will bind up in a charming miscellaneous volume.

**SHOW.**—The Parisian shopkeeper's whole stock in trade is often displayed in his window. This gives the streets a gay appearance.

**A NEW NAME.**—A French general the other day spoke of editors as composing the "aristocracy of the inkstand."

## KINGS AND PLAYERS.

When the Yankees settle in any place they establish newspapers; the advent of the British is signalled by the laying out of race-courses; and the French, passionately attached to the theatre, carry their players with them. In the Crimea, the British got up races and steeple-chases; while the French Zouaves erected a little theatre and played vaudevilles for the amusement of their comrades. When Napoleon the First began to aspire to the part of Cæsar, and saw his future glory dawning on his mortal vision, he said one day to his friend Talma, the great French tragedian, "You shall one day play before a whole pit full of kings." At Erfurt, on the 28th of September, 1811, "Cinna" was actually played before the Emperor Napoleon, the Emperor Alexander, and the king of Saxony. "Britannicus" was represented on the following day. The assembly was increased by Prince William of Prussia, Duke William of Bavaria, and Prince Leopold of Coburg, who married the Princess Charlotte of England. On the evening of the 2d of October, Napoleon received Goethe, and "Mithridates" was played. On the third day came "Philoctetes," when, on the occurrence of the line,

"A great man's friendship is the gift of gods,"

Alexander offered Napoleon his hand. In the second act the king of Wurtemberg made his appearance and took his seat. On the 4th, the king and queen of Westphalia were added to the royal company, and finally the king of Bavaria and the Prince Primate. After the close of the sixth night's performance, Napoleon said to the leading actor: "Talma, my friend, I have redeemed at Erfurt the promise I made at Paris—you have played to a pit full of kings."

Talma was Napoleon's friend at the most discouraging period of his life, and the great emperor never forgot his obligation to the great actor. The emperor was passionately fond of the tragic stage, and loved to declaim passages from his favorite dramatic authors. He took a French company with him to Moscow when he invaded Russia. After the retreat, the troupe passed three months in Stockholm, and Mlle. George, now a wrinkled, poverty-stricken old woman, then a brilliant beauty and actress, undertook to convey a letter from Bernadotte to Jerome Napoleon, king of Westphalia. She had with her also a casket, containing a hundred thousand dollars' worth of diamonds. She travelled in a carriage, and rode night and day. Suddenly one midnight, with loud hurrahs, a cloud of Cossacks surrounded the carriage. The

door was opened, and a young Russian officer presented himself. Mlle. George appealed to his gallantry, and the horde of enemies became a friendly escort, which did not desert the ambassadress until she had reached the next station. She faithfully accomplished her mission.

The late Czar Nicholas was a great patron of French actors and actresses, and particularly the distinguished Mlle. Rachel, the greatest of them all. If peace is declared between France and Russia, the players of Paris will have cause to bless the event; for St. Petersburg is a great mart for their talents. The French stage will flourish as long as the French nation exists.

## HENRY J. FINN.

On one occasion this excellent actor was called before the curtain at Baltimore, when he addressed the audience as follows: "Ladies and gentlemen—I feel persuaded more than ever that I have 'had a call,' and as you have done me the honor to call me out, it must be considered, I suppose, an *affair of honor*. According to the modern laws of honor, a man is called out for the purpose of giving satisfaction; but why should you call me out, when I trust I have already given you satisfaction? Ladies and gentlemen, accept my sincere thanks for your attention, and the compliment which your calling pays to my calling; and allow me to say, that, although circumstances have compelled me to-night to *bawl* to *few*, I hope it may not be long before I shall return to *bawl* to *more* (Baltimore)."

SECRETS OF HEALTH.—The four ordinary secrets of human life are—early rising, exercise, personal cleanliness, and the rising from table with the stomach unoppressed. There may be sorrows in spite of these, but they will be less with them, and nobody can be truly comfortable without them.

ATROCIOUS.—It was the New Orleans Pica-yune that said an old maid eyes a single gentleman with the same feelings that we look at a street dog in dogdays, as if to say "wonder if he intends to bite?"

REMARKABLE.—An exchange paper, in giving an account of a sentence of death passed upon a criminal, remarks, "he appeared to feel unpleasantly." We should rather think he did.

SPECIMEN NUMBERS.—We cheerfully send specimen numbers of *Ballou's Pictorial* to all who desire to see it.

## ARISTOCRACY.

Mr. Jarvis, in his second series of "Parisian Sights," has some thoughtful and suggestive remarks on aristocracy, European and American, which are well worthy of consideration. He shows that aristocracy in the old world is easily defined, its position being distinctly marked. "England," he says, for instance, "has given birth to aristocrats of whom humanity has reason to be proud—aristocrats by education and personal interest, but men from the higher motives of reason and humanity. However much we are compelled to admire the results of rank, wealth, refinement and education concentrated upon a few, like the diamond polished by its own dust, yet the system that perpetuates and makes hereditary these distinctions, is none the less to be deplored." In this country the constitution ignores all inborn distinction between man and man, and hence aristocracy, as a system, has no chance to take root.

Yet we hear of American aristocracy—of this or that American being called an aristocrat. "Each enviously attributes it to a neighbor, and shrinks from it himself as a plague spot." Aristocracy in America, if it means anything, means the difference which exists between any individual and the mass of his countrymen. If a man were to revive in himself a fondness for the old misallied science of astrology, and were to study the stars with the idea of investigating their influence upon human destinies, he would be called an aristocrat. If a man, from timidity or inability to take part in public affairs, holds himself aloof from primary political meetings, caucusses and conventions, though he may be the humblest of the humble, he is branded as an aristocrat. If he has succeeded in amassing a few thousands of dollars more than his neighbors, though he may make the best use of his means, he is an aristocrat.

"Individuals," says Mr. Jarvis, "should discard the false meaning attached to the word (aristocracy) in the United States, and if, in their heads, as it really does, the word aristocracy implies but a superior standard of manners, education or position to their own, strive for it; not with the feeling that Haman viewed Mordecai, but with the consciousness of self-respect and desire of improvement, the birthright of every American, which, if properly sustained, makes him at once a fit companion for princes, and a bright and shining example of the virtue of democratic institutions in forming a man. Such is the character of the only intervention in the affairs of their fellow-men worthy of the genius of American citizens."

## FRANCE AND THE UNITED STATES.

We noticed, the other day, a paragraph in the *Paris Constitutionnel*, intimating that, in the event of a war between England and the United States, France would take a hand in the game, as an ally of the former. This we do not believe. It is doubtless policy on the part of the French journals to hint at such help while the peace negotiations with Russia are going on, as a soother to the irritated feelings of Great Britain at being forced into a peace before having had an opportunity of displaying that tremendous power of which she is so constantly boasting. But Louis Napoleon does not wish for war; and least of all with the United States of North America. He is too sagacious not to know that the ultimate result of it would be the triumph of the stars and stripes—and he knows, too, that the deepest sympathies exist between the French and American people, and the former would not tacitly endure the burthen of a war with their ancient friends and allies, for the sake of their ancient enemies, the English. "The empire!" Louis Napoleon declared, "is peace!" The war with Russia has trained his troops and shown their power, and that is enough for France at present. He will rather be disposed to make England listen to reason than to aid her belligerent designs.

## A WEDDING RIDE.

Horses were scarce in the Plymouth colony during the first years of the settlement, and substitutes therefore became necessary. When John Alden was married—and he was a great man in his day—he put a ring in his bull's nose, covered his back with a piece of broadcloth, mounted him and rode to the wedding. His bride rode home in the same manner, John Alden leading the animal by the nose. The gentleman who led, and the lady who rode, were the ancestors of some of the first families in the country, including members of Congress, heads of colleges, and two Presidents of the United States.

**VERY PROPER.**—The forts on the Atlantic seaboard of this country are being put in a condition of active usefulness. The way to prevent war is to be prepared for it.

**CHEAP LIVING.**—One can live like a prince in Florence for one hundred and twenty dollars a month—the blessing of fleas and beggars being thrown in gratuitously.

**SURPRISE PARTIES.**—These unique entertainments are becoming quite the vogue in and about Boston.

## OLD MAIDS.

If we acquiesce in the sentence of excommunication which society presses upon old bachelors, those half-scissor members of the community, who persist in pursuing lives of single blessedness, in spite of a plethora of marriageable maidens to pick and choose from, we must protest against the practice of heaping ridicule upon the class of single ladies. It is vulgar, it is unjust, it is unmanly. It is a popular fallacy, rife among men, to attribute the maiden state of many ladies to the worst of motives—to malevolence, to coldness of heart, and to downright hatred of what we term, with most undemocratic and unchristian pride, the nobler sex. Many maiden ladies—old maids, if you please; there ought to be no implied reproach in the term—are so from neglect. But neglect does not argue demerit.

"Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,  
And waste its sweetness on the desert air."

The judgment of man in matrimonial matters is not so very infallible. He is as often caught by the artificial brilliancy of a flirt, by the audacious challenge of a belle, by the clink of the almighty dollar, or the prestige of an aristocratic name, as by unobtrusive worth, by simple manners, by a true heart and modest beauty. In the very matter of beauty itself, the eye is often deceived. The belle of a season is often belle only in name, and far less lovely than her neglected sister, who is condemned to sit among the wall flowers, while the idol of the hour is whirling in the waltz.

"The ridicule which is often poured forth on unmarried women of a certain age," says a sensible writer, "is very odious, and perfectly uncalled for. The smile of contempt may be reserved far more justly for those women who, instead of being respectable and useful old maids, have married without love, and without any prospect of happiness, merely to escape the odium of a name. These spinsters, about whom, in flippant moments, we say flippant things, are many of them among the most true-hearted and self-denying of their sex. Their lives have been heroic poems, full of musical rhythm and lofty actions; and, could we read their secret history, we should find that, in many instances, they retained their single state, not because they had never met with wooers, but because the troth they had plighted in youth was sacred even unto death, or because, in the spirit of Christian martyrs, they had resolved, for a great purpose, to make a life-long sacrifice. We allow frankly that the single woman has not—if we dare use such a term—such a *chance of happiness* as the

woman who, as the cheerful 'house-mother,' has an affectionate husband at her side, and a number of olive-branches springing up around her. But then the law of compensation may be distinctly traced in every position of life. If there are many joys, they are certain to be attended by a multiplicity of sorrows; and if the sphere is more contracted, and joy is like a stranger-guest, and pays only angels' visits, then the path is less formidable, the struggle less severe, the haven more easily won.

"The vocation of the single woman is one of disinterestedness and self-denial. It is for her to visit the sick, to relieve the poor, to scatter good deeds from her on all sides, which, like the seed of the husbandman, may spring up and produce an abundant fruitage. It is for her to devise plans of usefulness, and to see them carried out; she must find her home in the hearts of the suffering and sorrowful, her family in the children who have experienced her kindness, and who look up to her for sympathy. It depends on the character of the single woman, and not on her position, whether she meet with a friendly greeting among her circle of acquaintances, and real love from those who know her best, and stand in close relationship with her."

We have seen so many true heroines, so many self-sacrificing martyrs, so many gentle ministering angels in the ranks of ancient maidenhood, the traditional record of the world's benefactors is so full of such, that we have come to regard old maids with reverence and respect. For one malignant reteller of scandal and promoter of domestic strife, we have found twenty pure-minded and gentle women, who would rather cast oil upon the troubled waters of life than add to their disturbance by a breath. Let us then leave the ridicule of old maids to sinful old bachelors, to profane playwrights, and to the danbers and inditers of penny valentines, who, by the way, ought to be indicted themselves. The age is too enlightened to accept as gospel the traditional prejudices of the past.

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**EASILY OBTAINED.**—ANY POST-MASTER, OR OTHER INDIVIDUAL, WHO WILL EXPEND A FEW HOURS IN OBTAINING EIGHT SUBSCRIBERS FOR OUR DOLLAR MONTHLY, CAN RECEIVE IT GRATIS FOR ONE YEAR HIMSELF.

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**THE REASON.**—Some one attributing the distress of Ireland to absenteeism, Sydney Smith remarked that "the misery of the Irish arose not from absent-*tea*-ism, but from absent-*dinner*-ism."

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**BINDING.**—Binding in all its varieties, and at the lowest prices, neatly executed at this office.



## EDITORS AT HOME AND ABROAD.

While, in this country, the editorial profession is duly honored, and it is quite a feather in a man's cap to be known as belonging to the "press-gang," in England it would appear that the profession is not held in very high repute. It is not a passport to office. One might as well have the bar-sinister in his shield, as to confess that he wields the pen and scissors. It is perhaps in consequence of this condition of things that the names of the editors of English papers are generally suppressed. The editor is almost invariably an impersonality. Anonymous editorship has its advantages and disadvantages. Where the writer is known, a personal prejudice frequently prevents his articles from exercising a due influence. His opinions, in themselves, may be perfectly sound, his arguments perfectly logical; but if he has formerly entertained different views, they lose their force, and his articles are not judged by themselves, but by their author. An editor writes more freely and easily when he writes anonymously. But then he is apt to be betrayed into more bitterness, more ferocity, perhaps, than if he were personally responsible.

Mr. Galliardet once remarked of the American press: "There was a time, perhaps, when the prejudices of the old British aristocracy had extended over the young republic, its revolted daughter; there was a time, perhaps, when the American press was ranked in the number of the secondary conditions of social life, when its writers were only penny-a-liners, a kind of unworthy and mercenary laborers in the field of thought. But these times have already nearly disappeared, and will soon disappear entirely. The press, too, has had its revolution of '75 in America, and has by degrees obtained esteem and influence by its talent and dignity."

In France, from the revolution of 1830 to that of 1848, the press was acknowledged to be a power in the realm; editorial talent was a universal passport to society, to court favor, to senatorial honors and to fortune. But Louis Napoleon has crushed the press; all the editors of France are now but the servile echoes of the views of one man. Editorial independence is visited with fine, imprisonment, and the ruin of the journal which dares utter any truths unpalatable to the sovereign. Thus, with all the wit, learning and eloquence of the Frenchmen, the French papers are excessively vapid and stupid. The sense of degradation deadens even essays on art, literature and science, which are the only topics free for discussion, so universally petrifying to all intellectual effort is political despotism. Give us a free press or none at all.

## BALL THE ARTIST.

A notice we saw the other day of this excellent man and artist, who is now hard at work in his studio at Florence, Italy, recalled to our mind an adventure of his, which occurred when Kimball occupied our present publication hall with his museum. Ball had a room in the building, and sometimes volunteered to lock up the outer door, after all the performances had been concluded, and carry home the key to Mr. Kimball. Late one night he was wending his way to the South-End, with the huge brass door key firmly clenched in his right hand beneath his cloak. Somewhere near the Boylston Market he saw a gentleman approaching, whom he mistook for the "enterprising proprietor." Jumping at the opportunity of getting rid of his cumbersome charge, he extended the formidable instrument. To his surprise, the stranger halted, as if he had been shot, and exclaimed: "For God's sake, spare my life! I'm a married man, with a family! Here's my money, but spare my life, good Mr. Highwayman!" And the stranger, dashing a wallet at his feet, turned and fled precipitately. Our hero, one of the gentlest men in the world, horror-struck at being mistaken for a robber, and having not the slightest ambition to figure as a Paul Clifford in the eyes of the midnight guardians of the city's peace and honor, turned and fled in an opposite direction, and gaining his lodgings at a "two-forty lick," locked himself into the room, and passed a wretched night. The next day he walked the city like a spectre, fearing to meet at every corner a hand-bill, headed "Highway Robbery," and offering a reward for the detection of the criminal. But nothing came of it, and thereafter he never presented a brass-barrelled door key to a stranger.

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**A RECOMMENDATION.**—On the English translation of the card of a French inn, between Boulogne and Abbeville, these words are printed: "The wines are of that quality they will leave you nothing to hope for."

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**A BANK CHECK.**—Soon after the battle of Leipsic, a wit observed, "that Napoleon must be in funds, for he had received a *check on the bank of the Elbe*."

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**MATHEMATICAL.**—Mr. Sheuts of Stockholm, has invented a calculating machine which solves the knottiest problems.

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**BACK NUMBERS.**—We can still supply the back numbers of our Dollar Monthly to January 1st, 1856.

**HIGHLY IMPORTANT FROM EUROPE!**

There are some snobs who receive every item of court gossip from Europe with the liveliest delight. We commend to these quidnuncs the following important facts: Miss Smead, a very beautiful young lady, was much admired and petted by Louis Napoleon, before that worthy and immaculate gentleman married the fair Eugenie. The fair Eugenie, who had heard of those attentions, vented her post-nuptial spite by refusing to invite Miss Smead to any of the imperial parties. Miss Smead resented the slight, and between the two ladies subsisted, and subsists, the same feelings of affection which animated the breasts of the two Kilkenny cats of yore. Lately the emperor and empress attended a soiree at Lord Cowley's. As the fair Eugenie passed through a room where Miss Smead and other ladies were seated, all rose to salute her, according to etiquette, except the implacable Miss Smead. Burning with wrath, the empress swept into the next room. Soon afterwards, Louis Napoleon re-appeared, and finding Miss Smead engaged in conversation with a gentleman, pushed in between them, and turned his back on the offending and offended lady. Wasn't that a glorious revenge for a crowned head? Can any one now dispute the title of Louis Napoleon, emperor of France by the grace of muskets, to be the "first gentleman of Europe."

**MEDICAL ITEMS.**—Inoculation is said to be a preventive of plouro-pneumonia.—Alum has been used successfully by Dr. Riddore in the treatment of bronchial catarrh.—It is said that lard is an infallible antidote to the poison of strychnine.—In England they are about to employ mesmerism to cure insanity.—A medical school existed in connection with Columbia College, New York, as early as 1760.

**A LONG WAY BETWEEN.**—The distance between Boston and New Orleans is greater than the distance between London and St. Petersburg; and the Pacific coast is as far from New York as the latter is from Bremen. Have our British friends any adequate idea of the size of the country they talk about swallowing?

**A NEW LOAN.**—"I say, Josh," shouted a Brighton drover to a crony, the other day, "these pesky sheep wont start in this weather—lend us a bark of your dog, will you?"

**VALUATION.**—The assessed value of the city of Hartford, Ct., for 1856, is \$20,560,720, which is an increase of \$1,306,587 over last year.

**MILLS'S STATUE OF JACKSON.**

At the recent inauguration of the equestrian statue of Jackson, at New Orleans, Clark Mills, the sculptor, made the following remarks with regard to his work: "General Jackson is here represented as he appeared on the morning of the 8th of January, forty-one years ago. He has advanced to the centre of the line in the act of review: the lines have come to present arms as a salute to their commander, who is acknowledging it by raising his chapeau, according to the military etiquette of that day. His restive horse, anticipating the next move, attempts to dash down the line; the bridle hand of the dauntless hero being turned under, shows that he is restraining the horse, whose open mouth and curved neck indicate that the animal is feeling the bit. I have thought this explanation necessary, as there are many critics who profess not to understand the conception of the artist."

**TRAFFIC IN CHINESE CHILDREN.**—It is asserted that a hidden traffic has been pursued for years in China, of selling and shipping female children to the Spanish and Portuguese, as well as the English possessions. They are purchased at about \$3 each, and are therefore profitable to the dealer.

**CANNEL COAL IN IOWA.**—The Mount Pleasant Observer states that a fine bed of cannel coal has been discovered a few miles south of Salem. The vein is, at the opening, four feet and-a-half thick. The coal is equal to Kentucky cannel coal, being set on fire by the blaze of a candle, and burning up, leaving but few ashes.

**A JACK OF ALL TRADES.**—Bernini, a celebrated Florentine sculptor, about the middle of the seventeenth century, erected a theatre, painted the scenes, made all the machinery and decorations, wrote an opera, composed the music, and took part in the performance.

**BRAHAM.**—John Braham, the distinguished English vocalist, died recently in London, at the age of eighty-two. He was well known in this country, which he visited professionally. For nearly seventy years he sang in public.

**JEWELRY.**—The French people say "he who wears gold chains visible to the naked eye, cameos, rings or trinkets, is an enriched boor, a juggler, a vender of quack medicines, or an Italian prince."

**GERMAN THEATRICALS.**—The Germans are a theatre loving people, as is evinced by the fact that there are one hundred and sixty-five established theatres in that country.

## Foreign Miscellany.

Mr. Du Pre died in the Queen's Bench prison, London, on the 6th ult., after an incarceration of forty-five years for debt.

Rev. Rowland Williams has been dismissed by the Bishop of Llandaff from his office of chaplain, for publishing a work on rational godliness.

Jullien is having a musical crystal palace built for him in Surrey gardens—in which he is to give monster concerts.

A blind man in Devonshire, England, has actually been a surveyor and planner of roads; his ear guiding him as to distance as accurately as the eye to others.

Roger, "the greatest tenor in the world," has been performing his original character, "Jean of Leyden," in the *Prophet*, with Tedesco in the role of Fides, at *L'Academie* in Paris.

There are at present in Germany 165 theatres, employing about 6000 actors, dancers and vocalists, and 9000 choristers and musicians of the orchestra.

At a quarry in Holyhead, England, a few days since, sixty thousand tons of stone were loosened by a single blast. Six tons of powder were used on the occasion.

France means to obtain possession of Tangier in Morocco. It is in sight of Gibraltar, which would not be worth much to the English with Tangier in possession of the French.

Several of the diligences running in the neighborhood of Lyons, in France, are trying the experiment of using for their lights portable gas, which is placed in a cylinder beneath the driver's seat.

There are 70,000 gipsies in Wallachia; and their emancipation has been decided upon in a council by a vote of eleven voices against ten. Their proprietors will receive from the state an indemnification.

In the course of the last two or three years, the periodical press of the East has greatly increased in importance. As many as twelve journals and four reviews are now published at Constantinople.

Princess Augusta Bonaparte, daughter of Prince Charles Bonaparte was lately married to her cousin, Prince Gabrielli, at the Chapel of the Tuilleries, in Paris. The Emperor and Empress were present.

The British Government has instituted a new order of merit, styled the "Victoria cross," and is to be given only to members of the Army or Navy who distinguish themselves by individual acts of bravery in the face of an enemy.

The Musee d'Artillerie, Paris, has just added to its collection the pocket-book of Prince Menschikoff, taken at the battle of the Alma, and one of the Jacobi infernal machines, fished up in the Baltic by the French sailors.

The banking institution of London shows larger profits than our own. The London and Westminster Bank (the leading joint stock institution) has recently declared a dividend equivalent to 16 per cent. per annum, viz: 5 per cent. regular dividend and bonus of 5 per cent. for the past year.

Stockholm is to be fortified by land and sea; including the valley of Maalar.

Great energy is manifested in Russia in advancing railways.

Catharine Hayes, it is said, loses twenty-seven thousand dollars by the failure of Messrs. Saunders & Brennan, of San Francisco.

There are in Russia six thousand miles of telegraph wires, all of which are continually used for official despatches.

Lady Morgan is collecting out of her diaries and extensive correspondence, materials for a full account of her "Life and Times."

The emperor of Austria has ordered the construction of three screw steamers of war, which are to be completed in the present year.

Upwards of 10,000 fish, reared by the artificial process, which has been so successful, have been turned out into the waters of the river Dee.

A letter from Corfu states that the last crop of olives in that island has been so ravaged by the worm that two-thirds of it has been destroyed.

At the last sitting of the Imperial Academy of Sciences at St. Petersburg, Lieut. Maury was elected corresponding member in the section of geography.

At a recent oratorio in London, when Jenny Lind sung the principal soprano part, the chorus and orchestra consisted of more than six hundred performers!

Piedmont has, within the last six years, constructed 700 kilometres, or nearly 150 English miles, of railways, the receipts of which in 1855 amounted to 10,297,758*fr.*

During last year, in Silesia, 811 Roman Catholics enrolled their names on the Protestant registers. A similar increase of Protestants in that province has been going on for years past.

An arrangement has, it is said, been entered into between thirty-two brokers and capitalists of Paris and London, to participate in common in great industrial and commercial undertakings.

Iron shipbuilding is making rapid progress on the Tyne and other rivers in the north of England, and promises in a few years to produce a revolution in the carrying trade of the country.

The price of tallow in Russia has risen to an astounding degree—over two dollars a pound. The Russians it will be remembered, eat tallow as Americans eat pumpkin pie or apple sauce, and use it extensively in cooking.

Herr Ander, the tenor singer so popular at Vienna, generally reported to be the first tenor in Germany, who appeared two or three seasons ago at our Royal Italian opera, died the other day at Vienna. He was buried with state and honor.

Mr. Malcolmson, of Portland, Waterford, the eminent steamship proprietor, is about to place a line of screw steamers between Liverpool and New York, touching at Queenstown on the outward and home voyages.

Pipes of gutta serena are, to a great extent, superseding the use of lead pipes for conveying water in London. Being free from poisonous deposits and the attacks of frost, they are much preferred. Pipes of vulcanized India rubber are used to some extent.

## Record of the Times.

The total population of Alabama is 836,192.

The total population of Louisiana is 575,922, of which 299,626 are whites.

The railroad system of Illinois has doubled its population in five years.

Since 1852, twelve steamships have been lost at sea, and 1250 persons perished.

The governor-general of Canada says the reciprocity system works well.

The Delawares believe their guardian spirit to be a great eagle—not a golden eagle though.

The "way to make butter come" is to pay for it and have it sent by railroad.

Green peas were hardly known in 1550, though the Romans had a dish which was very much sought after, composed of boiled or fried gray peas.

According to the American Baptist Almanac for the current year, there are in the United States 6475 ordained Baptist ministers.

The Leipsic Missionary Society are building a missionary house for the training of young men, who are to labor among the heathen.

When a man leaves his place of business, he should leave the cares and annoyances of the traffic with his goods.

Miss Bremer has written a new story, and the sheets are already in the hands of Mary Howitt for translation.

It is stated in "Howell's Familiar Letters" that a ship was built in England, in 1635, 127 feet long, and 46 feet 6 inches in breadth, and was called the "Sovereign of the Seas."

The most important item of information to be found in Miss Murray's book, is the fact that chowder is a "praiseworthy preparation, enabling you to eat soup and fish at one time."

The best teas, it is said, never find their way out of China. The finest quality of black tea is the scented *Liang-sing*, and is worth in China \$2 50 per pound.

J. G. Percival, by many regarded as the first of American poets, is now State Geologist in Wisconsin, where the settlers call him "old rock smasher."

R. R. Cox, a planter in good circumstances residing in Marshall county, Tenn., recently killed his wife in a fit of insanity, and afterwards killed himself.

The officers of the New York Juvenile Asylum have sent seventy-five children and twenty-five adults to Illinois, there to be engaged in agriculture or other useful occupations.

During the time since the Worcester Lunatic Hospital has been in operation (twenty-three years), thirty-nine of its patients were made such by disappointed ambition. "Ambition should be made of sterner stuff."

We read in a Liverpool paper of a man arrested for stealing gas—a novel complaint. He made a connection with the supply pipe in the street used by a former tenant, and didn't notify the gas company to set a metre.

The folks at New Orleans are about to erect a Clay monument of bronze.

The rings of the planet Saturn will be visible during all this year.

Col. Rawlinson discovered the body of Nebuchadnezzar at Babylon, by his cud.

At Pekin there is a lodging-house for the poor called the "House of Hen Feathers."

The United States are manufacturing a musket that beats the Minie, at Springfield.

The State of Texas has given Col. Crockett's widow a league of land.

It is said that gambling is carried on to an enormous extent in Washington.

California will be able to export this year 150,000 barrels of flour.

A company at Limerick will soon manufacture brandy from beet root. That beats all.

The Danish government allow post-masters to confiscate all non-registered money-letters.

The late J. M. Field had his life insured at St. Louis for \$3000.

There are 221 schools, 304 teachers, and 26,170 school children in California.

All men are born soldiers because they have drums in their ears.

It is fifty years since Frederick Tudor, Esq. first despatched the brig Favorite from Boston with an entire cargo of ice for St. Pierre.

From April, 1854, to May, 1855, one hundred and eight new post-offices were established in Iowa. This fact shows how the West grows.

One thousand young cows, with calves, were recently sold at Los Angeles, California, for \$15,000.

A law has passed both houses of the Kentucky legislature which prohibits billiards, ten-pin alleys, etc.

A German writer says that the people of the United States can burst more steam boilers and chew more tobacco than any other five nations on the globe.

It is said that the Misses Fox have realized a fortune by snapping the joints of their big toes, which the gullible public mistook for spiritual rappings.

A witty doctor says that tight-lacing is a public benefit, inasmuch as it kills off all the foolish girls, and leaves the wise ones to grow to be women.

Some of our cotemporaries are discussing the question, which is the safest seat in case of railroad collision? We should choose one about one hundred miles from the railroad.

Dickens, speaking of a debtor's prison, says: "It was evident from the general tone that they had come to regard insolvency as the normal state of mankind, and the payment of debts as a disease that occasionally broke out!"

Returns from the Indian agencies in Texas show that the State contains 20,000 Camanches and Kioways, 3000 Arrickarees, 300 Wacoos, Towacanoos and Keechiees, 550 Libans, 400 Mescaleros, 950 Wichitas, Apaches, Caddoes and other tribes, to numbers not estimated.

## Merry Making.

What burns to keep a secret? Sealing-wax to be sure.

What word may be pronounced quicker by adding a syllable to it? Quick.

When did Absalom sleep with five in a bed? When he slept with his four-fathers.

"Sending coals to Newcastle"—The voyage of a cane (Kane) to the North pole.

Why is an island like the letter T? Because it is in the middle of wa-ter.

Why is a spendthrift's purse like a thunder-cloud? Because it is continually a light-ning.

When is a farmer very maternal? When he cradles his grain.

*Nursery Truism*.—Too many nurses spoil the "broth of a boy."

One of the teeth of a biting frost was recently picked up in the town of Hull.

One of our leading phrenologists has gone north, to examine the head of navigation.

Why is a kiss like creation? Because it is made of nothing, and yet it is something.

A wag says that Dr. Kane tried to get to the pole to deposit his vote, but the iceberg faction prevented him.

A little glutton of a boy said he should like to live in Scotland, because he had heard it was the land o' cakes.

Why does an agreeable person having left a party become very vapory? Because he is *mist* (missed).

There are none perfect in this world. It is said that even Wall Street Brokers have their little failings.

The story of a man who had a nose so large that he couldn't blow it without the use of gun-powder, is said to be a hoax.

When the mind is diseased, it is frequently not healing a man wants so much as fresh soul-ing. Medical cobblers please notice.

Often the scene at the playhouse, which beggars description, plays the same trick with the manager?

"Miss Brown, aint you afeared that your boy will get drowned, goin' in swimmin' so much?" "Well, Miss Smith, I shouldn't wonder, for he's just rogue enough for that."

The man who hung himself in an axletree with a cord of wood, has been cut down with a sharp-set appetite, by the fast man who tired down a wagon wheel.

"My dear," said an affectionate spouse to her husband, "am I not your only treasure?" "O yes," was the cool reply, "and I would willingly lay you up in heaven."

The gas went out at one of the churches not long since, just as the congregation were singing the opening hymn, from which cause it was finished in *short metre*.

Upon the marriage of one of her companions, a little girl about eleven years of age, of the same school, said to her parents, "Why, don't you think Amelia is married, and she hasn't gone through fractions yet!"

Cats are said to be musical, because their interior consists of fiddle-strings.

Quack doctors are considered "drivers" of the "last stage" of disease.

A man frequently admits that he was wrong, but a woman, never—she was "only mistaken."

When is a nutmeg like a prison window? Ans.—When it is grated.

An earthquake is termed a "tall specimen of ague" in California.

"My mine to me a kingdom is," as the California gold-digger said.

Why is an ailing deer like a depressed man? Ans.—Because he is a *hart sick* (heart-sick.)

Why is the letter S a friend of the Maine Liquor Law? Ans.—Because it turns wine into swine.

*Punch* thinks the abolition of the corn laws the most important cereal work ever given to the public.

When is the marriage ceremony decidedly fishy? Ans.—When the bride receives her ring (her-ring.)

"Mother," said a little boy, "I'm tired of this pug nose; it's growing puggier and puggier every day."

Carrying coals from the grocery in a carpet bag, may be very genteel, but it is bad for the lining.

Sir Isaac Newton was never married. Guess he thought more of Saturn's ring than he did of Hymen's.

"Mr. Smith, be particular to have my coat well wadded." "Never mind," said Smith, "wadded or not, it will stand a charge."

One of the Irish newspapers contains an advertisement announcing as lost, a cloth cloak, belonging to a gentleman lined with blue.

The unfortunate wretch who wrote the tail of a comet, has obtained employment in copying the example of a sum in arithmetic.

An exchange paper says, "Hicks is engaged on a head of Longfellow." Is "Hicks" a barber or a sculptor?

An editor out West says: "If we have offended any man in the short but brilliant course of our career, let him send us in a new hat, and say nothing about it." Very cool.

It has been observed that frequenters of concerts who are in the habit of beating time with their feet and kicking up a dust, are presumed to be ignorant of the repeal of the "stamp act."

A distinguished literary tourist was once found in a paroxysm of tears over the supposed tomb of Washington, at Mount Vernon, but it turned out to be only the ice house!

There are two things a modest man should never undertake: to borrow money or study law. A third thing: never to "beg a brother of the earth to give him leave to toil," as the poet forcibly expresses it.

Zelim was the first of the Ottomans who shaved his beard. One of his bashaws asked him why he altered the customs of his predecessors? He answered: "Because you bashaws may not lead me by the beard as you did them."

# BALLOU'S DOLLAR MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

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WHOLE No. 18.

## GRACE ARRINGTON.

BY MRS. MARY MAYNARD.

"For shame, sir—for shame! thus to marmur at Heaven's decrees, thus to receive its precious gifts!" And good old Dr. Davis looked the indignation he felt at his companion.

The two gentlemen were in the library of Mr. Arrington's handsome country house; the speaker standing with his hands behind him, and a very unusual flush of anger on his fine face, while Mr. Arrington sat at his table with his face buried in his folded arms, resting on his desk. The family physician had just announced the birth of a daughter; news received by the disappointed father, first with angry unbelief, and afterwards with hopeless despair.

He was a tall, stern looking man, bearing the marks of fierce passions on his countenance, with deep sunken eyes and knitted brow. Few men would have presumed to address words of reproach to him, but Dr. Davis was a privileged friend, and for the sake of the gentle young wife and mother would run far greater risks. His fearless, open manner was his greatest safeguard; and in his wildest fits of passion, Mr. Arrington would come down under the plain spoken reproaches and shocked look of the good man.

"How can I calmly listen to the crushing of my last hope, the destruction of my cherished plans?" was the father's answer to the doctor's last words. "There is nothing now to prevent my hated cousin's becoming our uncle's heir, while I, with all my debts, am to be burdened with the care of a sickly wife and two wretched

girls; curses on the fate!" And he ground his teeth in helpless rage, and again buried his face in his hands.

Finding that in his present mood, all remonstrances were useless, the doctor quietly left the room and sought the chamber of the young mother. At the door he found the eldest daughter, a child of two years, pleading to be taken to her mother.

Taking her from her nurse, he entered the room, and Mrs. Arrington, prepared for any unkindness on her husband's part, evinced no surprise at his absence, and merely shed a few quiet tears over her little girls.

She was a very young and beautiful woman, but care and sorrow had stolen the roses from her fair cheeks, and given sad looks to the once sparkling eyes. The beloved and only child of doting parents, she had seen little of care, and less of unkindness, until, won by the polished manners and fair exterior of Mr. Arrington, she had become his bride. But ere the first week of her strange new life had passed, the poor girl saw her mistake, and soon learned to tremble at the frown of him she had believed perfection, and to whose keeping she had entrusted her life's happiness.

Mr. Arrington was jealous and overbearing, proud of the beauty of his wife, yet fearful that others should see and admire her; fond of society, yet frequently sacrificing his dearest friend to his arbitrary disposition. His grandfather—old Philip Arrington—had bequeathed handsome

fortunes to his three remaining children, all that had been spared to him from a large family. At the time of their father's death, Philip and John, the two oldest, were of the respective ages of twenty and twenty-two years, while Herbert, the youngest, was scarcely five.

Philip never married; and as years passed on, and he acquired a large practice as a lawyer, he gradually improved the property left him by his father, and at the time my story commences was counted one of the richest men in B-shire. John, the second son, married as soon as he became of age; lived an useless, extravagant life; broke his wife's heart with neglect and coldness, and died, leaving one son (Mr. Arrington) to fight and struggle his way through the world.

With extravagant tastes and great worldly pride, young John Arrington found himself at twenty-one with little more to gratify them than the very moderate fortune secured to him by his mother's marriage settlements. For ten years he contrived to live on this, each year, however, sinking deeper in debt, when finding that things could not continue so much longer, he bethought himself of taking a rich wife. In this last resort to retrieve his embarrassed condition, he proved exceedingly fortunate; and the fair young girl he won with false professions and pretended devotion, brought him both wealth and beauty for her dower.

His uncle, Herbert Arrington, now about thirty-eight years of age, had been married nearly five years, and his son, at the time little Eveline was born, was four years old. To account for John Arrington's dislike of this boy, we shall have to go back a few years to the early days of the old bachelor Philip.

In his youth, Philip Arrington had passionately loved a young girl whom his father disapproved of. Determined that he should not marry her, Mr. Arrington and her father made a match between her and a young man, far inferior in every respect to Philip. For two years young Arrington shunned all female society, but at the end of that time was accidentally thrown into the company of a beautiful young lady, lovely, fascinating and accomplished, but poor. For a time his suit prospered, and even progressed so far that the wedding day was fixed, when Philip found a rival in the shape of an old friend of Miss Smith's father.

It is true he was something over fifty, wore a wig, and in complexion rather too nearly resembled an orange; but what mattered that, when he could keep a carriage, a score of servants, and wear a diamond ring worth more money than Miss Smith had ever seen in her

life? He was pleased with Miss Smith the first time he saw her, and rather wished young Arrington would not occupy so much of her attention. The next time he called, Miss Smith was alone; the lady was agreeable, the gentleman fascinated; she sung and played a sentimental song to amuse him, and he made her a formal offer of his hand and fortune. The lady hastily threw into one scale Philip, his love, his good looks, and his pretty cottage home—in the other, her saffron-faced admirer, a coach, and a splendid city mansion, with dresses and jewels innumerable. Need we say which preponderated?

The end of it was that Miss Smith learned to hate her lord and master ere she had been many months a wife; finding, to her sorrow, that even golden fetters are distressing; while Philip cursed all women as jilts and deceivers, and applied himself to his profession with redoubled ardor. He removed from the scenes of his unfortunate attachments, bought a comfortable house, secured the services of a trustworthy old lady for housekeeper, and set seriously about making money.

And he did make money, and everything he undertook brought him in money; and the more money he got the more he wanted; and at the time his nephew, John, married, he was immensely rich. Very little correspondence had been kept up between the brothers; but when Philip heard that another of the hated sex had been brought into the family, he suddenly felt a curiosity to see his brother's and nephew's wives.

His visit did not afford him much satisfaction, as, to all outward appearances, both couples were in the enjoyment of great happiness—Herbert and his wife being really attached to each other, while John had too much pride to allow his uncle to witness any unpleasantness in his house. As there was nothing to find fault with in the selection either kinsman had made, and the two families were on good terms, his malice invented a device whereby to destroy their future comfort. He announced his intention of bequeathing his vast property to the youngest male Arrington alive at his decease.

To this new whim Herbert paid but little attention; partly because his rapidly increasing fortune promised to be more than sufficient for the wants of his family, and partly because he suspected the real motive that had induced his eccentric brother to give publicity to an intention so likely to cause dissension. But on John Arrington the effect was all that his uncle could have wished in his most malicious humor.

Until the birth of Eveline, he contented himself with anticipating the blessing a son would

he, and having convinced himself that such a thing as disappointment was not to be thought of, was even kinder to his poor young wife than heretofore. But all his ill temper returned when he found that so far his young cousin was the heir; and he hated him for it, although not quite without love for his own first-born.

Herbert's family meanwhile was increased by the addition of two little girls, and a few months before the commencement of our story, by still another son. But John Arrington's hopes were once more raised to the pinnacle of expectation; and so great a hold had this one idea taken on his mind, that he could better have listened to the announcement of the loss of wife, child, and every friend he had, than be told that his wishes were again crossed. He viewed it as an actual wrong, and in that spirit reproached the Providence that had so afflicted him.

From the hour of her birth, Grace Arrington knew nothing of the blessing of a father's love. It was not until she was several weeks old that her father ever saw her, and then the meeting was accidental. Since his last disappointment, he had even withdrawn the affection he once bestowed on little Eveline; and her mother almost feared to trust her darlings from her sight, so great was her terror that her husband might, in his passion, commit some dreadful act.

Soon after the birth of his youngest child, Mr. Arrington went to London, and his wife was suffered to drag out a weary existence alone with her children and servants, the latter being creatures of the master, and having more authority in the house than their mistress. It was while Mr. Arrington was away, and when Grace was two months old, that Herbert resolved to pay a visit to his poor niece and her neglected little ones. He was much attached to her, and felt deeply for the children forsaken by their father, and seemingly so friendless.

On arriving at their home, he had considerable difficulty in gaining admittance, so strict were Mr. Arrington's orders against all visitors in his absence. But his uncle was not a man easily repulsed when doing what he considered his duty, and he felt that he ought to take some interest in the fate of his young kinswoman and her children. He found her but the shadow of her former self, pale, sick and dispirited, her beauty faded, her once bright hopes crushed. She warmly welcomed him, and after spending several pleasant hours in conversation and inquiries, Herbert rose to leave, when she spoke of one request she had to make.

"Anything, anything that I can do for you, my dear child," was her uncle's warm answer.

"It is a serious request, but I have long thought of your coming—long waited for an opportunity to make it. I shall not long be here. Nay! don't try to deceive me; look there." And drawing up the sleeve of her loose dress, she held up an arm and hand round which there was scarcely an appearance of flesh, the long fingers looking like those of a skeleton.

She smiled faintly as Herbert, pale and sorrowful, raised the transparent hand to his lips.

"I cannot long stay here; and uncle, when I am gone, will you take my poor babes—my little fatherless girls? Your wife is kind and good, and in her my children will find a mother, in you a father. Will you promise me this, and bid me rest in peace?"

Earnestly Herbert promised to fulfil her request, to adopt her children, and in all respects bring them up as his own. There was but one reservation. "If their father will consent."

"Only too willingly. To him they are a burden and a cause of grief." And her tears fell fast as she spoke the sad words.

Herbert bade her farewell, kissed the little ones, and left the house. As he journeyed homeward, he meditated on the melancholy fate of this once beautiful and happy girl, so undeservedly brought on by the cruel conduct of her husband and the malicious contrivance of his own brother, and he felt rejoiced that he had in some measure atoned by making the requested promise. When informed of what had passed, Mrs. Herbert Arrington was equally pleased, and her warm heart was deeply touched at the affecting picture her husband drew of the scene he had witnessed.

That night, when she sat beside him in their comfortable parlor, their little ones gathered round them, and all happy and rejoicing in their love, large tears rolled down the fond mother's cheek, and she bent over her baby-boy to hide her emotion. But Herbert knew that his tender-hearted young wife was thinking of another whose lot was, O, how different from her own! whose sorrows were soothed by no husband's kindness, whose babes felt no father's caress.

He looked on his little twin girls—two little delicate blossoms, scarcely seeming for this world,—and in his heart he wondered how a father could ever become so unnatural as to cast off his helpless offspring. He looked on his wife, as she sat with her infant in her arms, in all her bloom of health and contentment; and he thought of that other, her superior in beauty, in accomplishments, in all domestic graces that charm and delight a husband; and his astonishment and pity increased. How blindly had



John Arrington sacrificed his own happiness and that of his wife; how wantonly had he crushed her young life; how shamefully betrayed her trust. On all these wrongs did Herbert ponder, and his heart was sad and troubled for another's woes; but the day was soon to come when he should have sorrows of his own to mourn over.

Six months after his visit to his nephew's wife, Herbert laid his three youngest children in the grave. The little boy went first—the pet, the baby, they all wept when he was taken from them. But soon one merry little girl was laid beside her brother; and when the dark shadows fell over the face of the other, and he knew that she also was gone, Herbert wept like a woman.

To bear this heavy affliction, the mother seemed the strongest, and when all was over, and she could no longer minister to the wants of her lost ones, no longer touch the little hands, press the soft cheek, or bend down to listen to sweet, low voices murmuring fond words, she yielded not to unavailing sorrow. Of her children she had been fond, exceedingly fond; but for her husband, words are weak to express the entire, the engrossing love, she felt for him. Even her little ones were dearer on that account; and now her own sorrow was forgotten in her anxiety to assuage his bitter grief, to pour balm into that wounded heart. Not even in the first days of their marriage had she been so kind, so thoughtful, so affectionate; and Herbert was at last roused from his sorrow, by observing the sad changes care and anxiety were making in his beloved wife.

He, in his turn, now became the comforter; and so in time they learned to think and speak calmly of their trial. Their oldest child was still spared to them, and the parents rejoiced in his bright promise for the future, and were happy, although a sigh would rise, or a tear fall, as some memento of the lost ones recalled their sorrow.

A year passed away, and Herbert was suddenly summoned to the death-bed of his niece. He instantly obeyed the call, and hastened to the house he had not entered since the day when he had contrasted the misery of its inmates with the happiness of his own. His feelings were of the most distressing character, and he was little prepared to meet his nephew, whose joyful countenance appeared so out of place. The secret was soon told—the mother was dying; but the father had his wish, and a son had at last gladdened the heart of John Arrington.

Astonished at the coolness with which Herbert listened to this latter news, he could not

refrain from inquiring if he "recollected how that affected the prospects of his son," and was only reminded of his mistake when he saw the contemptuous glance his uncle bestowed upon him, and heard his command to "lead him instantly to the bedside of his dying wife."

There were but few words passed between the uncle and niece; and in less than half an hour after his arrival, she had left sorrow, despair and anguish; and before him lay a cold pale face, whose smile reminded him of the innocents he had lost. John Arrington did not feign a grief he did not feel, nor did he offer the slightest objection to his wife's wishes in regard to the little girls. He thanked his uncle for relieving him of such a charge, gave him all the dresses, jewelry and furniture that had belonged to their mother, and promised never to interfere in anything pertaining to their future lives, giving them solely to him.

Herbert bore them home carefully and tenderly, and gave them into the loving, motherly arms held out to receive them; and both wept as they looked on these treasures, motherless, and cast out from a father's love; and both thought on the little girls that had once graced their own fireside, and welcomed these forlorn ones to replace them.

For several days Mrs. Arrington could not realize that such happiness was hers, and she would gaze for hours on the little faces so fondly turned to her own, or creep softly to their little bed, to make sure that she had them still. But when she saw that to her husband they were each day becoming dearer, that they had taken the place in his heart once occupied by their own, that he had resumed his cheerfulness, and could be merry with the gayest among their evening gathering, she blessed them in the fullness of her heart, and poured out on them the boundless treasures of a mother's love.

We must now pass over fifteen years, during which time but few changes took place in the circumstances of any of our friends, the Arrington family. Philip was more miserly, more ill natured, and hated women more cordially than ever. He was now nearly seventy-four years of age. Herbert and his wife were but little changed; affairs had prospered with them, and they looked cheerful and happy.

Their son—young Herbert—was a fine young man of two-and-twenty, the pride and joy of his parents, and the delight of his cousins. Eveline and Grace were still with their kind friends, and none could have supposed that they were other than the daughters of the house. Loving and beloved, they knew not the want of a parent's

kindness ; for in their treatment of her children, Herbert and his wife faithfully performed their promise to the mother.

John Arrington and his young son still resided at the house where his wife had died ; but they had few servants, and the establishment was reduced to the lowest scale. To indulge his darling and spoiled child, the doting father made the greatest sacrifices of his comfort and convenience, and deprived himself of luxuries made absolutely necessary by custom and habit. But John Arrington was a changed man. His whole thought and hope was centered on the possession of his brother's splendid fortune, and his whole care and devotion on the object by which it was to be obtained. On this son he lavished the fondest affection ; and the haughty and imperious man, before whom his gentle wife was wont to tremble in terror, was now the slave of a wilful, obstinate boy.

To such a pitch had young Philip's authority reached, that the few attendants they were obliged to keep always gave the preference to the son's commands, even if in opposition to their master's.

It annoyed John Arrington that his son was not known to be the heir to his uncle ; that in the eyes of others, this object of his fond hopes was no other than a common youth. He at last wrote to his uncle, reminding him of his promise, and asking him to acknowledge Philip as the inheritor of his property.

The answer was short and unsatisfactory ; the old man merely reminded him that he was not dead yet, that his will did not go into effect until that event should happen, and that there might yet be a score of young Arringtons born ere he left the world. As a characteristic finish, he begged permission to inform him that young Herbert was now a man, and in all probability would soon marry.

Since the birth of his own son, Mr. Arrington had lost that ill feeling towards his cousin that he once indulged ; but now his animosity returned with double force, and he dreaded to hear his name spoken, lest it should be accompanied with ill tidings.

It was at this unlucky time that a letter arrived from his uncle Herbert, announcing the approaching marriage of Eveline and young Herbert. The writer thought it his duty to announce the news to her father, but merely as a matter of form, not dreaming that he would object to so favorable an alliance for his daughter.

Words cannot express Mr. Arrington's feelings on perusing this letter ; but when the first emotions of rage and annoyance were over, he

wrote an answer little in accordance with their expectations. He insisted on all such ideas being immediately given up, on pain of the instant removal of his daughter ; and gave more than sufficient reason to delay the marriage in the coarse terms in which he spoke of the young man. To his daughter he wrote a fierce, angry denunciation of her wilful and presumptuous intention, threatening to instantly take her from those who, he said, were teaching her to forget her parent, and act in disobedience to his wishes.

To the young couple, these letters brought sadness and sorrow ; but Herbert tried the effect of an appeal to his feelings, and also reminded him of the promise given at the time the girls came under his charge. But remonstrances and appeals were alike vain, and Herbert and Eveline were obliged to give up all bright prospects for the present, trusting to him to make some favorable change in their affairs.

It was about this time, and only a few days after receiving his nephew's letter, that Philip Arrington, the old and tottering man, the woman hater, the miser, gave up all his lifetime resolutions, and married. In some law suit he had accidentally become acquainted with a widow lady, by the name of Brown. It happened that Mrs. Brown's evidence was of great use to the old lawyer, and he had several times called at her house. During these visits he had been struck with the beauty of Mrs. Brown's young daughter ; all his prejudices melted away, and he made her an offer of his hand. It was of course refused, and then the old man commenced a series of attacks on the widow's property that at last left her dependent on him for a home. He had calculated well on the success of his manoeuvres, and when the alternative came, that the widow should leave her home, or Maria become his wife, he was not surprised that the tender, loving girl should sacrifice herself for her mother's sake.

They were married very privately, and few even of his most intimate acquaintances were aware of the fact. Her mother was suffered to remain in her home, with a very trifling sum to maintain her ; and the old miser's establishment was the same as ever, save that a sweet, sunny face, and a graceful figure, flitted through the old dark rooms like a prisoned angel. The old housekeeper, jealous of the young wife, strove to render her lot as uncomfortable as possible ; and the poor girl was often inclined to think that better had she braved the worst, and supported her mother with her labor, than thus have doomed herself to certain misery. Of course, Philip did not inform his brother and nephew of this

change in his affairs, wishing to avoid all comments on his inconsistency, and also to give them an unpleasant surprise, should it be possible to maintain the secret until his death.

Not satisfied with the prohibition he had given to his daughter's marriage, John Arrington paid a visit to his long neglected children, and had the happiness of finding that his cousin, disappointed of obtaining Eveline's hand, was on the eve of a journey to the continent. He was astonished at the improvement a few years had made in his children, and much struck with the loveliness of Grace, who was a very little girl when he last saw her. Instead of a pale, sickly looking child, he beheld a beautiful young girl, whose slender form and happy, childlike movements filled him with admiration. He watched her attentively as she flitted through the room, now hastening to perform some kind office for her she called mother, and anon flying to the side of her adopted father to bespeak his sympathy for some destitute protege of her own. The father's heart swelled with bitter feelings as he witnessed the marks of affection his children bestowed on others, and reflected that all this love he had flung away.

It was impossible for Eveline to disguise her sorrow at the approaching departure of young Herbert, and equally impossible for her to receive her father with even a show of fondness, while suffering from his cruel caprice. The tearful eyes and pale cheeks of the sorrowful girl more than once inclined him to revoke his unjust commands, but the thought of another ever taking the place of his darling son, quickly drove such relentings from his heart.

Mr. Arrington returned home; Herbert and Eveline parted with their troth-plight unbroken, and their faith unchanged; and Grace was obliged to comfort her dear friends for the loss of their son, and cheer her sister with hopes of better days. All unconscious of the passion so fatal to Eveline's peace, she felt the deepest compassion for her misery, and viewed with sad surprise the crushing grief that at times overwhelmed her. She could understand her aunt's quiet sadness, and her uncle's reveries, and knew how to cheer the one and to dissipate the other; but her sister's passionate distress frightened her, and she mentally resolved to shun the dangers of love. She could not imagine that any stranger would ever usurp the place now occupied in her heart by her adopted parents, or that any home would ever seem so pleasant as the one where her happy young years had been spent. To her, the deceitful passion, with all its train of hopes and fears, and sentimental

longings, and mysterious sympathies, was a sealed book, and she felt little inclination to penetrate the hidden secret.

Eveline and Grace Arrington were as unlike in their dispositions as in looks, and few would have thought they were so near a relationship to each other, to judge by the difference in all their thoughts, habits and actions.

Eveline was like her father—a tall, stately figure, perfect features, and at times a proudly flashing eye, gave an idea of haughtiness rather repelling on a first acquaintance; but she possessed rare virtues, and, thanks to the careful training of her youth, her faults were few and not conspicuous. From earliest childhood she had loved her cousin, and been beloved in return; and having no inducement to flirt with others, it was for Herbert, and for him alone, that the dark eyes sent forth joyous flashes, the raven tresses were disposed in the most bewitching manner, and the most becoming robes were donned. To others, Eveline was coldly polite, or proudly indifferent; and, when displeased, could speak sharp cutting words, too bitter to be easily forgotten or forgiven. It was this peculiarity that had caused her to be more feared than loved by those on whom she did not condescend to bestow her affection; but Herbert and Grace had no cause to complain of lack of kindness; on them she bestowed an intensity of love, and they seemed to occupy her whole heart.

But far different was the disposition of the lovely Grace. Too kind and tender to inflict pain herself, she invariably sought to heal the wounds her sister caused, and rarely failed in administering a balm for injured feelings; for who could stand the bewitching eloquence of one so good, so beautiful, and so full of sympathy for all trouble? Little wonder was it then, that with her attractions, Grace Arrington was the object of numerous attentions, or that her adopted parents at times feared that another would soon rob them of their pet daughter. But Grace received the offerings to her charms with the most childish simplicity, and would gaily repeat to her mother the fine compliments bestowed on her by her *friends*, as she indiscriminately termed her acquaintances of both sexes. If jested with on the score of her lovers, she would shake back her bright curls, and with a merry light in her blue eyes, and her lips wreathed in smiles, deny the charge, again and again declaring that she knew not the meaning of the word *love*.

"Why, Grace!" her mother would exclaim, "what a little deceiver you must be!" while the father would look up from his reading with a

look of pretended reproach on his countenance.

"O, mama! I don't mean that," Grace would exclaim, patting her arms fondly round her neck; "but that love that makes people sigh and weep, and look pale." And she would glance across the room at her sister, who, lost in a reverie, was unconscious of the conversation.

But Grace was to see the day when she also should "sigh and weep, and look pale;" when she should learn the difference between love, the master passion, and that fond affection she bore to her relations.

Soon after Herbert's departure, their list of visitors had been increased by the arrival at home of a Major Bradford, a distant cousin of the Arrington family, and an old school chum of Herbert Arrington, senior. He had been on foreign service for many years, and on his return to England, hastened to renew the old friendship with his cousin.

As the major's regiment was quartered not far from his cousin's home, he soon formed the habit of spending a portion of each day in the society of the beautiful young girls who adorned it; and they, in return, were pleased with a friend who united the many agreeable and interesting qualities of their new acquaintance.

Major Bradford was handsome, rich, and fifty-one. In early life he had formed one or two attachments, but his peculiar life had prevented his ever becoming very deeply attached to any lady. As he advanced in life he gave up all thought of forming an alliance, and though many would have rejoiced in being the choice of the handsome major, he contented himself with a uniform friendliness of manner to all ladies.

On Eveline and her sister he bestowed an unusual share of attention—partly on account of their sad history, and partly because he found them superior to the generality of young ladies. He was particularly pleased with Grace, but at first the preference was not mutual—the gay girl professing herself afraid of one who had seen so much of life; so she was rather shy of him at first. But as month after month passed on, and the agreeable major still continued his visits, a great change was perceptible in the looks and manners of Grace; she no longer moved through the house with sweet songs on her lips, and appeared very sad at times. But her color brightened, and her eye sparkled, as the hour drew near when the major usually called, and when duty prevented his appearance, would sigh and look pale, and even give way to a few secret tears.

That their darling was much changed, the parents were painfully assured, and they also came to a correct conclusion in regard to the cause;

but as to whom the person was, they were at fault. They both supposed it to be a young man, who had always been one of Grace's most ardent admirers, and were satisfied with her choice.

Mrs. Arrington and Eveline were going out one morning to pay some visits, and after vainly coaxing Grace (who pleaded a headache) to accompany them, insisted on her resting in her darkened room until their return; but scarcely were they out of sight, when she rose from her couch, and proceeded to arrange her hair and dress with unusual pains. She then descended to the parlor, and seating herself at the instrument, commenced practising a beautiful and difficult piece of music, lent to her by the major.

She had succeeded in conquering the difficulties, and was playing with animation and spirit, when startled by the sound of a step she looked round, and the major was beside her. With a start and a blush she half rose from her seat, but recovering herself welcomed him, began to talk about the music, and requested him to explain some parts that still puzzled her a little. The conversation soon became animated, and she forgot her first awkwardness at having to receive him alone. The major strove to be entertaining, the more as he saw how happy his young companion was in his society; and after prolonging his stay to an unusual length, took his leave, with the conviction, that of all charming young women, Grace was the most bewitching.

That night, long after Eveline had slumbered, did Grace sit at her window and muse on the events of the day; and at the same hour the major was alone in his room, his head resting on his hand, and his eyes fixed vacantly on the fire burning cheerily in the grate. And as he gazed, a golden-haired vision seemed to rise at his side, and loving blue eyes were turned inquiringly to his own; and he again heard a sweet voice ask gentle questions, and again watched little white hands and slender fingers fly over the keys.

"What folly!" exclaimed the major, hastily rising. "Such a mere child, and at my time of life, too!" And he sought to banish his musings in slumber; but again he saw that bright vision, heard that sweet voice, and again felt the touch of those soft hands. With the morning came recollection and resolution, and he again said, "What folly!"

It was almost a year after Philip Arrington had written his nephew the letter mentioned before, when the news came that the old man was dead—news only too welcome to the expectant nephew and his son. As the brother and nephew were requested to attend the funeral ceremony, and be present at the reading of the will, they

lost no time in journeying into B—shire, and arrived in time to join the few mourners that attended the old miser to his last resting-place.

On returning to his late home, an elderly gentleman—a lawyer, and an intimate acquaintance of the deceased—produced the will and proceeded to break the seals. Ere he opened it, however, he looked round on the group of anxious faces, and with a grim smile, said “he supposed all present were familiar with the intentions of the deceased in relation to the disposal of his fortune?” Murmurs of “yes” sounded through the room, and John Arrington drew a long breath, as if oppressed with some evil foreboding. The old lawyer then proceeded to read the will, which was very brief, merely mentioning small legacies to his brother and his son; and his nephew, John Arrington and his son; and bequeathing the bulk of his fortune to the “youngest of the name of Arrington.” When it was finished, the old man carefully folded up the parchment, and interrupting the congratulations all present were showering on young Philip, who stood proudly beside his father, he gravely asked them if they would like to see the heir.

Each one looked at the other in astonishment; but John Arrington exclaimed in despairing accents, “By heavens! I knew there was some treachery!” and sank, pale and fainting, into a chair, while every eye was turned to the opening door, and beheld with wonder the entrance of a fair and delicate looking girl, bearing an infant in her arms.

The truth soon flashed on every one present. The old man had married, intending to disappoint the hopes of his relations by leaving his property to his wife; but Providence had sent him a little son, who of course became the heir. Shortly after the child’s birth, death called the old man away.

To John Arrington this unexpected shock proved fatal; he barely lived to reach his home; but while speech and reason lasted, he ceased not to impress on his uncle his wishes respecting his children. After the father’s death, Herbert was speedily summoned home, the prohibition to his alliance with Eveline having been removed, and with joyful haste obeyed the welcome mandate; and on his arrival preparations were made for a speedy celebration of their marriage.

The clouds were removed from the brow of the young betrothed; but as her sister grew happier, so did Grace lose her gaiety, and at length excited the serious fears of her friends by her altered looks. But since that happy day, when she had received Major Bradford alone, poor Grace had suffered all the misery of uncertainty

and disappointment, arising from the strange alteration in her friend’s manner, and the unusual coolness with which he treated her. He no longer appeared to take any interest in her music, no longer offered to accompany her in her visits of charity to the neighboring cottages, and so seldom addressed her in conversation that she at last ceased to address him, and a coldness gradually grew up between them. In vain she tried to recollect some word or act of hers that might have given offence; in vain she strove to banish him from her mind; and all unused to care and anxiety, she daily grew paler.

It was now that the young man, before alluded to, solicited Mr. Arrington’s permission for the honor of his daughter’s hand, but at the same time acknowledged he had not received very flattering encouragement from the lady. Pleased with this opportunity of discovering her sentiments, Mr. Arrington volunteered to plead his cause with Grace, and dismissed the young gentleman with a heart full of hope. He kept his word, and used every argument to induce her to listen favorably to his suit, but without success, and she at last reproached him with wishing to get rid of her.

“My child, that is not like yourself,” was his gentle answer. “You know I only study your happiness, and I think it can be best promoted by a union with one so worthy in every respect as this young man. But I will urge you no more, and only ask if there is any hope that you may change your mind?”

“No—never! Give him no reason to think I can ever look favorably on his suit, for that is impossible.”

“Grace, my poor child, there is some mystery here; and you could not speak so decidedly were you not aware that another possessed your heart. Why will you not place confidence in my age and experience, and let me know the secret of all your sorrow?”

“I will tell all, father,” the young girl passionately exclaimed. “I do love another; but he knows it not, and my love is not returned.”

That evening Major Bradford announced his intention of soon leaving England. “He had lived so long abroad that his native land had become distasteful to him.”

Scarcely had the words escaped his lips, when Grace, who had been seated beside her father, leaned against his shoulder, and with a low moan fainted away. The heat of the room had overpowered her, they all said; but as Mr. Arrington bore her to her chamber, he knew differently, and in his own mind resolved to make an effort to save her from despair.

That night, when the major left, his friend accompanied him, and with all due regard for Grace's delicacy, made known his suspicions. Words cannot describe the delight of Major Bradford at this unlooked-for happiness, and he even feared to indulge in the hope that it was true, lest disappointment should be his lot.

"I cannot realize it yet," he said to his friend at parting, "after struggling so long with feelings that I imagined were hopeless, to hear that my own blindness hindered my happiness."

There was soon a great improvement in the health and spirits of Grace Arrington. Blessed with a return of affection, she resumed her accustomed gaiety, spreading light around her.

Major Bradford was devoted in his attentions to his young betrothed; and if at times a fear crossed his mind when he remembered the disparity of their ages, the consciousness of possessing her innocent and confiding heart banished his vague uneasiness. He gratified her by taking all possible interest in the bridal preparations, and not even young Herbert could play the lover with a better grace than did the accomplished major, whose tenderness kept a perpetual watch over the happiness of his bride.

At last there was a double wedding in Mr. Arrington's beautiful parlor, and the house was filled with gay guests; and Mrs. Arrington vainly tried to keep back her tears, as she listened to the words that gave her darling to another. And then the parting came, and Mr. Arrington took the young girl in his arms, and invoking a blessing on her head, gave her to her husband, who led her to the carriage, and in a few moments she was whirled away from the scenes of her youth.

But Major Bradford had provided a splendid home for his lovely young bride, and Grace found herself surrounded with all the luxuries that wealth can procure, and which his long residence abroad had rendered necessary to her husband's comfort.

Herbert and Eveline made their home with their parents, and the old couple lived long to enjoy the happiness of their children, and died surrounded by them and their grand-children. Philip Arrington's young widow was rewarded for her self-sacrifice by having a comfortable home to give her mother in her old age; and a few years after that painful period in her life, married a highly respectable man, and had the happiness of seeing her son grow up a very different character from his father. John Arrington's son, after the death of his father, refused to own his relations, and went to London. Here he lived a short life of dissipation, and died in solitary poverty ere he reached twenty years.

### THE VEILED PICTURE.

A story is told of two artist lovers, both of whom sought the hand of a noted painter's daughter. And the question, which of the two should possess himself of the prize so earnestly coveted by both, having come finally to the father, he promised to give his child to the one that could *paint the best*. So each strove for the maiden, with the highest skill his genius could command. One painted a picture of fruit, and displayed it to the father's inspection in a beautiful grove, where gay birds sang sweetly among the foliage, and all nature rejoiced in the luxuriance of bountiful life. Presently the birds came down to the canvass of the young painter, and attempted to eat the fruit he had pictured there. In his surprise and joy at the young artist's skill, the father declared that no one could triumph over that.

Soon, however, the second lover came with his picture, and it was veiled.

"Take the veil from your painting," said the old man.

"I leave that to you," said the young artist with simplicity.

The father of the young and lovely maiden then approached the veiled picture, and attempted to uncover it. But imagine his astonishment, when, as he attempted to take off the veil, he found the *veil itself to be a picture!* We need not say who was the lucky lover; for if the artist, who deceived the birds by skill in painting fruit, manifested great powers of art, he who could so veil his canvass with the pencil as to deceive a skilful master, was surely the greatest artist.—*N. Y. Atlas.*

### A MATRIMONIAL LOTTERY.

A young lady, residing in the arrondissement of Poitiers, France, has conceived the idea of putting herself up in a lottery. There are to be 300 tickets, 1000 francs each, and to the fortunate winner she will give herself and the 300,000 francs as dowry. The lady has attached some prudent conditions to the tickets. She will only sell them to persons whom she may think will suit her, and to ascertain that point, exacts a half hour's conversation with each applicant. There is no limit of age imposed, and more than one ticket may be taken by one person. The lottery will be drawn on the 25th of November next, at the Mayor's office of the town where she resides. A number of Englishmen have already become purchasers, and others are flocking in from all quarters.—*London Examiner.*

### SOCIETY IN ST. PETERSBURGH.

In no place is fashion so observed as in this capital; this shows how unripe our development is; our way of dressing is foreign to us. In Europe, people merely dress; we always are in costume, and therefore we are afraid of the sleeves being too large, or the collar being too narrow. In Paris, people fear nothing but being dressed without taste; in London, they fear nothing but catching a cold; in Italy everybody goes as he likes. But was one to exhibit the lion of the Newsky promenade at St. Petersburg, those battalions all alike in their fast buttoned coats, an Englishman would believe them to be a division of policemen.—*Herzen's Siberia.*

## HOPE ON.

BY M. J. LOVERING.

View not the past with sorrow,  
O, banish all regret—  
Hope whispers on the morrow,  
"We may be happy yet."  
Thank God for every blessing,  
Pray for his care in need;  
That goodly gift possessing,  
Thou wilt be blest indeed.

In every life there is a scene  
Of bitter grief to all,  
And oft doth memory's darts, I ween,  
Those fearful scenes recall.  
But though our early life was clouded  
By cares we can't forget,  
Let each bitter thought be shrouded,  
And we may be happy yet.

## THE SURVEYOR.

BY GIDDINGS H. BALLOU.

THE hot summer sun beat down on the Albany road on one day in the year 1777, as a tired and dusty traveller turned his feet to Deacon Hawley's red farm-house, just beyond the western slope of the Green Mountains. Lifting the latch with the assurance of one used to the simple and hospitable country ways, he inquired of those within if he might be provided with some refreshment in the shape of a bowl of bread and milk, or any other eatable which might be at hand.

He had travelled far, he said, and finding it getting about noon, and being tired and hungry, he had made bold to stop at the first dwelling he met with.

"Certainly, friend, certainly;" replied the honest deacon, who had just come in from the field with his son Nathan. "Sit down and make yourself at home. We're just about taking a snack ourselves, and if you'll step into the back room with us presently, and help clear the table, we shall be very glad of your assistance. Rather dusty travellin', hey?"

"Quite. It's worse than anything I've seen this summer," replied the stranger, as he followed his host into the adjoining room.

"Wife, sir," said the deacon, waving his hand towards a rather comely-looking dame. "Niece Emma, Mr. — ah, what may I call your name, sir?"

"I call my name Lewis," replied the stranger.

"Ah, yes, Lewis. Wife, just put on a bowl with some milk. Let me help you, sir, to some of the meat. No relation to any of the Lewises around here, are you?"

"No, sir. I came from ten miles this side of Burlington."

"Ah, long way that. Any news going on at the lakes?"

"Not much, when I left. Our people were not gaining ground much there."

"No, no. It is a hard match for our raw soldiers, against that army of Burgoyne's, all in fine discipline, with plenty of material, and no lack of king's money to back them. Nathan, Nathan, you and your old father must not sneak at home much longer, now that affairs are getting to the pinch. Well, there are our names on the list, and when they want us, our old queen's arms are ready."

Young Lewis (for the stranger could not have been more than twenty-one) nodded his head in assent to the patriotic sentiment, and applied himself to the viands, in the discussion of which he was not so much absorbed as to be insensible to the presence of the female portion of the family. He was a gallant, quick eyed young fellow, with a sunburnt cheek, and a frank, prepossessing countenance. Such an one is never wanting in sympathy with the fair sex, whosoever its representatives be found, or however scanty be the personal attractions which they may chance to possess. But neither Dame Hawley nor her niece was deficient in this respect, making due allowance for the touch of age on the features of the elder. The niece sat opposite to Lewis at the table, and he could not, if he had chosen, have avoided turning his eyes frequently upon her. He thought that never in his life had he met a more innocent and charming countenance. Nay, he might even have impaired his appetite for the food before him, had he not, taking warning from a rising blush, made his eyes if not his mind more attentive to the play of his knife and fork. He therefore copied as closely as he might, the example of the deacon and Nathan, and had tolerably satisfied the cravings of his appetite by the time that the others were ready to draw from the table.

"Going south, friend?" inquired his host, as they rose together.

"No, sir," was the answer. "At least, no great distance. I am on surveying business, connected with the New York dispute. We Vermonters, having just declared our independence of York State, are about running the boundary line, and I am going to operate in the lower part of the State. I sent a few instruments before me, and expected to meet one of my assistants at the village back. However, he failed me, and I did not think it worth my while to wait."

"I should think the York assembly might

know by this time how the matter is likely to end," observed the deacon. "They're making trouble without any use; and at this time above all things. Why, there was Squire Briggs, who lives at Brandridge just across the line, came to me awhile ago, and wanted to get me to take a warrant as a York justice of peace. The varmint! I saw what his game was, right off. Squire, says I, I'll—wal, I *did* come nigh saying what I should be rather sorry for. But I sent him away with a flea in his ear."

Once started on the subject, the good deacon displayed considerable warmth of feeling. He dilated on charters, territorial government, and popular rights, interposing a brief essay on the history of the Hampshire grants. Lewis rendered all the attention he was able to bestow, while Emma, as she busied herself in removing the dishes, regarded her uncle with admiration as being a paragon of historic and juridical knowledge. Meanwhile the "yes sirs," and "no sirs," of Lewis, were applied a little at random, from the fact that his thoughts centered to the liquid blue eyes of the niece, rather than to the weather-stained brow of the farmer.

"Sorry you are going," said the good natured deacon, as Lewis rose to take leave. "If you are going to be about here, as you say, just drop in and see us. We don't fall in with much company here, especially now, when so many of our people are over yonder looking after Burgoyne. So come as often as you can."

And Lewis did come, once and again. His employment detained him for some two or three weeks in the neighborhood, and within that time he found frequent opportunity to visit the deacon's family, into whose favor he much ingratiated himself. From this partiality, however, we must except Nathan, who regarded Lewis with most decided coolness. The secret of his dislike lay in the fact that he possessed a most decided regard for his fair cousin, and feared, with good reason, the intrusion of the young surveyor. And his jealous watchfulness presently found sufficient to poison his own peace, and to force on his notice the growing attachment between Emma and Lewis. With the latter he had more than once endeavored to frame a quarrel, but without success, till one evening, after Lewis had left the house, young Hawley who met him on the roadside, remarked in a sneering manner, that for a peaceful surveyor he seemed to know a deal about camp matters and military evolutions; at least, if one were to judge by his conversation.

"I daresay," he continued, "that you think we raw bushwhackers will take down all you say for gospel."

"What do you mean by that?" said Lewis, flushing red at the rude tone of the speaker.

"Mean?" retorted the other, impetuously. "Why, that we have had enough of your high-bred airs. I, for one, am not going to 'whoa' and 'gee' with your counterfeit pretensions any longer. There's some foxy trick or other about you; who knows that you are not a tory spy, or something equally bad?"

Lewis, in his surprise and anger at this unexpected address, made a step forward, as if with the intention of instantly repaying the insult.

"Hands off, my lad!" exclaimed Hawley, throwing himself into an attitude of defiance. "Bullying won't go down with me."

The other made no reply, but biting his lips till the blood came, turned away, followed by a low laugh from Nathan.

"I rather guess I've put his nose out of joint for awhile," said the young farmer, looking with a sullen smile on the receding figure of Lewis.

Whatever might have been the cause, the latter did not appear at the deacon's, where his absence caused repeated remark. Nathan anxiously observed the fact that Emma evidently missed the visits of the young surveyor, and had lost much of her accustomed cheerfulness in consequence. By all the arts and assiduities which he could bring, he endeavored to recommend himself in place of the absent gallant. But his efforts were all in vain. At last his patience gave way to despair.

"Why is it," he said to her one day when they were alone, "why is it that you treat me with such coldness? Why is it that you pay no regard to the affection which you know I entertain for you? Is it because you love this stranger, who came, with a smooth, and most likely a lying tongue, no one really knows from whence, or on what business? I believe that he and his stories are alike false and deceitful. Do not then despise my honest love, and cling to the remembrance of one, who is, very like, a counterfeit, and who, at any rate, seems little inclined to present himself again before those who may chance to detect his real character. Do you know that I fancy him to be a British or tory spy, or something of the sort? Doubtless he is well enough pleased to amuse himself on his travels by playing with the affections of a trustful country-girl like yourself."

Emma seized her cousin's hand, and bursting into tears, rested her head on his shoulder.

"Nathan," she said, "you wrong me, cruelly wrong me. I do not despise you, nor am I ungrateful for your kind offices. But I cannot give you the love which I acknowledge that I



entertain for another. He loves me. Do not be harsh, I pray you, in your thoughts of me, or in your surmises with regard to him. I own that there is a mystery about him. He has hinted as much to me, and in a manner which showed that he himself was opposed to the necessity of concealment. He told me, when we parted, that it would be long before we should meet again, very probably not till the close of the war. I fear that your surmises are in some part true. Yet do not be unjust. Honorable men have disguised themselves as spies ere now, and at all events I cannot believe he is a dishonorable man. Rely upon it, if even in arms against our cause, he surely entertains no ill design against us. But he knows as well as yourself, that I would never marry an enemy to my country. Do not then be unkind to me, Nathan, nor take advantage of what I have told you. I will love you as a sister would, and let that suffice, since I can go no further in my regard."

"Say no more, Emma," replied her cousin. "I see it is vain to reason with you. I will take no unfair advantage, though I wish that the day had never shone which brought his unlucky visage to our house."

The summer passed on, and the routine of the farm was scarce interrupted by the sound of the distant war. But about the middle of August, and past noonday, a horseman galloped up to the field near the roadside in which the deacon and his son were at work. The rider took off his three cornered hat, and waving it, shouted:

"Deacon, the time has come. Stark has ordered out all the militia, every one that can carry a gun. The British and Hessians are marching towards Bennington. To camp then, to camp!"

So saying he dashed off to spread the alarm which before midnight had flown a hundred miles. In less than half an hour, the deacon and Nathan were on their way towards the encampment which Stark had formed not far from Bennington village. On their arrival they were immediately assigned their places, and on the following morn were under march to meet the enemy. They fell in with advanced parties of the latter, consisting for the most part of Indian auxiliaries, and sharp skirmishes continued during the rest of the day, resulting much to the discouragement of these unstable savages. The next day a storm of rain poured down, and both armies remained inactive for the greater part. But the morrow arrived, the eventful moment when Stark, in the pithy and homely speech which has made his name immortal, nerved his rude levies to the fatal charge. The word was given, and with a single cheer the motley colored

ranks swept steadily but with accelerating speed, on the entrenchments of the enemy. The deadly cannon swept through them, but not a heart wavered. Once more, and with a wild huzza, the mountain men pouring over the breast-work, grappled with their foes. The contest was a desperate one. Farmer Hawley and his son were separated from each other at the commencement, and in the hand-to-hand struggle which ensued, the former was closely pressed, and would certainly have fallen by the bayonet of a Hessian, had not the deadly thrust been warded off by the sword of an English officer.

"Lewis!" exclaimed the deacon, as his musket fairly dropped from his hand in amazement. At this moment Nathan rushed up.

"Take that, you traitorous spy," he shouted, discharging his piece at Lewis. His bullet passed through the cap of the latter as he bore back with the troops whom he vainly sought to rally. He was seen to wave his hand with a gesture of deprecation, while an expression of pain flitted across his stained features.

"Hold, Nathan!" said the old deacon, laying his hand on his son's arm. "Whatever be his deserts, remember that to him I owe my life. Harm him not."

Nathan's eyes shone with a fierce sparkle, and shaking his clenched hand towards the retreating foe: "Let him go then," he said, "for this once. But the next time we meet, we will not part so easily. I wonder how Emma will be pleased to find that her favorite has turned out to be nothing more nor less than a British spy!"

The bravery and discipline of the enemy were excited to the utmost against the impetuous valor of the mountain militia, but in two hours from the commencement of the battle, the regulars were forced to fly. They were pursued by the Americans, who, scorning the restraint of their commanders, sped onward in hasty disorder and were thus near offering the enemy an opportunity to retrieve their misfortune, since Colonel Breyman, with a large reinforcement from Burgoyne's army, was rapidly approaching the scene of action. The fugitives gained fresh hope, and rallied to renew the fight. But at this critical moment, when victory seemed ready to desert the mountain flag, the sound of life and drum approached from the eastward. The first files of Warner's long-expected New Hampshire regiment appear in the distance, hurrying to share the efforts of their fellow-patriots. They march on to anticipate the enemy. The scattered soldiery regain their ranks and hasten forward. The battle commences again with redoubled violence; but at sunset all is over. The fame of Benning-

ton is sealed afresh, and one more advantage gained towards the assurance of American freedom.

Years passed before English foot again touched the mountain soil. The larum of war ceased from the land, and the soldier laid by the destroying sword for the peaceful scythe and plough. Yet time and death remained at work. A virulent epidemic carried off the worthy deacon and his wife in the midst of a hale and well spent life. The property passed into the hands of Nathan without provision for the young niece. The deacon had intended to make a will which should ensure her a fit maintenance, but had deferred the fulfilment of his intention till he was struck down by sudden death. Emma, left destitute, took refuge in the cottage of an aged relative, and, by persevering toil, gained a scanty maintenance. She was deaf to the wishes of Nathan, to be his wife. Her steady discouragement of his advances made him gloomy and morose; and Emma, besides the griefs she had already experienced, felt an added pain in encountering his vindictive glances.

One evening on the anniversary of the Bennington battle, a stranger alighted from his horse at the door of the village inn. His dress was scrupulously plain, but there was something in his appearance that impressed the chance beholders with the sense of superior station. On entering the public room and inquiring for the host, Lewis (for it was he) was informed that the landlord was absent but would soon wait on him.

Having given his horse in charge, Lewis was shown into a private apartment. Soon steps approached, the door opened, and Nathan Hawley stood before his astonished guest. He hardly entered the room ere he recoiled, and his countenance, agitated by a hateful recognition, became overspread with a ghastly pallor; Lewis instantly sprang forward with outstretched hands to detain him.

"Stay, Nathan," he said, "and listen to me. I never harmed you knowingly. If I have crossed your path in love, or caused you suffering, know that I, too, have suffered, have endured suspense, fear and doubting. Of what is past I now say nothing. Fortune has buffeted me sorely since I was in arms against you; but at last she has looked on me with favor. I have recently become Lord March by the death of a previous heir. I have seized the first opportunity to return to a spot I have never forgotten, for the purpose of putting to proof the hopes I never ceased to entertain, whatever may be the foundation on which I have rested them. Let us not be enemies, I pray you. Suffer me to claim you as a friend, a brother."

For a moment Nathan did not answer. The veins in his forehead swelled, his lips quivered with struggling emotions.

"You have conquered me," he said, at last. "But it is through *her* that you conquer. She loves you still; but she is dying by inches. I, for one, had supposed you but trifled with her affections. Perhaps she, herself, began to fear the same. But I will say no more. Go, bid her live and be happy, even though it be at the expense of my own happiness."

"You are a noble fellow," said Lord March; "and there is many a fair one who would gladly repair your disappointment. Mark me well, Nathan, when I tell you that it will not be long before you will find a mate by whom my words will be proved true. But I must hasten to find her, in search of whom I came. Many thanks for inspiring me with the belief that I am not yet forgotten!"

We will not describe the meeting of the long separated lovers, tempered in its gladness by some saddening memories on either side. But joy is a medicine more potent than all the drugs of science, and in a few weeks, Lord March bore away to English halls a blushing New-England bride. A year later her husband received a long letter from Nathan, announcing his marriage with one of her own schoolmates, a lovely and amiable girl.

#### EXTRAVAGANCE OF TURKISH LADIES.

Life in the harem would be insupportable were it not for the stimulants of luxury and dress; and the extravagance of the favorites of the seraglio in particular is proverbial. A correspondent writing from Constantinople says: "These ladies have at length run up such terrible long bills, that the Sultan has just caused all the creditors to be called together, and their accounts examined. The charges of the dealers being judged too high, as is usual, both in the East and elsewhere, the merchants were obliged to consent to a deduction of ten per cent. on their accounts; and this point being satisfactorily settled, the Sultan has engaged to pay up the amount (no less than fifty-four millions of piasters), in monthly instalments, out of his private purse. But to think of a company of women, secluded from the rest of the world, and with nothing better to do than to run up bills for silks, gauzes, cashmeres, jewels, sweetmeats, and cosmetics, to the tune of fifty-four millions of piasters, equal to (\$4,320,000)!"—*New York Mirror*.

Mary Howitt, in the Athenæum, states that she has received information from a Swedish gentleman, Mr. Charles E. Sodding, living in Brazil, that would lead to the supposition of there being traces of ancient Scandinavians in South America before the days of Columbus and the Spanish and Portuguese invaders.

## FLOWERS.

BY MATURIN M. BALLOU.

Sweet letters of the angel tongue,  
 I've loved ye long and well,  
 And never have failed in your fragrance sweet  
 To find some secret spell,—  
 A charm that has bound me with witching power,  
 For mine is the old belief,  
 That midst your sweets, and midst your bloom,  
 There's a soul in every leaf!

Illumined words from God's own hand,  
 How fast my pulses beat,  
 As each quick sense in rapture comes,  
 Your varied sweets to greet  
 Alone and in silence, I love you best,  
 For mine is the old belief,  
 That midst your sweets, and midst your bloom,  
 There's a soul in every leaf!

Ye are prophets sent to this heedless world,  
 The skeptic's heart to teach—  
 And 'tis well to read your lore aright,  
 And mark the creed ye preach.  
 I never could pass ye careless by,  
 For mine is the old belief,  
 That midst your sweets, and midst your bloom,  
 There's a soul in every leaf!

## THE CRAZY ENGINEER.

FROM THE REPORT OF A PRUSSIAN CONDUCTOR.

BY HORACE B. STANFORD.

My train left Danzig in the morning, generally at eight o'clock, but once a week we had to wait for the arrival of the steamer from Stockholm. It was on the morning of the steamer's arrival that I came down from my hotel and found that my engineer had been so seriously injured that he could not run. One of the railway carriages had run over him and broken one of his legs. I went immediately to the engine house to obtain another engineer, for I knew there were three or four in reserve there; but I was disappointed. I inquired for Westphal, and was informed that he had gone to Steegen to see his mother. Gondolpho had been sent on to Konigsberg on that road. But where was Mayne? He had leave of absence for two days, and had gone, no one knew whither.

Here was a fix. I heard the puffing of the steamer in the Neufahrwasser, and the passengers would be on hand in fifteen minutes. I ran to the guard and asked them if they knew where there was an engineer. But they did not. I then went to the firemen, and asked if any one of them felt competent to run the engine to Bromberg. Not one of them dared attempt it.

The distance was nearly one hundred miles. What was to be done?

The steamer came to her wharf, and those who were going on by rail came flocking to the station. They had eaten breakfast on board the boat, and were all ready for a fresh start. The baggage was checked and registered; the tickets bought; the different carriages pointed out to the various classes of passengers, and the passengers themselves seated. The train was in readiness in the long station house, and the engine was steaming and puffing away impatiently in the distant firing-house.

It was past nine o'clock.

"Come—why don't we start?" growled an old fat Swede, who had been watching me narrowly for the last fifteen minutes.

And upon this there was a general chorus of anxious inquiry, which soon settled into down-right murmuring. At this juncture, some one touched me on the elbow. I turned and saw a stranger standing by my side. I expected he was going to remonstrate with me for my backwardness. In fact, I began to have strong temptations to pull off my uniform, for every anxious eye was fixed upon the glaring badges which marked me as the chief official of the train.

However—this stranger was a middle-aged man, tall and stout, with a face expressive of great energy and intelligence. His eye was black and brilliant—so brilliant that I could not, for the soul of me, gaze steadily into it; and his lips, which were very thin, seemed more like polished marble than like human flesh. His dress was of black throughout, and not only fitted with exact nicety, but was scrupulously clean and neat.

"You want an engineer, I understand," he said, in a low, cautious tone, at the same time gazing quietly about him, as though he wanted no one else to hear what he said.

"I do," I replied. "My train is all ready, and we have no engineer within twenty miles of here."

"Well, sir—I am going to Bromberg—I must go,—and if you can find none other I will run the engine for you."

"Ha!" I uttered, "are you an engineer?"

"I am, sir—one of the oldest in the country; and I am now on my way to Berlin to make arrangements for a great improvement I have invented in the application of steam to locomotion. My name is Martin Kroller. If you wish I will run you as far as Bromberg; and I will show you running that is running."

Was I not fortunate? I determined to accept the man's offer at once, and so I told him. He

received my answer with a nod and smile, and then proposed to go and get the engine. I went with him to the house, where we found the iron horse in charge of the fireman, and all ready for the start. Kroller got upon the platform, and I followed him. I had never seen a man betray such peculiar aptness amid the machinery than he did. He let on the steam in an instant, but yet with care and judgment, and he backed up to the baggage carriage with the most exact nicety. I had seen enough to assure me that he was thoroughly acquainted with the business, and I felt composed once more. I gave the engine up to my new man, and then hastened away to the office. The word was passed for all passengers to take their seats, and soon afterwards I waved my hand to the engineer. There was a puff—a groaning of the heavy axletrees—a trembling of the building—and the train was in motion. I leaped upon the platform of the guard carriage, and in a few moments more the station house was behind us.

In less than an hour we reached Dirschau, where we took up the passengers that had come in on the Königsberg railway. Here I went forward and asked Kroller how he liked the engine. He replied that he liked it much.

"But," he added, with a strange sparkling of the eyes, "wait until you get my improvement, and then you shall see travelling. By the soul of the Virgin Mother, sir, I could run an engine of my construction to the moon in four-and-twenty hours!"

I smiled at what I thought his quaint enthusiasm, and then went back to my station. As soon as the Königsberg passengers were all on board, and their baggage-crate attached, we started on again.

As soon as all matters had been attended to connected with the new accession of passengers, I went into the guard-carriage and sat down. An early train from Königsberg had been through two hours before, so we only had one more stopping-place before reaching Bromberg, and that was at Little Oscue, where we took the western mail.

"How we go!" uttered one of the guard, some fifteen minutes after we had left Dirschau.

"The new engineer is trying the speed," I returned, not yet holding any fear.

But ere long, I began to be fearful that he was running a little too fast. The carriages began to sway to and fro, and I could hear the exclamations of fear from the passengers.

"Good heavens!" cried one of the guard, coming in at that moment, "what is that fellow doing? Look, sir, and see how we are going!"

I looked out at the window and found that we were dashing along at a speed never before travelled on that road. Posts, fences, rocks, and trees, flew by in one undistinguishable mass, and the carriage now swayed fearfully. I started to my feet, and met a passenger on the platform. He was one of our chief owners of the road, and was just on his way to Berlin. He was pale and excited.

"Sir," he gasped, "is Martin Kroller on the engine?"

"Yes," I told him.

"Holy Virgin! Didn't you know him?"

"Know him?" I repeated, somewhat puzzled. "What do you mean? He told me his name was Kroller, and that he was an engineer. We had no one to run the engine, and—"

"You took him!" interrupted the man. "Good heavens, sir, he is as crazy as a man can be! He turned his brain over a new plan for applying steam power. I saw him at the station, but I did not then recognize him, as I was in a hurry. Just now one of the passengers told me that your engineers were all gone this morning, and that you found one who was a stranger to you. Then I knew that the man whom I had seen, was Martin Kroller! He has escaped from the hospital at Stettin. You must get him off some how."

The whole fearful truth was now open to me. The speed of the train was increasing at each moment, and I knew that a few miles more per hour would surely launch us all into destruction. I called to the guard, and then made my way forward as quickly as possible. I reached the after platform of the tender, and there stood Kroller, upon the engine-board, his hat and coat off; his long black hair floating wildly in the wind; his shirt unbuttoned at the throat; his sleeves rolled up; with a pistol in his teeth, and thus glaring upon the fireman who lay motionless upon the fuel. The furnace was stuffed till the very latch of the door was red hot, and the whole engine was quivering and swaying as though it would shiver in pieces!

"Kroller! Kroller!" I cried, at the top of my voice.

The crazy engineer started, and caught the pistol in his hand. Oh! how those great black eyes glared, and how ghastly and frightful the face looked!

"Ha! ha! ha!" he yelled, demoniacally, glaring upon me like a roused lion. "They swore I could not make it! But see! see! See my power! See my new engine! I made it! I made it!—and they were jealous of me. I made it, and when 'twas done they stole it from

me! But I've found it. For years I've been wandering in search of my great engine—and they swore it was not made! But I've found it! I knew it when I saw it this morning at Danzig—and I was determined to have it. And I've got it! Ho! ho! ho!—we're off to the moon, I say! By the Virgin Mother we'll be in the moon in four-and-twenty hours!—Down! down, villain! If you move I'll shoot you!"

This last was spoken to the poor fireman who at that moment attempted to rise; and the frightened man sank back again.

"Here's Little Osce right ahead!" cried one of the guard.

But even as he spoke, the buildings were at hand. A sickening sensation settled upon my heart, for I supposed we were gone now. The houses flew by like lightning—I knew if the officers here had turned the switch as usual, we should be hurled into eternity in one fearful crash! I saw a flash—it was another engine—I closed my eyes—but still we thundered on. The officers had seen our speed, and knowing that we could not haul up at that distance, they had changed the switch, so that we kept on.

But there was sure death ahead if we did not stop. Only fifteen miles ahead was the town of Schwetz, on the Vistula, and at the entrance, near the bank of the river, was a short curve in the road! At the rate we were now going we should be there in a few minutes, for each minute carried us over a mile! The shrieks of the passengers now arose above the crash of the rails, and more terrific than all else, arose the demoniac yells of the mad engineer.

"Merciful Heaven!" gasped the guardman, "there's not a moment of time to lose. Schwetz is close by! If you dare not go, I'll go myself! But hold!" he added. "Let's shoot him!"

At that moment a tall, stout German student came over to the platform where we stood, and he saw that the madman had his heavy pistol aimed at us. He grasped a heavy stick of wood from the tender, and with a steadiness of nerve which I could not have commanded, he hurled it with such force and precision, that he knocked the pistol from the maniac's grasp. I saw the movement, and on the instant that the pistol fell I sprang forward, and the German followed me. I grasped the man by the arm, but—I should have been a mere infant in his mad power had I been alone. He would have hurled me from the platform, had not the student at that moment struck him upon the head with a stick of wood which he had caught as he came over the tender.

Kroller settled down like a dead man, and on the next instant, I shut off the steam, and opened the safety-valve. As the freed steam shrieked and howled in its escape, the speed of the train began to decrease, and in a few moments more, the danger was passed; and as I settled back, entirely overcome by the wild emotions that had raged within me, we began to turn the curve by the river; and before I was fairly recovered the fireman had stopped the train in the station house at Schwetz!

Martin Kroller, still insensible, was taken from the platform, and as we carried him into the guard-room, one of the guard recognized him, and told us that he had been there about two weeks before.

"He came," said the guard, "and swore that an engine, which stood near here, was his. He said it was one he had made to go to the moon in, and that it had been stolen from him. We sent for more help to arrest him, and he fled."

"Well," I replied, with a shudder, "I wish he had approached me in the same way. But he was more cautious at Danzig."

At Schwetz we found an engineer to run the engine to Bromberg; and having taken out the western mail, for the next northern train to take along, we saw that Kroller would be properly attended to, and then started on.

The rest of the trip we run in safety, though I could see that the passengers were not wholly at ease, and would not be until they were entirely clear of the railway. A heavy purse was made up by them for the German student, and he accepted it with much gratitude,—and I was glad of it, for the current of their gratitude to him may have prevented a far different current which might have been poured upon my head for having engaged a madman to run a railway train.

But this is not the end. Martin Kroller remained insensible from the effects of that blow upon the head, nearly two weeks, and when he recovered from that, he was sound in mind again. His insanity was all gone. I saw him about three weeks afterwards, but he had no recollection of me. He remembered nothing of the past year—not even his mad freak on my engine.

But I remembered it, and I remember it still; and people need never fear that I shall ever be imposed upon again by a crazy engineer!

In Chambers' Journal we find allusion made to a process described by Dr. Roberts, an eminent Scotch surgeon, for cauterizing the dental nerve and stopping teeth without pain, by means of a wire applied to the patient's tooth perfectly cold, and afterwards instantaneously heated to the required degree by a small electric battery.

## LINES TO AN AGED FRIEND.

BY DORA DEAN.

May Heaven bless thy hoary head,  
For every silver hair  
But tells us of some blessing shed,  
Some solace lent despair.

And Heaven will bless thine open hand  
That giveth to the poor,  
That ne'er hath let a suppliant stand  
Unheeded at thy door.

May every wish that rises up,  
Within thy heart be gained;  
And brimming full be life's last cup,  
Earth's highest joys attained;

Until the time that thou must go  
To render thine account  
Of all thy stewardship below,  
How great soe'er the amount.

Then may the God who blest thee here,  
Pronounce thy work "well done,"  
And bid thee enter in his joys,  
Thou good and faithful one;

Where thou mayst listen to his voice,  
And by his throne sit down,  
With every heart thou'lt made rejoice,  
A bright star in thy crown.

## THE STROLLER'S CHILD.

BY RICHARD CRANSHAW.

A BLEAK and desolate night in mid-winter. Around a roaring fire in one of the old-fashioned country inns existing in the villages and small market-towns that appear upon the map of England, something like an eruption upon its surface, a party of men and women were gathered, basking in the grateful warmth.

As far as outward appearance was concerned, the group was not an attractive one. The women were in but a sorry state of wardrobe, and their attenuated, jaded appearance, and the sad, careworn expression of their countenances, spoke of scanty, hardly-earned fare, and laborious, wearisome travel. The men had the air of shabby gentility, so much more painful to behold than the unmistakable marks of downright poverty; the dingy strip of shirt collar, and the total invisibility of shirt; the pantaloons strapped tightly down upon boots or shoes, the occupants of which were impatient of restraint, and made strenuous efforts for freedom; the coat of texture so sadly thin for weather such as this, and the hat so badly battered, though at the same time so carefully brushed.

They were a company of strolling players, who designed to exhibit at the place at which they were at present stopping, upon the coming morrow, and as their bills expressed it, "present to the enlightened inhabitants of the town of M—the choicest gems of the drama; vivid illustrations of the works of the immortal bard; careful selections from the humorists of the past and present age; chaste Terpsichorean displays, and in short all the powerful resources at the command of a numerous, talented and versatile company, collected together at an expense almost overwhelming, and totally beyond the bounds of belief!"

The numerous, talented and versatile company, were at this moment occupied in various acts scarcely suggestive of their talents and abilities. Some of the women had young and helpless children gathered in the folds of their thin and faded shawls, and were hushing them into slumber. The men generally had pipes in their mouths, from which they were seldom drawn, except now and anon to apply a pewter pot to their lips, and derive refreshment therefrom. Two or three tired children, whose faces seen in their waking hours bore traces of deep thought and grave precocity, had rolled themselves up in front of the cheerful blaze, and were sunk in profound sleep. No, the group could not honestly be said to be an attractive one.

A timid, hesitating knock was heard at the door.

"Some more of you, I suppose," growled the landlord. Unlike most landlords, God be praised, his heart felt no compassion for the wayfarer whose hand was empty, and whose step was wearisome and slow.

"We are all here, I think." This was in a mild voice from a little seedy man, with a red nose and blinking eye. "Let me see," counting them over. "Heavy, light com., low com., walking gent., and terry com. man." Expressive of the gentleman engaged for leading characters, the light comedian, low comedian, walking gentleman, or young lover generally in difficulties of a pecuniary nature, and the individual whose appearance usually signalized the point at which a "terrible combat" would be likely to ensue. "Heavy woman, juvenile lady, chambermaid, singing and dancing lady," continued he. "No, our party, Mr. Bullocke, are, I believe, all here."

Mr. Bullocke therefore advanced, and opening the door, gave admittance, first, to a furious blast of wind and rain, and next, to the tottering footsteps of a woman, with a child whose grasp was fixed hard upon her tattered dress. The

philanthropic Bullchoke saw at a glance that the case was not admissible of an argument, and at once recommended the application of the stranger to the workhouse, not over a mile distant from thence. The stranger had, on entering the door, leaned heavily up against the post at its side, and now stood with wild staring eyes regarding him fixedly.

"Come, we've nothing for you—you must go. It's cold; I want to shut the door."

No answer from the wanderer. The child clutching at her dress, and gazing fearfully at the stern countenance of the man.

"Bundle, I say! Off with you, or I must have you taken care of by those who will put you under lock and key for the night." And so speaking he took hold of the woman by the arm, and made a movement to push her forth. She fell heavily upon the floor, and lay there with her eyes still fixed, and with her limbs stiffening, and her black hair streaming wildly over her half-covered bosom.

"Drunk," said Mr. Bullchoke, with expressive brevity.

"Dead!" whispered the strollers, male and female, who had gathered around her poor body as it lay upon the sanded floor, and now stood regarding it with pity and compassionate sorrow.

"Dead!" shrieked the child, as she threw herself upon her knees beside the pallid form. "O no, no, no, not dead! Look up, mama, and tell Nelly that you are so tired with our weary walk that you cannot stand any longer. She will speak to Nelly, soon. See, her breath is returning!" They thought so, too, at first, but it was the last sign as it was breathed before the spirit flittered to eternity. The child, with the cold hand grasped in both of her tiny ones, unheeding of the strange faces gathered around her, still looked anxiously upon the countenance of the dead, and vainly asked but for one glance of recognition. The truth came upon her at last, and she sank with a convulsive sob upon the cold bosom of her dead mother.

And these poor fellow-wayfarers, with the tears rolling down their cheeks, feelingly sympathized with the unhappy woman who had fallen down dead in their midst, and each and all resolved that the child, since it knew of no friend in the wide, wide world to whom it could look for protection, should find in them, as far as their poor means went, both friendship and relief, and a hearty share of their own scant fare, so long as they had it to be offered. So they softly drew her away from the inanimate object extended upon the floor, and while the men passed her tenderly from one to another's arms, and made

rude but gentle attempts to soothe her, the women, laying aside their own sleeping little ones, made all the necessary preparations for the last sad rites of the stranger, who slept the sleep that knows no earthly breaking.

Mr. Bullchoke, since the matter was laid upon his hands in such a way that there was no help for it, arranged the whole affair with great sagacity, and very much of a business-like manner. In the twinkling of an eye, so to speak, was the body laid away in the loft of the stable, there to await the coroner's inquest upon the morrow, for as the worthy man said, "she might have died of some infectious disease, who knows? and it's allers best to be on the safe side, you know."

"She looks as though she had died from the effects of a broken heart, more belike," said, rather indignantly, one of the women, who, it was apparent, appreciated not the various excellences of Mr. Bullchoke's character.

"A broken fiddlestick!" retorted that amiable individual. Thereupon he entered upon a philosophic dissertation upon broken hearts in general, satisfactorily proving beyond the shadow of doubt, that it was only such vagabonds as these, that prated of such chimerical and delusive articles, and that for his own part, he should like to know what was going to break his heart, for one? But none are blinder than those who will not see, and it was evident that the efforts made were entirely thrown away upon these stubborn and unconvincible listeners.

They had all gathered once more around the roaring fire, and the poor little addition to their circle was tenderly cared for, while with a delicacy not common to the world, but frequently to be met with in these children of adversity, they forbore to question, unwilling to touch the chords of misery already stretched to their utmost tension, within the little desolate one's heart. The children, now wide awake, and with the every-day gravity once more upon their old-fashioned faces, looked volumes of commiseration for her. The mothers, entirely forgetful of their own offspring, made comforting tenders of maternal care and kindness; while as to the men, they really outdid each other in their efforts for her welfare. Mr. Gribble, the "heavy ruffian," laid aside the gruff voice with which he was usually accustomed to converse, conceiving it to be professionally suggestive of his peculiar line of business, and now addressed her in tones calculated to soothe and allay her childish grief, while Mr. Sludd, the gentleman with the mild voice and uncertain eye, mentioned above, made mute offers of his bread and cheese, his pewter pot, and finally his pocket-handkerchief, in the hope

that one or the other of them might prove beneficial or serviceable to her. But the child, gathered to the bosom of the young lady who usually supported the persecuted heroine, was indifferent to all, and now sobbed herself to sleep, rocked to and fro amid profound and pitying silence on the part of these poor strolling people, and felt that with these kindly faces she had at last found a safety and a home. And now gazing upon this group assembled around the old inn fire, we take back the assertion, and pronounce truthfully and feelingly that it has now indeed become almost an attractive one.

Some seven years back, in the parlor of a neat and cheerful looking cottage a young and pretty woman is seated, engaged, partly in working upon some little article of childish apparel, and ever and anon casting expectant glances from the little cottage window, down the garden path, and as far as she can view along the street of the little quiet suburb, which then hovered on the outer edge of the great maelstrom of London, but which has, years ago since then, become swallowed up in the relentless whirl.

There was a shadow upon her face, and as she continued to gaze and sew, it grew deeper and deeper, until it amounted almost to a look of agony. The clouds of evening were fast setting upon the sky, and as they descended they seemed to throw their darkening reflection heavily and grimly upon that pensive countenance, and to add still greater weight to the burden already laying upon her heart. At length the tiny garment on which her fingers had been so busily employed but now, slowly dropped from her hands, and tremblingly did they clasp themselves together, while a tear started and rolled unchecked adown her pale young cheek. Still the expected one came not, and at last, with a heavy sigh, she buried her face within her hands, and gave free vent to the tears that were struggling for an overflow.

Darkness settled upon the surface of the heavens. A step at last was heard, and in another moment she was clasped closely to the bosom of the person who had just entered, and lay thereon like a tired child upon its mother's loving breast.

Slowly he led her to a seat, and seating himself beside her, with her hand still grasped in one of his, while his arm pressed her closely to him, in the darkness of the little room, with silence and gloom hovering around them, thus he spoke :

"Amy, arouse yourself to hear what I have to tell you. Darling, be prepared for even worse than the worst which we have anticipated. Rest thy head here safely on thy husband's breast, and

know that in him alone, henceforward, must be thine earthly hope and stay." This, in a broken, agitated voice. A pause ; the silence disturbed only by the sobs that came bursting from her lips.

"My father then refuses to listen to the entreaties of his only child for forgiveness?"

"Nerve yourself, my Amy; it is something worse—more terrible than that, which you have to hear from my lips."

"Something worse? O, keep it not from me, let me hear it! You went to my father, and you told him all? That we had striven and struggled so as not to be indebted to his bounty, but that all resources having one by one totally failed, absolute necessity has driven us to implore aid from his hands. You did this?"

"I did; nay more, I did what my pride rebelled madly against, and for the sake of my helpless wife, and of my unborn babe, I went down to that hard-hearted man upon my bended knees, asked him, with tears in my eyes, for the boon I craved. And now must I reveal to you the terrible truth. Tell me, my Amy, as you rest here upon my heart in the dead silence and darkness that envelopes us round, tell me that your love is deep and unchanging as the decrees of destiny, for I dread to hear, that what I reveal may dash it from its strong hold, and lose it from its object, ay, forever!"

"O, Edward, what mean you? Something that will weaken your hold upon my love! Are you not the father of my child? Nothing can ever weaken your hold upon that love! Through life and until death have I sworn beside the altar it shall last, and trustingly and truthfully do I say so still!"

He pressed her closer to him, and went on hurriedly. "I bore all that he said to me, upbraiding me for having stolen you from him, and calling me beggar, wretch and penniless outcast. I bore all that. I listened calmly while he heaped reproaches upon my down bowed head; I returned it not, when in his madness and fury he approached and struck me—ay, Amy, *struck* me as I knelt before him! I bore even that! But when, raising his arms aloft, he ejaculated a fearful imprecation on *your* head, and called down a father's curse to blight you on your pathway, from this time forth, forever, endurance could go no further. I seized him in my grasp, and like a feather I hurled him to the ground, with the unholy adjuration trembling upon his lips!"

His voice as he spoke had sunk into a whisper, with the intensity of his feelings, and he slowly dropped from her side down upon his knees at her feet, and there knelt, waiting for the sounds



that might arise from her lips, to know that she could love him even now. She had told him so before, and now came again the same hallowed assurance, in the repeated words: "Are you not the father of my child?"

Then welcome sorrow, welcome misery, and poverty, and gloom, and sad forebodings—welcome all! he still possessed her love!

It was now that their trials were to begin. Many and hard had they been before, but never until now had they known what it really was to want. They had to learn what it was to suffer even for the want of bread. They had to bear the thought that their child would raise its little wasted hands and ask support for the life that they had given to it. They had to battle with that tyrant, Adversity, who crushes with relentless hand the helpless and the friendless, and smiles as he gazes on the most terrible miseries of the world.

Years rolled on. To them they were fraught with undeviating misfortune. Those who have known the ease of competence, and have step by step descended to the terrible gulf of penury, and whose former life has needed not the aid of toil to give them their foothold in the world, only these know what that man had to struggle against. Only these can find within their hearts excuses and pity for him, when, hopeless misery staring him in the face, and with the wasting forms of those he loved best in the world before him, he dared the brand of shame and crime, and to save their lives, periled his own immortal soul!

He committed forgery, was detected, and sentenced to transportation for the remainder of his life. In those days it would seem that human hearts were hardened to the utmost, for justice then knew little of the attributes of godlike mercy.

\* \* \* \* \*

Far out at sea with the blue vault of heaven reflecting itself in gorgeous colors upon the bosom of the great deep, a human soul is struggling for its freedom. The rippling dash of the waves against the vessel's side is the solemn music that floats upon the soft breeze, and chants a requiem for the departed spirit's rest!

\* \* \* \* \*

Amid the wrestling of the fierce north blast with the icy whirlwind that fills the wintry sky, a woman with a little child, totters towards the light that she has seen dimly gleaming through the darkness of the night, and musters up her fainting energies to reach the refuge, before her fading senses take their leave of her forever.

Nelly, the child of the wanderer, has in ten

years more grown up into a delicate, almost spiritual beauty, and as the years have passed away, she has by degrees shown promises of abilities far beyond the mediocre standard of her poor protectors. Under the united tuition of Messrs Sludd and Gribble, she has become possessed of a tolerable good education, and has so advanced in the profession, that her name, coupled with the euphonious title of the "Star of the Isle" (a poetic fancy of Mr. Sludd's), has attraction sufficient to fill the canvass tenement in which her talents are usually brought into play, to its utmost capacity.

Of the bewildering effect of her manifold charms, some idea may be formed from various instances of eccentric behaviour on the part of her admirers. The stout and elderly mayor of a provincial town, a bachelor, announced, to the utter astonishment and confusion of his friends and relatives, his solemn determination of entering upon a theatrical career; and, it is supposed, was only prevented from carrying out this wild intention, through rumors which by some means reached his ears, of procuring him a strait waistcoat, and a lodgment in the asylum for the insane.

Young men who had formerly led peaceful lives, became of bloodthirsty and revengeful natures, and cast glances of hatred upon suitors who received more apparent encouragement at the hands of the object of contention, than fell to their own share. Old men conducted themselves in a manner to draw down the displeasure of beholders, and utterly refused to be dissuaded from their insensate behaviour. They caught severe colds from serenading her bed-room windows with hoarse brass bands engaged for the purpose, and paid unheard of prices for choice bouquets to cast at the enslaver's feet.

With all this adulation, one would confidently expect that poor little Nelly's head would in course of time become completely turned; but though she smiled with her own kind blue eyes upon them one and all, they read in her smiles the utter hopelessness of their passion, and the little impression made upon that heart by their idolatry. And yet it was a very tender heart.

In passing through a certain town that little heart was destined to know a more tumultuous beating than had ever sounded before through its delicate fibres. Love had woke within it.

He was as handsome as human nature in its model could well be, and with the graces of his form, possessed the soul-speaking eye and the rich voice, which seems formed to utter the soft language of love in all the sweetness of its poetry. And for her was that voice tuned to its most

melodious music, and for her did that eye dilate and glow, as alone can it glow when it has been touched by the Promethean fire of love. But she knew not as she listened, that the story he told was one that had been oft rehearsed before, and that others had listened and believed as well as she, many and many a time ere that. She thought her love was treasured up in his heart, as she treasured his, a gem of priceless worth within her own; nor dreamed she that he but amused himself with the toy which he would carelessly cast aside when he became wearied of it. A lovely night in the soft summer of the year saw their parting; for but a short time, as he assured her, kissing away the tears that would flow from the sadness of her heart. Did he know he perjured himself when he promised that confiding girl to join her on the attainment of his minority in a few short months, and then forever take her to his heart and home, his honored and his treasured wife? Perhaps he weighed not his words, nor thought of their being registered with solemnity by the stern hand of the great recorder.

"A letter for our Nelly." Mr. Sludd handed it to her. "A very square and formal-looking letter;" Mr. Sludd said he thought so, "but then," as he added, "you know, my dear, that all the offers made to you by these old stupids are generally stiff and formal, very much as though you were a job to be contracted for, you know," and Mr. Sludd, the mild, gave utterance to a suitably mild chuckle, at what he considered quite a felicitous expression. But how the laugh died on his lips as he looked in her face.

"Nelly, dear Nelly, what is it, my poor child?"

"Read that, Sludd, read that," she had but voice to murmur, before she fell into his arms, pale as death, and hid her face upon his shoulder.

"What can it be?" He laid her upon a sofa, and then searched every pocket, in his bewilderment, for the spectacles which rested unconsciously upon his nose. At length he read that ominous letter, and saw his own loved, almost worshipped child coarsely addressed as a vagabond and a stroller, and a wrathful command that she cease her designs upon the peace of a highly respectable family, and hold no further communication with the scion of its stock. Then came a few cold lines in another hand, that with its brief sentences finished the sum of cruelty, and filled her cup of misery high above its overflowing. She knew that hand full well, and first it was difficult to take in the full meaning; but at length she could understand it but too well; and as the blow descended relentlessly and crushingly upon her, she sank helplessly down beneath it, and the

world before her was from that time forth a weary and desolate void.

Time rolled on, and more transparent grew that pale young cheek, while the soft blue eye glowed with an unnatural lustre, that made her spiritual beauty more ethereal than before. Her protectors saw that she pined away before their eyes day by day, and yet they none of them knew of the cause, save only the simple old man, who loved her as though she were his own, and in his gentle, foolish way, showed it by every means in his power. Sludd was her only confidant; poor Sludd of the red nose and blinking eye.

"Sludd, what ails our child?" Mr. Gribble put the question in his usual growling base, but there was real concern expressed in those deep notes.

"She is—she is not well," came the answer, in broken tones.

"A doctor, then," suggested the other.

"It is no ailment of the body, I fear," said Sludd, sadly; "he could not 'minister to a mind diseased.'"

Poor anxious Sludd! He had watched her when she knew not that any eye was upon her, and had seen her when she drew a little locket from her bosom, and gazing thereon with tears trembling upon her eyelids, kissed the semblance of the idol she had created in the shrine of her pure young soul. In the stillness of night, his was the dark figure that crouched down beside her door, and listened with an aching heart to the sobs that came from the lonely one within that room. His the form that paused beneath her window and watched the midnight lamp, till the dawning light of day no longer left it visible.

"She is dying, Gribble, she is dying; and I, that for her would lay my worthless existence willingly down, so she but lived to thank my memory, can but look on and know that each day draws her nearer to eternity!" And feebly he wiped the moisture from his eyes, while even the immovable Gribble coughed to clear the huskiness that was rising in his throat.

Yes, there was now no longer doubt about it—she was dying; their Nelly, their adopted one, the idol of all, was dying!

Around a little bed, placed so that the soft summer wind lifted her golden tresses from her brow, and fanned her pale cheek with its loving breath, the strollers were gathered, watching with anxious faces the fleeting moments of their Nelly, their own Nelly, who was dying. Sludd was there, with his ruddy face now white as the pallid one whose little hand was clasped within his own, which trembled as it held it. Gribble was seated at the foot of the bed, and having con-

tained his feelings as long as he could, was now hiding his rough face upon the coverlet and actually sobbing like a woman. More children with old-fashioned faces had sprung up, since the night when Nelly found a home, and these were gazing upon her, with looks of commiseration quite aged and time-worn. The women were seated, some of them upon the floor, and with their babes clasped up to their breasts, were rocking themselves to and fro in their sorrow.

The silence was suddenly disturbed by a great clattering and noise of carriage wheels and prancing horses. At any other time this unusual noise might have attracted attention, but now no one paid the slightest heed, nor made a movement towards the window. Even the children, lost in thought, were destitute of curiosity. A few moments elapsed and the door was softly opened, with the request that Mr. Sludd would go down stairs. He was gone some ten minutes, and then re-appeared, leading by the hand an elderly, pompous-looking stranger. All faces were turned in surprise towards him as he was led towards the bed by Mr. Sludd.

"There, sir, look upon her, and behold your handiwork!" Sludd said this, not in a tone of anger, for his poor heart was too full for that, and besides, here on the confines of the world of futurity was not the place for it to be shown.

"God bless me! you did not tell me of this," said the stranger, in tones of sorrow and remorse.

"No, sir, I told you not of it. Nor even now shall I add one word to the upbraidings that must echo through your own heart, as they mutely speak out from that dying young face. Take your last look upon the child whose life you have blasted, and begone!"

All was silent a moment; at length the stranger spoke.

"To say that I deeply regret having addressed her some time since, in a way that now seems unfeeling, but which then was actuated solely by the welfare of my son, would be but feebly to express all that I feel; but ere it is too late I must proceed to unfold the motive that really brought me to be a witness of this painful scene. In my capacity as legal adviser of a wealthy family, I was called upon to indite the will of a gentleman who was in the last stages of existence, hurried towards his end by the remembrance of his former cruelty to his only child who had married contrary to his wishes. He furnished me with clues to ascertain if his grandchild was in existence, and if so apprise her of his demise and the fact that she was left sole heiress to his fortune. For years I was unsuccessful, and it was not until but lately that I have been enabled to find any

traces of her. At length I have succeeded, and the grandchild of my client is now before me; the roses upon those cheeks assure me that she will yet live many and happy years to enjoy the prosperity which has fallen so unexpectedly to her lot."

There were roses upon her marble cheeks, but they were the hectic hues of excitement, not of health—the brilliant glow of the spark of life before it went out in everlasting darkness!

"And I am sole possessor of this wealth? I can do with it as seems fit and seemly to me?" she asked, with eagerness giving strength to her weak tones.

"You can," he asserted.

"Then thank Heaven that you arrived before it was too late! Here, in the presence of those whose hearts were inspired with pity and compassion for the orphan and the friendless—whose hands were stretched out to aid, when all the world seemed to have turned its face from the homeless child, do I now, with my last breath, bequeath all of this fortune to be divided equally among them, and may the blessing of the orphan and the outcast rest on them with its possession."

It was soon done, and the dying girl smiled a smile of contented peace, as she affixed the signature to the deed drawn up by the lawyer.

"Bear to him my forgiveness, and tell him from the dying, that the solemn vows he makes on earth are surely registered in heaven, and also bid him beware of how he heedlessly gives them utterance, or breaks them wantonly when they are made." She sank slowly back. The soft summer wind lifted anew the golden tresses, and bore the music of the trees upon the gentle air. She asked to be raised up. They raised her.

"Sludd, kiss me, and say farewell to me, but only for a little time, for I know that we shall meet again." If gentleness of heart and kindly good will to man have but associations with the angels, they would meet again. He approached and touched her lips reverently, as though he were venturing to approach very near to the confines of the land of seraphs. The group asked one and all to imprint the same farewell upon her cheek, and then stood in a circle around the little cot, watching for the wafting away.

"Mother! father!" the lips moved to utter, but the words died away, and the child of the stroller was no more an orphan! The summer wind lifted the golden tresses unheeded, and the music of the trees wafted to and fro, was nature's hymn chanted for the departure of a human soul.

Love may exist without jealousy, although this is rare; but jealousy may exist without love, and this is common.

PLEASANT MEMORIES.

BY WILLIAM LEIGHTON.

We walked beside the river,  
That flowed, a silver tide,  
But thought not of the river  
The fair one by my side.

Her hand in mine was resting,  
Her heart throbbed close to mine;  
Her heart, where mine was kneeling,  
Like pilgrim at the shrine.

Then first I broke the silence,  
With whisper faint and low,  
"See, love, how brightly onward  
The silver stream doth flow;

Its murmur speaks of joyance,  
As soft its ripple plays;  
It sings in nature's language  
A song to nature's praise;

The while, that stream I liken  
To young affection's dream,  
So bright existence dawns,  
So bright young life doth seem."

And while I spoke, she whispered  
In accents soft and low,  
"Dear love," she faintly murmured,  
"Will 't not be always so?"

LOVE AND DUELLING.

BY MERIVALE MAYNARD.

"Who is that beautiful girl conversing with the old gentleman in black?" inquired Lieutenant Wallace of his friend, Captain Denison, as they stood in one of the deep windows of the ball room, and passed remarks on the assembled company.

"Which one?" asked his friend, looking in an opposite direction. "Do you mean the one in white satin?"

"No, no. Look this way, Denison. There, she's turning away now to speak to Captain S—."

"O, you mean Adeline Hill, that haughty looking beauty, with the pearls in her hair. Yes, she's very lovely; but beware of her, Wallace."

"Why beware?" asked the young man, with an appearance of interest.

"Because she is as cold as ice, utterly indifferent to love, and has already broken innumerable hearts." And Captain Denison smiled as he looked on the countenance of his friend, so animated and handsome, and inwardly wondered if any one would reject his love.

"Will you introduce me, Denison?" asked Wallace.

"O, certainly; but of course I am not responsible for consequences; and if you will not take my advice, you must abide by them."

"Thank you, both for your kindness and advice. I am very impatient to become acquainted with Miss Hill."

There was an unusual flush on Adeline Hill's fair cheek, as the handsome young officer bowed before her. Perhaps it was occasioned by the half smile on Captain Denison's face, or by the almost reverential manner of the young stranger, or by some thought of her own; but whatever was the cause, there was a perceptible confusion in the manner of the usually self-possessed beauty.

Lieutenant Wallace, after asking her to dance, and finding that she had already half a dozen engagements, hastened to improve the time until her hand should be claimed, and commenced an animated conversation, in which she joined with a spirit and intelligence that completely charmed him, and finished the conquest her beauty had begun. He felt half inclined to be angry with the gentleman who came to lead her away, but was rewarded by seeing the change in her countenance—a change that did not say much for her liking for her partner. The winning charm, the sweet smile, the bright glance, were all gone; and she rose from her seat stately and reserved, the very impersonation of haughtiness.

Lieutenant Wallace, usually the gayest of the gay, was this evening the saddest man in the ball room. His brother officers, in whose honor the ball was given by the aristocracy of the good city of H—, were talking, dancing, laughing and flirting with the ladies, and he alone sat silent and companionless.

He glanced round the room in search of Denison, and soon saw him in deep conversation with the lady in "white satin," whom he had referred to when answering Wallace's question. They sat in the shadow of the heavy velvet window draperies, and screened from general observation; but Wallace could not help seeing his friend take her hand and bouquet in his own, and after selecting one of the choicest buds, press it to his lips and place it in his bosom.

Thinking that he had played the spy long enough, he rose and went towards the end of the room where Miss Hill had again joined the dancers with a new partner. He watched her as she moved gracefully to the music, her light and snowy drapery flowing round her like a cloud, her beautiful figure displayed to perfection by her dress, the heavy braids of her hair looking blacker from contact with the pearls woven in with the jetty tresses. There were murmurs of

admiration from the gentlemen, and envious looks from the ladies, while she, the observed of all, seemed unconscious that any eye was beholding her, and performed her part in the dance with all imaginable ease and indifference.

His friends fêted Wallace on his unusual dullness, and many fair ladies sighed as they looked on the handsome lieutenant, apparently so indifferent to their charms. But a change came over him when Miss Hill, having fulfilled her previous engagements, honored him with her hand. They both seemed animated with the very spirit of music and motion, and both looked their best, and evidently enjoyed themselves.

Wallace was a good dancer, and with such a partner he acquitted himself to perfection. All eyes were turned on the handsome couple; and when he led her to her seat, Captain Denison whispered some complimentary words in his ear, that if he did not value, at least helped to make him feel satisfied with himself.

The hours passed swiftly away. Adeline refused to dance any more, pleading fatigue; and as she seemed inclined to converse, Wallace had the happiness of sitting by her side, listening to her, and being listened to in return. Several others joined them at times; for Adeline Hill was the acknowledged belle of the room, and could not be allowed to withdraw so easily. But Lieutenant Wallace kept his place by her side, was introduced to the lady and her husband, under whose care she had come, had the pleasure of wrapping a rich cashmere round the loveliest shoulders in the world, handed her into the carriage, and went home to dream that an angel in a gauze dress, decorated with pearls, was waltzing him up to the clouds.

There was a great change in Lieut. Charles Wallace after that eventful night of the ball. He had never joined deeply in the dissipation of the officers of the different regiments garrisoned at H—; but now he shunned the wine cup and the dice, hitherto resorted to in the absence of other employment. He had but little love for such dangerous pleasures; but in a city like H—, there was little else to employ leisure hours, and Charles Wallace had no mother nor sister to speak a warning word, no friend to advise with him, save Denison; and he was only too ready to do as others did. But now there was a motive for making a change. During his conversation with Miss Hill, she had unconsciously expressed her dislike of the manner in which so many spent valuable time, and without intending it, had showed him the danger of following the example of dissipated companions. On several occasions he had half decided on quitting

his wild young friends, especially when a scene would occur at the mess table, from the over-indulgence of his brother officers; but now he resolved—and with him to resolve, was to act.

He gradually withdrew himself from the society of the wild ones, and in spite of all persuasions—for he was a general favorite, and could not be allowed to escape without an effort to detain him—resolutely refused to drink or play.

But if he sacrificed something that was not to his taste, he gained what to him was an unspeakable privilege. Not a day passed that he did not make some excuse for seeing Adeline Hill; and from her kind reception, and the cordial greeting bestowed on him by her guardian and his wife (for, like himself, she was an orphan), he felt himself a welcome guest at their beautiful mansion.

For some time he was at a loss to understand Denison's caution; for Adeline, so far from appearing cold and heartless, was sensibility itself. But he at last discovered the secret. She was heiress to a very large property, and had unfortunately imbibed the notion that the admiration and attention so lavishly bestowed on her, was merely in honor of her wealth—an idea that had been strengthened by several very annoying circumstances.

Although very young, she had been besieged by numerous suitors, and having tried the experiment of confidentially acquainting them that in reality she was penniless; and having the mortification to see them immediately withdraw their attentions, she hastily concluded that her money, and not herself, was the object of attraction. Acting on this, she had determined to allow no one to insult her with what she was convinced were heartless professions. Hence the common impression that she was a cold coquette, winning hearts to cast them away.

As long as her acquaintances were contented with mere acquaintanceship, she was kind and sociable; but on the least hint of a wish for a nearer connection, all her smiles were gone, and she treated the unfortunate aspirant for her hand with the most chilling coldness, or as one who had offered her an insult. She liked Lieutenants Wallace from the first hour she passed in his society; and as they became better acquainted so did she find more and more to admire in the young officer. There was a candor, a fearless openness about him, that attracted one used to the fulsome adulation of weaker minds, as she had been. In their conversations, if he did not agree with her, he said so, even at the risk of wounding her self-love; and Adeline, delighted at finding some one bold enough to contradict

her, learned to respect her handsome friend, and felt an interest in him quite unusual for her.

As Lieutenant Wallace was poor, having little more than his pay, he had not the remotest intention of "making love" to Miss Hill, thinking himself highly privileged in being honored with her friendship. This very poverty made him proud, and she, finding that he did not presume on her kindness, and possibly a little piqued at his behaviour, so different from others, gave herself no trouble to maintain a distance, and treated him with a sisterly frankness, dangerous to the peace of mind of both. Her guardian, Mr. Foster, was an elderly man, averse to all trouble and annoyance; and though much attached to his beautiful young ward, would have rejoiced to see her suitably married, as in that case his responsibility would end. He soon became attached to the agreeable society of young Wallace, and rejoiced at the intimacy existing between him and Adeline, as, in his opinion, his poverty was nothing, her large fortune being amply sufficient for both. His wife, a good hearted, mild old lady, was exactly of the same mind, and frequently repeated to her husband what a good thing it would be if Miss Hill would marry that "dear young man," and share her large fortune with him.

The "dear young man" would no doubt have been grateful for their kind wishes, but it is not so certain that those wishes would have been fulfilled if they had not had wisdom enough to keep them to themselves. As it was, Charles and Adeline continued friends, and were gradually becoming something nearer.

The good citizens of H—— were unbounded in their hospitalities to the officers, and never was there known a gayer season than the one in which my story commences. Evening parties, assemblies, and private balls, varied by sleighing and skating excursions, occupied the time and thoughts of the belles of H——, and their almost equally volatile friends in scarlet and gold. In all places, and at all times, was Lieutenant Wallace to be found at the side of Adeline Hill.

At the numerous parties they attended that winter, he was always her first partner, and as early as they could, none could ever be before him. If the weather and fine roads tempted them to get up a sleighing party, in vain the gentlemen called at unreasonably early hours in order to secure Miss Hill's company. She was "sorry for their disappointment," "highly honored by their preference," but "had already promised to accompany a friend."

Among the many officers who that winter honored the belles of H—— with their particular attention was a Captain Powell. He was by no means a favorite, either among his companions or the young civilians of the city; but being a wealthy man, young and passably handsome, was much admired by the generality of the ladies. He had taken a dislike to Lieutenant Wallace at their first meeting, and after failing in his endeavors to entice him into the habits he himself loved, had commenced a series of attacks on his conduct and behaviour, exceedingly annoying to a man of Wallace's sensitive feelings.

Captain Powell had made several attempts to ingratiate himself with Miss Hill, but had met with such decided repulses that he gave it up, and consequently he was doubly enraged at witnessing her open preference of one he had stigmatized as both "poor and mean." He never let an opportunity pass without saying some cutting thing to hurt the lieutenant's feelings; but happily Charles possessed admirable self-command, and even when smarting under some biting jest or keen ridicule, would calmly answer his opponent, generally turning the laugh against him.

Powell was as much disliked by his companions as Wallace was beloved, and there was scarcely one who would not take the latter's part, so that the captain generally failed in his attempts. But one day he allowed his passion to pass all bounds, and Charles was made to suffer for his ill deeds. A number of the citizens had decided on having a sleighing party, and as it was to be the greatest affair of the season, a general invitation was given to the officers of the garrison. As the weather had not been favorable, it was not decided upon until the very day before the one appointed, consequently there was but little time.

As soon as it was known, Captain Powell hastened to Mr. Foster's and requested the pleasure of Miss Hill's company on the morrow. His entrance disturbed a very pleasant reverie she was indulging in, principally relating to a long conversation she had had with Charles Wallace a few hours previous. She was not pleased at the interruption, and still less at the intruder. She listened to his request with astonishment, and refused it with more than her usual haughtiness; for Captain Powell was the especial object of her dislike. He left her, almost smothered with suppressed passion, and vowed to have revenge both on her and Wallace.

That evening, at the mess table, he took occasion to contradict something Charles said. He, knowing Powell's disposition, forbore to take

notice of it, which only enraged him the more. He began to use insulting language, and when Charles good-naturedly laughed, and said he would not quarrel about such a trifle, actually foamed at the mouth with rage, called him a "mean, cowardly villain," and threw his glass of wine in his face.

There was something awful in the expression of young Wallace's countenance, as he calmly applied his handkerchief to his face and removed the wine stains. The buzzing conversation, the jokes and laughter that always surround a mess table, were instantly hushed, and all sat speechless and thunderstruck. Even Powell himself felt shocked as he met the glance of the other, and looked on the deathly features, the white lips quivering with emotion, and the convulsive movements of the clenched fingers.

The momentary silence was broken by loud exclamations of "shame! shame!" and as Wallace rose to leave the table a dozen friends crowded round him. When the doors closed behind them, he leaned heavily against Captain Denison and another, gasping for breath, as one does who rises from the water; and it was with difficulty they could convey him to his rooms.

There was a sad party collected that evening in Lieutenant Wallace's sitting-room, come to talk over the unpleasant events of the last few hours. Charles was now composed and ready to listen to his friend's advice. That there was but one alternative for him he had been aware from the moment he could think at all, and it was to make arrangements for a meeting with Powell that his friends had come to him. He was conscientiously opposed to duelling. He had always said and believed that it was wrong; and he well remembered, when a boy, witnessing the agony of his mother when her husband was brought home to her dead and disfigured, murdered by the hand of his dearest friend. And now should he break through all the resolutions of a lifetime, and not only fight but send a challenge? The thought was distraction.

But on the other hand his honor was at stake; he had been openly insulted by one who made no secret of his dislike, and before all his brother officers. He dared not think of Adeline; for he remembered a conversation they had once held on the subject, and her words came back to his memory with thrilling clearness, "I care not what the cause, the man that kills another in a duel is a murderer." But no alternative seemed to offer, and when his friends (who knowing his peculiar opinions on the subject, were fearful he would not fight) came, they found him busily engaged in writing letters.

Captain Denison, a fine, warm-hearted fellow, and deeply attached to Charles, could scarcely control his emotion as he listened to the plans of his friend, and promised to obey his injunctions. Duelling was forbidden among the officers; but such an open insult could not be expected to pass unnoticed, and their superiors, very considerately, took no notice of the unusual stir among the friends of both parties. Of course no one mentioned it to them, and Charles as earnestly requested that everything should go on the following day as if nothing unusual had occurred.

According to appointment, his beautiful sleigh was at Mr. Foster's door some half hour before the others arrived, and he was shown into the pleasant room where Miss Hill received her particular friends. Very lovely she looked as she rose from an elegant lounge and came forward to meet him. She wore a rich crimson cashmere, which he had one day, in a shopping excursion, assisted her to choose; in her belt was a choice flower—part of a bouquet he had bought the day previous, now standing in a vase beside her; while on the lounge lay a book he had lent her, and which she had been reading before he came.

As these evidences of her partiality for himself met his eye, he shuddered to think that this was perhaps their last meeting; and so strange was the look he bent on her, and so forcible the clasp with which he held her hand, that she uttered an exclamation of surprise and pain, and attempted to free herself from him. He recovered his self-possession instantly, apologized for his rudeness, led her to her seat, and taking his place beside her, commenced speaking about the book he had taken up. He talked cheerfully and well; but there was something strange in his manner, something forced and unnatural, and Adeline felt almost rejoiced when the sound of the bells announced the arrival of the others.

They soon started; but the excursion that had promised so much pleasure to both proved a failure. Charles was alternately sad and cheerful, and in the struggle to appear easy and careless, conducted himself so strangely that Adeline was seriously annoyed. To make matters worse, he gradually turned the conversation on duelling, hoping that some opportunity might present itself for explaining his position; but his companion, not in the best humor, spoke more harshly than ever on the subject.

On his attempting to palliate the conduct of those situated as he was, she stopped him by saying there was no excuse for any one's taking another's life in that manner, and she would discard her dearest friend for being concerned in one. He then gave up the attempt as useless,

and left her that night with the distressing conviction that it was their last meeting. He found Captain Denison and two others at his rooms when he returned, and learned that all was arranged for an early meeting on the morrow.

Captain Powell could not find an officer willing to be his second, so great was their disgust at his conduct, and he had secured the services of a young gentleman, an officer in the engineer department. Denison and he had settled everything, the former having offered his services as second to Charles.

It was quite late when they parted, Denison charging his friend to retire immediately and try to sleep off his excitement, but as soon as they withdrew, he sat down and wrote a long letter to Adeline Hill. He then threw himself on the sofa, and had not rested an hour when he was roused by the entrance of Denison and the surgeon, both looking the worse for the night's excitement and anxiety. There remained but little to do after they came. Denison promised to deliver his letter, as he wished Adeline to receive it whether he should fall or not; he also gave him some directions concerning the disposal of his effects in case of the worst.

"Powell is an excellent shot; you must fire instantly, and give him no advantage," was the advice of his friend, who felt rather surprised at Charles's strange smile in return.

The time came for them to start; Charles spoke and moved like one in a dream. Mechanically he went down and entered the carriage in waiting for them; he made no answer to the questions of his friends; and it was not until they passed Mr. Foster's residence, and he looked once more to Adeline's home, that he displayed any emotion. Then Captain Denison, who was attentively watching him, saw his eyes fill with tears, and he leaned back in the carriage, apparently overcome with his feelings.

Captain Powell and his friends made their appearance on the ground soon after the others arrived. The preliminaries were speedily arranged, and the parties took their places. Every trace of emotion had now left Charles Wallace, and he faced his adversary with a deliberate coolness that gave hope to Captain Denison, whose fears had hitherto prevailed. As he left his side he once more whispered "fire quickly," and moved to his place.

At the word, both discharged their pistols—Captain Powell at his opponent, Lieutenant Wallace in the air. For an instant all stood motionless, and then Charles staggered and fell to the ground, and almost as soon, Denison and the surgeon were beside him. A hasty examination

served to convince them that he was not fatally injured, and bearing him to the carriage, they drove off with all speed.

Captain Powell and his servant followed, and an hour after, nothing remained to show the morning's work, save a few melting footsteps in the snow. As soon as Captain Denison could leave his friend, he hastened to call on Miss Hill and acquaint her with what had happened, at the same time deliver the letter.

At the door he met Mr. Gray, Captain Powell's second, and knowing that he was intimate with the Fosters, and the friend of Powell, he feared for the success of his mission. The event proved that his fears were not groundless; for Miss Hill received him with cool politeness, refused to listen to his account of the unfortunate duel, which she said had already been described to her by Mr. Gray, and also to accept Charles's letter.

"After such an open display of his principles, Lieutenant Wallace could not expect her to any longer acknowledge him as a friend; and as he knew her opinion of duelling and duellists, it was quite unnecessary for her to read his letter." And with a haughty bow she left the room, and Denison returned to his friend.

Charles Wallace might have been spared a severe illness, brought on by his anxiety, could he have seen Adeline Hill that morning, after the departure of the messengers, prostrate on her couch, sobbing and weeping in an agony of despair. One moment starting up, resolved to forget him—the next burying her face in the pillows, and calling on his name with the fondest accents of affection. Her distress was hopeless; for in the hour that she discarded him, did Adeline discover that she loved Charles Wallace.

Charles recovered very slowly, and before he was able to attend to his duties, Adeline had left H— on a visit to some relations in Canada. The duel had been a nine days wonder among the gossips, and then forgotten; and when Charles once more joined his friends in the daily routine of garrison life, they had almost ceased to speak or think of what had caused him so much sorrow.

Captain Powell and his regiment had been sent away on a foreign station, and ere many months passed, Charles and his friends were ordered to Canada. Before leaving, he called on Mr. Foster, and in talking over the events of the past six months, had the mortification to learn that Adeline had received a false account of the duel and its cause. At first this annoyed him, but after consideration showed the folly of indulging hopes concerning one who had so de-



dedly rejected him, and he resolved for the future to banish her from his mind. In leaving H—, he hoped also to leave all remembrance of his hopeless passion, and in the new scenes and new companions he was about to meet, forget her who had so bewitched him.

Captain Denison, still his intimate friend, used every endeavor to banish the gloom from his young companion's brow, and at last had the satisfaction of seeing him resume his old cheerfulness. They both looked forward to the removal with pleasure, for Denison's flirtation had wearied him, and he also longed for a change. He had once before been quartered at Fort M—, and aroused Charles's curiosity by his description of the kindness and hospitality of the people, the beauty of the scenery, and the delightful hunting.

"Dancing and making love are all very well once in a while, Charley my boy; but if you want an amusement that wont weary, take your gun and plunge into the depths of a Canadian forest—there's never ending excitement for you."

"I have serious fears that I should get tired, if I didn't get weary," was the laughing answer. "This barrack life is not apt to improve our powers of endurance."

"O, that's all nonsense! I'll introduce you to a friend of mine, who, twenty years ago, looked fit for nothing but measuring satin ribbons behind a counter, or escorting old ladies to church. He had the whitest hand, the smallest foot, and the softest voice of any man in his regiment. Of course it was before my time; but old Robinson, of the Fifth, told me he always wore white kid gloves—he said slept in them, but I did not believe that,—took an hour every day to arrange his hair, only ate meat once a week, and was altogether as great a puppy as ever scented a pocket handkerchief. Well, three years ago, when I was in Canada, I accidentally became acquainted with this same dandy, no longer a dandy, but one of the most indefatigable old hunters I ever met. I fancy it was sometime since he had seen a glove, from the looks of his hands, and I can bear witness to the strength of his muscles, as my fingers tingled for an hour after his welcoming grip. He no longer sported French boots and silk stockings, but their place was supplied by raw hide moccasins and gaiters; and I rather think his taste for animal food had improved since Robinson knew him, as he ate half cooked buffalo steaks with a decided relish. Altogether, I thought forest life had done much for him, and I was still more of that opinion after seeing his handsome wife and blooming daughter, then a

girl of fourteen. You have no idea how happy the old fellow was; and as he had no son, he was training his girl to hunt and fish, skate on the river, or drive 'Highflyer,' as the case might be. Ah, I've no doubt she's a splendid woman by this time. I quite long to see her."

And Captain Denison resumed his cigar, and his friend fell into a reverie, in which a "splendid woman" certainly had a share; but one whose accomplishments did not include hunting and fishing.

He knew that Adeline was in Canada, and perhaps there was some lingering hope that accident might throw them together, that all might be explained, that they might yet be friends. Be it as it may, it was welcome news for him when the transport arrived, and he bade adieu to H— without one regret.

The ladies were all sorry when that "dear, delightful Captain Denison" went away; but united in abusing Charles as an exceedingly proud, reserved young man, not at all agreeable, and "not so very handsome after all." Old Mr. Foster told his wife, confidentially, that he was "sorry Adeline had not returned before Charles went away; but perhaps it was all for the best." And the good lady very mildly replied, "Very likely, my dear."

Charles was even more delighted with his new home than his friend had anticipated, and soon learned to enjoy the wild sports of the forest. He became a prime favorite with old Major Edwards, and rivalled Denison in the good opinion of his wife and daughter.

The latter, a beautiful girl of seventeen, scrupled not to display her delight at the acquisition to their society, and soon made herself so agreeable to Charles, that he actually wondered at himself, having deemed it impossible ever to take pleasure in woman's society again. But Olive Edwards was a new specimen of "femininity" to him, and he became deeply interested in the young girl, who appeared equally at home in the parlor or the forest, whose life was so strange a mingling of the polished and the barbarous.

One day he would call at the major's, and find Olive quietly seated beside her mother, surrounded by all the paraphernalia of a lady's work-table, their pretty fingers busy on some delicate piece of embroidery; herself attired in the most bewitching of muslin morning dresses, just short enough to display an exquisitely shaped foot in the neatest of little slippers. Heavy, golden curls fell round her shoulders, and the whole picture was one of faultless loveliness. The next day he would be electrified to see her dash up

the steep ascent to Fort M——, putting the old major to his fastest speed to keep up with her and her spirited horse.

But if Charles admired her in her gentle beauty at home, Captain Denison worshipped her in the wild woods, when, urging Highflyer to a gallop, she would distance the best horseman among them, and laugh heartily at them when the race was done. It soon became evident that Denison and she were twin spirits, and there were no bounds to their venturesome frolics and daring freaks. Even the major at last remonstrated with them for running such risks; but something the captain told him appeared to have a soothing effect, and from that time they were permitted to follow their own inclinations.

These inclinations generally led them to a boating excursion on the lake, when the wind blew a gale; a gallop over a dangerous part of a neighboring mountain, called "The Rocky Pass;" or a furious drive along the worst piece of road in the country, with a pair of untrained "beauties," as Olive called them.

Charles had one day accompanied them to a town, some five miles distant, on business for the major. On arriving, they stopped at the hotel, and Denison volunteering to perform the errand, Charles and Olive alighted, gave their horses to the man in attendance, and entered the house.

Olive was in high spirits this day, and entered the hall laughing merrily, her plumed hat in her hand, her beautiful bright curls hanging in disorder to the waist of her green cloth riding habit, and leaning on the arm of her companion. The latter was gazing into the beautiful eyes, so full of glee, that were raised to his, when advancing footsteps caused him to look up, and he found himself face to face with Adeline Hill, escorted by a tall, handsome young man. Both started, colored violently, bowed, and passed on—Adeline and her companion to the carriage in waiting for them, Charles and the astonished Olive to the parlor.

"Is it possible that you know that beautiful Miss Hill?" was her first question after the door was closed on them. "Why did you not tell me that before?"

"I had no idea that she was in this part of the country; but are you acquainted with her?"

"No—I have never been introduced to her; she has not been here long, and is only making a visit at Colonel Gage's. She is so good and beautiful, that all who have the pleasure of her acquaintance say Arthur Gage has the prospect of being the 'blessed one among men.'"

"Is that the gentleman we just now met with her?" inquired Charles, conscious that his voice

was not quite steady, and feeling a rather unpleasant sensation at the evident meaning of her last words.

"Yes, and isn't he a splendid fellow? You ought to see him on horseback; there is not a better rider in the country." And Olive launched out into rapturous praises of her favorite amusement, all unconscious that her companion was lost in recollections of past scenes and by-gone days.

It was only a few days after this rencontre, that Charles met Arthur Gage, and predisposed as he had been to dislike him, he could not help coming to the conclusion that Olive was not far wrong when she called him a splendid fellow. To an exceedingly handsome person, he united the most fascinating manners, and Charles insensibly found himself on terms of intimacy with the man he had almost determined to hate. For some time he resisted all Arthur's invitations to return his visits, but at last came one not to be refused without absolute rudeness. Colonel Gage gave a large party, a farewell compliment to Miss Hill, and of course all the officers and neighboring gentry were invited.

Although Charles had hitherto refused to meet Adeline, he did not regret the necessity that compelled him now to do so, and looked forward to the evening with pleasure. As for Denison and Olive, they, as usual, went into extremes, and could think and speak of nothing else.

In a dull place like Fort M——, a ball is hailed by young military men as a delightful variety to the usual monotony of their lives, and the first, of course, is the most anxiously looked for. The wealth and acknowledged hospitality of Colonel Gage, joined to the beauty of his two daughters, and the manifold attractions of his fair guest, combined to make this a most interesting occasion to the young gentlemen.

The day at last arrived, and Charles almost repented that he had subjected himself to the trial of seeing Adeline, the object of another's attentions, another's promised bride. He envied Denison's gay light-heartedness, and felt almost inclined to quarrel with him for anticipating so much pleasure and ridiculing his own gloomy looks.

The day passed slowly, and owing to his feverish impatience, very unhappily; and he felt inclined to wish that some accident might happen to prevent his attending this dreaded party. But like all other days it came to an end, and according to appointment, they called to escort Olive and her mother—the major declaring that his dancing days were over, and parties were a bore. Charles thought of Denison's description of the

days when the old gentleman wore kid gloves and French boots ; smiled at the contrast he now presented, handed Mrs. Edwards into the carriage, and the party were soon on their way.

On arriving at the colonel's, Charles felt a nervous dread of meeting Adeline, but it wore off under the cordial kindness of their welcome, and owing to the large number assembled, he did not see her for some time. He found himself at last in the quadrille, with Emily Gage for a partner, and Arthur and Adeline opposite. He felt his heart beat loudly, as in a few moments her hand rested in his, and he longed to detain it in a loving clasp ; but she steadily avoided meeting his eye, and he could form no idea of her sensations. She looked very lovely, somewhat paler and thinner than when he last beheld her ; but with beauty unchanged and grace unsurpassed.

He had scarcely met Denison all the evening ; but when another dance was forming, Charles saw him lead Adeline up, and unable to resist the temptation of once more holding her hand, he obtained Olive for a partner, and once more they stood opposite.

When the dance was finished, Denison drew his partner's hand within his arm, and led her to a seat at the farthest end of the room, while our hero, astonished and a little annoyed to see them apparently on such good terms, devoted himself to Olive, who was in the happiest state of mind. But if he was surprised at seeing Adeline and Denison on such friendly terms, he was still more so at beholding Arthur Gage paying the most devoted attention to a delicate young girl in mourning. She appeared to be on very intimate terms with the Misses Gage, and after dancing once with Miss Hill, Arthur scarcely left her side again.

She did not dance, and in answer to Charles's questions, Olive told him that she was the daughter of a French gentleman, who had lately lost his wife. Olive herself appeared puzzled at the appearance of things, but Charles shrewdly thought she was in a fair way of becoming enlightened, when he saw the cool manner in which she received Denison, after Miss Hill had again joined the dancers.

After half an hour's conversation with the old colonel, during which he had not been unmindful of what was going on around him, Charles watched his opportunity, and making his way to where Adeline stood beside her last partner, with a low bow, asked the honor of her hand in the waltz then commencing. She merely bowed an answer, and in another moment they were in the dizzy circle, gradually increasing until all the best dancers in the room were with them.

Charles, with his arm round Adeline's slender waist, her hand close clasped in his own, and her color changing beneath his gaze, felt as though he wished they might continue in that position for an indefinite length of time. But ere they had twice made the circuit of the room, he felt his partner's form tremble in his clasp ; her steps no longer kept time to the music, even under the guiding impulse of his own ; and as he reached an open door he suddenly left the whirling ring ; the rest passed on. Some other couples left at the same time, others took their places, and in the momentary confusion, Charles left the room unnoticed. He crossed the entry, pushed open the first door he came to, and led his half fainting partner to a seat.

On a little marble table stood a filter with glasses, and pouring out some of the pure cold contents, he gave it to her with a trembling hand, only surpassed by her own in its agitation. After seeing the color return to her cheek, and her whole appearance denote that she was recovering from her momentary faintness, Charles walked to the other end of the room.

Long he stood, apparently absorbed in contemplation of the portrait of Colonel Gage's great grandmother, an exceedingly plain likeness of an excessively plain woman. It was but poor evidence of his good taste, that he preferred looking at that old time worn representation of one devoid of attractions, to conversing with his companion, a youthful maiden, adorned with every charm and grace, beautiful and accomplished.

When he at last turned round, she was standing in the deep bay window, the heavy drapery drawn aside, and a flood of moonlight streaming in on the carpet, rendering superfluous the wax lights on the mantel.

With a slow, determined step, Charles crossed the room and stood by her side. She neither moved nor spoke ; but when he, determined to end all uncertainty, took her hands in his own, and bent a searching gaze on her countenance, as if to read there the emotions within, she trembled so violently that he was obliged once more to sustain her from falling.

"Adeline, will you in pity end this wretched, this horrible uncertainty ? You know not the misery you have inflicted by punishing me for doing what I could not avoid. I have tried in vain to drive you from my thoughts ; but this night's meeting has destroyed my better resolutions, and I determined not to leave without speaking to you alone."

"I am not worthy of your friendship, Lieutenant Wallace ; but if you will forgive my pride and ill temper, that has so long made us stran-

gers to each other, we may yet be friends. I never knew until to night how deeply I had wronged you."

"Is this true, Adeline? And has Denison really explained that unfortunate affair?" and the speaker's handsome countenance was radiant with joyful hope.

"He has explained enough to show me how wrongly my silly vanity has tempted me to act, and what a brave, noble heart my folly has grieved."

"Adeline," and the speaker's voice grew husky with suppressed emotion, and he released her from the supporting arm hitherto thrown around her, "your words have made me very happy; without your friendship I must be wretched; but forgive me if I presume on your kindness to tell you that it were better for my peace that those words had never been spoken, that we had still remained as strangers, than to regain your friendship, to find my love increased tenfold, and then to see you the bride of another! I feel there is a wide difference between us; that you can choose among the highest and wealthiest in the land, while I can offer neither riches nor station. But Adeline, if you love another, even in this hour of our reconciliation, we must part."

He stopped, as if unable to speak further on so painful a subject, and turned to the window to hide his emotion.

"Charles, listen to me one instant," and Adeline's little hand was laid on his shoulder, and her tearful eyes raised to his face. "I love no other, never have loved another, and I have long doubted the truth of love; but I believe in your sincerity, and if you can take me with all my faults and imperfections, I will strive to atone for all my unkindness."

One year from the night of the party, Charles Wallace and his lady were again the guests of Colonel Gage. It was to witness the marriage of Arthur and the young French orphan, who had for several months resided with them.

#### THIEVES AMONG THE MONKEYS.

In the accomplishment of bad purposes, thieves often display a degree of industry and ingenuity which, if exercised in a more worthy cause, would earn for them an honest, comfortable livelihood. The Italian organ-grinders of London have devised a new plan of theft, in which monkeys, trained for the purpose, assist. The monkey, having plenty of length of cord, is allowed to enter the windows of an unoccupied dining or drawing-room, and immediately returns, bringing to his master such articles of property from there, as he is able to carry. The master receives and conceals them about his person, and makes off with his booty.—*Post*.

#### CURIOUS DYING SCENES.

According to Fielding, Jonathan Wild picked the pocket of the ordinary while he was exhorting him in the cart, and went out of the world with the parson's corkscrew and thumb-bottle in his hand. Petronius, who was master of the ceremonies and inventor of pleasures at the court of Nero, when he saw that elegant indulgence was giving place to coarse debauchery, perceived at once that his term of favor had arrived, and it was time to die. He resolved, therefore, to anticipate the tyrant, and disrobe death of his paraphernalia of terror. Accordingly, he entered a warm bath, and opened his veins, composed verses, jested with his familiar associates, and died off by insensible degrees. Democritus, the laughing philosopher, disliking the inconveniences and infirmities of a protracted old age, made up his mind to die on a certain day; but to oblige his sister, he postponed his departure until the feasts of Ceres were over. He supported nature on a pot of honey to the appointed hour, and then expired by arrangement. Jerome Cardan, a celebrated Italian physician, starved himself gradually, and calculated with such mathematical nicety, as to hit the very day and hour foretold. When Rabelais was dying, the cardinal sent a page to inquire how he was. Rabelais joked with the envoy until he found his strength declining, and his last moments approach. He then said: "Tell his eminence the state in which you left me. I am going to inquire into a great possibility. He is in a snug nest; let him stay there as long as he can. Draw the curtain; the farce is over." When the famous Count de Grammont was reported to be in extremity, the King Louis XIV., being told of his total want of religious feeling, which shocked him not a little, sent the Marquis de Dangeau to beg of him, for the credit of the court, to die like a good Christian. He was scarcely able to speak, but turning round to his countess, who had always been remarkable for her piety, he said, with a smile: "Countess, take care, or Dangeau will filch from you the credit of my conversion."—*Winchester Democrat*.

#### DUMB SHOW.

Lord Seaforth, who was born deaf and dumb, was to dine one day with Lord Melville. Just before the time of the company's arrival, Lady Melville sent into the drawing-room a lady of her acquaintance, who could talk with her fingers to dumb people, that she might receive Lord Seaforth. Presently Lord Guilford entered the room; and the lady, taking him for Lord Seaforth, began to ply her fingers very nimbly. Lord Guilford did the same; and they had been carrying on a conversation in this manner for about ten minutes, when Lady Melville joined them. Her female friend immediately said: "Well, I have been talking away to this dumb man." "Dumb!" cried Lord Guilford; "bless me, I thought you were dumb." I told this story (which is perfectly true) to Matthews; and he said that he could make excellent use of it at one of his evening entertainments; but I know not if ever he did.—*Rogers's Table Talk*.

Positiveness is one of the most certain marks of a weak judgment.

## THE MAIDEN'S SONG.

BY THOMAS PATTEN, JR.

O, I'll have my home where the sea-birds roam,  
Near the foaming, stormy sea,  
Where the craggy peaks on the breastwork seek,  
Nearer heaven's high throne to be;  
In the spiral winds of the rocky glens  
My lover shall come to me—  
And I'll shield his form from the raging storm,  
'Neath some branching shady tree.

When the storm is o'er on the rock-bound shore,  
And the slumbering waves at rest  
When the bright sun smiles on the distant isles,  
Asleep on their mother's breast—  
Then together we'll sit, where the gay birds sit,  
Carolling their richest lays—  
And we'll talk of love, like a gentle dove,  
In its cooling, winning ways.

Thus we'll pass our hours in old Nature's bowers,  
And hear every sighing breeze  
Re-echo the moan of my chosen home,  
As it ruffles the leafy trees.  
O, give then to me my home of the sea,  
By the overhanging rocks;  
There let me die to the whirlwind's sigh,  
Which the shrill-toned sea-bird mocks.

## THE ODALISQUE:

—OR,—

## THE CARCANET OF PEARLS

BY M. V. ST. LEON.

WHAT melodious murmurs! What silvery laughter! One would certainly imagine that beyond that gilded lattice was an aviary filled with beautiful birds, whose rustling plumage and delicious twitterings fill the air with soft sounds. Perhaps it is so; let us peep through the screen into the adjoining court. On a marble pavement are heaped cushions of the richest silks, and on little stands scattered about, lie piles of luscious fruits, ruby, golden and purple. In the centre, a fountain falls in musical tinklings to its basin below. The square was enclosed by slender pillars supporting a light cornice and domelike roof; graceful trees of various foliage, planted outside, drooped their branches into the pavilion; and brilliant feathered warblers swung in gilded hoops suspended from the boughs, while others less tame were imprisoned in cages attached to the columns, that were wreathed with jasmines.

Reclining on the divans were groups of lovely females, chatting, laughing, and idly playing on various instruments, teasing their grim guards, whose sour, black faces formed a contrast to the gay tormentors, and resembling in their rainbow

draperies, and restless activity, a bed of talips swayed by the wind.

Conspicuous among this throng were two groups, which from the superior beauty and rich attire of the principal figures, appeared to hold a higher station than any others; the foremost one consisted of three persons—a haughty, handsome, but unintellectual looking woman, with a slender form and oval face that would have been apathetic, had not glittering, beadlike, black eyes given life to a complexion whose pale, ivory tint was preserved by careful seclusion from wind and sunshine. Decked in all the gorgeous drapery of Eastern magnificence, she lolled gracefully back on her manifold cushions, amusing herself by presenting her finger for a favorite parrot, that sat balancing on its perch, to peck at. Beside her, in rather a more upright position, reclined a plump, brilliantly fair Kathayan, whose large, sleepy eyes were shadowed by brows and lashes only equalled in their jetty hues by the silken locks that escaped from a little lace turban, festooned with flagree butterflies. She was listening to the conversation between the first mentioned lady, and a sharp, disagreeable-looking female, whose features and costume indicated her to be an Armenian. From the low tone in which they spoke, and the frequent glances covertly cast at the second group, it would appear there was some connection between its members and the subject they were discussing.

This circle, containing also three persons, was totally different from every one of its neighbors. Beneath the drooping clusters of a luxuriant grape-vine, sat a young girl of about eighteen, with no traces of Asiatic origin in shape or feature. There was a transparency in her roseate complexion, and the light of a cultivated intellect in her brilliant blue eyes; her delicately-formed mouth was expressive of an impetuous nature, and her animated countenance and graceful buoyancy of motion presented a strong contrast to the sluggish indolence of Eastern women generally.

Beside her, sipping a cup of coffee, was another young girl, Zaidée, a Persian, about the same age, whose pleasing and refined countenance was also full of life and intelligence. A middle-aged woman, evidently the nurse of the former, was fanning her mistress with an expression of affection and respect.

The lady first mentioned is the Sultana Zorayda, and the second her prime favorite Katinka. Neama, the Armenian, is a slave of the princess, and as treacherous at heart, as her manner is flattering. The young girl, Leila, although from India, bears little resemblance to

the dusky inhabitants of that country; but Alawi, the nurse, has the Hindoo features. Both have been inmates of the seraglio only four weeks, and Zaidee the Persian even less time. Short as this period has been, however, it has proved sufficient to rouse the jealousy of the Lady Zorayda, who having heard the conclusion of Neama's account, dismissed her, and in a low, agitated tone, thus addressed Katinka:

"You see how matters progress! Truly this is a fine state of things—I, who am as slender as the holy maidens of Yagrenat, as graceful as a Bayadere, and but five years ago was surnamed 'the wonder of the age' for beauty—was I not esteemed too precious a jewel for the slave bazaar, and brought at once to the sultan by my captors? Since then, I have certainly improved—and can I not sing, besides, and play the kilar? Are not my eyes as black as the spot on the Alrus, while those of the stranger are of a color never celebrated by our poets? Yet this rose-and-lily compound no sooner comes, than our lord and master has no eyes and ears for any one else—and all, so far as I can discover, because some learned mollah has given her the education of a musty scribe, and the girl herself dares say and do things no other woman in her senses would think to enact, and live. Allah be praised, however! There can be but one sultana; and though the Odalisque may reign in the heart of the commander of the faithful, in the harem her will is secondary to mine."

As the Lady Zorayda paused to regain her breath, the favorite ventured to suggest:

"Then why not use your power to rid yourself of one whose presence is hateful to you?"

"Are you a fool, Katinka? Do you not know she is a novelty as yet, and that were Mahmoud to lose her now, all my influence, if he should suspect me, would avail nothing to prevent my being thrown into the Bosphorus? I am not so weary of life; but even should I escape suspicion, and such a doom, he would be inconsolable forever. No—wait awhile, and perhaps I may find some fresh beauty to lure him from her; then is my time to strike. Engrossed by another, he will not heed her fate, and when tired of her successor, the sultan will return to my feet once more. What do you think of this scheme, little one?" inquired the princess, with a self-satisfied air.

The simple Katinka replied: "Truly I am astonished at your wisdom. What a head it takes for a sultana! I am very sure I shall never be one."

"Sincerely, I do not think you ever will!" exclaimed Zorayda, with a laugh, as she patted

her companion's cheek. Then rising, and gathering her shawl together, she retired with Katinka to her own apartments, to indulge in a chibouk and siesta.

As Zorayda had said, at the age of sixteen her beauty had induced Mahmoud to make her his sultana; and possessing a mind whose native powers were much stronger than any other inmate of the harem, the proud Circassian had never found a rival until now. Two months previous to the opening of the scene just narrated, the vizier, who was slightly in disgrace with his master, had seen Leila in the slave market, and hoping to regain favor by making a magnificent present, he had bought her and humbly requested the sultan to accept the offering. Struck by the exceeding loveliness of the young girl, Mahmoud readily forgave his minister, and in the society of one so different from any he had ever seen of her sex, almost forgot the existence of Zorayda.

The afternoon sun was gilding the minarets of the City of the Sultans, and the waves of the Bosphorus, that glided by the walls of the seraglio, were dancing in the mellow light, and bearing on their surface numberless crafts, containing figures in all the various costumes of the Levant. On a divan at one of the latticed casements of the palace sat Leila, gazing forth upon the scene with a pre-occupied expression, while Alawi was plaiting the rich masses of unbound golden hair with jewels.

Scarcely was the task completed, when an officer of the royal household announced the approach of the sultan, and in another moment Mahmoud himself entered. Motioning the attendants to retire, he seated himself by the side of Leila and inquired after her health.

"The body may be well when the mind suffers," replied the young girl, in the most musical of voices; "of which do you ask?"

"Still pining for the humble state you are rescued from?" exclaimed Mahmoud, half pleadingly.

"The bird, though prisoned in a gilded cage, cannot forget its former delicious freedom," answered Leila, sadly, yet with a touch of enthusiasm at the images called up by the idea of liberty.

"Why can I not win your love, so that all desire to leave me may vanish?" exclaimed the sultan, eagerly. "Surely your heart is in the keeping of some one more fortunate than I."

"I am my own keeper," replied Leila, somewhat proudly; "but listen to a story I have to tell you, and then, perhaps, you will cease to

wonder at my indifference to the splendor with which you surround me. I am not of the same race as the childish, apathetic inmates of your harem; a quicker, nobler blood is in my veins, and a proud impatience of restraint that belongs to another nation—it is the Anglo Saxon.”

“Are you not from India?” inquired the sultan, in surprise.

“It is not my birthplace, I believe—at least, I am of English parents. Seventeen years ago, Alawi, my nurse, then in Calcutta, was engaged by a British officer, whose regiment was ordered to another part of the country, to attend upon his wife and infant daughter during the voyage. When nearly arrived at the place of destination, a terrible storm arose, and the vessel was shipwrecked. Alawi, who had been lashed to a spar, was washed on shore with me in her arms; but although several bodies were found, my father and mother were not among them.

“Alawi knew not what to do, as there were no English residents in the place to whom she could tell my birth, and she entered the service of a rajah's wife, retaining the privilege of keeping me with her. Years passed on, and I arrived at my sixteenth year, when the young prince, the rajah's only son, slightly my senior, and whose playmate I had always been, became attached to me, and declared I should be his wife. His mother did not intend that honor for the foster-child of her ayah, and hated me from that hour; while I, having long ago been told what Alawi knew of my history, was not at all desirous of the connection. I had received a superior education from a mollah or scribe in the employ of the rajah, and who had once lived in Calcutta long enough to know considerable of English people and customs, and my dearest hope was, that some day a fortunate chance would restore me to my country people, if not to my relatives. Judge, then, of my distress, on learning that I was to be sold to a slave merchant, and carried to Constantinople. But, with the faithful Alawi who insisted on sharing my fortunes, I resigned myself to the hands of fate. Our voyage was prosperous; but immediately on landing, I was conveyed to a dwelling, where I was treated with an attention to which I was little accustomed, and furnished with a host of articles of the use of which I was totally ignorant. From thence I was brought hither, where I pine for my lost freedom, and unfettered liberty of speech and action.”

“Cannot anything reconcile you to the position of the sultan's favorite? Methinks it is not so unenviable as to excite much compassion,” said Mahmoud, with slight sarcasm.

“Does my lord fancy the glittering jewels and costly garments, in which he is pleased to deck me—the splendid apartments and parade of attendants, with which he is pleased to surround me—or a place in his harem, with the privilege of listening to the meaningless chatter of its inmates, occasionally fanning him to sleep, or singing to him when he is disposed to listen, offer me the slightest temptation? Does he imagine they afford the shadow of a compensation for the power to roam free as the air, untrammelled by the commands of a master?” And the indignant Leila turned away with flushed cheeks, and the air of a princess.

Mahmoud had never been braved thus before, and admiration mingled with his impatience, as he replied:

“Bestow your love on me, and you shall be my sultana, you shall rule me; a palace shall be built for you on some beautiful spot, sufficiently secluded to permit a wide range, and singers, dancers, and even learned mollahs shall be at your command.”

“Do not suppose, O defender of the faithful, that my highest idea of enjoyment consists in continual wandering, or that singers, dancers and scribes are my chief desires in life; besides, how am I to become sultana, when the Lady Zorayda fills that position?”

“One word from you, and the Lady Zorayda fills no position at all, unless it be a sack in the Bosphorus!” exclaimed the monarch, carried away by a desire to possess an object apparently unattainable.

“Heaven forbid!” cried Leila, recoiling from her companion in horror; “I would never even look upon you again, if your soul was stained with the murder of a fellow-mortal. But if Allah should see fit to remove the sultana, I would never share a heart with others. No! If my lord would indeed make me his grateful friend, he will help me to find my relations, if I have any, and restore me to them,” said Leila, with tearful earnestness that moved Mahmoud more than he chose to acknowledge; and rising to avoid a further pleading, he summoned his attendants and retired.

Passing along by the sultana's apartments, Mahmoud heard the sound of a lute, and entering an ante-room, signified his intent to visit her. Just having finished an elaborate toilet, the lady did not need to make any delay; but not wishing to appear eager for the royal presence, after the long neglect she had experienced, full five minutes were allowed to pass before the signal for admission was given. Lifting the curtain, Mahmoud entered a magnificent apartment,

and beheld Zorayda seated in indolent repose on a divan, and beside her the favorite Katinka. Casting a languid glance upward, the haughty beauty bade her visitor welcome, and seating himself on a rich carpet at the feet of both ladies, and resting his arm on the divan, while the attendant presented a lighted chibouk, the sultan said :

"Did I not hear singing a short time since?"

"My lord says right—his humble slave was amusing herself with a new song," replied Zorayda.

Mahmoud felt the contrast between this servile emptiness and the piquant frankness of Leila's manner very forcibly, but requesting a repetition of the music, he applied himself to the beloved nargileh which Leila would not admit in her apartment. The ballad was tolerably lengthy, and before it was concluded, the empty little head of Katinka was nodding in sleep.

Quite appeased by the praise bestowed on her performance, and the consideration of a visit exclusively on her account, Zorayda grew gracious. But envy and rage filled her heart when the sultan observed that Leila was as impatient of restraint as ever, and he feared she would begin to droop.

"A wild, strange being—it is my opinion that she despises the palace, its inmates, and even the owner of it," replied the artful woman, watching the effect of her words.

The sultan recollected her fearless speeches to him, and reflected that she might not have kept her pretty irreverence for his especial benefit. Mahmoud's pride took alarm, and stroking his beard, he exclaimed :

"Inshallah ! Does the girl laugh at us ? I think so truly, since we receive no thanks for the many favors conferred upon her, and our endeavors for her happiness meet only with complaints and discontent."

"Has she indeed been bold enough to equal herself with our lord and master the sultan, and presume on favors from one whose glance alone exalts the fortunate one above all her sex ?" exclaimed Zorayda, in well counterfeited astonishment and horror.

"Such shall not long be the case," was the ominous reply.

"May the sultan live forever ! If so insignificant a being as I might hope to speak and live, I should say that a sack, or the bowstring were fitting punishment for the slave, only that it would be too much of an honor to be the subject of even such a command, from the descendant of the prophet."

By that sudden revulsion of feeling to which

all are liable, caused perhaps by this abject flattery, or the contrast between Zorayda's contemptible delight in mischief and her rival's generous magnanimity, and it may be, discovering in the lady's unguarded manner at the prospect of success her malignant jealousy towards Leila, Mahmoud began to doubt if the young girl was capable of gratifying her vanity at his expense ; and indignant at the thought of being led by Zorayda, he turned suddenly upon her, and exclaimed, in a voice of thunder :

"Peace, idle creature ! I ask not counsel of women. Know that to her whom you thus eagerly seek to degrade, you owe your life !" And in his anger, the sultan briefly detailed his offer of making Leila sultana, which she declined to accept at the expense of another.

Throughout the whole Zorayda sat motionless in amazement, and concluding his reproof with a severe frown, Mahmoud left the now wide awake Katinka, who was sobbing in affright, to comfort her trembling mistress, who perceived her mistake in terror, fearing lest the conversation might reach Leila, and excite her to revenge. So little could she comprehend a great soul.

The next day, Neama entered Leila's chamber, and kneeling before her, presented a richly enamelled jewel-case. Lifting the lid, she drew forth a splendid necklace of pearls, and said :

"The Lady Zorayda desires your acceptance of this trifle, and begs you will wear it for her sake. She also hopes you will permit her to visit you to-day, and commence a friendship too long delayed."

Surprised at this unexpected act, and the request that followed it, Leila replied that she would be happy to receive the sultana, thinking to obtain from her an explanation that she did not consider proper to ask of the servant.

In a few hours, therefore, Zorayda came, and further astonished Leila by saluting her on both cheeks, and kissing her hands. At last she discovered that the sultana had heard she had saved her life, and remorse and gratitude prompted this demonstration.

"Surely you attach too much importance to so slight a thing. A few words that cost me no effort to speak, and were forgotten the next moment—of what value are they ?"

Every syllable added to the humiliation of Zorayda, and Leila continued :

"Besides, our friendship needs no present to cement it. I cannot deprive you of so costly and beautiful a jewel—allow me to return it ;" and she took the casket from a stand.



"Do not add to my mortification by insult," cried Zorayda. "If you will not accept my offering, I will never see it again;" and she made a passionate gesture.

Perceiving a refusal would wound and offend, Leila thanked her companion, who added:

"Complete my happiness, and let me clasp it around your neck."

The Odalisque bent her graceful head, and the sultana clasped the rich ornament on the snowy, swanlike throat, and urging Leila to visit her, Zorayda presently departed with Neama. Calling Zaidee to admire the gift, her friend expressed much delight that kindness had subdued her enemy.

Still the sultan continued to visit Leila, and offer every inducement to attach her to himself and her present condition, pleased and surprised to find that Zorayda warmly seconded his endeavors. It was of no avail, and losing the cheerful spirit of hope that had so long sustained her, the young girl began to droop. The color deserted her cheek by degrees, and the brilliancy fled from her eyes. Zaidee, exceedingly attached to her, devoted herself to the amusement of her friend; but a loss of health soon followed this depression of mind, and the songs and stories with which the fair Persian attempted to divert her, failed to accomplish any change.

Zorayda often visited Leila, who became daily more fragile, and shed tears over her with that excess of altered feeling so characteristic of her wild race, and insisted that Neama, who was an excellent nurse, should try her skill on the lovely patient, who, although she disliked the Armenian greatly, consented to please her friend, in spite of Zaidee's and Alawi's protest to the contrary.

As her debility increased, Leila ceased to pay the same attention to dress as formerly, and Zorayda's necklace, which was the last of her jewelry to be laid aside, was finally consigned to its casket. As Neama closed the lid, she said:

"I am afraid the Lady Zorayda will be much grieved to miss this from your neck; she does not imagine you so feeble—besides, she prized this ornament above all her others."

"I will insist upon returning it, then," replied Leila, sorry to have retained it so long.

"Then my mistress would certainly think you were going to leave us immediately."

Leila was perplexed, dreading to give pain, yet unwilling to keep her friend's favorite jewel, when Zaidee suggested a scheme to remedy both troubles. This was to order another necklace precisely similar, and present it to the sultana. The plan was highly approved, and Zaidee

was about to give directions to a slave, when Neama observed that her mistress had often wished the ruby in the clasp had been an opal, and Leila requested the Persian to order the alteration.

In a week, the ornaments were brought from the jeweller's. But Leila had sunk into a state of inaction and lethargy, that prevented her receiving any pleasure from the nice execution of her command. Zorayda, on the contrary, was delighted with her present, and especially admired the Indian fire opal, that contrasted so beautifully with the milky pearls, and wondered at her friend's indifference. Zaidee, however, was seriously alarmed at this state of apathy, which appeared more discouraging to her than the previous wasting away, and exerted all her influence even to annoying Leila, in endeavors to make her take exercise and shake off this sluggishness.

About this time, the sultana also became indisposed, and instead of listening to the advice of Neama that she would remain quiet, and gain strength, she persisted in making frequent excursions into the country to a palace which Mahmoud had given her, hiding her increasing pallor and loss of health by rich dress, cosmetics, and reckless gaiety, and eagerly striving to win back the heart of the sultan.

Leila, who under the affectionate care of Zaidee was slowly recovering her former looks and spirits, saw but little of the princess, when one morning the seraglio was electrified with the news that the Lady Zorayda was dead. Scarcely believing the report, Leila hastened to the chamber of the sultana, and was admitted by Neama, whose countenance confirmed the rumor. On a couch lay the inanimate form of Zorayda, in the rich garments she had last put on, and around her neck the carcanet of jewels; but her countenance was swollen and livid, while a dark purple line under the necklace explained the cause of this bloated appearance—Zorayda had died of poison!

Zaidee, who had followed her friend, took her by the hand and led her away from the melancholy scene; but no sooner were they alone, than the Persian buried her face on Leila's shoulder, and burst into tears. Much surprised, Leila earnestly inquired the cause of this sudden and inexplicable grief, since the sultana was not so great a favorite as to occasion it. Zaidee, after a great deal of urging, confessed that when the Lady Zorayda had presented the necklace with so much apparent friendship, she had suspected a sinister design; but about the time when a duplicate was ordered from the jeweller,

she had satisfied herself that her suspicions were correct, and Neema's desire that an opal might be substituted for a ruby in the new necklace, she believed to proceed from fear lest, by a mistake, they might be changed.

But adding to Leila's instructions, the Persian had directed that an opal should be inserted in the clasp of the ornament sent as a pattern, and a ruby in the other. The ruse succeeded, and Zaidee, who had hoped that when the sultana became ill, the fatal toy would be laid aside, on account of its oppressive weight, saw with dismay that its becoming richness prevented this wish from being realized; feeling guilty of murder every day, yet fearing to reveal the secret to Leila on account of giving a shock to her feeble health, and certain that to inform Mahmoud would only hasten the sultana's doom, Zaidee was in great perplexity, when the sudden death of Zorayda, accelerated by her late anxiety and dissipation, made the poor girl so wretched that she could no longer bear the burden of silence.

Leila embraced the devoted friend to whom she owed her life, and felt the justice of the awful retribution, although she lamented it. Her chief anxiety now was, lest the sultan should urge her to fill the station that no insurmountable obstacle now prevented her accepting. But to her astonishment, on his next visit, Mahmoud, in a dejected tone, inquired if she had any memento of her parents, and she eagerly produced a small locket containing hair, and a fine cambric handkerchief with a crest and initials nearly faded out by time, which had been about her neck at the time of the shipwreck.

In a few days, Mahmoud again came, and this time announced that the articles had been sent to the British ambassador, who had recognized the crest at once, and was acquainted with the family. As Leila supposed, her parents had perished, but her uncle, who was now the head of the house, was living in England, and had often lamented that his brother's infant daughter was not spared to him, to have been loved and cherished for her father's sake. As the ambassador was about returning to his country, his wife proposed taking Leila with them, and the sultan had come to bid the young girl farewell.

"You have raised my standard of right and justice, you have elevated my mind, and taught me the delight of having a true friend," said the sultan, in a mournful tone. "In fine, you have fitted me to enjoy the society of rational beings, only to leave me now to the idle prating of the idiots by whom I am surrounded."

"Bring them to your own level," replied

Leila, with enthusiasm. "But let me tell you that there is one in your palace who will love you for yourself alone, who is beautiful, and capable of being made a companion for any one. It is Zaidee, who came after my arrival, and I do not think you have scarcely seen her; in her, you will find a friend, and I leave her to you as a trust from me. Prove yourself as worthy of the fair Persian, as she will be faithful to you."

Taking Leila by both hands, Mahmoud gazed long and sadly at her bright face, radiant with happiness at the prospect of joining her kindred, and at length, with a deep sigh, turned quickly away and left her. This farewell pained Leila, but trusting to time and Zaidee to console him, she made the necessary preparations for departure.

The last evening spent by the young girls was full of sorrow, but Leila charged her pupil not to forget the beautiful precepts of the wise mollah, which had proved so serviceable to the orphan, and promising to send tidings of her future lot, they separated. In England, Leila found a delightful home, and ere long had the satisfaction of knowing that all her wishes in regard to Mahmoud and Zaidee were fulfilled, and every day she thanked the wise Providence that had made the carcanet of pearls an instrument of working good from evil.

#### KING OF THE CANNIBAL ISLANDS.

This terrible potentate, who has recently been called to an account for some of his iniquities by the U. S. sloop-of-war John Adams, seems to be a ferocious fellow. It is said he has eaten of the flesh of more than three hundred human beings, and is the greatest murderer and cannibal that ever existed. His name is Tue Vita, king of Feejee. It is charged that the English missionaries have encouraged him in his outrages. When called on board the John Adams, he begged for his life, and promised for the future to respect the lives and property of Americans. It is to be hoped that a provision was made in the treaty that he should respect their *bodies* also. —*Boston Post*.

#### A NATION WITHOUT A LANGUAGE.

The Swiss, being descended from French, Italian and German refugees, have no distinctive language of their own. Four languages, Italian, German, Retien and French, are spoken by different portions of the nation, and three of them, German, French and Italian are declared by law to be the national languages. German is spoken by 70 per cent. of the people; French by 23 per cent.; Italian by 5 per cent.; and Retien by 2 per cent. Of this population, about three-fifths are Protestant, and two-fifths Catholic. —*Tribune*.

Falsehood is never so successful as when she baits her hook with truth, and no opinions so fatally mislead us as those not wholly wrong.

## A FRIEND IN NEED.

BY MRS. E. T. ELDRIDGE.

The summer flowers had paled, and drooped, and died,  
And autumn brought new loveliness for me;  
At times my wayward heart seemed sorely tried,  
Earth's chastened sunlight held no charm for me,  
And bitter thoughts stole o'er me when alone,  
I mused o'er joys once fondly called my own.

"Father," I cried, when none were nigh to hear,  
"Look down in mercy on thy wayward child;  
That this fair earth may once again seem dear,  
O, let me feel the sunlight of thy smile."  
A low voice whispered softly unto me—  
"Mortal, as is thy day thy strength shall be."

Then baby voices, soft and strangely low,  
Fell like sweet music on my yearning heart;  
Fond smiles that cheered my spirit long ago,  
Remembered, loved, and shrined of life a part!  
Dear memory, backward on thy golden wing,  
To my lone heart lost darling treasures bring.

And soon there came a friend to cheer my life,  
Of gentle mien—of low and feeble tread,  
For she had felt the hand of care and strife,  
And she had mourned o'er pleasures long since fled.  
With throbbing heart I hailed her to my bower,  
As children welcome spring's first fragrant flower.

I doubted not her sad and gentle smile,  
Though I had learned to doubt in years gone by;  
She seemed as artless as a little child,  
A chastened noelight lingered in her eye;  
Pride yielded 'neath the sunshine of her smile,  
My pent up feelings gushed forth free and wild.

On rapid wings the autumn hours sped on,  
And winter came with sunbeams wan and pale;  
Love's holy light still kept my spirit warm,  
I scarcely heeded sunshine, hail, or rain;  
My friend in need was ever lingering near,  
Soothing each doubt, and calming each wild fear.

Father, if every frail and suffering child  
Would lean on thee when called life's ills to bear,  
Thou'lt ne'er withhold from them thy pitying smile,  
For thou wilt soothe each heart that's worn with care.  
Lead me, dear Shepherd, whereso'er I go,  
Through pastures where pure, living waters flow!

## MOUSAN THE MISER.

BY DR. J. V. C. SMITH.

In the time of Sultan Mahmoud the Second, there resided at the southern extremity of Pera, the Frank quarter of Constantinople, a little round-shouldered man named Sacton Mousan. He had a sprinkling of Armenian blood coursing through his veins, but how it got there he was never exactly informed, nor did he care to ascertain, since he much preferred to be considered a genuine Turk, to being suspected to be a hybrid:

Although Mousan apparently smoked as much Syrian tobacco from the first call of the muezzin to morning prayers till sunset, as his neighbors, he found opportunity of gathering more from observation from sunrise to sundown, than any half dozen of his neighbors. It was a governing maxim with Mousan, that idleness brought no profit. This was a discovery made in early life, by observing that people who were continually counting their beads, and saying "Allah, Allah mac-shan," without using their fingers in some regular employment, never became rich.

Sacton Mousan had no inheritance but poverty. "If that had any marketable value, then," said he, "I should have been worth as much as the Capudan Pasha. However, poverty would not buy kabobs at the cook shop, nor pay the sultan's taxes when the collector passed through the district. So Sacton Mousan determined very early in the commencement of life, to deal in realities. Gold could be seen as well as felt.

"Poverty also," exclaimed Diafar, the cobbler, who had a stall next door, in the course of their conversations on the ways of the Giouars, "can be seen and felt, too; but one inspires energy, and when seen, commands respect, while the latter gives first the blues and then the very blackness of despair."

When people are disposed to be argumentative, there are plenty of topics to expend breath upon. It was so with Diafar. He wanted to talk most of the time, or at least, he had something to say as often as he took the pipe stem from his lips. Mousan was sufficiently civil to be neighborly; still he had an inward conviction that it would not pay. "For," said he to himself, a hundred times over, "money can enter a harem, poverty can't squeeze into a caravansera."

"Money, ay, money, is power: it will move hearts or mountains; it is a magic wand in a fairy's hand; it's a panacea for trouble; it's a friend in need; it's a polyglot, speaking all languages; it's a sword to command the faithful; a lever to remove obstacles. Money could be exchanged for a pashalic; it can build a palace and stock it with hours. I will have money—yes money, money—money is power."

Thus soliloquized and thus cogitated Mousan the miser, yet he had not a para, nor a way of raising a piaster, which is five times more.

Mousan had not smoked up to his six and twentieth year with both eyes shut. No, he examined the Frangees, as they passed by the doorway where he generally sat, observing the art of the tight garments, strangling cravats and boots too small for their infidel feet. "Poor devils," he frequently whispered to himself, for

there are some sentiments it will not answer to give to the wind in Stamboul, even though uttered in the language of the Koran. "Poor devils!" and there was no one harmed in thinking of them, and sympathizing in their unhappy destiny. After taking another whiff, the imitation amber mouth piece was withdrawn, and while the smoke, like the turn of a corkscrew, was twisting its way towards the zenith, he would still repeat, for the fortieth time, "poor devils," as group after group were ascending the steep avenue from Tophana, near the great fire tower. "You can get money, but no share in the Paradise of the Prophet."

Somebody may have the vulgar curiosity to know how a smoking philosopher of this calibre could have existed in the thicket of Constantinople twenty-six years, without having moved a finger to better his condition. How do a million of dogs subsist in the same great city? There is a problem for the wise ones. Nobody knows, but it is generally believed they have a poor living, as they depend principally upon charity. A man is worth more than a dog—who knows but he may have kabobs from that source? At the well Zem-zem, whoever is thirsty may quench his thirst without thanking anybody. Mousan might have gone there, had he a desire.

Not knowing how Mousan was fed or clothed, no further speculations are needed on that point. Those who choose may reflect upon that theme for themselves.

"How do those vile unbelievers obtain so much cash?" This was another in the series of undertone questions propounded and answered by the same suppressed voice. "If I inquire," said Mousan, "possibly the secret may be revealed. It costs nothing to make the experiment."

Next morning, while at his usual post between the lintels of a rickety door, squatted on the threshold, watching the ascending smoke from the pipe bowl just as he had done from the beginning, a respectable old man in plain garments of civilization, with long white locks floating over a high coat collar, and in small clothes, came along deliberately, without seeming to be startled at the beautiful housings of the Tefterdar's Arabian steed, then being led by an Albanian groom, or the huge aroba, rumbling onward towards the sweet waters of Europe, filled with Circassians from the palace of Murad Pasha, the chief of police.

This amazed Mousan. "He must be stupid, as some of the Christians are said to be in their own country, not to raise his optics even for a single look," thought Mousan.

Withdrawing the pipe from the deep furrow in the under lip where it rested steadily, and follow-

ing the old Giouar a few rods, he came up in a modest manner, saluting him in the name of the prophet. "May a hundred moons shine on your bald head," said Mousan, respectfully, salaaming as he pronounced the benediction, with an ease and grace befitting a master of ceremonies. Neither surprised nor alarmed, the old gentleman stopped, and, with a courtesy characteristic of a well bred stranger, heard what Mousan was pleased to repeat.

"May you have a hundred sons to strengthen your house," said Mousan, "and all your daughters be the delight of pashas with three tails, O, happy howdaji," again spoke Mousan, with additional salaams.

"Pardon me, for so it is written in the book of books, the wise shall forbear and teach the ignorant. Jews, the accursed race, gather gold and silver under circumstances both oppressive, and to the short-sightedness of your slave, unrighteous; but by the decrees of Allah, who can avert, the Armenian becomes a banker to the sultan, with the privilege of appearing in front of a mosque which he despises, in a scarlet fezzan tarbousch. The Greeks gather pearls, amber, precious stones, and buy majamaes, the eating of which makes the fairest ladies sigh for them; but here am I, who never avenged a fly, with nothing but my wits. Tell me then, reverend gray beard, how to become rich."

"Is that all you require?" said the man in small clothes. "Procure a wife; he that hath a good one hath a great treasure," and on he walked, leaving Mousan in a brown study.

That afternoon Mousan strolled through the bazaar, hoping to discover cheap slaves on sale, fully resolved to purchase on credit, as he had no money. On the way he saw a yellow slipper, with a long turn-up toe, lying under the window of a magnificent house. The panes of glass, as customary in all cities inhabited by the faithful, were admirably secured by gilded bars.

On close inspection, a note was found forced up into the extremity of the shoe. He turned the corner, and read on satin paper, these lines:

"Whoever finds this, will find something worth having, by standing under the middle window of the third story, in the alley, at the ninth hour this night; may the prophet's cloak cover the believer who ventures on the expedition."

"Mashallah!" said Mousan, audibly; "*nothing venture nothing have*, say the Giouars."

Punctually at the moment he was on the ground, occasionally looking upward, because it was natural to conjecture that blessings would come down from above if they came at all. He was not long kept in suspense—slowly, a dark

body began to descend. "Should it be a mill-stone," said Mousan, "and the cord breaks, the sultan will lose a subject." In another instant it reached the pavement. With proper caution Mousan gave it a rigid scrutiny before laying a finger too near the lion's mouth, if lion it should be. To his delight, it proved to be a splendid cloak, lined with ermine. "Very well—there is nothing bad in that," thought the receiver. In another moment, down came another equally huge mass. "Another cloak, perhaps," was in his mind. It was not a cloak; no, it was something with a beating heart. Mousan untied the cord, and in doing so felt a terrible throbbing.

Again he said to himself, "If this is a man, the sooner he is disposed of, the quicker I shall be relieved of a burden."

No chronicle has explained how he ascertained that the second installment was a woman.

"Mousan," was whispered in his great ear, "I trust all to you. Conceal me in your box at Pera."

There was no alternative. If he had run, why, the patrols would have arrested him; the dogs would have howled, and the woman have been sent to the bottom of the Bosphorus, the next day, in a red bag.

Like two friends away they sped to his quarter in Pera. He had no light. However, they groped through the door, and Mousan told her to occupy the further corner, while he kept on the lookout in front. As soon as the sun was up, he was in raptures with the gazelle eyes, the blushing cheeks, the raven locks, the henna stained nails, the gorgeous dress, the diamond bracelets and the noble figure and divine gracefulness of his charge. "Lucky dog am I," he was continually repeating; "a wife free of all cost."

At the eleventh hour, the sun having darted his bright rays into the dome of the holy mosque of Achmet the Slayer, heralds were everywhere offering rewards for the sultan's daughter, the beautiful Sameri el Yatan, or the Peacock's Eye. She had been promised to a favorite of her exacting father. By suppressing a rebellion in Albania, he had immensely gratified the disposer of heads, who, to encourage others with an expectation of gaining what he would not have to give, another princess, the Peacock's Eye was designed to be the recompense of his bravery.

Sameri, through the lattice that barricaded her windows, saw a sprightly youth daily practising horsemanship, whom she looked upon till she was miserable, on those days when the young man omitted the customary exercise.

Of course she could not know who he was, or where he could be found. She was resolved to

make a bold effort to find him, on hearing the announcement made the very day on which her slaves let her down from the window, that she had been bestowed on the Albanian victor.

Women are more courageous than the rougher sex. When dangers thicken, and where their affections are concerned, men sink into utter insignificance in comparison with the fertile expedients they promptly devise.

After hearing the herald and the promised reward, she was fearful of being betrayed, having discovered by what she saw and heard, of the poverty of her protector. Her energy of character never forsook her; not a nerve refused its office.

"Mousan," she said, for he had told her all about himself, and how he wanted to be rich, "find the young horseman, which you may easily accomplish by going to the place of exercise. Bring him here, but without declaring the object, or betraying me. Be faithful, and you shall be rich."

Precisely as directed, the horseman was at the accustomed exercise. Mousan approached him in the name of the prophet. "Born of happiness—come with me that you may learn a lesson to teach to others."

Surprised as he might be with a salutation so odd from a shabby fellow like him, the young man said, "*nothing venture nothing have*," and followed. He made his horse fast to a post near the house of the dancing dervishes, and then kept close on the footsteps of Mousan to his door.

The Peacock's Eye thrilled with emotion. He was more marble-like than he had been before. He fell on his knees, a position a Mussulman never takes, except in one of the postures of prayer. "Princess!—who can you be but the princess? All Stamboul is in commotion. The guns at the arsenal are proclaiming the sultan's grief at the loss of his daughter, and messengers are threading their way round about, proclaiming that the princess has been borne away by the angels on the wings of the clouds. To me she was betrothed! You are the fair Sameri el Yatan. I am Schakmet Pasha." She swooned in his arms! Mousan stood looking on, half petrified with fear, but somewhat vexed with himself for having brought in a rival. "Matters are coming to a climax," he mumbled to himself. "This is not getting a wife after all, scot free; but what is to be done? If I drive him out, the Peacock's Eye will have no eye for me. Certainly they love one another."

While these reflections were running through his mind, Schakmet gave directions how to proceed: "Go to the palace of his majesty the sul-

tan, and ask what shall be the reward of him who restores the Peacock's Eye."

Difficulties were many and vexatious before the question reached the kishlaragha; but it did, and was carried forward to the apartment of the concealed. Said the sultan through the stentorian lungs of the same black messenger: "Whoever returns the princess, shall be the Tefterdar of the royal household. His salary shall be a million piasters per month. He shall be quartered at the royal kiosk at the north of Scutari, and have a roast fowl on Friday, from the kitchen of his master."

Mousan's head swam with visions of delight. Being tremendous hungry, the idea of a roast fowl seemed to have a visible form, dancing just before his eyes, all the way back to his locked up prizes. With a royal guard, himself adorned with a blue scarf and a chain of gold dangling from his neck to the saddle knob, the procession wended onward to the palace. They arrived safely at the gate of felicity, which opened upon its brazen hinges and permitted the princess and Schakmet to enter, and then closed again as though moved by an invisible power.

Just as he had been promised, all the conditions were fully and perfectly realized. He sat on a silken divan at the entrance of the treasury department, with the high sounding distinction of Tefterdar or treasurer. With such means at his disposal, "now," said Mousan, "I will have a wife to my liking."

Besides visiting the slave market in person, servants were directed to ransack not only the public bazaars, but all the private establishments of the Jew brokers, for something rare and extraordinary in the line of female beauty.

"Anybody may find an ugly woman. It would be ridiculous in me, with ample means, to purchase a homely commodity, therefore my wife shall be handsome." Word was brought that a beauty of the rarest character was to be had, unsight unseen, for the sum he received for one month's wages in the treasury. At this he cried out in dignified rage, striking an open Koran with his jewelled fist, "It is too much. I would not give that for the Princess Sameri el Yatan!"

Before the words had died in the air, a door opened in the wall, and the princess herself stood before him. "Then you would not part with a month's wages for the daughter of the sultan?" Abashed, his head fell upon his breast.

"Schakmet Pasha died in battle. His last message to me, and my royal father sanctioned it, was this: 'Be the loving wife of our deliverer, Sacton Mousan the treasurer.' I sent the message, and fixed the price to try your heart.

Money has destroyed the good intentions that were honorable to you in poverty. You will never see my face again."

While bewildered with his rash folly, a slave announced a successor to the Tefterdar, who squandered all his property, and Sacton Mousan returned to the old doorway in Pera, as poor as he left it. Those who passed by, as long as he lived, used to point him out to strangers, saying, "There sits Mousan the miser, who preferred money to a good wife, and therefore lost a great treasure."

#### A REVOLUTIONARY INCIDENT.

During the retreat from the city of New York, on the 16th of September, 1776, Greene, at the head of a small detachment, was riding up the middle road, towards Harlem Heights where the American army was to unite. An artillery carriage, without the gun, came rapidly along the road, when Greene ordered the driver to stop.

"Where is your piece of cannon?" said Greene, sternly.

"Please you, general, the British were so close behind me, that I thought it best to leave the gun, to save myself, the men and horses."

"Face right about?" said Greene, "or I will run you through!" drawing his sword at the same time. The man could do nothing but obey.

"Now, gentlemen," he continued, "let us recover the gun."

They rode back as fast as possible, found the cannon, a brass six-pounder, placed it on its carriage, and in the face of the British troops, then advancing, successfully escaped. This shows, in a measure, the decision of character of Greene. —*Morning Star*.

#### WELL SAID.

The Indian, in his native condition, is no fool, as the following anecdote related by a Washington correspondent of the Baltimore Republican attests:—We met Col. Sam Stambourgh to-day in the rotunda of the capitol, and while we were looking at the carved representations over the doorways of the rotunda, the veteran Indian agent told us that in 1830, with a delegation of the Menominee Indians, he visited the capitol, and explained the nature and design of the stone groups in the rotunda, when the chief, "Grizzly Bear," turned to the eastern doorway, over which there is a representation of the landing of the Pilgrims, and said, "There, Ingen give white man corn;" and to the north, representing Penn's treaty, "There, Ingen give um land;" and to the west, where Pocahontas is seen saving the life of Captain Smith, "There, Ingen save um life;" and lastly to the south, where the hardy pioneer, Daniel Boone, is seen plunging his knife into the heart of one red man, while his foot is planted on the dead body of another, "And there, white man kill Ingen."

Look not mournfully into the past—it cannot return; wisely improve the present—it is thine; go forth to meet the shadowy future without fear, and with a manly heart.

## MY HOME.

BY MRS. MARY J. MESSENGER.

I love it, I love it, my beautiful home,  
Where the birds in the springtime so cheerily come,  
From the wild mocking-bird to the soft cooing dove,  
They sing round my home in friendship and love.  
I love it, I love it for the many sweet hours  
Spent at my home, mid its jasmine bowers.

I love it, I love it, the bright evergreen  
That grow round my home, they're the loveliest seen—  
The dark holly-bush, the bright cedar tree,  
The wild brier-rose, are all dear to me.  
I love it, I love it, the many sweet hours,  
Spent at my home, with its birds, trees and flowers.

I love it, I love it, and long may I see  
The wren build its nest in the old oak tree:  
Or list to the mocking-bird warbling his lay,  
Or else to the lark at the ope of the day,  
Who as upward and onward his course is to fly,  
Tells his sweet matin song to the Maker on high.

Yes, I love them, I love them, those scenes so dear,  
And oft to my eye springs the unbidden tear,  
As I think on my home and the friends I loved there,  
Who used with my joys and sorrows to share;  
Should I live but to see thee, ne'er again will I roam,  
Until I leave thee forever, my childhood's sweet home.

## THE LOVER'S LEAP.

BY MAURICE SILINGSBY.

THERE is perhaps no part of England so rich in legends and well preserved traditions, handed down orally from generation to generation among the inhabitants, as Derbyshire. Derbyshire is justly celebrated for its picturesque scenery, the fine country-seat of the Duke of Devonshire, and its almost inexhaustible stores of limestone. For miles around, from this point, you may see the bright blaze of the numberless lime kilns, shooting up their innumerable sparks, which come dancing down again through all the long night, and through all the long year—for ages, perhaps, and so incessantly, too, that it might almost seem a positive necessity to continue on in the same way for an incalculable period of time.

There are many anecdotes in circulation among the peasantry, relating to the present duke, one of which I will take the liberty to relate as prefatory to the "Lover's Leap," it being not only characteristic of an Englishman, but also of the great duke himself, whose immense wealth, magnificent style of living, and munificent liberality, have extended his well-earned reputation across the water.

It chanced one day that a poor coal-carrier, as he was carting coal in sacks to the kilns in Cawver, discovered the mouth of one sack to have loosened suddenly, and removing it from the back of the ass, he commenced gathering up the scattered fragments, which no sooner had he accomplished, than he found it impossible to restore it to its place again. Noticing just then a large, powerful looking man walking leisurely along the road, with his hands behind him, he cried out, lustily: "This way! this way, man, and gi'e us a ha'penny's lift, will ye?"

The stranger, roused from his reverie by the call, and entirely content to humor the whim of the carrier, came briskly forward and laid hold of the other end of the sack. Being unused to this kind of exercise, his hands slipped off two or three times before he succeeded in restoring his end, the awkwardness of which the carrier took the liberty to censure roundly, all of which was taken by the stranger with perfect equanimity and good humor. After they were through, the stranger desired to know why he did not purchase a horse and cart, which would certainly be much more profitable than carrying it in sacks.

"It is as much as I can do," answered the carrier, bluntly, "to feed my two asses, much more to buy a horse and cart, which would cost me full twenty guineas."

"You should apply to the duke," responded the stranger; "he is said to be very liberal with those who are deserving."

"I say the duke," cried the other, making a cabalistic sign with his thumb against his nose, and a perpendicular elevation of his four fingers, which seemed to say: "That's a pretty good joke, now, but you don't think I'm so ignorant as to be caught in that trap?"

The stranger, who had observed him narrowly, here asked if he doubted the duke's goodness.

"No, I don't say that," said the carrier, "for I think the duke is a good fellow, if you only have a spare guinea or two."

"Why, what do you mean by that?" inquired the stranger, reddening.

"Well, it is just this much, flat," said the carrier. "If I have a guinea for the porter, I can see the duke; but if I haven't the guinea, I am turned away—I can't see him."

"Do you mean I am to understand this as the truth?" demanded the other, sternly.

"Why, bless your soul, man," responded the carrier, laughing, "haven't I been there myself and been refused, and don't I know a round dozen that could tell you the same story, if you would take the trouble?"

"Never mind," said the other, changing his

tone to one of cheerful encouragement, "you pay the duke a visit to-morrow, and I think he will give you an audience."

The carrier shook his head dubiously.

"It's no use! I wouldn't give a rusty farthing for all my chances of seeing him!"

"But you shall see him!" cried the stranger, vehemently; "for I am stopping with the duke myself, and I will bespeak an audience for you. When you call at the porter's lodge, inquire for me—Maxwell." And with this he turned and walked vigorously away.

The next day, the carrier presented himself at the duke's palace and inquired for Maxwell. Without asking a word as to perquisites, the porter conducted him straight to the usher, who in turn led him into the grand reception-room, where the duke was sitting attired in a magnificent court dress. In a moment, the carrier recognized in the duke's features his quondam friend and co-laborer of the preceding day, and without offering a word, he fell on his knees before him in an attitude of supplication.

"Arise, my honest friend!" said the duke, coming forward. "There is no occasion for this! You have no cause to fear me."

And with this he rang a bell, which was speedily answered by a handsome page in sky-blue pants and a crimson jacket.

"Bid the porter come to me!" said the duke.

The page retired, and a moment after the porter entered.

"Now, my good friend," said the duke, turning to the carrier, "state to this man what you did to me yesterday."

The porter, who now recognized the carrier as one of those applicants whom he had turned away on a former occasion, began to look extremely crest-fallen.

"Speak up, man," said the duke; "you have nothing to fear!"

Thus assured, the carrier went on and related all, and much more than he had on the day preceding. The porter succeeded in stammering out some sort of an excuse, but was speedily frowned into silence by the duke. After he had concluded his story, the duke turned to the porter, and said: "Now, sir, your stay here depends on your making a clean breast of it."

The poor fellow broke down and acknowledged everything. He said he had only thought of the money; the consequence had never occurred to him, but he would be sure and mend in the future.

Said the duke: "The consequence is trifling to you, for you have made your office in my household that of a sinecure; but to me the re-

sult is of immense moment. Here, for years, have I not been pleased to style myself the patron of the poor, only to awaken now and discover that those alone who possessed the means to bribe my domestics, and consequently did not need it, have been the sole recipients of my bounty. I shall look to it in the future. If I did by you as I almost feel it my duty to do, I should forthwith discharge you from my service forever. I might crush you, but what benefit to me, or what benefit to the poor whom your capidity has defrauded, would result from it? The mission of a wise man is to create instead of destroying, to support instead of pulling down; and by my forbearance in the present instance, I trust I shall not only punish for past offences, but shall encourage to better deeds in the future. You may go, now, and see that you have in readiness, against this poor man's coming, a horse and cart suitable for his business." And with this injunction, he waved the stricken culprit from his presence.

After he was gone, the duke turned to the carrier and said: "Now, my honest friend, do you longer doubt the duke's willingness to assist the deserving?"

The carrier would have embraced the man, had not the conventional shadow of a dukedom stood between them. As it was, he drew his coarse sleeve across his eyes, and dislodged some drops of moisture that had gathered there.

"You will come every year and tell me how you get on?" said the duke, as the carrier made his last awkward bow at the door of the audience-chamber.

No man in England is perhaps so idolized by the peasantry as the Duke of Devonshire. He is the patron of all harmless sports and recreations. He is the presiding genius of the May-day and harvest festivals, on which occasions the jocund feast in the open air, and many other primitive customs are revived.

Chatsworth Hall, the Duke of Devonshire's palace, is situated on a side hill, and surrounded and made up of almost everything of imaginable splendor—gardens, terraces, obeliskal sculpture, parks, conservatories, fountains with dripping naiads, and the waters sparkling and dancing among the pendant branches of the willows. There is also the royal nursery, where a great many of the sovereigns of England have each planted a tree.

The duke is now an old man, and resides most of the time here. Strangers may know when the duke is at home by the Union Jack, which is to be seen floating from one of the towers. It is said that in early life the duke was



much addicted to the "turf," being for a long time the leading feature and principal supporter of the "Chesterfield Races." But of late years he has exhibited a more serious turn; has taken much interest in church affairs, in promoting the interests of the poor, and generally in improving the condition of the peasantry around him. In 1846, the interior of the old Chesterfield church was remodelled by order of the duke, and free pews were placed in it. Chesterfield is about twelve miles from Chatsworth, and there are many legends and superstitions connected with this church. The steeple is built in a twisted, zigzag form, so that in standing in any position beneath, it looks as though it were about to topple down upon you. Near the altar is to be seen the breast bone of a cow, said to have been endowed with an inexhaustible udder, till one day a malicious old witch conceived the diabolical notion of milking it dry through a sieve, which no sooner had she accomplished, than the creature dropped down dead at her feet. The people, who looked upon the cow as an especial gift from heaven, were so indignant at the foul doings of the witch that they forthwith strung her up to the church steeple, when lo! the very steeple itself becoming curious to know upon which side they had hung so infamous a character, stooped over to look, which is one explanation of its present twisted appearance. Another is that a peasant girl came there one day of such wondrous beauty, that the steeple could not resist nodding at her, which is quite as likely to be true as the other, though certainly a high compliment to the young lady's charms.

About a mile from the village of Cawver, on the road to the duke's residence, is a colossal limestone rock, facing on the road, and rising perpendicularly to a height of ninety feet. It is known to the peasantry around by the title of "The Lover's Leap," and is the subject of a curious old legend. As the story runs, a young lord who had come up from London to attend the races at Chesterfield, discovered one day at the fair a peasant girl of such rare beauty that he instantly fell in love with her, and forthwith ordered his servant to follow her on her return, and inform him where she resided as soon as he had fully ascertained.

About midnight, the servant returned, and gave information that she was the daughter of a small farmer residing in Cawver. How to make her acquaintance, the patrician young lord was at a loss to decide; so he recalled his servant, who had a most excellent head at plotting, and laid the case before him.

"If your lordship goes there on purpose to see

her," said the fellow, scratching his head, "the girl will take affright, and then the old folks will take affright; so the next thing—whip—off they'll go and hide up somewhere, your honor, and you'll not get a sight of 'em. You must go to work sort of natural like, and everything must be done just as if it were accident."

"And what plan would you suggest?" said his lordship.

"Why, I'll tell you, your honor," answered the servant. "You must get into the farmhouse by accident, that is as though it was all unexpected to you, and any other house would do just as well. And now I will tell you how I would do it, if I was you. Now supposing I was you, and you was I—that is, my servant, your honor—you see?" said the fellow, laying the tips of his two fore-fingers together emphatically. "I mount my horse, and you being my servant, you mount likewise, and we start off on the road to Cawver. When we get in sight of the farm-house, I point it out to you—no, you point it out to me—no, that's not it—I—no, you—that's it—you are my servant—now I have it—you point it out, and I clap spurs to my horse, and away I go rearing and plunging as though I hadn't the least control over the brute, and when I arrive opposite the house, I am thrown violently to the ground and severely injured. Then you come riding up with the greatest alarm, spring from your horse and cry out lustily for help. Then, as is quite natural, all the inmates will come rushing out to assist me—no, no! you!—to assist you in helping me into the house. You know something of surgery, and when I am put safely to bed, you can dress my wounds and for a day or two shake your head ominously to all questions, as though I was in the most imminent peril—ha, ha! And then I'll begin to mend. Or, *vice versa*!"

"Capital!" said his lordship. "We will attempt your stratagem to-morrow."

Accordingly, the young lord, accompanied by his servant, sallied forth on horseback the very next morning in the direction of Cawver. When they came in sight of the house, his lordship's horse began to rear and plunge, and by the time they arrived opposite, he was thrown with much force to the ground. The servant came up, and dismounting with a great look of trepidation, hallooed loudly for help. The next moment the door opened, and out ran the farmer, his wife, and their peerless daughter, whose name, if I mistake not, proved to be Elfrida. They were all extremely sorry that such a mishap should have befallen his lordship, at which his lordship smiled faintly; and then at

the urgent solicitations of the daughter, who seemed at first sight to have conceived a violent regard for him, the farmer, with the assistance of the servant, speedily bore his lordship into the house, where he was soon after installed in a nice little room, in a nice little bed, with a nice little patchwork counterpane. For the two following days the servant, who by previous arrangement had acted in the capacity both of nurse and surgeon to his lordship, looked very grave and ominous, and though he steadily affirmed that his master was now quite comfortable, and like to get well, he did not forget to mention yet more frequently that he had had a most wonderful escape of it.

On the third day, he desired Elfrida to sit by his master while he rode over to Chesterfield to transact some business for his lordship. Accordingly, with a fluttering heart, poor Elfrida stole into the invalid's chamber, and seated herself demurely in a vacant chair. His lordship, who feigned to have just awakened from sleep, soon succeeded in engaging her in conversation, which was kept up without flagging till the servant returned from Chesterfield.

All night long the handsome form of the young lord figured wonderfully in the dreams of Elfrida. She fancied they were wandering together through flowery meads and up mountain paths, and every now and then his lordship would fall on his knees before her, and declare his love in the most ardent and persuasive language. At length they approached a little church embowered among trees—a sort of fairy-like grotto, such as the imagination alone pictures—and were met at the porch by an aged rector with an abundance of long white beard which reached quite to his girdle. When they entered the church, they found a bridal party assembled, composed of lords and ladies in rich attire, each holding a wreath of evergreen, interwoven with every description of pastoral flower, and all united in singing one of those sweet bridal hymns, still extant among the peasantry. After they were through, the rector came forward and placed the hand of Elfrida in that of his lordship. Then there was a prolonged shout which seemed to shake the roof of the old church. After the noise had subsided, the rector, in the most musical tones she had ever listened to, repeated the marriage ritual, which in a twinkling transformed the beautiful peasant into the young lord's wife. Then came a second prolonged shout, louder and more deafening than the first, which had the virtue to bring the walls of the church about their ears with a crash, when she awoke.

Day after day, Elfrida continued to sit by his lordship, till such time as the slight scratch on his elbow would permit of his hobbling about on a crutch, which his considerate servant had been thoughtful enough to procure for him. But his intentions, instead of being honorable, as might be expected of a great lord, are to be regarded as exceedingly wicked and infamous. Suffice it to say that poor Elfrida, after a little while, fell a victim to the wiles of her cunning lover. He soon tired of his prize, and his next aim was to furnish a suitable pretext for deserting her. How to do this, he hardly knew. He disliked encouraging a hope which he felt could never be realized. His heart was not yet hardly corrupt enough to suffer him to go up to London with fair promises on his tongue, while the black lie still rested on his soul. He loved Elfrida, but then he was sensible that his rich and powerful father would never give his sanction to an alliance of this description. So one day when they were seated together, he says to Elfrida:

"O, woe is me! O, cruel fate that I had not been born a peasant instead of a lord! Then there would have been no obstacle between us; no one to say unto me, 'do thou so!' I should have been more content with thee, my love, than the most fortunate king on earth with his pampered mistress, or his royal consort. I should have been far more happy, if you will believe me. Then might I have turned the glebe and scattered the grain, and gathered an abundance of everything which the simple wants of nature require. I should have been ignorant of the world; my ambition would have led to rustic sports and simple athletic exercises; my highest aspirations would have been low; and all the glitter and gewgaw, the whirl and excitement and false views of everything, as received through the medium of artificial life, would have been to me a sealed book. But now I am a slave—a slave to parental authority; from birth and education a slave to public opinion; a slave to hereditary titles, lust, and pampered pride. I cannot break the chain. It was forged by Satan for the first among my ancestors, and has descended to me unbroken. It comes down to me with my titles and hereditary honors. I love you, dearest Elfrida; but should I be so reckless as to marry one in your humble walks of life, however good or beautiful or worthy, my father would from that moment disinherit me forever. Then indeed should I be more an object of pity, in my ignorance of what even the most unlettered hind may know, than the meanest pauper that ever felt the weight and authority of a beadle's nod. No, dearest Elfrida, I can

see no way at present of fulfilling my promise to you, without rendering us both the most wretched and miserable of created beings."

When his lordship concluded his harangue, poor Elfrida answered him through her tears, as follows :

"It would be selfish in me, my lord, to ask of you so great a sacrifice. But could you be happy in the society of one who loves you, with the comforts of life without its luxuries—one who would sacrifice everything in her power to minister to your ease and convenience—such a home have we to offer you, in case your father should think proper to withdraw from you his countenance."

"I see," answered his lordship, petulantly, "for the sake of being the wife of an impoverished lord, you would attire yourself in rags and subsist on air; but would you promise all this, were I a peasant, and as humble as yourself?"

"Were you a peasant, my lord," answered Elfrida, gently, "you would never have missed what you never experienced."

"True," responded his lordship, with a sarcastic smile. "Your love for the man is of that transitory quality which measures itself in accordance with the honors which his station confers. I may be rich to-day and poor to-morrow, but whatever fortune betide, I am none the less a lord—a peer of the realm. The opulence of a name has dazzled your simple heart, Elfrida. You do not love me for myself alone—of this am I convinced!"

"O, no," cried Elfrida, weeping, "you must not, you shall not be convinced of so great a falsehood! O, my lord, I have not the language to express to you the full measure of my sincerity—my love—my devotion!"

"True love," answered his lordship, "is ever at a loss for words. You should give me more convincing proof of it."

"Alas, alas! how shall I ever be able to give you more convincing proof than I have already?" cried the poor girl, in despairing tones. "O, my lord, have pity on me, and give me some test whereby I may show you the strength of my love, and dissolve forever this terrible doubt. I care not what you bid me do, so that I can do it. Anything—anything, my lord, to break this harrowing suspense."

"Well, my brave girl," said his lordship, smiling, "I have a test for you which shall fully satisfy my doubts, and make you in every way worthy of my love and esteem."

"O, name it—name it!" cried Elfrida, throwing her white arms around the neck of her impatient lover.

"I fancy you will not be so impatient," answered his lordship, "when you come to learn the condition I am about to impose."

Elfrida gazed into her lover's face with an earnest look of inquiry.

"You see the great limestone rock yonder?" said his lordship, pointing in the direction of Chatsworth. "Now you shall ascend to the summit of that rock, Elfrida, and leap down into my arms. I will stand below you in the Cawver road, and catch you as you descend."

For a moment the poor girl was stupefied with surprise.

"Will you undertake it now?" said his lordship, laughing; "or will you wait and take into consideration the risk?"

"No!" said Elfrida, with a sudden look of determination. "If you require a sacrifice to prove the strength and sincerity of a peasant girl's love, you shall have it within the hour."

"Shall I lead the way?" said his lordship, with an incredulous smile; "or will you first advise with your friends?"

"No!" answered Elfrida, proudly. "He who seeks his own destruction needs no adviser. I am ready!"

His lordship, thinking it all farce, concluded there would be no harm in carrying the joke a little further; so he caught up his hat and led the way. When they reached the foot of the ascent, they separated, his lordship passing into the Cawver road, which was of solid limestone and as white almost as chalk; while Elfrida toiled wearily up the side of the huge mountain of rock, till she arrived at the summit, which was quite level, and covered an area of several yards.

Shortly after his lordship had taken up his position in the road, he saw the maiden approach and kneel down on the very verge of the rock. Still he considered the entire transaction in the light of a farce, and thinking she would expect him to call out to her to desist ere long, he only laughed to himself and remained silent. In a few minutes, Elfrida arose from her kneeling posture, and gazing down at her lover, for a moment, with a look of unutterable affection, she retreated back till she was lost to view.

"She has acted her part pretty well," thought his lordship, "and is doubtless somewhat disappointed to think—"

Before he could conclude his reflection, the poor girl came bounding forward, her silken hair floating in the wind, and her white hands clasped firmly together. In vain his lordship called on her to desist; in vain, in his frenzy, he strove to wave her back; but useless were all his en-

deavors. The next instant, she sprang from the terrible height into the open space above him. Sick at heart, and dizzy with emotion, he sank to the ground, and closed his eyes during that one moment of awful suspense. The next moment, he felt a pair of soft arms encircling his neck, and opening his eyes with a sudden expression of surprise, he beheld Elfrida kneeling before him, radiant with the sublimity of love and beauty, and perfectly unharmed.

At first, he could hardly credit his senses. Such an exhibition of love and devotion he had never dreamed of witnessing. How she could have escaped from instant destruction, seemed to him almost a miracle; and he resolved that nothing should prevent him from doing justice to one so worthy of his regard. Accordingly, with the approbation of Elfrida's parents, they were privately married soon after this, and sometime subsequently, on the death of his father, the young lord made public his marriage with Elfrida, and removed with her to London.

The secret of her wonderful escape is no doubt owing to the fact of the air having gathered under her skirts with such force of resistance as to partially buoy her up. The peasants look upon it as a miraculous interposition, rendered for the ostensible purpose of making her a great lady. The rock rises about centre-ways in what is now called "Stony Middleton;" and just at the foot of it ("The Mountain," it is sometimes called), stands a little wayside inn, in front of which, creaking on its rusty hinges, is the sign of "The Lover's Leap," painted in large gilt letters.

#### AN ENGLISH BLUNDER.

Some of the English bulls are quite as amusing as those of their Hibernian neighbors. As Mrs. Gibbon, a popular actress at Liverpool, was about to dress for Jane Shore, her attendant came to inform her that a woman had called to ask for two box-orders as she and her daughter had walked four miles to see the play.

"Does she know me?" asked the actress.

"Not a bit," was the reply.

"Very odd. Has the woman got her faculties about her?" asked Mrs. Gibbon.

"I think she has, ma'am," said the dresser, "for I see she has something tied up in her pocket handkerchief."

That "beats Bunnagher entirely."—*Wit and Wisdom.*

**DEBTS OF OUR CITIES.**—The city of New York owes \$14,000,000; Philadelphia, \$10,000,000; New Orleans, \$8,000,000; Boston, \$7,000,000; Baltimore, \$5,000,000; Cincinnati, over \$2,000,000; St. Louis, over \$2,000,000; Portland, Me., over \$2,000,000; Mobile, \$1,500,000; Charleston, near \$2,000,000; and San Francisco, \$1,500,000.

#### TO KATE.

BY SAMUEL H. ACHESON.

O, brighter far than the dark blue sea,  
Are the eyes that beam with love for me;  
O, sweeter far than the wild bird's song,  
Is the voice that murmurs "Love, stay not long!"  
O, purer far than earth's purest snows,  
Is the bosom with love that for me now glows,  
And dearer than all in earth or air  
Are the lips that for me now move in prayer.

O, earnest and fond are the thoughts that rise  
From her pure soul to heaven's bright skies;  
O, soft is the hand as the softest down  
Which to mine in love's chain shall soon be bound,  
And dear is the heart which to mine shall be clasped,  
There to be cherished while life shall last,  
And heard shall my voice be early and late,  
Asking a blessing on "my own dear Kate."

#### A GREAT COUNTRY.

There is a prevalent impression in these diggings that the United States is a "great country," and people abroad are beginning to admit that there is some foundation for our bragging about its extent and importance. Very few persons, however—except those old fogies who muddle their heads over statistics,—are aware how great it is. The figures, however, are startling in their significance. R. S. Elliott, Esq., of St. Louis, lately lectured in our Representatives' Hall on this subject, and we propose to gather from his address some facts which will open the eyes of many of our readers.

The Northwest, including Michigan, Wisconsin, Iowa, and the territory of Minnesota, lying on some of the largest lakes and rivers in the world, embraces one hundred and fifty-six millions of acres—nearly twice the area of Queen Victoria's kingdom of Great Britain, and capable of being divided into thirty-one States as large as Massachusetts, with a surplus of land about large enough for another "Little Rhody."

The Central West embraces Ohio, Indiana and Illinois. Fifty-five years ago there were not fifty-five thousand people in all that region, except the original owners of the soil, who have given way to the superior races, and now there are five millions of inhabitants. The census of 1860 will give them a population nearly double that of the "Old Thirteen," when those colonies went into the war of Independence. Their actual valuation is not less than two thousand five hundred millions of dollars! More than one-fourth of all the railroads in the United States are in Ohio, Indiana and Illinois.

The city of Chicago is instanced as a prodigy of rapid growth. In 1840, she had 4500 people;

in 1855 she had nearly 85,000. St. Louis has also made a marvellous progress—marvellous to us “wise men of the East,” but not surprising to the wise men of the West. The total receipts of grain at Chicago for the past year were 20,486,593 bushels. The city of Cincinnati, in the heart of the great Ohio valley, is the centre of a system of her own. The Ohio valley—by which we mean the area drained by the tributaries of the Ohio River—is one of the most fertile on the globe. It is also rich in mineral wealth—coal and iron. A project is now in agitation to make a slackwater steamboat canal of the Ohio River its entire length (a thousand miles), and the thing will be done. Manufacturing industry has already reached an almost wonderful extent and perfection in Cincinnati, considering that she is not yet threescore and ten years old. We may therefore expect Cincinnati to grow in the future almost as greatly as in the past. Louisville, Ky., with a population of 85,000, is one of the richest cities in the Union.

The Far West includes Missouri and Kansas. Here we have a territory about fifteen times as large as the State of Massachusetts. In Missouri, according to the report of Professor Swallow, the State geologist, the great coal field of the State covers an area of 26,000 square miles (more than three times the area of Massachusetts) of inexhaustible beds of coal! South of the Missouri River, extending from the Mississippi to the western line of the State, there is a metaliferous region, covering an area of at least twenty thousand square miles, with mines of iron, lead, copper, cobalt and nickel—the most valuable of the metals,—and having also the best flint sand for glass, and the best porcelain clay, yet discovered in the United States. And this immense district of metallic resources has the advantage of a soil more than sufficient to feed all the miners that can ever be employed in it, if they swarm as thickly as the miners in Cornwall, or the Hartz Mountains! The population of Missouri in 1850 was 682,044. It is now not less than 850,000, and her valuation is \$180,000,000. Her population would have been much greater, but for the exodus to Oregon and California. The people are adventurous and enterprising, and some of their best men are now on the Pacific.

But we know not where to stop in describing the greatness and importance of the region west of the Alleghany range of mountains. The future of this region is indeed dazzling, and particularly interesting to us of the Atlantic seaboard, when we reflect that our prosperity is

intimately linked with the fortunes of the Great West, and that there is an inexhaustible market for our manufactures, and an inexhaustible supply of minerals and agricultural productions for our consumption.

#### A TRUE HERO.

The world is deaf, dumb and blind to its truest heroes, while it lavishes laurels on sham greatness. But whenever an act of heroic daring occurs, it is the duty of the press to sound its praises. Let not, therefore, the name of JOHN T. HASKINS be forgotten. He was the engineer in charge of a passenger train on the Rochester and Niagara Falls Railroad, and he saved one hundred and fifty passengers from destruction or mutilation by his nerve and presence of mind. He was running rapidly upon an embankment, when a flange of one of his wheels flew off, and his practised eye warned him that the slight divergence of the head of the locomotive foretold the immediate precipitation of the machine down the precipice. It occurred to him that if he could break the coupling of the cars, he could carry the passengers through the crisis unharmed. The idea and the execution were with him almost simultaneous. He twitched open the throttle valve to its full extent, and suddenly gave the pistons a full head of steam. The engine bounded forward frantically, snapped the couplings, and rolled down the embankment, while the train shot safely forward on the rails, and was stopped by the breaks. It is pleasant to add that the engineer, though severely wounded by the fall of the locomotive, was not fatally injured. With the dignity of true heroism he refused a present of money which the grateful passengers tendered him, saying that he had simply done his duty, and that the safety of the passengers was his sufficient reward. He is truly what the Germans call a “golden man.”

It is such deeds as his that excite our highest admiration. The pilot clinging to the wheel while his boat is in flames; the heroic girl launching the life-boat to the rescue of the wretched mariners; the angel abandoning the luxuries of rank to breathe the pestilential air of the Crimean hospitals—these are figures that live in our gallery of heroic men and women. And there are not so few of them as the world imagines. Their deeds are not recorded here, but elsewhere there is a record that embalms their deeds, and an angel voice to chant their praises in a better world.

PROVERB.—The man who speaks much does not always tell the truth.

## SPRING.

BY MRS. E. T. EMERTON.

Bright, beauteous Spring! I hail thee with a greeting  
 Less rapturous than in childhood's sunny days;  
 Thy radiant charms, though hallowed, seem more fleeting;  
 My eyes are tear-dimmed while I sing thy praise.  
 Young, tender violets fill the air with fragrance,  
 Sweet emblems of a modest maiden's worth,  
 And bird-songs cheer me with their low, glad cadence,  
 Leading my thoughts beyond this sin-stained earth.

And even the caged canary now is singing  
 A gladder measure, low, and sweet, and clear;  
 Young children half-blown buds and flowers are bringing,  
 To tempt the captive bird. Bright Spring is here.  
 Sweet, trembling warbler, could the King of kings  
 Bear thee aloft toward the unshadowed skies,  
 Then wouldst thou sing of joy dear freedom brings,  
 Though many a captive in his bondage dies!

Bright sunbeams on the streamlet now are resting,  
 Wooing the lily-buds to open their leaves;  
 Within their watery home they share the blessing  
 A Father's hand round every floweret weaves.  
 Now lightly sailing down the crystal river,  
 A pleasure-boat bears on a merry train,  
 The white sails in the soft breeze gently quiver;  
 O, happy childhood! all unknown to pain!

Sweet, balmy Spring! I'll strive to feel thy gladness,  
 For thou wert ever dear unto my heart;  
 A pitying Father gently soothes my sadness,  
 And heaven seems nearer whilst my teardrops start;  
 Cool sephyræ kiss my brow with fond devotion,  
 No traitorous sting lurks in the soothing kiss!  
 My heart is bounding with a glad emotion,  
 And I am yielding to a rapturous bliss.

Now dear ones from the angel-land are near me,  
 Soft, dimpled hands are resting on my brow;  
 Come, ye bright seraphs, every morn to cheer me,  
 For Spring's young flower-buds open with beauty now;  
 And I am dreaming of fair flowers in heaven,  
 Made vernal by a Father's smile of love:  
 I'll shrine earth's flowers till earthly ties are riven,  
 Till fadeless garlands crown my brow above.

## THE MERCHANT'S APPRENTICE:

—OR,—

## NO SALARY THE FIRST YEAR.

BY SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

MR. BENJAMIN GOODWIN took his eldest son to the great city, for he had obtained, as he thought, an excellent place for his boy. It was a situation in the store of Mr. Andrew Phelps. Mr. Phelps was one of the heaviest merchants in the city; a dealer in cloths of all kinds, descriptions, qualities, and quantities. He had no partner, for he was one of those exact, nervous men, who want no second party in the way. It was near noon when Mr. Goodwin entered the

merchant's counting-room, leading his boy by the hand.

Gilbert Goodwin was fourteen years of age, rather small, but with energy of mind and body sufficient to make up for it. His brow was high and open; his eyes of a mild, yet deep, dark blue, and his features all made up for truth and goodness. His father was a farmer, honest and poor, who had given his son a good education, and who now wished his further education to be of a practical kind. A friend had once advised him to make a merchant of the boy—it was the village school-master,—and the advice came not as flattery, but as the result of a careful consideration of the boy's qualities. By the assistance of other friends, this opportunity had been found.

"I have brought my son, Mr. Phelps, as we had arranged, and I am sure you will find him punctual and faithful."

"Ah—master Gilbert—ahem—yes—I like his looks. Hope he will prove all you wish."

As the merchant thus spoke in a matter-of-fact sort of way, he smiled kindly upon the boy, and then turning to the parent he resumed.

"Have you found a boarding place for him yet?"

"Yes, sir, he will board with his uncle, my wife's brother, sir."

"Ah, that is fortunate. This great city is a bad place for boys without friends."

"Of course, sir," added Mr. Goodwin. "And yet I hope you will overlook his affairs a little."

"Certainly, what I can. But of course you are aware that I shall see little of him when he is out of the store."

Mr. Goodwin said "of course," and there was a silence of some moments. The parent gazed down upon the floor a little while, and finally he said:

"There has been nothing said yet, Mr. Phelps about the pay."

"Pay?" repeated the merchant.

"Yes, sir, what pay are you willing to allow my son for his services."

"Ah," said Mr. Phelps, with a bland smile, "I see you are unacquainted with our customs. We never pay anything the first year."

"Not pay?" uttered Mr. Goodwin, somewhat surprised. "But I am to pay Gilbert's board, myself, and I thought of course you would allow him something for pocket-money."

"No, we never pay anything the first year. If you were going to send your son to an academy, or a college, you would not expect the teachers to pay him for his studying?"

"No, sir."

"Just so it is here. We look upon an ap-

prentice here as a mercantile scholar, and for the first year he can be of little real benefit to us, though he is all the while reaping valuable knowledge to himself. Why, there are at this moment fifty youngsters whose wealthy parents would be glad to get them into the birth you have secured for your boy."

"Then you pay nothing?" said the parent, rather sadly.

"Not the first year. That is our rule. We will teach him all we can, and at the end of that time we shall retain him, if he is faithful and worthy, and pay him something."

If that was the custom, of course Mr. Goodwin could make no objections, though he was much disappointed. But he had labored hard to secure the place for his son, and he would not give it up now. He had strained his slender means to the utmost in doing what he had already taken upon himself, and he could do no more.

"Never mind, my son," the parent said, when he and his child were alone. "You have clothes enough to last you through the year, and you can get along without much more. Here is one dollar—it is all that I have over and above what I must use to get home with—that will find you in spending money for some time. But mind and be honest, my boy. Come home to me when you please, come in rags and filth, if it may be, but come with your truth and honor safe and untarnished."

The boy wiped a tear from his eye as he gave the promise, and the father felt assured. It was arranged that Gilbert should have two vacations during the year, of a week each; one in the Spring, and the other at Thanksgiving, and then the parent left.

On the following morning Gilbert Goodwin entered the store to commence his duties. He gazed around upon the wilderness of cloth, and wondered where the people were who should buy all this; but he was disturbed in his reverie by a spruce young clerk, who showed him where the watering-pot and broom were, and then informed him that his first duty in the morning was, to sprinkle and sweep the floor. So at it the boy went, and when this was done he was set at work carrying bundles of cloth up stairs, where a man was piling them away.

And so Gilbert's mercantile scholarship was commenced. For awhile he was homesick, but the men at the store only laughed at him, and ere long he got rid of the feeling. A month passed away, and at the end of that time his dollar was spent. He had broken it first to purchase a pocket-knife, which he could not well do without. That took half of it. Then he had

attended a scientific lecture, for which he paid half of what was left, and the rest had dwindled away, until now he was without a penny. But he bore up for awhile. He saw that the boys in the neighboring stores had money to spend, but then he thought they had rich fathers. He knew that his father had nothing to spare. He knew that the generous parent had already burdened himself with more than he was really able to bear with comfort to himself; so he would not send to him. And yet it was unpleasant to be without money; to be in that great city, where there was so much for amusement and profit, without even a penny with which to purchase a moment of enjoyment, or a drop of extra comfort. No boy could be more faithful than was Gilbert in the store. The clerks and salesmen all loved him, and Mr. Phelps often congratulated himself upon having obtained so excellent an apprentice. He worked early and late—and he worked hard—performed more of real physical labor than any one else in the store, if we except the stout Irish porter.

Four months passed away, and then Mr. Goodwin came to the city to see his son. Gilbert possessed a keen, discriminating mind, and he knew that if he made complaint of his penury, his father would be unhappy; so he said nothing of it, but only professed to be very much pleased with his situation; and the parent shed tears of joy, when he heard the wealthy merchant praise his son.

"Is your dollar gone, Gilbert?" the father asked, before he started for home.

"Yes," said the boy, with a faint smile.

"Then I must give you another, for I suppose you need a little. Has Mr. Phelps given you anything?"

"No, sir. And I will not ask him, for I know his rule."

"That's right, my son. But take this. I wish I could make it more."

And so did Gilbert wish, but not for the world would he have said so. He too deeply appreciated all his father was doing for him to complain.

Mr. Goodwin returned home, and Gilbert once more had a little money; but it lasted not long. A dollar was a small sum for such a place. A portion of it he expended for a few small articles which he absolutely needed; then he attended a concert with his uncle's folks, and ere long his pocket was again empty. His position was now more unpleasant than before. There were a thousand simple things for which he wanted a little money. His little, bright-eyed cousins teased him for some slight tokens, and his older

cousins wondered why he didn't attend any of the concerts and lectures.

One evening, after the store was closed, Gilbert stood upon the iron steps with the key in his hand—for he was now entrusted with that important implement—when he was joined by a lad named Baker, who held the same position in the adjoining store that Gilbert did in Mr. Phelps's.

"Say, Gil, going to the concert to-night?" asked Baker.

"No—I can't."

"Can't? Why not?"

"Why, to tell you the plain truth, Jim, I haven't got the money."

"Pooh! Come along. I'll pay the scot."

"But I don't wish to run in debt, Jim, for I may never pay you."

"Pay me? Who talked about paying? If I offer to pay, that's enough. Come along. It'll be a glorious concert."

"But I must go home and get some supper."

"No, go with me and get supper."

But Gilbert could not go without letting his aunt know, so Baker walked round that way with him. Then they went to the restaurant; here Baker paid for the supper. He had several bank-notes, and poor Gilbert gazed upon them with longing looks. O, if he could only have a little money. Say one dollar a week, or one dollar in two weeks, how much happier he could feel. As soon as they had eaten supper they went to the concert room, and Gilbert was charmed with the sweet music he heard. He fancied it had a noble influence upon him, and that it awoke more generous impulses in his soul. But alas! How can a man, or a youth, be over-generous, with an empty pocket always?

From this time, James Baker was Gilbert's firm friend, as the world goes. The latter told all his secrets to Jim, and in return he heard all his friend's.

"Say, Gil, how is it you never have any money?" Baker asked, as they were together one evening in front of the store after having locked up.

"Why," returned Gilbert with some hesitation, "to tell you the plain truth, my father is too poor. He has done enough for me now—more than he can well afford. He has never asked me to work on his farm, but he has sent me to school, and now he is paying my board while I learn to be a merchant. But my father is good, if he is poor."

"Of course he is," warmly replied Baker.

"That's where you find your good hearts, among the poor. But don't you make the store pay you for taking care of it?"

"No, Mr. Phelps pays nothing the first year."

"Why, are you in earnest, Gil? Haven't you ever got any money for your hard work?"

"No, not a penny. Two dollars is all the money I have had since I have been here, and those my father gave me."

"Well, you're a moral improbability, a regular anomaly. Why, I make the store pay me something. Mind you—I don't call it stealing, for it isn't. My master receives the benefit of all my work, and I am entitled to something in return. He is rich, while I am poor. My hard work turns money into his till; and shall I dig and delve and lug my life away for nothing? No. When I want a little money, I take it. Did I take enough to squander, and waste, and gamble away, as some do, I should call it stealing; but I don't. Yet I must have something. How do you suppose our masters think we live without money? They don't think so; if they do they must be natural born fools. That's all I've got to say about it."

"But how do you do it?" asked Gilbert, tremulously.

"How? Why, sometimes I help myself to a few handkerchiefs which I sell; and sometimes I take a gentle peep at the drawer."

When Gilbert Goodwin went to his bed that night, there was a demon with him. The tempter had come! For a long time there had been a shadowy, misty form hovering about him, but not until now had it taken palpable shape. He allowed himself to reason on the subject, but not yet was his mind made up. On the following day he met young Baker again, and he learned that all the apprentices on the street did the same thing.

A week passed on, and during all that time Gilbert gave the tempter a home in his bosom. He daily pondered upon the amount of physical labor he performed. He saw all the others with money, and he wondered if any one could possibly get along without that circulating commodity. Finally the evil hour came. The constant companionship of young Baker had had its influence, and the shaft had struck its mark. A bright-eyed, lovely girl had asked Gilbert to carry her to an evening's entertainment. The boy loved that girl—loved her with the whole ardor of his youthful soul—and he could not refuse her. At noon he was left alone in the store. Several people came in—mostly tailors—and bought goods, paying the cash. Gilbert did not stop to consider—the spell was upon him—and he kept back a two-dollar bill. That afternoon he suffered much. He dared not look the clerks in the face, though he was sure that some



of them did the same thing. In the evening, he accompanied his fair companion to the entertainment, and though he tried to be happy, yet he could not.

That night the boy slept, and while he slept he dreamed. His father and mother came to him all pale and sad, and told him he had disgraced them forever. "O, my boy, my own, loved boy, thou hast lost thy truth and honor forever!" So groaned the father. The sleeper started up, and for a moment he felt relieved when he found that he only dreamed; but quickly came the truth upon him—the truth of the day before, the terrible certainty of his theft—and he groaned in the agony of a bowed and contrite heart. He started up from his bed and paced the floor. It was one long hour ere he stopped, and then he had resolved upon what course he would pursue. He remembered the oft repeated words of his father: "A sin concealed is a second sin committed." It was hard for him to make up his mind to the resolution he had taken, but when once the word had passed his lips, his soul was fixed.

On the following morning he entered the store as usual, and his duties were performed silently and sadly. The clerks asked him if he was sick, but he told them no. Towards the middle of the forenoon Mr. Phelps came in, and entered his counting-room. Gilbert watched him until he was alone, and then he moved towards the place. His heart beat wildly, and his face was pale as death, but he did not hesitate. He entered the counting-room and sank into a chair.

"Gilbert, what is the matter?" uttered the merchant, kindly.

The boy collected all his energies, and in a low, painful tone he answered:

"I have come to tell you that I can remain here no longer, sir. I—I—"

"What? Going to leave me?" uttered the merchant, in surprise, as the boy hesitated. "No, no, Gilbert. If you are sick, you shall have a good physician. I can't lose you now."

"Hear me, sir," resumed the boy, somewhat emboldened by his master's kind tone, but yet speaking in great pain. "O, I must tell you all, and I trust in your generous soul for pardon. But I cannot stay here. Listen, sir, and blame me as you will, but believe me not yet lost. My father is poor, too poor to keep me here. I have learned the ways of the city, and I have longed for some of those innocent, healthy amusements which I have seen my companions enjoying. For long weeks together, I have been without a penny in my pocket, and at such times I have felt much shame in view of my extreme poverty.

My father has given me two dollars—one when he left me here, and one when he came to visit me. But what was that? Nearly all of it went for small articles which I absolutely needed. Lectures, concerts, and various other places of healthy entertainment, were visited by my companions, but I could not go. At length the fatal knowledge was mine, that others of my station had money for such things; money which they took from their employers without leave. I pondered upon it long and deeply; and in pondering I was lost. Yesterday I took—two—dollars—"

Here the poor boy burst into tears, but the merchant said not a word. In a few moments Gilbert resumed:

"You know the worst now. I took it, and a part of it I used last night—but, O, I want no more such hours of agony as I have passed since that time. Here is a dollar and a half, sir. Take it—and when I get home I will send you the rest. O, let me go, for I cannot stay where temptation haunts me. Away in the solitude of my father's farm, I shall not want the money I cannot have. You may tell me that I have had experience—but alas, that experience only tells me that while I remain here the tempter must be with me. I would not long for what I cannot possess. While I have wants and desires, the wish must be present to gratify them. Let me go, sir; but O, tell not my shame."

The boy stopped and bowed his head. The merchant gazed upon him awhile in silence, and during that time a variety of shades passed over his countenance.

"Gilbert," he said at length, in a low, kind tone, "you must not leave me. For a few moments I will forget the difference in our stations, and speak as plainly as you have spoken. I have been in the wrong, I freely confess. I should have known that temptation was thrown in your way—a temptation which should not be cast in the way of any person—much less in the way of an inexperienced youth. Since you have been so nobly frank, I will be equally so. Forgive me for the situation in which I placed you, and the past shall be forgotten. Until this moment I never thought seriously of this subject—I never before realized how direct was the temptation thus placed before the apprentices of our houses. But I see it all now. I know that to the boy who has no money, the presence of both money and costly amusement must be too fearful a temptation for ordinary youths. But you shall not leave me. From this moment I shall trust you implicitly—and I shall love you for your noble disposition and fine sense of honor. I shall not

fear to trust you henceforth, for you shall have pecuniary recompense somewhat commensurate with the labor you perform. I have often blessed the hour that brought you to my store, for I have seen in you a valuable assistant, and if I have ever held a lingering doubt of your strict integrity I shall hold it no more, for it requires more strength of moral purpose to acknowledge, unasked, a crime, than it does to refrain from committing one. Never again will I accept the labor of any person without paying him for it, and then if he is dishonest no blame can attach to me. You will not leave me, Gilbert?"

The boy gazed up into his employer's face, but for awhile tears and sobs choked his utterance. Mr. Phelps drew him to his side, and laying his hand upon the youth's head, he resumed:

"If I blame you for this momentary departure from strict honesty, the love I bear you for your noble confession vastly more than wipes it all away. Henceforth you shall have enough for your wants, and when the year is up we will make an arrangement which can but please you. What say you—will you stay?"

"If—if—I only knew that you would never abhor me for this—"

"Stop, Gilbert—I have spoken to you the truth, and you need have no fear. I will pay you three dollars a week for your own instruction and amusement, and when you want clothes or other matters of like necessity, if you will speak to me you shall have them. All of the past is forgotten, save your many virtues, and henceforth I know you only for what you shall prove."

Gilbert tried in vain to tell his gratitude, but the merchant saw it all, and with tears in his own eyes he blessed the boy, and then bade him go about his work.

The year passed away, and then another boy came to take Gilbert's place, for the latter took his station in the counting-room. But the new boy came not as boys had come before. The merchant promised to pay him so much per week, enough for all practical purposes—and then he felt that he should not be responsible for the boy's honesty.

At the age of seventeen Gilbert Goodwin took the place of one of the assistant book-keepers, and at the age of nineteen he took his place at the head of the counting-room, for to an aptness at figures and an untiring application to his duty, he added a strength of moral integrity, which made his services almost invaluable.

And now he has grown up to be a man, and the bright-eyed girl who was so intimately con-

nected with that one dark hour of his life has been his wife for several years. He is still in the house of Mr. Phelps, and occupies the position of business partner, the old merchant having given up work, and now trusting all to his youthful associate. Gilbert Goodwin has seen many young men fall, and he has often shuddered in view of the wide road of temptation which is open to so many more; and he has made it one of the rules of his life, that he will have no persons in his employ to whom he cannot afford to pay a sum sufficient to remove them from inevitable temptation.

#### A MODEL PRIME MINISTER.

It is related of the Duke of Newcastle, who was Secretary of State for the Southern provinces (including the American colonies), during the French and Indian war, that he was profoundly ignorant of geography. Indeed, he was a regular ignoramus. When one of his secretaries hinted the necessity of some defence for Annapolis, he replied with his evasive, liasing hum: "Annapolis, Annapolis! O yes, Annapolis must be defended; where is Annapolis?" On another occasion at the beginning of the war, he was thrown into a great fright by the story that 30,000 French had marched from Arcadia to Cape Breton. "Where did they find transports?" was asked. "Transports!" cried he, "I tell you they marched by land." "By land to the island of Cape Breton?" "What is Cape Breton an island? Are you sure of that?" And away he posted, with an "Egad, I'll go directly and tell the king that Cape Breton is an island."—*Boston Journal*.

#### ANOTHER JONAH.

A clergyman in South Carolina was preaching on the disobedience of Jonah, when commanded to go and preach to the Ninevites. After expatiating on the consequences of disobedience to the divine commands, he exclaimed in a voice that passed through the congregation like an electric shock, "And are there any Jonahs here?" A negro present, whose name was Jonah, thinking himself called on, immediately arose, and turning up his white eye to the preacher, with the broadest grin and best bow, answered: "Here be one, massa."

#### COULDN'T DO IT.

Blitz had a bright little fellow on the stand to assist him in his "experiments."

"Sir," said the signor, "do you think I could put the twenty-five cent piece, which the lady holds, into your coat pocket?"

"No," said the boy, confidently.

"Think not?"

"I know you couldn't," said the little fellow, with great firmness.

"Why not?"

"'Cause the pocket is all torn out!"

No government can flourish where the manners and morals of the people are corrupted.

## MOONLIGHT HOURS.

We met—'twas on a summer's eve,  
 When all was calm and still;  
 The fair young moon her silvery light  
 Shone far o'er vale and hill.  
 We wandered by the murmuring stream,  
 Where the rippling waters glide;  
 Earth seemed too fair, too beautiful,  
 For sorrow to bide.

The light-winged, rosy hours flew fast  
 Along the moon-lit shore;  
 Soon came the time to say farewell—  
 Farewell to meet no more.  
 And sadness wreathed the low-toned words  
 Of parting by the main;  
 Yet o'er the heart there stole a hope,  
 That friends might meet again.

But all is dark and lonely now,  
 Along the sanded shore;  
 No more we wander by the waves,  
 As in the times of yore.  
 And far away mid sunny scenes,  
 I rove o'er life's blue sea;  
 Yet memory turns to moonlight hours,  
 And all it loved with thee. D. D. M.

## THE WONDERFUL HOUSEMAID.

BY MRS. CAROLINE A. SOULE.

"I'll bet I know somebody that's a great deal handsomer than she," exclaimed little Nell Summers in a lively tone, as she tossed her building blocks into a basket, pell-mell, and climbed into the lap of her uncle Herbert. "Miss Kate Odell can't begin to be as beautiful as our Ellen."

"And who is 'our Ellen'?" asked Mr. Lincoln, as he toyed with the child's sunny curls; "and how came little Miss Nell to know what her mother and I were talking about? We thought you were too busy with your fairy castles to listen to us."

"And if I was busy, couldn't I hear? It takes eyes and hands to build castles, not ears—don't you know that, Mr. Uncle?"

"If I didn't, I do now;" and he roguishly pinched the small snowy ones that lay hidden behind the long ringlets. "But tell me, little niece, where and who is that beautiful creature that rivals the belle of the season in charms, according to you?"

"Why, it's Ellen, our Ellen, and she's up stairs, I suppose."

"But who's Ellen, and what does she here?"

"Why, Ellen's the maid, and she sweeps and dusts and lays the table, and waits on it, too, and does everything that maids always do, and a great deal besides, for mama never has to

think any more, and George and I don't have to cry over our lessons."

"A wonderful maid, indeed," said Uncle Herbert, in an incredulous tone; "I fancy Miss Odell wouldn't be scared if she knew who her beautiful rival was. But how came she here?"

"Why, mama hired her, as she does all her maids, and unless she gets married, we shall always have her, for I know she'll never do anything bad."

"A paragon, truly—this Ellen; pray explain, mama;" and Mr. Lincoln turned to his sister.

"I cannot," said she. "I can only corroborate what Nell has told you. Ellen is a maid who has lived with me a fortnight only, and yet in that time has won my heart completely. In person—but as you stop to tea, you will see her, and you can judge yourself if she does not rival and fairly, too, with the brilliant belle of the winter. In manners, she is a perfect lady; she has, too, exquisite taste and a tact in the management of household affairs that I never saw equalled—"

"Tell him how sweetly she sings," interrupted the little daughter. "She sings me to sleep every night, and I always feel, when I shut my eyes, as if I were going right up to heaven!"

"Bravo, Nell! A very angel of a housemaid she must be. I long to see her;" and he laughed in that peculiar tone which seems to say, "you're telling me but a humbug story."

"You'll laugh the other side of your mouth," said Nell, earnestly, "wont he, mama, when he comes to see her?"

"I shouldn't wonder," answered her mother, gaily; "indeed, if he had not as good as owned that he had lost his heart to Miss Odell, I shouldn't care to give so young and enthusiastic a man a glimpse of my pretty maid. But list, I hear her gentle tread."

The door of the sitting-room was opened, and there glided into the room, with a step light as a fairy's, a young, slender but exquisitely graceful female. The single glance which Herbert directed towards her, as she entered, filled his soul with a wondrous vision, for beauty sat enthroned upon every feature of the blushing face. The fair oval forehead, the soft dark eye with its long drooping lashes, the delicately chiselled nose, the rose-tinted cheeks, the full scarlet lips, each item of loveliness, were blended in so perfect and complete a union, that one felt, as he gazed upon the countenance, as does the florist, when he plucks a half-blown moss rose—Heaven might have made it more beauteous still, but this suffices.

There was a little embarrassment visible in

her attitude, as she found herself unexpectedly in the presence of company, but only for an instant did she yield to it. Recovering herself hastily, she said to Mrs. Summers:

"Did you decide, ma'am, to have tea an hour earlier than usual?"

It was a simple question, but the accents thrilled the young man's heart, and he thought to himself, if there be so much music in her voice when she speaks only as a servant to her mistress, how heavenly it might be in a lover's ear; and from that time he did not wonder at little Nell's remark about her songs of lullaby.

"We did, Ellen, and you may lay the cloth at once. My brother will stop with us."

Intuitively delicate, Herbert seemed all the while busy with his little niece, and did not once look towards the beautiful domestic during the moments that elapsed ere the tea was ready, yet he stole many a furtive glance at her through the golden curls of his little playmate, and when she glided from the room, he felt as though the sunshine was driven from his path.

"Isn't she more beautiful than Miss Odell, say, uncle?" whispered Nell, as the door closed on her. "Didn't I tell the truth when I said I knew somebody that was handsomer than she?"

"Indeed you did," said Mr. Lincoln, earnestly. "She is nearly perfect."

"I wish you could see her with her hair curled, uncle. Once or twice, when we were up stairs alone, she has let me take out her comb, and such long silky ringlets as I made by just twisting it over my fingers—O, I don't believe you ever saw any so beautiful in all your life! I teased her to wear it so all the time, but she shook her head and combed them up into braids again, and said curls and housemaids didn't look well together; and when I asked why not, she said I'd know when I grew older, and then two or three great tears stood in her eyes, and I do believe, uncle, she cries some nights all the time, for her eyes look so red some mornings. Aint it too bad that such a handsome girl should have to be a maid?"

"Yes, by my soul it is," said the young man, warmly. "Do tell me, sister, her story. There must be some romance in it. She has not been a menial all her life."

"What I know, I can tell in a few words, Herbert. When Bessie, my last maid, gave notice of leaving, she said she could recommend a substitute, and I, not being very well, thought I would sooner trust her than run the risk of going day after day to the intelligence office. She said a young girl who, with her widowed mother, lived on the same floor with some of her friends,

had applied to her for aid in obtaining a situation as maid, and she thought, from what she had seen and knew of her, she would suit me exactly. I was somewhat startled when I saw her, for though Bessie had told me how beautiful and ladylike she was, I was not prepared for the vision that met me, and, to tell the truth, in a most unbusiness and *unhousekeeperly* way, I engaged her at once, without inquiring as to her abilities or her recommendations. She won my heart at sight, and she has won my head since, for she is not only thorough in the performance of her duties, but executes them with a taste and judgment I have never seen excelled by any matron. If the day is cloudy, when you enter the parlor you will find that she has so disposed the window-hangings, that the most will be made of the sunlight; if it is sunny, she will so arrange them that a gentle twilight seems to shadow you. She is indeed a perfect artist in the arrangement of everything, studying and combining effect and comfort. I feel with you that her lot has not always been so lowly, but there is a certain respect she inspires in one, that forbids close questioning. I incline to the opinion that she and her mother have been sorely pinched for means, and that finding needlework an inadequate compensation, she has chosen to work out, as by that means, while she earns more a week, she saves her board from out their scanty income and has time to rest. But here is papa and herself with the tea."

As soon as they were fairly seated, and the cups had been passed, Mrs. Summers turned gently to the maid, as she waited beside her chair, and said, in a low tone, "we shall need nothing more at present." Quietly, but with visible pleasure, she withdrew; and as the door closed on her, Herbert exclaimed:

"Thank you, sister, for sending her away. I could not have borne to see so ladylike a creature wait upon me. It seemed clownish in me to sit for a moment while she was standing. In good sooth, if I had so fair a maid, I should be democratic enough to ask her to eat with me."

"And thus wound her self-respect. No, brother, she has chosen for some good reason her menial lot, and I can see would prefer to be so regarded. All I can do, till I can further win her confidence, is to make her duties as little galling as possible. But come, sip some of her delicious tea. It will give you inspiration to compliment Miss Odell to-night."

"Miss Odell go to—France!" said the young man, hastily. "A painted doll—good for balls and parties, but no fitter for life in its realities than Nell's waxen baby!"

"He's beginning to laugh the other side of his mouth, isn't he, mama?" exclaimed the little girl. "I knew he'd love Ellen best."

Herbert blushed, and Mrs. Summers adroitly changed the conversation. The housemaid was not alluded to again till an hour after tea had passed, when George, the eldest of the family, a bright but somewhat capricious boy of twelve, rushed into the sitting-room, exclaiming eagerly:

"Mayn't Ellen stay in to-night, mama, and go out to-morrow evening?"

"Certainly, if she chooses, my son."

"But she don't choose, and that's the trouble. I want her to stay and she says she can't, because her mother will be so anxious about her."

"But why do you wish her to stay, George? You certainly have no command of her or her time. Pray, what do you want she should do?"

"Why, I want her to show me how to do those horrible hard sums way in the back part of the arithmetic, and I want her to tell me how to conjugate that awful irregular French verb, *aller*—I wish it would *aller* into France where it belongs—and I want her to hear my Latin and—"

"Turn into a *school-ma'am*, after toiling as maid all day. No, George, no—I have been very grateful to Ellen for the assistance she has shown you in your studies, but I cannot allow her leisure hours to be so sorely invaded," interrupted his mother, while her brother held up both hands in much amazement; for, to tell the truth, since he had seen the maid, he was prepared to believe everything wonderful of her, and would not have been surprised to hear that she knew as many tongues as Burritt himself.

"Verily," said he, gaily, "this passes all—a housemaid, and hear your Latin lessons! What else does she know?"

"Everything," said George, earnestly. "She can talk French better than monsieur, and *la belle* Italian tongue—O, how sweet it is to hear her read and sing it! I tell you, Uncle Herbert, she knows the most of any woman I ever saw, and if you was a knight of olden times, you'd do battle for her beauty and rescue her from the slavery of that old despot, poverty;" and the boy's eyes flashed and he drew himself proudly up, as though he would have grown a man that moment and shown his prowess.

"Bravo, George!" exclaimed his uncle. "She needs no more valiant knight than her youthful page promises to be. Should your right arm ever be wounded in the defence of your queen of beauty, advise me of it, and I'll rush to the rescue." The words were lightly spoken, but there was a meaning deeper and more divine

involved in them than the speaker would have then cared to own even to himself.

The boy went to his lonely lessons, the front door closed on Ellen, little Nell was snug in the snowy couch whither the maid had borne her with kisses and music tones, and then Mr. and Mrs. Summers and the brother went forth to the brilliant ball-room. But with all its light, splendor and gaiety, it had no fascinations for Uncle Herbert. His thoughts were with that beautiful girl who had come so like an angel to the household of his sister, and when at an early hour he withdrew, and gaining his couch, threw himself upon it, it was only to dream of tournaments and visored knights and queens of beauty, and the loveliest of them all, and the one that ever crowned his brow with the unfading laurel, wore the same peerless face as did Ellen the housemaid. \* \* \* \* \*

Mrs. Summers had rightly conjectured the reason why one so gifted had become a menial, though not for many weeks did she learn the whole story. It was briefly this: The father of Ellen, Mr. Seymour, had been a prosperous merchant in a neighboring city. Wedded to a lovely woman, wealth flowing in upon him with a heavy current, a beautiful child to sport on his hearthstone, life for some years glided by like a airy dream. All the riches of his own and his young wife's heart were lavished upon Ellen, and as she grew up lovelier in person than even her infancy had promised, so she grew beautiful in mind and soul, the idol of the family altar.

She was in her eighteenth year when the first blow struck them—the long and fearful illness of the husband and father. A mere wreck of himself, physically and mentally, he was at length pronounced convalescent, though perfect health, the physician said, could only be bartered for in a sunnier clime.

They sailed at once for Italy. A year had been passed in that beautiful land, a delicious and exhilarating one to them all, for the step of the invalid had grown steadier each moment, his eye wore its wonted brightness, his cheeks their glow, and the pride of mind sat again enthroned upon the noble brow, when, like a thunderbolt from a cloudless heaven, there fell the second blow. The mercantile house, in which he was head partner, had failed—ay, and failed in such a way that, though innocent as a babe, his name was covered with infamy. It was too much for the spirit, not yet strong. Poverty it could have borne, but disgrace shivered it entirely. He lay for some months in hopeless lunacy, never raving, but only sighing and moaning, growing each day paler and weaker. But he passed not

so away. When the last hour of life drew near, his darkened soul was light again, and he tenderly counselled the two dear ones who had hung over him so faithfully, and bade them be of good cheer, for though wealth was gone, the unspotted honor of the husband and father should be yet shown to the world. Then commending them to the All-Father, with a hand clasped by each, their sweet voices blended in holy hymns, he passed away. A grave was hollowed out for him on classic ground, and the snowy marble wreathed with affection's chaplets a few times, and then sadly the mourners turned away, a proud ship bearing them to their native land.

Where were the crowds that had flocked about them, as they left its shores? Alas! the widow and her child found none of them. Alone and unaided, they were left to stem the torrent of adversity. Theirs was a trite story. One and another thing they strove to do, but the obloquy that rested on the dead man's grave followed his living darlings, till poverty, in its most cruel sense, pressed heavily upon them.

"Let us go where we are unknown," said Ellen, passionately, yet mournfully, one evening, as after a futile search for employment, she returned to their humble lodgings and buried her weeping face in her mother's bosom. "They will kill me with their cold, proud looks. I'd rather beg my bread of strangers than ask honest employment of these scornful ones, who trample so scoundrelly upon our sacred griefs."

And they gathered up the remnant of their treasures, and silently and secretly, lest the shame should fly before them, went to a lonely home in the city, where we find them. There they readily procured needlework, and all they could do, for their fingers beautified every garment that passed through their hands. But the song of the shirt was soon the only one they had strength to sing. Night brought no rest to the weary day, and though twenty instead of the "twelve hours" of the Bible were bent in toil, they were famished and frozen.

"Mother," said Ellen one evening, as the chimes of midnight found them still at work, "this is too much for woman. I shall sew no longer."

"But what will you do, darling?" and Mrs. Seymour wept over her pale, thin face; "shall we starve?"

"Mother," there was resolution in the tone now, "mother, I shall hire out as housemaid. Do not attempt to dissuade me, my mind is determined. It is as honorable as this—I shall earn as much, if not more than now; I shall save my board; I shall have my nights for rest."

And she pleaded till she won at last a tearful consent, and entered into the service of Mrs. Summers. \* \* \* \* \*

His sister's house had always been a second home to Herbert Lincoln, but now it seemed dearer than ever. Their tea-table, in particular, seemed to have a fascination for him, and at the end of a fortnight, he had sipped so many cups of Ellen's fragrant tea, that Mrs. Summers declared she should certainly present him a bill of board. And though in all that time he had not exchanged a dozen sentences with the beautiful maid, it was but too evident she was the magnet that attracted him.

Business now took him out of town, and three weeks elapsed ere he returned. As he was hastening from the depot, turning a corner, he espied, coming as it were to meet him, the fair girl of whom he had dreamed every night of his absence, and beside her, little golden-haired Nell.

"Uncle Herbert," cried the child, and embraced him passionately. O, I'm so glad you've come home. We missed you so much." Then freeing himself from his arms, she said, gracefully, "and here is dear Ellen, too, aint you glad to see her again?"

Ellen blushed, but the young man so courteously extended his hand to her, that she could not refuse it.

"I am happy to see Miss Seymour enjoying this beautiful day," said he, in low, gentle tones, as respectfully as if addressing a queen.

"And I am happy to see Mr. Lincoln looking so well," responded the lady, with a quiet dignity, and she passed along.

"But where are you going, little niece?" said Herbert to Nell, detaining her a moment behind.

"O, to see Grandmama Seymour, she is a sweet lady, too. Ellen took me there once, and it made me so happy, that mother lets me go now whenever she does," and she tripped away.

Herbert passed rapidly to the first corner, then turned and deliberately retraced his steps and followed the two, till he learned the street and the number of Ellen's home.

That night as he carefully examined his bureau, it occurred to him his supply of linen was quite too deficient, and forthwith he purchased a goodly sized parcel of the raw material, and at an early hour the next day was knocking at the door of the dilapidated house which he had seen Ellen enter. Through vault-like halls and up rickety stair-cases, he wended his way, till he found Mrs. Seymour's room. The beautiful and saintly face of the widowed mother fascinated him as completely as had the daughter's, and with a reverential tone he opened his errand. While

she inspected the linen, and made inquiries as to the particular way he would have it made up, his eye glanced eagerly over the room. The exquisite taste of the housemaid was visible everywhere. Geraniums and roses smiled in the winter sunbeams that crept so lovingly into the narrow casement; the white muslin that draped them hung in folds graceful as snow wreaths; pencillings as rich almost as mezzo tints, hung upon the walls; the rockers were cushioned with rose-colored muslin; bits of cloth, gorgeous in hue as autumn leaves, woven into mats, relieved the bare floor of its scanty look; a guitar leaned under the tiny mirror, and a few costly books were scattered in an artist-like way hither and thither, wherever the rambling eye would wish to see pinned some beautiful thing.

"This is Tuesday," said Herbert, "can I have one by Friday?"

"O, yes, sir, and sooner, if you desire it."

"Not sooner, unless you steal hours from the night, and your weary looks seem even now to say that you have done so."

"It is the lot of the seamstress," said the lady, calmly but sadly.

The young man could not trust his voice to reply, and hastened away. In his office he gave way to his feelings: "She, the beloved and the beautiful, toiling in menial service, and that angel-like mother, sewing for her living. It shall be so no longer. Thank God for riches," and he seized his pen and inscribing these words on a slip of paper, "an honest debt due your husband," he enclosed bank-notes for five hundred dollars, and addressing the envelope to Mrs. Seymour of — Street, dropped it into the post-office.

Could he have seen the grateful tears that stole down the widow's cheeks, and heard her soul-touching prayers, as she received it that evening, he would have realized the full force of the text, "It is more blessed to give than to receive."

"O, that it were Ellen's evening at home," said she. "Thank Heaven, I may now have her all to myself, again. With this sum in hand, we can be comfortable, without tasking ourselves as severely as heretofore. My beautiful child shall be no longer a menial."

Impatiently she awaited Friday evening, for then Ellen would surely be with her again. But that eve came and went, and she was left alone. A sudden and severe illness had attacked Mrs. Summers, and when Herbert entered her house on the evening of the same day he had sent the generous gift, he found it full of sorrow. The physicians only shook their heads, sadly, when

asked if there was any hope, and when the loving ones gazed on the white face of the sick one, and marked the depth and intensity of her agony, they turned away with fainting hearts. And now the full beauty of the housemaid's character was developed. Instinctively, they gave up all to her. She directed the attendants, she soothed little Nell, curbed the wild grief of George, and spoke so sweetly to the mourning husband and brother, that the spirit of faith seemed in their midst. To the sick woman, she was in very truth, a ministering angel. No hand so softly wiped her brow, so tenderly bathed the aching limbs, so gently rubbed the cramped fingers, so deftly smoothed the pillows, so strangely sweetened the healing draught, brought such cool drinks to the hot lips, and such delicious food to the starved palate. Her presence seemed to beautify the sick room. Under her loving ministrations, it assumed a beauty that was almost divine. None knew whether it might be the gate to Paradise or to a brighter life on earth, but all felt that whether the path of the pale one was heavenward or here, it was flower-crowned.

Day after day, and night after night, found the fair nurse beside her patient. Paleness gathered on her cheeks and lips, but the same sweet smile played there; lassitude quivered on her lids, but the same hopeful look beamed from the eye; the limbs trembled with weariness, yet obeyed the faintest whisper from the couch. The physicians looked in wonder that one so delicate held out so long under such heavy tasks, and whispered one to another, "under God, she is the healer."

And when the crisis came, when Mrs. Summers lay there so deathly, that only by pressing a mirror to her lips the fluttering life could be seen at all, when husband, brother, children and friends had stolen softly away, unable longer to restrain their cries, that young girl tarried still, motionless, almost breathless, silent prayers flowing upward.

O, how dear she was to them all, when again she appeared in their midst and said in her own low, sweet music-tones, "You may hope."

"Bless you, bless you, faithful one!" exclaimed Mr. Summers as he wound his arms about her. "Henceforth, you are one of the treasures of our household, the sister of my adoption. Come hither, Nellie and George, and thank her; under Heaven, you owe to her your mother's life." Little wet faces were pressed to hers and passionate kisses brought fresh roses to her cheeks. Then a manly hand, O, how its pressure thrilled her nerves, a manly hand grasped hers and a full rich voice murmured, "Our angel sent by God."

On a bright and glorious morning, in the mouth of roses, a splendid equipage drove from the city mansion of Mr. Summers. It held a family party, the wife and mother still pale, her convalescence sadly retarded by the fearful illness that had smitten her two idols; George and Nellie, puny, though out of all danger; the lovely Ellen, no longer maid, but cherished angel of hope and love, thin and white, too, with her winter's and spring's nursing; Mr. Summers, his fine face all aglow with chastened joy, and Herbert Lincoln, looking as though a lifetime of happiness was crowded into a moment.

It was the first long drive the physician had permitted the invalids, and they knew not where they were going, or at least none but Herbert.

Ellen had declined going at first. "I have seen my mother so little of late," said she, gently, "I think I must spend the holiday with her."

But they all said no, and promised, if she would go with them then, they would leave her with her mother on their return, and she should stay without limit of time. How lovely she looked, as consenting at length, she came to the carriage in her summer array. Herbert thought he had never gazed on so exquisite a maiden in all his life, and longed with a frenzy he had never felt before, to fold her to his heart; that shrine which had been sacred to her from the first moment of meeting.

"What a lovely home," exclaimed Ellen, as leaving the main road, they branched off into a splendid avenue, lined with graceful elms, and came in sight of a small, but elegant mansion, draped with rose-vines and embowered in rare shrubbery. "I trust it holds happy hearts."

"Yes," said Lincoln, warmly, "that it does, and we will to-day share their joy, for it is here we are to stop." Joyful exclamations burst from them all. It seemed like a beaming of light from fairy-land, that beautiful place, to those senses so long pent up in the chambers of sickness.

They were ushered into a parlor that seemed the abode of the graces, so charmingly were beauty and utility blended. A moment they waited ere the rustling of satin announced the approach of the lady, to whom they were making so unceremonious a visit.

She entered, and in a second Nellie Summers was clasping her round the neck. "Grandmama Seymour, the fairies did come to you, as you told me last week perhaps they would sometime. O, I am so glad."

Mr. and Mrs. Summers stepped forward and grasped her hand; but Herbert and George, where were they? A scream from Nellie announced them. Pale and passionless Ellen lay

in their arms. She had not seen her mother, but her eyes had caught sight of a small Greek harp in a pillared niche, her own father's gift and sold by herself when they left that proud city of scorn. Memories so many and sad had unstrung her nerves. Joy seldom kills, though. When awakening from her swoon, she met the tearful eyes of her mother, she felt assured there was some blest mystery to be told. It was all soon explained. Herbert and Mrs. Seymour had become fast friends in the past winter—he had cheered the lonely hours of Ellen's absence—he had learned her story and assured himself that foul wrong had been done her husband. Employing the best counsel in her native city, he bent all his own energies and talents to the cause, and sifted the matter to its very root, and triumphed, too. The fair name came back fairer than ever, and the wealth with it, too; the wretches who had blackened the one and stolen the other, cowardly fleeing, instead of making manly confessions.

"I have to thank Mr. Lincoln for it all," exclaimed Mrs. Seymour at the close of her recital, "and I have to pay him yet," and she glanced archly at him. "Bills should be settled even amongst friends."

Herbert hesitated a moment. Then he knelt beside her. "I have no mother," he said, sadly. "Be as one to me, and I am repaid a thousand times."

She threw back the raven locks that clustered on his noble brow, and imprinted there a calm, sweet kiss. "My son," said she, solemnly, "I adopt you into my love; Ellen, receive a brother." But Ellen was gone. They caught, however, a glimpse of white muslin in the green shrubbery, and she was followed, not by both though; Mrs. Seymour had indeed risen, but a sudden thrilling pulse in her warm heart checked her, and she resumed her seat.

Herbert hastened out and found her under the shadow of an old elm, on a bed of moss, with her lap full of rosebuds. Seating himself beside her, he whispered to her willing ear, long and passionately, his heart's adoration, and with a radiant look of joy, led her back to the house and to her mother's knee.

"As a brother, Ellen will not own me," said he, "but when I asked her if some day, not very far away, she would call me by a dearer name, she was more willing. Our hearts have long been one—bless, mother dear, O bless the union of our lives!"

Take but away the awe of religion, all that fidelity and justice, so necessary to the keeping up of human society, must perish with it.



## TO ANNIE W—,—A SWEET SINGER.

BY JOSEPH K. PIERCE.

The blythe lark springeth to the morning cloud,  
Shrouding his dark wing in the splendid mist;  
Yet droppeth to the earth clear, sweet, and loud,  
His pleasant carollings o'er hearts that list.

Like as that lark with morning on his breast,  
Boareth the light-plumed spirit of thy lay;  
And our upreaching souls are bathed and blest,  
And filled with song as with the gush of day.

## CURED OF A BAD HABIT.

BY AUSTIN C. BURDICK.

EBEN BOLSTER was a very funny sort of man. He was everybody's uncle, so everybody called him "Uncle Eben." He had seen sixty years of life, and his head was very gray, but few men could do more work in a day than he could, and none could do it better. One fall Uncle Eben wanted a man to help him finish his harvesting, and then go into the woods with him. Jake Sawyer presented himself, and the old man hired him. Jake was a hard-looking man, about forty years of age, and stout and strong.

"Uncle Eben," said Mr. Beals, as the two met in the store one day, "have you hired Jake Sawyer to work for you?"

"I have," replied the old man.

"Well, I gave you credit for more judgment. I thought you knew Jake better."

"I fancy I know him pretty well, or I should not have hired him. He is strong and able; and moreover, his family are suffering."

"Ay, and what makes them suffer? Didn't I hire Jake to help me in haying? and pay him good wages? and how much good did his family get, or I either? He was drunk half the time; and he'll be just so with you. I tell ye, Uncle Eben, you'd better drop him."

"Not yet," returned the old man. "Jake is a good fellow, and knows how to work, and I'm going to try him. I found his family starving."

"And how much better do you suppose they can be while he stays with them? If I had my way, Jake and his family should be sent to the work-house."

"Ah—well, neighbor Beals, you may think that would be the best way; but I am willing to give him a fairer trial. There's a deal of good in him, and perhaps somebody can find it."

"Well, Uncle Eben, mark my words: You'll find it a tougher job than you ever undertook yet, to make anything out of Jake Sawyer."

Uncle Eben smiled, and then taking up his bundles he walked away.

Now Jacob Sawyer for years had been addicted to rather a free use of spirit, but of late he had grown worse and worse. Most of the sober people would have nothing to do with him, and some shunned him as they would a demon. His wife was an excellent woman, and for nearly three years she had supported the family by her own hard labor.

"Now," said Eben, on the morning Jake commenced, "you know what is right, and what is wrong, and I am going to leave it to you to do just as you wish. I believe, Jacob, you have as much good sense as most people, and I have assured my friends that you are just the man I wanted on my place. Now let us commence, and see whether these people who have called me foolish, will not take back their words."

These were simple remarks—just such as any man might make, but they had much effect on Jake. In fact, they were spoken in such a kind tone, that they touched a very tender spot; for Jacob Sawyer had not been so addressed for a long time.

However, the work was commenced. Uncle Eben took every occasion to say a cheering word, and he found that his kindness was appreciated. Never did he intimate that Jake ever made a bad use of spirit, nor did he speak one word about the danger of his so doing. But he often took occasion to speak upon the subject of using alcoholic beverages, and he tried to point out the various evils that resulted therefrom. Five weeks passed away, and during all that time Jake did not touch a drop of spirit. A new order of things had taken place in his home. His wife was happy; his board was well provided for; his children looked better, and his own health had improved. And all this had come from Uncle Eben's peculiar way of managing the case. Had the old man gone at work to bring Jake under some stringent pledge, and expressed a long catalogue of fears relative to his danger, this would not have happened. He had simply received him as though he had been a man, and given him to understand that the fullest confidence was reposed in him.

But Jake was destined to fall. One Saturday evening he went home, and as he saw how cheerful all was about him, he felt very happy. On the next morning he went over to see Bill Longley to make some arrangements for having milk of him. Bill was a great lover of gin, and while Jake was there he took down his decanter to take a drop. He set on a tumbler for Jake. The temptation was strong. The morning was cool and frosty, and the steam of Bill's hot sling smelt like nectar. Jake had not pledged himself to drink no more, and he—he—took "a drop." It

tasted finely; and upon one who had been so long without the stimulus, it had considerable effect.

Before Jake left, Mr. Longley asked him if he wouldn't take "another drop." Jake embraced the opportunity, eagerly; and he this time took a very large drop. Before he reached home he was very much elevated, and he resolved to have some more before he had his dinner. He was now in just the state of mind not to care what he did; so he started off for the low groggery, which he knew he should find open, "by the back way." He had sense enough yet left, to go around where he should not meet the church-goers. He found the groggery open as he had expected, and there he purchased a quart of gin. He took a "drop" there, and before he reached home he stopped behind the fence and took another. The consequence was, when he reached his house his steps were very irregular, and his lips thick, and highly furred.

Poor Mrs. Sawyer! She gave one look at her husband, and then sank down with a deep, agonizing groan. At first she could hardly realize that her eyes were in order, but the truth was soon apparent, and she knew that the demon had come back again. She dared not speak—she only sat down and cried. Jake staggered up and put his arms about her neck, and assured her that he was "a-rr-r-l right," an assertion which might admit of different applications. She did beg of him that he would give her the bottle which he had, and let her keep it for him until to-morrow, but he was too cunning for that, and as soon as he could get away, he went out to the shed, and having taken another "drop," he hid the bottle in the wood-pile.

Towards the latter part of the afternoon, Uncle Eben Bolster came to see Jake, and found him in the wood-shed, upon a pile of chips, spread out at full length, with the empty bottle clasped in his left hand, while in his right he held the cork. The old man spoke to Jake, but received no answer. Then he pushed and kicked him, but without any better success. After this he took the bottle and smelled the gin. His face showed much sorrow, but yet a close observer could have seen a slight twinkle of the eye which had more than a mere present meaning.

"Ah, sir," sighed the poor wife, as Uncle Eben entered the room where she sat, "you can't see Jacob now."

"No, but I found something that looked very much like him, out here in the wood-shed," returned the old man, in a common-place tone.

"Ah—then you have seen him. O, sir, isn't it dreadful? Only think of it: For the last

month and a half how good he has been. What shall I do? O! what shall I do?"

"Why you must wait till the spirit moves. This month and a half of sobriety shows us what he can do. The only trouble is, his remaining appetite. He must have gone somewhere to-day, where he has had it offered to him."

"He's been over to Bill Longley's, sir."

"Ah, that's the trouble. But never mind. Don't go to scolding him. As I said before, it's Jake's appetite that does the mischief; and that appetite won't trouble him only when he happens to have the stuff offered to him. I know he doesn't hanker after it when he is about his work, and I know, too, that he doesn't want it when he is about home, here. So keep up a good heart, and be cheerful to him in the morning. But you must tell him that I want him to be on hand early, for we must go into the woods to-morrow."

Mrs. Sawyer promised, and Uncle Eben took his way homeward. That evening, after it was dark, the old man went over to the same place where Jake had bought his gin, and purchased a gallon of the same miserable, drugged stuff, which he put up in the same jug, that he generally used for carrying water to the field in.

On the following morning Jake was on hand early, but he looked badly, and Uncle Eben knew he felt as badly as he looked. But not a word was said about the affair of the day before.

Jake was asked to eat some breakfast, but he could keep nothing down. His stomach was weak and sick, and the very sight of food was nauseating. As soon as Uncle Eben had finished his meal, he shouldered his axe and started off, carrying the old jug slung upon his axe-helve.

They reached the place, and having set the jug down, and thrown off his coat, the old man set at work. Jake worked about half an hour, and then he laid down his axe, and went to the jug. Removing the stopper and raising it to his lips, he took one swallow—lowered the jug—and after one or two heavings of the sickening stomach, the nauseating stuff came up. Poor Jake was very thirsty—his mouth was literally parched—and he longed for some sweet cold water.

"What's the matter?" asked Uncle Eben, with a twinkle in his deep gray eye.

"I—I—thought you had water in the jug," returned Jake.

"Water?" echoed the old man. "No, no, I thought I'd have something good to-day. We've tried water now for over a month, and seein' as how it made ye sick, I thought I'd try a little good gin. So don't be afraid of it."

Jake looked the old man in the face, but he

could only find a sober earnest shade there, and without a word he went back to his work. Another half hour passed, and Jake could stand it no longer. His tongue was hot and dry, his lips parched and his palate burnt with thirst.

"Aren't there no water near here?" he asked.

"None nearer than the house, Jake. But what do you want with water?"

"I'm—I'm—dyin' with thirst."

"Then try the gin. Surely you wouldn't drink such stuff as water, when you can have gin?"

Jake could not live so at any rate. Something must be taken to relieve the agonizing thirst that oppressed him. Of course he could not go to the house, for that would consume nearly all the rest of the forenoon. So he went to the jug, and took a good pull. This draught remained on his stomach, and for a while he felt better; but the feeling could not last long. Gin may serve in a measure to revive the sinking nerves and weakened muscles which have become unstrung by debauch, but it cannot quench thirst.

Another and another pull at the jug served to keep the poor fellow easy for awhile, but ere the hour of noon arrived, he was sick and faint, and his thirst was more raging than ever. Could he only have had some water—a pint of pure icy beverage—the gin might have been bearable; but as it was it made him miserable. At twelve o'clock one of the boys came with the dinner. It consisted of warm meat-hash, and some cold baked beans and warm coffee. Jake seized the coffee-pot and placed it to his lips. He swallowed a full pint of it, but he thought it tasted strange. And well it might, for the old man had mixed a goodly quantity of gin with it—or had caused his wife to do so. Uncle Eben drank a little of the coffee, and praised it highly, and then helped Jake to some of the hash. The latter did not notice that the hash was on two plates; but the old man did. One of the plates had a piece of chip on the edge, which was to signify that there was some gin mixed with the hash in that particular plate; and this, of course, was passed to Jake. He ate some of it, but it tasted strangely. In fact, it only made him sicker, and in a few moments more the hash and coffee which he had taken, came up. The poor man stretched himself out upon the cold ground, and groaned in the agony of pain and sickness. Uncle Eben saw that he could not work any more, and he advised him to go home. Jake embraced the offer eagerly, and soon started off. The old man remained in the woods a couple of hours longer, and then he started. He had gone about half the distance, when he found Jake lying by the side of the path, asleep. The poor fellow had

got thus far, but he could go no farther. Every nerve in his body was completely unstrung, and his limbs were powerless. The old man awakened him, and by dint of much labor got him upon his feet, but he could not walk. So Uncle Eben kept on, and when he reached home he sent one of the boys with the ox-cart after the sick man.

Jake at length arrived, and was put to bed. He woke up about midnight, and the old thirst was upon him with a fairly frantic power. He arose and felt for the door. He found it, and got it open. Then in the dark he groped his way down stairs to the sink-room, where he knew the water-pail always stood. He found it, and the dipper was in it. He dipped up some, and with trembling hands raised it to his lips. It sent up a strange odor, but in his madness of thirst he swallowed a large quantity of it. O, what nausea! Uncle Eben had emptied the contents of the jug into the water-pail, for he knew that Jake would be at it before morning. The miserable man made a reach for the door, but it was locked, and the key was gone! In a moment more his stomach was empty. He sat down upon the threshold of the inner door, and with both hands clasped upon his diaphragm, he sought relief from his internal agony.

At length Jake got upon his feet, and made a new search for water, but without effect. "Ah! There's always cold tea left in the tea-pot." So for the cupboard he steered, and after tumbling over half a dozen articles of kitchen furniture, he reached the place. He found the tea-pot, and shook it. "Ah, yes, there's something here."

A quick, long draught followed, but—O, misery!—it's gin! Ay, the old man had thought of the tea-pot, too.

Jake found his way back to his bed, and there he lay until morning, and then he got to the well. There was no making gin of this. With a dash the old bucket struck the water, and then Jake drew it up. Cold as ice, and clear as crystal, came the grateful beverage, and with a gasp the thirsty man bent his lips to the brim. O, how nectar-like—how enrapturing that draught! Through every fibre of the system went the grateful influence. Jake drank till he was out of breath, and then he stopped.

"Ha, Jake—thirsty, eh?"

The man turned, and beheld Uncle Eben.

"Don't you want a little gin this morning, Jake?"

"Uncle Eben, don't speak that word again. A-h-h-h-h! If you don't want to make me sick, don't speak it."

"But aren't you afraid cold water'll make you sick?"

"No, sir."

"Ah. Then I'd drink it—I'd drink it, Jake. But I have some gin in the house, and any time when——"

"Stop," cried Jake, with a sickening shudder. "Don't never speak that word again, I tell ye!"

Uncle Eben said no more. That day Jake could not work, but on the next he shouldered his axe and accompanied his employer to the woods. Four weeks afterwards Uncle Eben wished to see how far his prescription would extend its influence, so he got one of his other men to offer Jake a glass of gin in the barn, but with a strict injunction that if he offered to drink it, it was to be cast upon the floor. The old man stationed himself where he could see.

"Jake,—ah! Look here. Don't you want a snifter this morning?"

"What ye got?" Jake asked, looking at the bottle his companion held out.

"Smell of it and see. It's good."

"Ugh!—a-h-h-h!" shuddered Jake, making up a terrible face. "Now look here, Tim, I don't want ye never to do that agin. Give me pizen and I'll thank ye; but gin—Ah-h-h-h!"

The cure was complete. Jake Sawyer never drank again.

#### ANOTHER LAURA BRIDGMAN.

Mr. C. D. Dillaway, of Fall River, Mass., has a daughter who is one of the wonders of the age. She is deaf, dumb and blind, her right limbs are paralyzed, she is confined to her bed, cannot be moved much without being thrown into a fit—yet she will converse fluently with the mute alphabet, writes very legibly with her left hand, reads common writing on a paper or slate, or print (if the book be not too much worn), by passing her fingers over the words. She will also distinguish the different colors of a variegated dress in the same way. She has wrought several pieces of crewel-work that would be a credit to any girl of her age, selecting and arranging all the colors by feeling and using only her hand. She plays draft and backgammon expertly. She knows when any one comes into the room by the jar of the bed (on which she constantly lies), and can in this way distinguish the different members of the family.—*Plymouth Rock.*

#### JOHN BULL ON WHISTLES.

As the train from Albany one day was approaching a village station near Rochester, N. Y., the engine gave one of those long, loud, shrieking whistles, in which it sometimes delights, as if in very wantonness of power. "Here we are!" exclaimed a round-faced, easy "John Bull," destined for Rochester, and supposing he had arrived, proceeded to the door of the car to disembark. Finding his mistake, he returned to his seat, exclaiming: "Well—it's really very odd! I thought they only gave the big whistles at the large towns!"—*Rochester Democrat.*

#### REPLY TO "DARK SYBIL"

BY L. ODELL.

You ask me, love, to think of thee,  
But O, how useless the request;  
Thy memory, dearest, is to me  
Of all life's joys the best.

I'll think of thee when shades of even  
Steal gently o'er the dying day,  
And eve lights up the fires of heaven,  
As sunlight fades away.

I'll think of thee, when busy care  
Like storm-clouds dims my spirit light,  
Then thoughts of thee will seem like stars  
Of hope beyond the night.

I'll think of thee—I'll think—I'll dream—  
My hopes will ever turn to thee—  
And each new thought of thee will seem  
A glimpse of heaven to me.

#### THE STROLLING ARTIST.

BY EMMA LINLEY.

COUNT VON HOLSTEIN was dead. Sincere mourners had surrounded his deathbed, for he had been a kind master, and full well his faithful retainers realized their loss. But alas for the ties of kindred! one little helpless daughter, whom it was agony to leave in her infancy to the guardianship of a stranger, was all the strong tie that bound him to earth!

His had been a sad deathbed. He had not triumphed over earthly feeling; he had not gained a trust in the Holy One, which could leave the little one to his care. He had sent for his only other relative, a cousin whom he had not seen since they were boys, and of whose character he knew nothing. The dying man had waited impatiently, during the two days which had elapsed after he was sure his kinsman might have come in answer to his message, and few can imagine how long the sad hours of suspense had seemed to him.

"Ah, if Egbert Von Holstein will but come! if I can but have his solemn promise that he will endeavor ever to be as a faithful father to my little Therese!" he exclaimed again and again.

His impatience availed nothing. Death came, and there was none save the true, loving, but powerless Ursula, the nurse to whose care her dying mother had yielded her a few months before, to receive his last directions concerning the little one.

Two days after, Egbert Von Holstein arrived, and as the faithful vassals looked on the stern, dark-browed man, their hearts misgave them.

He must be the guardian of little Therese, and their master for years to come. Those lowly but true-hearted men had indeed lost their best friend in the late count.

Von Holstein was not wholly void of good feeling; but the world had used him roughly, and he had become very avaricious and, if his dark face did him justice, hard-hearted. Evil thoughts had been presented to him since the death of his cousin; he had been battling with the tempter and his better self had not, as yet, conquered. The vast property of the deceased count would be under his care. Must he still be poor? O, how poverty galled his proud spirit! *To be the owner of those vast estates!* There was but one little child's life between him and their possession. How wildly his blood thrilled at the thought! The tempter had fairly entered his heart; we would not allow our imaginations to follow him there, to sketch the dark plans he proposed—but would not a knowledge of the presence of such an evil prompter have been a key to the fact that there was an unusual sternness resting on his brow, as he gloomily strode into Holstein Castle?

During the weeks that followed, he stayed and dallied with the tempter! Ah, it was not well for thee, Egbert Von Holstein! Thou shouldst not have wandered over that grand old castle and those noble domains; thou shouldst not have admired those magnificent old paintings and those numerous rare articles of vertu, to have gained strength for the conflict with evil.

One day he had wandered far from the castle, when he chanced to wish for something he had left behind. He retraced his steps with more of rapidity and energy than he had manifested for weeks. He entered the castle by a postern gate, and was passing to his room, when he found the little Therese, *asleep and alone*. Did not a demon enter that room with him? What whispered to his heart so rapidly: "Now is your time. Some of the retainers saw you just before you turned towards the castle, and no mortal has seen you since. How easy to suffocate that little child! You can do it in an instant; you need leave no mark, and none know of your being in the castle!"

Ah, how rapidly the dark thoughts fly through his brain! See, the brow contracts still more! His hand moves! Can aught save her? Look! the little one smiles in her sleep. She looks a very angel in her innocence and beauty. The stern, over-bending brow softens, and muttering almost audibly, "I will never murder for wealth," the dark man passes on.

There was some good in Von Holstein's heart, and for the time it had conquered. Had he been with the child more, her rare beauty and pretty, winning ways would have taught him to love her, and she would have been safe. But he still avoided her; he could only look upon her as something between him and happiness. He no longer wished her death; it was very possible to place her where she need not interfere with his prospects, and where she might also be happy. It would take a long time to tell of the many half feasible plans that he formed; but at length one was completed.

There was an old castle belonging to the estate, standing many miles away from any human habitation. Here he resolved that she should be brought up. Long and earnestly he debated with himself as to whom he should place there, to take care of her. Strangers to him and to her, who never could tell her aught of herself, in consequence of their own ignorance, he sought for earnestly.

There was really more of kindness in the young man's heart for his sweet little relative than he would have acknowledged to himself. He shrank from taking her from the loving care of Ursula, to place her with strangers. If he could only trust to Ursula and her worthy husband Gottlieb, to keep his secret! He knew them sufficiently well to be sure that if he could induce them to *promise* the secrecy which he required, they might be trusted; and he saw nothing to prevent his compelling them to do so, since they were but vassals.

He said nothing to them on the subject till the child was lost. Days and weeks were spent in the search for her by the good servants of her late father, apparently aided by Von Holstein. At length, the search was given up as useless, though Egbert directed all to watch every band of gipsies who should hereafter make their appearance, since one had lately left there.

There was nothing to prevent his coming in possession of the vast estates he had coveted. Then, when Ursula was grieving as for an only child, he informed her of its safety, assuring her that both her own and the child's life depended upon her secrecy. She had no choice, for she was wholly in his power. The subject once broached, details were soon settled. Gottlieb, Ursula and the little one were taken to the old castle of Waldenburg, which they found a far pleasanter place than they had dared hope. Indeed, one might readily consent to pass his life, with a chosen companion, away from general society, might he be surrounded by so beautiful a scene as the artist has pictured.

The old castle stands almost on the brink of a high, rosy precipice, and there are several modern buildings joined to the old round, central tower. At the foot of the precipice winds a road, up which Gottlieb and Ursula are now leisurely walking, and gazing about them, that they may become more fully acquainted with the beauties of their unsought home. The count has just left them—preliminaries are all settled, and this is to be their home for an indefinite number of years. It is early morning, and the quiet beauty of the scene is fascinating. As they look on the peaceful lake, with its bright waters and peaceful shadows; on the wild, luxuriant shrubbery and noble trees; and on the distant but beautifully tinted mountains, while the beetling rock above hides from their view their castle home, they cannot regret the change in their prospects. The count has generously fitted up the rooms they wished, to suit their tastes, and selected a suite of rooms, which are to be re-furnished for Therese when she shall be old enough to wish them. Gottlieb has been directed to go to the nearest village, once every three months, to procure necessaries, when he may expect to hear from the count.

No other intercourse are they to have with the world, but they love each other too well to fear unhappiness here. Ursula only mourns that her precious charge must be deprived of the education and society befitting her rank; but reason tells her that for several years she can do as well for the child as the most accomplished teachers, and then, hope whispers that some way will be provided for her further advancement.

Months and years glided on; the little family in the old castle was a very happy one. Gottlieb and Ursula, in their love for each other and their darling little one, felt that they were blest beyond the common lot of mortals; and, if sometimes dark fears as to the future of their loved pet crossed their minds, they were met by a strong trust in the Father of the fatherless. Therese was a beautiful, merry-hearted child; she had never known a sorrow. She recollected no other home, and she certainly could wish for none more beautiful. On the bright days, she never tired of wandering amid the charming scenery which surrounded them, and when gloomy weather kept her in-doors, she delighted in running over the many rooms in the old round building, where she never sought in vain for something to interest her. Four times each year Gottlieb went to the village, and never failed to return with a multitude of luxurious articles from the count. Nor was the education

of the child neglected. Ursula had been more the companion than servant of Therese's mother from her early years. She had shared in her lessons to such an extent, with such a determination to learn, that she was far better educated than many who have had all the advantages of high station. How the worthy dame now rejoiced that she had improved those opportunities, for she was morbidly fearful lest her little lady should be without accomplishments.

Therese was blest in her companion; how much she loved those hours, and they were many, when she sat at the side of her good friend, conning some lesson, or learning some new stitch in embroidery, and was rewarded for her diligence by a story of her gentle mother, the Lady Alice. The count allowed Ursula to tell the little one of her mother, but the simple child knew not that she had other name than Lady Alice; and when she inquired of her father, for she read of the relation in her books, she was always met by some evasive reply.

Let us look at the count during this time. Was he happy? Alas, no! He was called rich, he was feted and flattered till he was sick of society, and there was ever the feeling that nothing was rightfully his. He tried to stifle his remorse, by sending multitudes of costly things to Therese; he was ever on the watch for something she might value. Sometimes he tried to form plans for seeming to find her, without having his guilt, in the matter of her disappearance, appear. Could he not pretend to reclaim her from some band of gipsies, and present her to the world? Alas, no! the child, bred under the eye of Ursula, could never pass for a gipsy. Meantime he, too, felt that she must be educated. He had sent her multitudes of books, without much thought as to whether she could use them; but when she was about ten years old, he sought a teacher.

Good fortune threw Margaret Percy under his notice. She was a highly accomplished orphan girl, who was obliged to seek a situation as a governess. He remained unknown to her in engaging her for the lonely situation, and she was carried there by night journeys, so that she was wholly ignorant of the part of the country to which she had been taken.

How the good Ursula rejoiced at the arrival of the gentle Miss Percy, and the nice musical instruments and multitudes of books which followed her! Now there seemed nothing for which to wish! Margaret found her new, quiet and beautiful home admirably suited to her chastened feelings. She soon learned to love her pupil, who was so wholly ignorant on some sub-

jects and so advanced beyond her years on others, with an affection quite sisterly.

One need but note those happy years; every facility for learning was at their disposal, and there were no temptations to negligence. As Therese grew older, she was puzzled to know who might be the kind friend who more than anticipated her every wish; and Margaret, as she thought of the almost princely luxury which surrounded them, shared her curiosity. The unknown hereafter was the subject of many a conversation for the romantic girls, but Ursula preserved a strict silence on the subject. She was not tempted to reveal the secret; her loved child was happier, in her vain imaginings of the noble friend who was ever blessing her, than she could have been with a knowledge of the truth. The count, too, had been so ever generous and noble in his conduct towards them, that she could but view him kindly.

Eight happy years of study glided by, and Margaret wished to return to the world. She felt that she must be almost alone there, but the longer she remained thus secluded, the more danger there was of her friends forgetting her; and she now realized that, though her strongest ties were broken when she left society, there were very many of whom she cherished recollections, and in whose memories she hoped she had retained a place.

Margaret wrote to the unknown, informing him of her wishes, and also that she could be of little more use to his protegee in her studies, as they had advanced together far beyond the point at which she stood when she came to the castle. In the ardor of her romantic feelings, she added a brief paragraph thanking him very earnestly for the very many facilities he had thrown in their path up the hill of science, and asking the blessing of Heaven upon him who had been so generously kind to two orphan girls. Therese added a postscript, expressing her own warm, grateful, enthusiastic feelings.

What a blessing to the count was that letter! It gave him new life, new happiness. He would see the two girls who expressed so much gratitude, and confess to them his whole sin. He would ask but their pity for his miserable life of remorse, and then after reinstating Therese in her rights, he would leave for some distant country. How much happier he was, after making this resolution! and with him to resolve was to do. The same day he started for Waldeburg Castle.

He was received with a hearty welcome by the worthy Gottlieb and dame, who saw no traces of his former sternness in his handsome face. They

were sure he had not come for evil, and they would have hastened to call the young ladies, who were out walking, had he not requested the privilege of surprising them upon their ramble and introducing himself. He was astonished at finding a young gentleman walking with the girls. He could easily see, before they saw him, that both were slightly embarrassed; and he was almost amused by the quick coming blushes on the beautiful face of Therese.

When he advanced, giving his name and telling them that he had been directed to them by Madam Ursula, their embarrassment increased, for an instant. Margaret immediately regained her composure, and gracefully apologized for their perplexity by telling them that she had met none who could claim the title of gentleman for eight years, while her companion had gained all her ideas of them from books and conversation with her. Therese was re-assured, and the four chatted gaily as they walked to the castle. When there, and Ursula added to the count's self-introduction the fact that he had sent their books, etc., their embarrassment was renewed. They could not express their thanks satisfactorily to themselves; he begged them to cease trying, assuring them that he intended, ere long, to tell them something, which would convince them that they owed him no gratitude.

But it is quite time the young gentleman, whom we, as well as the count, met so unexpectedly, was introduced. He was a young American artist, travelling on foot in Germany, that he might sketch some of the beautiful secluded spots. He congratulated himself upon the sweet scene he had secured to himself this day, and resolved, if it were possible to represent such rare beauty on canvass, that Therese should occupy the foreground of his picture.

How excited the girls were, when they retired that night. Either arrival would have been a great event; but the coming of two such gentlemen at once was almost too much to allow them to retain their sober senses. Day after day, the four rambled among the beautiful scenes to which the girls were such competent guides, in a kind of dreamy happiness which all knew could not be permanent, and which each dreaded to interrupt by referring to the future.

At length, Ernest Holmes, the artist, felt the delicacy of his position too keenly to be longer silent. He spoke to the count of his love for Therese, assuring him that he must leave her, unless he could have his sanction to his suit. He knew their acquaintance had been brief; but to hearts amid the wilds of nature, time ought never to be reckoned in days, and he could give

sufficient testimonials of his good character and position in his own land. The count replied that they would join the ladies, as he had something to say to them before considering his proposal.

Then he nobly confessed, to them all, his whole guilt. He did not try to make his sin seem less, but begged earnestly for the forgiveness of Therese. Most willingly she accorded it, assuring him that he had advanced her best interests much further than he could have done by having her educated in the ordinary way. As for the property, there had been, and would be enough for both, and she wished him to take care of it still in his own name. Then Mr. Holmes's proposal was mentioned; but I will not lengthen my story by repeating dialogue. Therese insisted that her vast property should be equally divided between her guardian and herself, and as she was going to America, none of his friends need know of her existence. He refused her offer point blank; he had been tormented long enough by living on another's right. In this, Margaret encouraged him; they had by some means learned their mutual love, spite of an unusual diffidence in the lover. Margaret assured him that the very large salary, which she had found no opportunity to spend, would be a fortune for them in America, whither she proposed their going.

Therese, seeing that her friends would be happier thus, yielded her wishes, though she privately said to her husband that her guardian would have occasion to rejoice that he had so effectually taught her to make magnificent presents.

Von Holstein settled the property in Germany as soon as possible, and then the six, for the reader may be sure that Gottlieb and Ursula were not left behind, came to the United States. The beautiful, accomplished bride of Ernest was warmly welcomed by his friends.

They are now fairly settled in their elegant American homes, and none ever regret the fatherland, though the picture of Waldenburg Castle, with Therese in the foreground, sometimes calls tears to the eyes of Ursula, who proves a notable American housekeeper, relieving her mistress from all care.

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DECAY OF THE MIND.—"The failure of the mind in old age, in my opinion," says Sir Benjamin Brook, "is often less the result of natural decay than of disuse. Ambition has ceased to operate; contentment brings indolence, indolence decay of mental power, *ennui*, and sometimes death. Men have been known to die of disease induced by intellectual vacancy."

## THE GIPSEY MAID.

~~~~~  
BY FRANK FARELOVE.  
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In the bright dawn of youth,  
When the lips utter truth,  
Ere the heart hath yet learned deceit,  
O would that the hour  
Had been fraught with the power  
Of retaining me still at thy feet.

Then the wild gipsy maid  
Would never have strayed,  
And afar o'er the wide world roam—  
Through the haunts of mankind,  
Ever searching to find  
A nook, where the heart feels at home.

But the Romany child  
Had a heart dancing wild  
To the music that called her away;  
And though pleasant was the dream,  
By the dashing, bright stream,  
Her quest was but pitied for a day.

And when the pale youth,  
With his heart full of truth,  
And his brain full of thought, seeks the glade,  
Does he dream of the night,  
In the witching moonlight,  
He first met the dark gipsy maid?

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## PAUL ELLIS'S FORTUNE.

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BY MARY L. MEANY.  
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"I EXPECTED to have a new beau for you this evening, girls, but he has disappointed me," said Mrs. Rivers, as she approached the centre-table, at which were seated several young ladies, who turned with girlish curiosity to ask their hostess for further particulars—all save Miss Agatha Bird, who continued turning over the book of engravings before her, with an air of perfect indifference, yet not losing a syllable of the information Mrs. Rivers proceeded to give respecting the new beau.

"You have all seen the beautiful house lately erected on the next street below, I presume? Well, that is owned by the gentleman in question, Mr. Paul Ellis, a rich old bachelor, who, after travelling half over the world, has come to the determination of settling in our town for the remainder of his life."

"And of finding a wife among us, also, without doubt, poor old man! What a pity, since there is not the smallest chance of his success," broke in roguish little Ida Percival, glancing very demurely at her companions.

"Of course not; who ever heard of a rich old bachelor getting a wife?" resumed Mrs. Rivers. "Yet such is the unaccountable stupidity of the



race that they never seem aware of so palpable a fact; and this Mr. Ellis, though in other respects a sensible and intelligent person, is not in this a whit better than his compeers; for he has the temerity to speak of domestic happiness as a blessing which has not hitherto been his, but will, he hope, crown his latter days."

"Infatuated man! he ought to be put in a strait-jacket," exclaimed Ida, again. "Do look up from those wonderfully interesting pictures, Agatha, and favor us with your opinion of this monomaniac."

"What are you all talking about?" queried Agatha, as thus appealed to she raised her eyes from the engravings, and carelessly leaning her head on one hand, turned to Mrs. Rivers. "Really, your friend, though absent, seems to create quite a sensation. But prithee, don't talk of his seeking a wife; if the poor old soul wants a nurse or a housekeeper, why does he not employ them at once?"

"Poor old soul!" repeated Mrs. Rivers, with a merry twinkle of the eye; for she was too shrewd not to see through the well acted indifference. "Why, he is wealthy, Agatha, and young enough—I dare say not over forty at the most."

"Or say thirty-five; rich bachelors are never over thirty-five or forty," said Agatha, drily. "I'll wager, though, this Mr. What's-his-name is not a day under fifty-five or sixty."

"Why, Agatha, have you seen him, or been dreaming of him, that you are so exact as to his age?" broke in Ida, again. "O, depend upon it, girls, Aggy is going to set her cap for the rich old bachelor."

A peal of girlhood's ready laughter followed Ida's words, in the midst of which Agatha replied, tartly, "You must judge me by yourself, Miss Percival," and walked loftily away. Ida regretted the effect of her playful raillery, and the conversation was changed.

Soon after the company dispersed, and Agatha Bird, with her grandmother, Mrs. Morley, started homewards, declining Mr. Rivers's escort, "as the distance was short." It was soon evident, however, that Mrs. Morley had a reason for declining, and that her hostess had been speaking to the matrons, as well as to the girls, of her tea party, respecting her new acquaintance; for on reaching the corner of the street, Mrs. Morley said:

"Let us turn down this street, Agatha. It is not going out of our way, and I wish to see the new house they are talking so much about."

"I saw it before it was quite finished, and it did not look like anything extraordinary," said

Agatha, carelessly. "That is it, standing back from the street on the other corner."

"Let us cross over," said Mrs. Morley.

They did so, and a few paces brought them to the new house, round which the moon threw its brightest beams, as if kindly desirous to aid the aged eyes in their scrutinizing survey. It was a double house, its cream-colored walls and green shutters contrasting prettily; and with the beautiful garden surrounding it, it was a cheerful, inviting place, though, as the young lady said, nothing extraordinary, or deserving of praise.

"And very likely," she added, "its owner will turn out not to be so rich after all, though they talk as if he were a millionaire."

"But he may be rich enough without being a millionaire," replied the elderly lady, as having concluded her observation, she resumed her walk. "The place is not a palace, to be sure, but it is quite handsome. I should like to see you mistress of such a house, Aggy; and if Mr. Ellis has an income corresponding with his dwelling, I think he is worth captivating."

The young lady did not say that she also thought so, but her grandmother had no doubt of her concurrence. A few days passed, and nothing was seen of Mr. Ellis.

"Where does he busy himself? One hears of him, but never sees him," said Mrs. Morley to Mrs. Rivers, who was paying her a visit, and, of course, chatting of the rich old bachelor.

"O, he has been too busy in fitting up his house to have time for visiting. But now he has it all nicely furnished, and has a housekeeper and a colored servant; as my husband told him yesterday, his establishment was perfect—there was nothing wanting. 'Yes, he answered, 'there was one thing—that now having adorned the cage, he was waiting for a bird to fly into it.'"

"Conceit is not the smallest of his possessions, I fancy," said Agatha, to whom the eyes of the visitor were turned. But no sooner had she departed, than the grandmother was startled by the sudden exclamation:

"Now, grandma, that is just the thing—Mrs. Rivers has given me an idea."

"What does the child mean?" queried the old lady, in utter bewilderment.

"Never mind till to-morrow, grandma; then you'll see, or rather hear something; trust me to succeed when I choose to try."

In furtherance of her purpose, Miss Agatha, the following afternoon, made up a little parcel of work, and took it to the seamstress, whom she occasionally employed. After giving directions about the sewing, she rose to go, at the same time, remarking:

"Your little Ann does not look well to-day, I think, Mrs. B——. Has she been sick?"

"She can scarce ever be said to be well; she is rather sickly, poor child," replied the mother.

"You confine her too much to the house, probably."

"Perhaps I do; but most of the children about here are so bad I can't bear to have her play with them. So she seldom goes out except of an errand, or when I can spare time to take her out for a walk."

"Suppose you allow her to come with me. I am going some distance, and it will do her good to be out this fine afternoon."

"O, Miss Bird, you are too kind," said the gratified mother; "I'm afraid you would find her troublesome."

"Not the least danger. She looks like a good little girl, and I love to amuse good children."

The overjoyed child was soon made ready; and taking her by the hand, and amusing her with talk suited to her infant years, the young lady led her through several of the principal streets in which she had scarcely ever been before, and she was consequently surprised and delighted with everything that met her view.

"Come in here, Ann," said Agatha, at last pausing at a confectioner's, "I am really hungry, and I dare say so are you."

They entered the store. Agatha ordering ice cream and sponge cakes, tripped up-stairs to the saloon, and took a seat beside a window which commanded a full view of Mr. Ellis's house on the opposite corner. She surveyed it leisurely, and came to the conclusion that it was really handsomer than she had imagined. As she gazed, two gentlemen came out on the portico, and after a little conversation, one took leave, while the other, evidently the master of the house, went in, leaving the hall door open. Agatha's face brightened, as if this was the chance she had been hoping for; and turning to her little companion, who was enjoying the feast, she began:

"Were you ever in this street before, Annie?"

The child replied in the negative.

"Then you will like to look at the beautiful gardens on the other side. When you have eaten your ice cream come to this window, and you can see far up and down the street."

The child gladly obeyed, and her eyes roving delightedly from one lovely spot to another, fixed themselves with a child's joyous admiration on Mr. Ellis's garden. Agatha, who had expected this, listened smilingly to her merry prattle, told her the names of many of the flowers, and stimulated her curiosity till she grew eager to have a closer view.

"Couldn't you go there, Miss Bird? They wouldn't mind you," she said, beseechingly.

"O, I should not like to do that, my little girl. I am not acquainted with the family that lives there. But you don't see the prettiest part of the garden, Ann. Come a little nearer; now look down as far as you can through the trees and bushes; now you see the beauties."

The child uttered an exclamation of rapture; for it was a multiflora, with its countless clusters of delicately tinted blossoms, that met her gaze.

"Ah, if I only had one of the pretty hunches to take home to dear mother!" she exclaimed, wistfully.

"I wish I could get you one, Ann; but it cannot be. Come, let me tie your bonnet; it is time we were going home."

The little girl reluctantly obeyed; but ere she left the room, ran back to the window to take just one more glance at the object that absorbed her thoughts.

"I never thought anything could be so pretty," she said, returning to Agatha, who was waiting at the door.

"It is very beautiful," she replied. "If you will promise to be satisfied, we will cross the street, and pass by the garden, so that you can have a better view of it."

The promise was given with a child's readiness; and Agatha, exulting in the certain success of her scheme, took her by the hand, and they were soon slowly passing in front of the garden, the child peering eagerly over the iron railing, and breaking into a little shout of delight, or holding her breath in the earnestness of her admiration. Agatha indulged her lingering pace, and was not sparing of her own expressions of pleasure in the lovely scene; for a quick glance at the mansion had caught sight of a manly form bending over a newspaper, the sudden rustle of which assured her that the child's gleeful exclamations had been overheard.

"There is the multiflora now in full view, little enthusiast," she said, at length, in her sweetest tones.

The child looked for an instant, then raised her eyes beseechingly.

"I cannot see it well for that tree. If I could only go in and take one good look."

"O, but that would be very rude, my dear," said the lady; but Ann felt the hand that held hers relax its pressure, and she ventured to continue her pleading.

"Just one little minute. I won't go far, nor touch a single thing."

"If I were sure I could trust you."

"O, indeed, indeed I won't."

"Well, for one moment only, you may go," began Agatha, affecting to yield to her entreaties; and the words had scarcely passed her lips, ere the delighted child bounded back to the gate, and hurriedly, though with cautious steps, skipped along a broad winding path till she stood before an arbor overrun with the luxuriant multiflora.

She had scarcely reached it, when a gentleman emerged from the side door of the house, and came toward her.

"Don't be afraid, my little one," he said, in a grave though kindly tone, as she turned to fly. "Did you wish to look at the flowers? You are quite welcome to go all through the garden, if you wish to."

"But the lady will be waiting for me, sir," Agatha heard the child reply, as she glided into the garden, and seemingly unconscious of another's presence, called softly to little Ann.

"Come, my child, your minute would extend to hours in this charming spot, I fear."

"But, Miss Bird, the gentleman said I might stay and—"

"The gentleman!" was repeated in a tone of surprise, but at the moment, Mr. Ellis, who had been partially concealed by a tall evergreen, came forward. The lady started, blushed (of course), and returned his very respectful bow with one of gentle dignity and reserve; then, in a ladylike way, apologized for the intrusion, pleading in extenuation the little creature's eager desire to enter. "It is so difficult to refuse a child any gratification," she added, with a winning smile.

Mr. Ellis made a courteous reply, and turning to Ann, desired her to run about as she pleased, and see all that was to be seen.

"I would rather stay looking at this," she replied, timidly, unwilling to withdraw her gaze from the splendid vine that seemed at every instant more beautiful to her longing eyes.

"Would you like to have one of those pretty clusters?" asked Mr. Ellis, kindly.

"O yes—yes, sir, I would rather have it than anything," she returned, with trembling eagerness, that made him smile somewhat sadly as he promised to give her one ere she left the garden; then bowing courteously to Agatha, begged the privilege of escorting her through the grounds. She assented, and as they slowly moved on, referred to the promise he had made her little protegee.

"The little creature will be overjoyed; for as we were sitting in the ice cream saloon opposite, she saw the multiflora, and wished she could

have one of the 'pretty bunches of flowers' to take to her mother. Poor child! in her humble home she has little to amuse or interest her."

And she gave a short sketch of her humble companion in a tone of touching softness. Mr. Ellis's fine eyes expressed his appreciation of her benevolence in bringing the sickly child out for a walk.

"It is truly an angel's work that you have done this day, lady," he said, earnestly. "Not merely in affording to this little friendless one an unaccustomed pleasure—though that was in itself an act of rare kindness—but in developing her innate love of the beautiful, you have conferred a lasting, an inestimable pleasure."

Then seeing his companion avert her head, as if modestly unwilling to receive his commendation, he changed the subject to one naturally springing from the scene around, and the pair made the tour of the garden in friendly conversation. Meantime little Ann, having satisfied herself with gazing on the object of her childish admiration, was flitting through the walks, stopping at almost every bush and flower, but not venturing to touch the blooming beauties.

"Come, Annie, your mother will be uneasy about you, I fear," said Agatha, as she reached the gate in her pleasant promenade.

Ann looked timidly at Mr. Ellis, fearful that he had forgotten his promise, but was quickly reassured by being desired to choose whatever cluster she fancied; and was almost wild with delight on receiving along with it several other flowers which she named as her favorites.

"Now, Annie, you must be a good child for a year, after getting so lovely a bouquet," said Agatha, playfully. "But have you not forgotten to thank the kind gentleman?"

Mr. Ellis replied kindly to the child's grateful thanks, and presented to the lady a branch of moss roses and mignonette, which she received with her most fascinating smile, and naively told him he had chosen her favorite flowers.

"Indeed! They are mine, also." And the gentleman's eyes spoke eloquently of the pleasure which this similarity of tastes gave him.

"What splendid oleanders you have, Mr. Ellis!" she said (for he had told her his name), and with a charming mixture of girlish frankness and timidity, she murmured, "I am tempted, since you are so generous of your floral beauties, to beg a few cuttings for my grandma. She is so partial to oleanders, and those she had died in the spring."

The gentleman, as in duty bound, professed that he should feel honored by being allowed to offer anything his poor garden contained; and

the lady repeating her acknowledgment, they parted, mutually pleased with the *accidental* interview.

Miss Agatha conducted her serviceable little companion home, as she had promised, then tripped lightly homeward to rejoice her grandma with full details of her successful stratagem. The old lady's pleasure was only equalled by her surprise.

"It was a wonderfully cute plan, Aggy; you not only got acquainted with the old bachelor by its means, but you have given him the impression that you are exceedingly kind-hearted; and men of his age generally set a great value on that."

"That was one reason why I took Ann; and besides, as she is such a moping thing, and her mother is not acquainted with any of our friends, there is no danger of any tattling about it."

"And so you really like the man, my dear?" inquired the old lady, peering anxiously over her spectacles at her grand-daughter.

"Yes—that is I really like his money, his house and garden," returned Agatha, laughing. "They would reconcile me to a far worse looking person; for this Mr. Ellis is really what might be called handsome, and very gentlemanly in manners and appearance; not so very old, either—as Mrs. Rivers says, probably not over forty. I had prepared myself to see an individual very different from him, and was most agreeably disappointed."

"I am very glad to hear you say so, my dear child," and the old lady looked as satisfied as if the matter were quite settled. "Ah! I was far from foreseeing this when your poor, dear mother left you an orphan to my care. And I have felt very uneasy about you many a time; for you know, Aggy, my small annuity will cease at my death, and the little I have been able to save, would be a poor provision for you. I do hope you and this rich old bachelor will make a match. If he only knows how to follow up the acquaintance thus commenced."

"It was a lucky thought about the oleanders, was it not, grandma?" said Agatha. "There is a chance for him to follow up the acquaintance, if he desires to do so."

"But suppose he should not take advantage of it?"

"I am sure he will. But if he has not sense enough to do so, I must tax my ingenuity to devise some other plan, for I am resolved not to lose this chance—such a one does not often offer."

Could Paul Ellis only have overheard this conversation as he sat at the same hour in his

cool, elegantly furnished parlor, looking out upon the fair garden, bathed in sunset dyes, and conjuring up visions of the future as rosy and sweetly beautiful as the scene on which he gazed dreamily! The vague fancies that had been wont to float mistily before his mental vision at that calm, lonely hour, now assumed a tangible form; and in his full, deep tones he unconsciously murmured "Agatha," or "Aggy," till the name that had at first sounded harshly, became sweet and pleasant, because belonging to one who now absorbed his thoughts. He saw again, in imagination, the graceful figure in its light summer dress, gliding by his side through the garden paths, and fancied how it would be were she mistress of the home which to him seemed desolate with all its beauty.

True, she was not beautiful, but that mattered not—she was pretty and ladylike, that was sufficient for him; he had a horror of your beauties, they were apt to be vain and silly. She was past the first bloom of youth, too, that was still another recommendation; for Paul Ellis was not of that class of old bachelors who fall in raptures with sweet sixteen. Though he was not old—his real age fell far short of forty,—he felt that he was no longer a young man, and he required as a wife a woman of mature mind—not a romping or sentimental school girl.

Certainly, Miss Agatha Bird was the very one for him, exactly to his taste in every respect—more than all in the active, though unostentatious, goodness of heart, which, in his estimation, was the crowning grace of womanhood. How touching was that simple act of kindness to the little girl, whom, clean and neat as was her attire, few young ladies would make the companion of their walk. Many will give a calico frock or a loaf of bread to the child of poverty, but few think of procuring for it an hour of innocent pleasure, that will brighten its dreary lot, and animate the drooping heart, which seems heir only to penury and neglect. O, Agatha Bird was indeed a jewel! Happy the man who could win her for his own! Ah! if he could be so fortunate!—if, tormenting doubt, why should it intrude to dispel his pleasing dream?

The next day Agatha was unable to settle herself to any occupation or amusement. She would put a few stitches in her embroidery, then throw it down wearily, saunter up and down the little parlor, pick up a book and glance vacantly through its pages, then stand at the window looking out intently, and finally with a yawn or pant, return to her work-table. Mrs. Morley looked up from her knitting now and then, as if in wonder. At last she spoke:

"A person would imagine you are expecting to see Mr. Ellis this morning."

"If I do not expect him, I at least expect a messenger from him; it is strange he is so tardy in sending."

Mrs. Morley's eyes opened wider with amazement, and she exclaimed:

"You surely do not fancy that he will send an oleander, my dear?"

"I surely do. If he has any sense at all, he will know how to do that; I am quite certain he will."

There was silence for a time, then Agatha, looking back from the window, triumphantly exclaimed:

"Behold the truth of my intuitive perception of his disposition."

The grandmother peeped through the blind, and saw a boy coming up the street with a fine oleander in full bloom.

"How could he have known where to send it?" asked she, dubiously.

"O, I took care to mention your name several times during our conversation, and any one could give him your direction. See! I am right—the boy is coming up the steps. I must open the door myself; for that stupid Peggy would ask a hundred questions."

So saying, she hastened to the street door. The boy was the bearer of a note also to Mrs. Morley, which was perused while he was conveying the plant to its destined position in the garden. It was brief, but courteous in the extreme, begging Mrs. Morley to do the writer the honor of accepting the oleander; and further, requesting the privilege of being allowed to call that evening and pay his respects.

"The old bachelor believes in taking time by the forelock," said Agatha.

"So much the better, my dear," responded the well pleased grandmother; and a favorable answer was returned to the note.

That evening beheld three persons seated in Mrs. Morley's parlor in the happiest frame of mind imaginable. Conversation went on briskly between the old lady and her guest, while Miss Agatha acted the part of a modest, retiring young lady to perfection. When she did speak, her well chosen words and carefully modulated tones increased her power over the already smitten bachelor; and when he departed it needed no seer to foretell that that call would prove the harbinger of many others. It was mid-summer when the acquaintance began. As autumn waned, Agatha impatiently awaited the declaration which she was assured would soon greet her willing ear; and the old dame grew chagrined

at the unaccountable delay. As to Paul, every visit to his charmer for the last fortnight had been made with the intention of propounding the important question; but somehow his courage always failed.

At length the decisive period arrived. It was a rainy, blustering November day, and having spent the morning musing in his study, he set out, after dinner, to call at Mrs. Morley's. The rain was falling heavily, but that was in his favor, for there would be no interruption from visitors; and Mrs. Morley had told him that in stormy weather she generally kept her room; so he anticipated a lengthy *tele-a-tide* with Agatha, during which his fate should be decided. Full of these thoughts, he reached the house, and rapped; but no one came to give him admittance. He turned the knob, and finding the door unfastened, let himself in. In doing so, he made more noise than was necessary, in order to announce his entrance, but the heavy rain probably prevented the sound being noticed; for though the back parlor door was partly open, no one came out, and the voices of both ladies were plainly distinguishable. His own name uttered by the younger lady induced him to pause in the entry. They were speaking of him; he would learn how he stood in their estimation ere he committed himself by a proposal. Eagerly he listened for the grandmother's slow reply.

"But, Aggy dear, I sometimes think that we may be mistaken in regard to his intentions. Some men will visit a house year after year merely to pass away their time, though Mr. Ellis does not seem like such a man."

"O, old bachelors are mostly old fools, and I dare say he is no better than the rest," returned Agatha, pettishly.

Could he credit his ears? Was that indeed his gentle, modest, sweet voiced Agatha? Smiling, half bitterly, at the discovery, he stood deliberating whether his wisest course was to depart noiselessly, and send a brief note to explain the abrupt cessation of his visits, when he was startled by Agatha's next words:

"But now tell me, grandma, what better thing can we do with that girl? If she is not the daughter of our Paul Ellis, she is at any rate some connexion of his, and I would not have him know of it for the world; for he is just foolish enough to think of bringing her up as a lady if he were to know about her, and that I should never permit; I am determined she shall never live in my house."

"Very likely," thought Paul; "but what can be this mystery?" and impelled by an irresistible impulse, he moved nearer the room.

"Well, it seems very odd," responded Mrs. Morley; "though to be sure, when I think about it, I seem to remember that Mrs. Lee told me the girl's name was Margaret Ellis, or something like it, when I took her to bring up; but never calling her any other name but Peggy since, I almost forgot that she had any other."

Agatha interrupted the loquacious speaker with fretful impatience.

"I tell you, grandma, there can be no doubt about the name; for when I took her up to the garret, as she persisted that Mr. Ellis must be her father, I asked her for the book she had mentioned; and there, true enough, was written, 'From Paul Ellis to his wife Margaret;' and on the same page, in a woman's hand, was a date—I forget precisely what—as the birthday of 'Margaret, daughter of Paul and Margaret Ellis.' When she goes to sleep to-night I must look over her things, for nothing that bears that name shall she take out of the house; and as for her staying here, it is out of the question."

"Well, my dear, I suppose you must have your own way; and perhaps it is the safest course. So you may write to Mrs. T— about her. I have no doubt she will be willing to take Peggy; for she will be handy, not only during the voyage, but after they reach California."

"Mrs. T— leaves next week, does she not?"

"Yes; on Tuesday, she said."

"Then we must keep the young lady within doors in the interim, and once she is gone we may hope to be rid of her forever. For a greater security I shall mark her things with some other name, so that she will have no proof of her assertions regarding Paul Ellis in future."

So saying, Agatha began her note to Mrs. T—, and for a short space no sound was heard, save the rapid gliding of her pen over the paper, and the click of her grandmother's knitting needles. The unsuspected listener meanwhile leaned against the wall, composing himself, ere he should make his presence known. At the name of Margaret Ellis he had turned deadly pale, and a tremor, as of some powerful emotion, shook his frame; but at the close of the colloquy indignation mastered every other feeling, and he was sorely tempted to rush in and overwhelm the pair with well-merited invective. But he restrained himself; and it was with a calm, though still pale countenance, that he at last rapped lightly, and pushing back the door at the same time, revealed himself to the astonished and bewildered ladies. They both started nervously.

"Bless me!" ejaculated the wonder-stricken old dame, while Agatha, recovering her presence

of mind, with a polite greeting, drew an arm-chair near the blazing fire.

Declining the proffered seat, Mr. Ellis, in as composed a manner as he could assume, said:

"Ladies, I ought, perhaps, to preface with an apology the confession that I have been a listener to your conversation. There are occasions, however, when nature triumphs over principle and good breeding. As this is one, I deem myself excusable. The child,"—his voice faltered, and his forced calmness gave way, as in a husky whisper, he added, "I must see her."

Mrs. Morley sat gazing upon him, as if suddenly struck dumb. Miss Agatha, overpowered by conflicting emotions, and feeling that her hopes were at an end, covered her mortification by seeming to sink into a deadly swoon.

"I must see the child of whom you have spoken, without delay, Mrs. Morley," repeated Mr. Ellis, maintaining by a violent effort his self-command.

But as well might he expect an answer from an Egyptian mummy as from the astonished woman; and unable to restrain his impatience longer, he darted up the stairway, and untying a cord by which the garret door was fastened, beheld a child crouched upon a small bed in one corner of the gloomy room. On hearing the door open, she buried her head in her lap, so that she did not know who entered; and before speaking to her he cast his eyes around the dreary, unfurnished garret, till espying a worn, though richly bound book lying upon the bed, he took it up, and with nervous fingers turned over its leaves.

It was the volume of which Agatha had spoken; and as his eye fell upon the record, traced in a delicate female hand, he kissed the writing with almost reverential affection, while an expression of mournful tenderness overspread his countenance. Then advancing, he laid his hand gently on the girl's shoulder. She sprang up tremblingly, but on seeing him, surprise banished all other feelings.

"Do you know me, my little girl?" he asked, in a kindly tone.

"No, sir," she answered, regarding him somewhat timidly.

"Come to the window. I want to talk with you a little while."

He led her to the window, near which was a small trunk, on which he sat, and drawing her down beside him, he scanned her features minutely. For a time he was silent from painful emotion.

In truth, she was a pitiable sight. Trembling with cold, her short hair falling forward on her

tear-stained face, her eyes swollen and inflamed from long weeping, she presented a mournful picture of childhood, forlorn and distressed.

"What is your name, my child?" at length he inquired.

"Margaret Ellis, sir."

"Where is your father?"

With drooping head, she replied that she did not know.

"How long is it since you last saw him?"

"I never saw him, sir," was the reluctantly spoken answer.

"And your mother?"

The question was put in a tone that seemed to touch the child's heart, and with fast falling tears, she replied:

"O, sir, my mother has been dead this long, long time!"

"Did you always live in this city?" was the next query.

"No, sir. I only came here with Mrs. Morley. We used to live in G——, and after my mother died, Mrs. Lee took care of me till Mrs. Morley took me to bring up."

"How long ago was that?"

"About four years I heard her say a few weeks ago."

"You go to school, I suppose?"

"O no, sir, I don't get time; for I have all the rough work about the house to do."

"And why are you up here in the cold such a day as this?"

In a frightened whisper—for she had been forbidden to mention the subject—the girl answered that in dusting the front parlor that morning, she had opened a beautiful new book, which she read was presented to Miss Agatha by Paul Ellis. She gave a cry, which Miss Agatha overheard, and on being told that Paul Ellis was her father's name, and that the gentleman who wrote that must be her father, Miss Agatha questioned her sharply, and shut her up in the garret for her impertinence. There she had since remained, cold, hungry and weeping.

A bitter, scornful smile curled Mr. Ellis's lip as he thought of the young lady's tender compassion for "the poor little creature," through whom he had made her acquaintance; but without dwelling on this, he asked the little girl if she had anything belonging to her deceased mother.

She replied that she had, and on his rising from the trunk, she took therefrom a small box, which she placed confidently in his hands. It contained a few trinkets, and a letter bearing his name, which he opened eagerly, and having read the commencement, with a burst of emotion he

drew the child to his heart, exclaiming with earnestness:

"My child! my own Margaret's child!—thank God, I have discovered you!"

She clung to him with a tightening grasp; for just then, Mrs. Morley, urged by her incensed grand-daughter, appeared, protesting against this unwarrantable conduct. But Mr. Ellis, subduing his emotion, calmly assured her that words were useless; he had found his daughter in her house and she should depart with him; but as he never intended his child should toil for her daily bread, he would remunerate the lady for her board and clothing. Then Margaret having by his desire donned her old bonnet and shawl, he took her by the hand and descended the stairs, she clinging to him fearfully till he closed the house door behind them. He conducted her into a store close by, and procuring a cab, they were soon driven to the house which Agatha Bird had hoped soon to enter as a bride. Anxious as he was to learn something of the child's history, he would not harrow up her feelings by touching on the subject, but exerted himself to enliven her during the repast which was soon made ready, after which, exhausted by the trouble and excitement of the day, she fell into a deep slumber. But sleep visited not the father that night. Memory's spell was upon him, and he sat musing on the early blighted dreams of love and happiness.

Years before, when finishing his collegiate course at Yale, he wooed and won a fair young girl, an orphan, with no near kindred, to whom his love came as the sunlight of her existence. Their marriage was private; for well he knew his father would not sanction it; but with the rashness of impetuous youth, he took the irrevocable step, trusting for after-pardon. He took board for himself and bride at a neighboring farmer's, until the conclusion of his term, when he resolved to return alone to his father's home, reveal what he had done, and obtain permission to return for his bride. To Margaret, also, this seemed the best course, and buoyed up with anticipations of a speedy reunion, they parted—parted to meet no more on earth.

The very day of Paul's arrival at home, his father accidentally discovered his secret through a brief letter penned by his son to inform his wife of his safe arrival. Mr. Ellis was dismayed for a moment, but his plan was soon formed. He was a man of iron resolution, yet of the most consummate policy; little scrupulous as to the means by which he might obtain his end. That evening as they sat together, and Paul was summoning resolution to reveal his secret marriage,

His father spoke of some business affairs in India, which required the presence of a responsible agent, and proposed that his son should be that agent, promising to make over to him the large sums involved, which would render him independent. The crafty father represented that the business would not require more than one or two years, and it was a good opportunity for making money and seeing something of the world, adding in a jocular way, that a friend of his was already thinking of bringing about a match between his daughter and Paul, but that he could never entertain the idea of a youth fresh from college marrying.

After this, Paul could not venture to reveal his marriage, but after much painful reflection, concluded to accept his father's offer. Though he grieved at the thought of leaving his loved Margaret for so long a time, yet with the buoyancy of youth, he imagined it would soon be past, and that then a life of comfort and happiness would be theirs. He wrote to his wife a long and persuasive letter, which his father took care should not reach its destination; and instead thereof she received a few hurriedly written lines, purporting to be from Paul, in which he directed her to set out immediately for G—, in a distant State, and there await his arrival. She was particularly cautioned to inform no one of her intentions on leaving, and not to write to him if he should not reach G— at the time he anticipated, as he would not be at his father's. This letter, which contained a liberal sum of money for her journey, completely deceived poor Margaret, who, intent only in following its directions, started the next day for G—. There the little Margaret was born; and then, after patiently expecting her husband till hope became a mockery, she died, leaving in her daughter's keeping a few trinkets, which she knew, if she ever chanced to meet her father, would be recognized by him as his own gifts; and a letter, in which she touchingly recounted her disappointment, her anxieties, her toils and sufferings.

The feelings of Paul when, on reaching the farm-house to have a parting interview with his wife, he heard of her sudden and unexplained departure, may be imagined. After lingering to the last possible moment in hopes of receiving some message from her, he left with the farmer's wife a letter, and a considerable sum of money, to be given to her if she returned, and with a heavy heart embarked for Calcutta. Several years elapsed ere, having brought affairs to a successful issue, he again beheld his native land. Again he sought New Haven, to renew his inquiries for his lost wife. His former hostess

produced a carefully preserved scrap of newspaper, and pointed to one in the list of deaths. "It is her name and age, poor dear!" she said, sorrowfully. The name or date of the paper could not be learned, as the fragment had been brought from New York around some purchase.

His fondest hopes forever blasted, Paul Ellis resumed his wanderings. The sudden death of his father rendered him affluent, and after journeying for years in his own and foreign lands, he finally made his permanent home in the city, in which he was destined to discover the child of his still regretted Margaret. There he was taken for an old bachelor, as he did not think it necessary to recount his unfortunate marriage, save to Agatha Bird, to whom he intended to confide it ere asking her to be his wife.

As for that young lady, her disappointment and chagrin were excessive when she found her confident expectations baffled; but she found some consolation in the money her grandmother received, according to promise, from Mr. Ellis, and in giving out that she declined receiving his addresses when she found he was a widower! Mr. Ellis only smiled on hearing this. Happy in the instruction and companionship of his newly found daughter, he no longer deemed his home lonely or desolate. As the girl grew up, blooming, happy and intelligent, he sometimes indulged himself with a retrospective view of the past, and thankfully recalled the "rainy day," on which, by his apropos visit to Mrs. Morley's, he lost a wife, who would have made his old age anything but happy, and found an affectionate, tender and amiable daughter.

#### A HEALTHY OCCUPATION.

Some years since a committee was appointed in Paris to investigate the influence on the public health of the stench generated by the workshops of the "Knackers." The occupation of the knackers consists in "the conversion of dead horses to useful purposes" (!). In one establishment, that of Montfaucon, no fewer than from twelve to fourteen thousand horses are disposed of annually, and as a consequence, the air in and about it is constantly charged with effluvia from animal remains in every possible state of decomposition. The committee reported in every examination made of this and similar establishments, that while the atmosphere was most "offensive and disgusting," there were no facts to show that it was unwholesome. On the contrary, it was inferred that this and other callings, which expose to animal effluvia in its utmost intensity, were conducive to health. During the prevalence of an epidemic fever, it was observed that not one case occurred among the great number of workmen in the Montfaucon establishment, and fewer in the neighborhood than in similar localities in other parts of the city.—*Foreign Correspondence of Boston Post.*



## TICONDEROGA.

BY JOHN D. PRESCOTT.

"You'd better take an umbrella;" suggested mine host.

"A umbrrell aint never no harm raound here;" officiously interposed the hostler.

I looked round me. A glorious October sun was rising above a ridge of the mountain. The morning vapors creeping lazily up the heights, kissed his half hid disk, and dissolved into translucent air. Not a cloud specked the sky. The atmosphere was as mild, and warm as could be expected after a night's embrace of the valley mist. Everything betokened one of those beautiful balmy early-autumn days, in which, I trust, discriminating reader, you delight as much as I. By what species of local divination, mine host and his clodpated ally augured the expediency of an umbrella, I was at a loss to determine. My feelings revolted against insulting such a morning, by sight of the obnoxious article; and so, with a hasty adieu, and a scowl at Jim for his clownish insinuations against the perfectness of God's handiwork, I was driven to the quay.

Were you never on Lake Champlain at early morning, when the fresh sunbeams glancing across the dewy hills pour over one shore a golden flood, and immerse the other in the gloom of night; when the struggling mist crawling slowly upward through the dales, discloses the seasonable cowboy with his silent herd, and when the only sound that breaks the stillness, is the plashing of the water under the steamer's paddles, or the winding of the early breakfast horn, as it echoes among the solitary hills?

Then have you not yet exhausted the resources of your country's poetry. There are no finer views in American scenery, than those which this beautiful lake presents. Its sinuosities render it picturesque, its associations romantic, and its soaring hills invest it with sublimity. There is not a rood of land on either shore, which is not eloquent of revolutionary days. Over these vast undulations, the audacious Stark roved, with his corps of rangers, making impudent reconnoissances, intercepting straggling foes, and betraying a penchant for doing harm, which made that hero an especial object of solicitude to his enemies. These solitudes once echoed with the thrilling strains of bugles, as the glittering pageant which followed the unfortunate Burgoyne hurried splendidly to destruction. It was that army's burial march, and the primeval woods echoed its funeral requiem. Recollections like these come crowding upon the memory, and add

the attractiveness of historic interest to the scenes by which you glide. It requires no unusual activity of fancy to array these yet primitive hills in glittering uniforms and glancing bayonets, hear the sharp repercussion of musketry, and conceive flotillas of batteaux gliding noiselessly and mysteriously within the shadows of the impending bluffs.

I was amusing myself in some such imaginings as these, when my ear was greeted by the most enthusiastic, "Hsow de dew," that ever burst from a Yankee throat. I looked up, and beheld, stretched over my shoulder, a neck of Rosinantic proportions, and a face which I had no difficulty in recognizing as the property of a "cute natyve," who had been astonishing a crowd of gaping auditors in mine host's bar-room the preceding evening.

"Pretty as a pictur, I swaow, aint it?"

I was surprised at so much appreciation of natural beauty in so uncouth a subject, but preferring to be left to my meditations, answered rather abruptly, when turning to a little Frenchman who stood near, he repeated his ejaculation.

"Yes, *tres bien*, ver mooch fine, but ven shall ve have ze *dejeuner*, ze vat you call breakfast, hey? I have ver mooch pain!"

The Yankee was evidently much disgusted at the small Frenchman's incongruous style of admiring things, and being bent on indulging his loquacity, turned to me again.

"Goin' threw the lake?"

"No!"

"P'raps you're goin' tew Berlington?"

"No!"

"To St. Albans, it's likely?"

"No!"

"Maybe yew're baound tew Ty?"

"Ty" was the talisman that instantly opened my lips to that Yankee's pertinacity. The appropriate abbreviation breathed a spirit of affection for the time-hallowed old citadel, which delighted me. I answered that I was going to "Ty," and, eager to obtain any information in regard to the interesting locality, inquired if he was acquainted with the spot.

"Know Ty? I may say that I riz like a sphenix, aout of its ashes. Why, stranger, if I was goin to land, I could pint aout to ye, within tew feet, the actewal spot where Ethan Allen fust landed on the York Shore."

This extraordinary accuracy of information interested me. Such minuteness I was convinced could only be the result of constant habitude with scenes so replete with historic associations, and early familiarity with local traditions. I therefore regarded my "cute" friend as an in-

valuable acquisition, and was not a little abashed when subsequent experience and reflection assured me that he had availed himself of the largest poetic license, and relied with surprising audacity upon the obscurity of antiquity, to inflict upon my credulity, a narrative utterly mythical. I subsequently learned, that to do the marvellous, was part of his profession, and was consoled upon the principle of the old saw, about "misery loving company," by the assurance that many a wiser man than I had been "done" by this miracle of cuteness.

I had long forgotten my Yankee informant, and was leaning over the railing, in unfeigned admiration of the constantly varying picture, when Tie-con-de-ro-ga, reverberated from stem to stern, through the handsome steamer. The rich, sonorous syllables, to which I am convinced, only the stentorian lungs of a Champlain steamboat captain can give full effect, made every cranny vocal. Just ahead was a little pier, extending several rods into the lake. Upon its extremity was built a small station house, and near by stood a flag-staff, around which was gathered a waiting group. The bell rings, the gangway is opened, the plank thrown, and—step quickly, my friend, the boat is not made fast—here we are on ground hallowed by the most vivid remembrances of the days that tried men's souls.

From the pier, the distance to the ruins is about half a mile. A wretched road winds off the bluff, and conducts to a point, from whence the plateau on which stand the fortifications is easily accessible. As I floundered through the highway, I reflected that if the redoubtable Allen achieved his famous conquests through mud like this, the world had given him credit for but half his laurels. Mine host's suggestion in regard to the umbrella recurred to me, and the species of induction by which he had argued its practicability were obvious. Nothing but the contumaciously "rainy season," could evidently have caused such a slough.

Instead of following the road, which bending around a slope, passes for some distance within a few feet of the rear works (the farmer drives his team within a biscuit toss of what was once a parapet, bristling with muskets, and hot with blazing ordnances), I turned to the left, and ascended the heights by a shorter but more difficult path. On one side of the narrow way rose a massive wall, in some places as smooth and firm as when last plumbd by the masons, but in others sadly torn and disfigured; a circumstance which a well built stone fence, a few feet distant, very satisfactorily accounted for. The ground was strewn with rocks, which had tumbled from

their places, and blocked up the way. I finally reached the plain, and stood, perhaps on the very spot, where eighty years ago, the bewildered sentinel snapped his fusée, harmless from long disuse, at the audacious hero, who "faced the tempest, and deserved the name of king."

The field presented an incongruous scene of dilapidated cellars and crumbling walls, from the midst of which arises a tall gray ruin, whose tall outline immediately attracts the attention. It is a portion of the old barracks, whose solid masonry has yet withstood the ravages of time, and the spoliations of neighboring farmers. It is to be regretted that the regularly hewn rocks of Ticonderoga make such excellent stone fences. This unfortunate peculiarity gives them an essential value in the eyes of the husbandman, who, like everybody else in this fast age, is ready to sacrifice whatever is venerable to the single consideration of utility. In an American, regard for the deeds with which his country's history teems, should save these old walls from mutilation. I approached this yet vigorous relic with feelings of unmingled respect. It was once the officers' quarters, and the decrepit old veteran who formerly explained the ruins to visitors was in the habit of pointing out the further door on the left on the upper row, as the place where the Commandant De la Place appeared, when Colonel Allen bade him such an affectionate good morning. At that time, this entrance was reached by a flight of wooden stairs, attached to the outside of the building, all traces of which were long ago obliterated. The roof of this structure is gone, and one end has partly fallen in, but the rest is comparatively well preserved. At one extremity a tall chimney-stack stands up boldly against the sky, and constitutes a prominent feature in the scene. The windowless apertures stare dismally, and the tottering rocks in jagged relief, present a picture of decay, mournfully significant of the ravages of the inflexible destroyer. In front is the parade, now strewn with rocks, and rank with noxious weeds. There, on that memorable morning, were drawn up in two lines, one half on the right and the other on the left, eighty-three Green Mountain Boys awaiting breathlessly, the result of the vociferous summons of their leader, which was thundering around the barracks.

How many a soldier, I meditated, who has hastened here, as the morning *reveille* awoke the echoes of the primal solitude, now sleeps beneath my feet, awaiting that last *reveille* which shall summon him to attend the "innumerable caravan," to be arrayed on the final morning, for the inspection of his Maker. Not then, soldier,

will burnished uniform and polished arms avail you, but purity of conscience, and a soul, "shining resplendent in the lustre of unsullied virtue." How often have these mouldering stones echoed to the peals of the gun at dawn, and reverberated with the martial strains, as the music beat down the line at morning parade? What tales of suffering could these crumbling vestiges of former strength reveal? To what groans of pain have they listened, as dying men brought to quarters by their comrades, filled the air with heart-breaking cries. This very spot may once have been the scene of some terrible conflict, or perhaps this ground was once stained by the blood of innocence, spilled by the arm of a remorseless savage.

I entered the officers' quarters through one of the dilapidated windows. The walls of three compartments are still standing in a greater or less degree of preservation. A few timbers are visible imbedded in the masonry, and partially charred by fire. The lower tier of windows reaches entirely to the ground, a fact which proves that a considerable amount of earth, introduced both naturally and artificially, during a long course of years, has raised the surface several feet above its original level. The limestone walls of this old building are in some places four feet in thickness, and the masonry seems solid enough to withstand the storms of years to come. Those venerable artisans were not chary of cement. Wherever the fissures are large enough to discover the internal structure, small chip-stones are revealed swimming in seas of mortar.

Extending from both ends of the officers' quarters, and at right angles to them, are the two rows of ruins which constituted the soldiers' quarters. The parade being between these buildings, was thus quadrangular in form and enclosed on all sides by the ranges of barracks. The quarters of the men are now so much impaired as scarcely to be identified. The walls are almost entirely demolished, excepting where occasionally lending each other a friendly support at the corners, they still rise grimly for several feet above the surface of the earth. The cellars piled up with rubbish and strewn with fragments of rocks, present a scene of melancholy desolation. Here and there the earth has been freshly thrown out and small excavations appear, in which credulous people have burrowed for treasures; but nothing has thus far rewarded the treasure-seekers of Ticonderoga, but discoveries of mouldering bones, misshapen bullets and corroded buttons. These, however, with a spirit intrinsically though not exclusively American, they convert into the precious metal by selling them as souvenirs.

Not far from the barracks, in the direction of the lake, is what is said to be the site of the old magazine, although it possesses no features to distinguish it from the mass of ruins around it. Into this the British once threw a shell from Mount Defiance, which looms up grandly on the right. It now presents a collection of irregular mounds, imperfectly bounded by a wall half hidden in rubbish. Roving flocks now browse quietly on a spot which was once filled with ingredients of destruction.

It is but a short distance from the magazine to the brink of the heights upon which Ticonderoga stands. From this point the view up and down the lake is gloriously beautiful. You stand upon an elevation of perhaps one hundred and fifty feet, and embrace at a glance, one of the most surpassingly lovely pictures that our ever magnificent American scenery can present. Those warriors had certainly the smiles of an unexampled landscape to reconcile them to their obdurate trade, and to the hardships of an untrodden wilderness. On the right is Mount Defiance, most happily christened, whose symmetrical sides, clothed in the richest emerald, seem to impart a tinge to the sky against which they meet. It needed but a battery blazing from its bald top, and a flitting corps of scarlet artillerymen, to complete a picture, of which the soldier, gazing from these heights, had often been an absorbed spectator. Somewhat to the north, and nestling in verdure, is the little village of Shoreham, where Colonel Allen rendezvoused on the night before his expedition.

Beneath your feet is the calm lake, at this point but little more than a mile in width. The shore line is exceedingly tortuous, so that although one abrupt curve intercepts the glassy surface, another brings it again within the range of vision, and the landscape presents a constant succession of little pellucid lakes, with wavelets glistening in the sun, and flecked here and there by a snowy sail. This feature of the scene renders it exceedingly picturesque—the series of lakelets growing gradually smaller and smaller with the distance, until far beyond, between a vista of miniature bluffs, they are seen to melt away and mingle with the horizon. The sense of solitude is as complete, as when this region was in its wildest state. Not a sound breaks the stillness, scarcely a sign of human habitation greets the eye; and when one turns back, and gazes on the ghastly ruins, a sad, dreary sensation of loneliness insensibly creeps over the heart.

The battlements facing the lake are built upon a solid ledge rising for a hundred feet almost perpendicularly upward from the shore. In many

places, the action of the frost has loosened the cement, and the rocks have tumbled down the heights, at the foot of which they lie, in unsightly heaps. In others, however, the works still spring up for thirty or forty feet, and present a surface smoothly faced, though gray, and worn with age. One angle of the glacis is in an extraordinary state of preservation, and with its history tradition, as usual, has interwoven a legend somewhat tragical. I give it as I heard it, without vouching for its authenticity.

During one of the many periods, when the French Canadians and Indians were leagued against the English for the possession of this continent, a powerful sachem of a northern tribe introduced his daughter for protection, within the walls of Ticonderoga. She was surpassingly beautiful, the darling of the old warrior's heart, and possessing all the virtues, with none of the vices of the Indian character. She had plighted her faith to a lithe young Indian hero, who was now on an expedition to St. John's, in the northern part of the lake. Her father had sanctioned her betrothal, with his blessing, on the morning of the youth's departure. A brevet colonel of French infantry attached to the garrison, being attracted by her beauty, assailed her with a heartless tale of passion, and made proffers, which caused the cheeks of the young Indian girl to tinge with indignation and shame.

She bitterly spurned his proposals, while at the same time she kept the secret of his insolence confined within her own bosom, lest a knowledge of it should alienate the high-spirited chieftain, her father, from his allies, and estrange him from a cause in which they shared a common interest. Regardless of her scorn, and unintimidated by her heroic attitude, this garrison Lothario persisted in persecuting her with his importunities, while she continued bravely to rely upon her own resources to preserve her purity, rather than endanger the fortunes of her father, her lover and her race, by hazarding a disclosure of her peril.

One evening, as she was crossing the esplanade between the barracks and the ramparts, she was intercepted by the French officer, who seized her hand, and falling on his knees, reiterated his dishonorable passion, and pointing to an orderly servant, who was holding the heads of a couple of horses behind an angle of a bastion, declared his purpose of forcibly abducting her, if she any longer refused to accede to his wishes. As quick as thought, the Indian girl broke from his grasp, and leaped like lightning upon the parapet, where she stood like Rebecca, defying the licentious Brian Bois du Guilbert. There the similitude

ends, however, for seeing the officer springing after her the poor Indian maiden uttered a heart-piercing shriek, and took the frantic leap. Her mangled corpse was picked up the next morning by a water-guard, and brought into the fort. Big drops of anguish stood upon the brow of the old warrior as he gazed on his dead girl, but his eyes exhibited no unmanly tokens of grief. The French colonel guarded his secret well, and escaped the father's retribution.

Leaving the scene of the Indian's tragic fate, and following the line of circumvallation, a short *detour* brings you upon the rear-works. Here the business of demolition is almost complete. Nothing remains but an irregular margin of rocks, piled upon each other in broken masses. From these rough vestiges, however, one is enabled to trace the outline of the bastions and curtains with sufficient precision. Nearly all the angles are clearly enough marked for identification, and wherever the Gothicism of all practical husbandry has been unusually merciful, the boundary lines of the flanks and faces of the outworks may be distinguished. Within a few feet of the prostrate ramparts, winds the dreary high road, while beyond is presented a dismal landscape of rugged fields, rockribbed, and overgrown with gnarled and stunted shrubs.

This spot was the scene of one of the most disgraceful repulses which ever attended the British army in this country. The splendid expedition under the young Lord Howe, which sailed down Lake George against Ticonderoga, with all the pomp and magnificence of martial pageantry, so graphically described in one of Cooper's later novels, was repeatedly repulsed, and finally forced to a precipitate retreat, by a much inferior army behind these breastworks, under the Marquis de Montcalm. On that day, the life gushing from the hearts of six hundred soldiers, soaked this bleak plain in blood. The disgraceful termination of this ill-starred expedition, as the world knows, was due to the incapacity of General Abercrombie, the successor of the unfortunate Howe, who was shot in a skirmish before the battle. The Marquis de Montcalm gained much well-deserved credit for the skillfulness and bravery with which he defended the fortress against an enemy whose soldiers were veterans, and whose numbers were more than double those of the garrison.

The varied imaginings, the philosophy, and solemn reflection, which hover around this locality, when contemplated in connection with the memories of its mournful history, invest it with an interest too touching and melancholy not to excite emotions in the most careless spectator.

Between the rear defences and the barracks, is an irregular plateau of several acres in extent. This area is undulating in its character, and its scanty herbage has furnished an unsatisfactory pasturage to many a deluded sheep, since the time when its once smooth surface facilitated only the passage of gun-carriages and artillery horses. At a point about three-fourths the distance across the plain, is cut a deep trench, whose course runs nearly parallel with the outer works. In some places the walls of the talus or slope are in perfect preservation. Its rocks, imbedded as they are in solid embankments of earth, are less assailable than those above ground, and the peculiarity of its position has defended it against the despoiling hands of those, whose ancestors it once preserved from spoliation. In other places, however, more accessible, the masonry of both the scarp and counterscarp is entirely obliterated, and nothing remains to indicate its course but an irregular chasm. The part which exhibits the least mutilation and decay, is at a point where, to preserve its parallelism, the trench makes an angle, corresponding with a salient angle of the exterior defences. Here, the facing of the walls is still perfect, although the cement has crumbled from between the stones, and externally, the surfaces present a toppling and unsteady appearance. The mortar within, however, holds them with a tenacity which would preserve the structure for years if let alone.

I had nearly finished my explorations, and was enjoying the glorious view from the edge of the bluff, when I was accosted by a man, whose accent betrayed an Hibernian pedigree. He pointed to a microscopic shanty, far down at the base of the heights, and told me, that though that had been his habitation for half-a-dozen years, he knew nothing about the ruins. Shade of Mr. Jonathan Oldbuck! Six years a dweller on a spot whose every mouldering rock tells a tale, and so insensible! In an American, such extraordinary apathy would at once have subjected him to the suspicion of not being indigenous. In an exotic Irishman, it was less remarkable. He soon disclosed the object of his visit, by exhausting a capacious pocket of sundry relics, all well authenticated and duly appraised. The inventory of his small stock comprised bullets, perfectly whitened, and of a variety of forms, shot rough and mishapen from incrustations of rust, gun-flints, and Indian arrow heads. All these he told me, the earth around his dwelling yielded plentifully; and occasionally the spade struck against the decaying bones of some soldier, who had been buried where he fell. The man dilated lugubriously upon these rough mementoes, and

told their probable history, with remarkable unction. He was evidently one of those, who, "grieved for an hour perhaps;" and would doubtless rehearse the same eloquent narrative to the next visitor who encouraged him to empty his pockets.

I was indebted to the Irishman for an introduction to one of the most interesting and best preserved ruins which Ticonderoga now affords. It is the bakery. This is a subterranean room, situated within the range of barracks, which formed the side of the parade, opposite the officers' quarters, and is accessible from one of the dilapidated cellars. The aperture by which it is entered, is half-choked up with rubbish and fallen stones. It is an oblong apartment, with an arched roof, pierced on one side by a sky-light, which is now in so ruinous a state as to present merely the appearance of an irregular hole. The masonry of the arch is two or three feet in thickness, and is perfectly solid. The floor is covered with the clay and rocks, which have found access through the door and window. At the further extremity, are two dark holes, the entrances to the ovens. They are now obstructed by loose earth and rocky fragments. It is currently reported and believed, throughout the neighborhood, that there are two underground passages, connected with these ovens, one conducting under the bluff to the shore of the lake, and the other leading to a well, yet visible by the roadside. No one, however, has had the temerity to explore them. The extraordinary massiveness and solidity of this old structure, indicates that the original engineers properly appreciated the sanctity of the *cuisine*, and were unusually prodigal of genius in consecrating an inviolable temple to the divinest of arts.

As I crawled out of the narrow aperture a large raindrop struck my hand, and simultaneously my guide ejaculated, that; "sure, this wither would make a flash of him intirely!" Mine host's implied prediction was verified; the sky was overcast, and the fast falling drops were giving a darker tint to the gray rocks. I bade a hasty farewell to "Old Ty," whose grim ruins seemed to glare reproachfully, through their ghastly windows, that there had been, "a chiel among them takin' notes" of their present imbecility, and decrepitude, and floundered to the hotel.

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"Right on the Goose Question."—Somebody making use of this familiar quotation, the other day, a matter-of-fact gentleman present said, "I don't know what you mean by 'goosee.'"  
 "Ah! my friend," replied the 'somebody,' "not to know a goose, argues yourself unknown."  
 Witty, but not very complimentary.

## "MOTHER, I AM WEARY."

BY MRS. S. E. DAWES.

[A correspondent of the *Elmira Republican* says that in a recent trip over the New York and Erie road, an incident occurred that touched every beholder's heart with pity. A comparatively young lady, dressed in deep mourning—her husband having recently died—was travelling southward, having in her care and keeping a young daughter of some six years. The little girl was mild-eyed as an autumnal sky, and as delicate as the hyacinth—her emaciated fingers as delicate and transparent as the pearls of Ceylon. Touchingly beautiful was the affection of her heart for the mother, whose solicitude for the daughter's comfort was unceasingly manifested. Looking ever and anon from the car window, she turned to her mother, saying: "Mother, I am weary—when shall we get home?" After a time she fell into a gentle slumber, and awaking suddenly a radiant smile overspreading her features, she exclaimed, pointing upward: "Mother, there is papa!—home at last!" and expired.]

"O mother, I am weary, I would lean upon thy breast,  
For my head is aching sadly, and I long to be at rest.  
And tell me, are we near? shall we see our home to-day?  
For mother, I am weary, I am weary of the way.

"I would see it once again, for the skies look brighter  
there,

And I fancy I could breathe more freely in its air.  
'Tis the dearest spot I know, I love its cherished name,  
I wonder, mother darling, if it's looking just the same?

"It is not hidden now by its summer veil of leaves,  
And looking yonder, mother, do you see it through the  
trees?

Our journey has been long, and I would cease to roam,  
For mother, I am weary, I am weary for my home.

"Through the window by my side I've been looking all  
the day,

And thinking, mother dear, how long we've been away.  
And you look weary too, but rest shall be so sweet,  
When once again at home the absent ones we'll meet."

"I see it, darling mother, I see your cheering smile,  
And now my weary eyes, I will close them for awhile;  
And fold me closer now, still closer to thy heart,  
For something tells me, mother, that you and I must part."

The little maiden slept, and o'er her brow of snow  
There gathered in her slumber, a bright, celestial glow,  
And a radiant smile of love o'er her little features stole,  
And thro' her waking eyes beamed forth her happy soul.

"O mother, he is coming, I see my dear papa!  
He's wings are like the angels, his face is like a star.  
He's holding out his arms, the weary hours are past,  
To a fairer world I'm going, I've found my home at last!"

## SMOKING AND SNUFFING.

BY MRS. M. E. ROBINSON.

WALKING and talking, riding and reading, laboring and lounging, Ichabod Wise smoked. It was puff, puff, puff, from morning till night, and from night till—bedtime. Cigars found as natural a resting place between his lips as did the tongue in his mouth. Eating and sleeping were the only occupations in which they could conveniently be dispensed with, although he argued that an hour's smoke, were he nervous or rest-

less, lulled him into a delicious slumber; and a four cent Havana proved the best dessert he could taste. Mrs. Wise needed no perfumery; the extract of smoke was most thoroughly disseminated through her entire wardrobe; collars and caps, gloves and gaiters alike heralded their coming. The peculiar odor had so impregnated every apartment, that none could long remain ignorant of the habits of the master of the house. The neat wife aired and aired, opening wide the windows and doors on every practicable occasion for the egress of the unwelcome essence, besides burning various condiments in the hope of overpowering the predominating exhalation. Alas for Mrs. Wise! she utterly failed in her laudable intention.

"Ichabod," she said, gathering up the cigars and ashes that that individual regularly deposited upon the mantel, "I wish you'd leave off smoking."

"Ah!" responded placid-faced Ichabod.

"Yes; wont you?"

"I'll see about it; perhaps it'll come right one of these days. But I don't see, Rebecca, how you can have the heart to wish to cut off such a simple and harmless gratification—such a cheap amusement."

"It is neither harmless nor cheap," was the reply.

Mr. Wise took out his cigar and smiled incredulously.

"It is a dirty habit, too," resumed Mrs. Wise, energetically. "A gentleman will not suffer his mouth to be soiled by contact with tobacco in any form; at least, that is my opinion."

"But smoking is not chewing, my dear? I wouldn't be guilty of chewing; it is a dreadful bad way for a man to get into—chewing is."

"One is as bad as the other, though perhaps the former is not quite so obnoxious to the generality of people," she rejoined.

"But my dear, smoking is fashionable, everybody smokes; and what the majority do, must be right." And the speaker strengthened his argument by an emphatic puff.

"Fashionable! And because some brainless exquisite discharges a mouthful of smoke in a lady's face, you would feel yourself warranted in doing the same thing, would you? Fie, Ichabod!"

"My dear Rebecca, you're quite off the track; I smoke in the street, as you well know," returned the quiet Ichabod; "yet I consider it decidedly out of taste to go on a public promenade with a lighted cigar in one's mouth. In fact, were I a lady, I should object to walking with a gentleman addicted to the habit."

"Yet you see no impropriety in puffing smoke into my face whenever you feel disposed!" retorted Mrs. Wise.

"There's an enormous difference between you and the public, Rebecca; you're my wife—a favored individual, with whom I am to feel no diffidence, no restraint, no formality. If I can't smoke in your presence, where can I smoke?"

"But it makes me sick and dizzy; I've assured you of that a great many times, Mr. Wise."

"It can't be possible! Why, when I'm sick, it makes me well! Strange we are constituted so differently!"

Ichabod lighted a fresh Havana. Rebecca looked resolute.

"I've a mind to learn to smoke myself," she said, after observing him a few moments. "If it is such an unalloyed gratification, I should like to participate in it. What a famous time we could have puffing away together!"

"Capital! try it, Rebecca! I shan't oppose it in the least. If there's one bad trait of character that I don't possess, it's selfishness; I enjoy myself, and I'm willing and desirous that everybody else should do the same. I smoke, and I've no objections to your smoking; or snuffing, or chewing, if you like them better. Individual sovereignty is a great thing, Mrs. Wise!"

A cloud of blue vapor so enveloped the sapient head of Ichabod that he did not see the peculiar expression of his wife's face; the fixed determination, the suddenly formed purpose. Silence prevailing, the individual with the cigar began to feel drowsy; the puffs were fainter and farther apart, and finally the fascinating roll of tobacco was taken from his mouth and laid upon the mantel. Sleep took possession of the senses of Ichabod, who was Wise by name if not by nature.

"You have not given me the money for dinner," observed Mrs. Wise, as her connubial partner was leaving the house, upon the next morning.

"I laid it on the mantel, last night. You will find it there."

Mrs. Wise looked in the place indicated and found part of a cigar and some burned fragments of a bank note. Holding them up to view, she said:

"A harmless habit is smoking, certainly!"

"Why—how in the world—"

"A cheap amusement, and cheap in its results; isn't it, husband?"

"How could that happen? I surely didn't—"

"Yes, you surely did put a lighted cigar on this bill, and here are the remains of it. A sim-

ilar thing has happened twice before. Ah! here is a V in one corner. Five dollars gone for half a cigar!"

Ichabod had no relish for a lengthened conversation on this particular theme; so he produced more money and hurried away.

His wife Rebecca mused.

"When we walk he smokes, when we talk he smokes. Everything smells of cigars, from myself down to the scrubbing-brush. It's a habit that costs me a great deal of annoyance, and him a great deal of money. It ruins his health and my carpets. It consumes a great deal of time and tobacco, and mortifies and embarrasses me not a little. Cannot something be done to show him the folly of being enslaved by a Principe or an Havana? Cannot I, a woman, possessing, perhaps, in some degree a woman's wit and shrewdness, invent some way to cure him of smoking? I'd learn to puff myself, but unfortunately I have a very vivid recollection of an experiment in the smoking line, practised in my younger days. My sensations were not pleasurable; I have no hesitation in confessing that I was decidedly miserable. I felt so little like myself, that I should be unwilling to risk losing my identity again. "Like cures like" may be a good maxim, but in this case it isn't available. Yet Ichabod must be cured."

On the following day Mr. and Mrs. Wise descended to the dining-room together. The former took from his pocket a cigar case and proceeded to get up an appetite for breakfast by the use of a portion of its contents; while the latter, producing an enormous snuff box, composedly took a generous pinch. Almost immediately a hearty sneer followed this simple action; then another, and still another, until sternutation promised to be Mrs. Wise's employment for the day.

Ichabod started at these unusual manifestations, smoked away faster than ever, and then endeavored to look much amused. But Rebecca's face reflected no merriment; she was sober, nay serious, as (the snuff having spent its force) she took her seat at table and began to pour the coffee. When the meal was concluded, the cigar and snuff were resumed. Smoking and sneezing were as earnestly carried on as though they constituted the chief employment of life. A rocking chair held Mrs. Wise, snuff box in hand, and Mr. Wise leaned his back against the wall, manifestly regarding the matter as an excellent joke. As long as the cigar did duty, so long was snuff administered to an unoffending nose; when that was laid aside, the box of goodly proportions was con-

signed to her pocket, to remain till its rival again called it forth.

"Come down to the store this morning, Rebecca, and I'll go with you to look at those paintings on exhibition," said our hero, determined to take no notice of this new freak of his wife's. "Come at ten; I have an hour then at my own disposal."

Rebecca went; she was fond of paintings; but the snuff box went, too.

When, as usual, Ichabod's mouth was equipped with a cigar, a pinch of Maccaboy found its way to his helpmate's nostrils; the effect was not quite so startling as in the first application, but the pedestrians who jostled past our couple were occasionally startled by a series of sneezes, commencing piano and ending forte.

From being amused Mr. Wise began to feel somewhat annoyed. His wife was a very pretty woman and very prettily dressed; he disliked to see a huge snuff box in her gloved hand, or witness the curious, inquisitive glances of passers-by. He had purposely refrained from speaking of this new phase, in the morning, hoping it would prove of short duration. But now matters looked threatening. What did she intend to do? Why, take snuff, it was evident, and whenever and wherever it suited her fancy. He flung away his cigar and quickened his steps; Mrs. Wise concealed her box, and he breathed easier.

"I won't seem to remark this freak, and doubtless she will soon tire of it; indifference will be better than expostulation," thought the long-headed Ichabod; as they entered the exhibition room. "Women are so fractious and obstinate, at times, that one feels necessitated to let them have their own way."

Now habit so tyrannized over the forbearing husband, that he could not enjoy looking at the fine paintings hanging about him, without a cigar between his lips. He would not insist upon having it lighted, but he wanted to feel its sympathizing presence—to be certain of its consoling proximity. The distance was short between his pocket and his mouth, and the desire was put into action in less time than we have been patting the thought into words. Absorbed in a beautiful landscape, for a brief space he forgot the existence of Mrs. Wise; but a hurried glance around discovered her quietly sitting on a sofa opposite, in the act of tapping the cover of the dreaded box. Already she was beginning to attract attention. He caught her eye at the moment her finger and thumb secured a small quantity of the fragrant powder, and at the same instant he unaccountably dropped his Havana; while the snuff, strange to say, was

recklessly wasted on the dirty floor. Curious coincidence! Twice or thrice his fingers wandered nervously to his pocket, but he mastered the inclination, and walked about as indifferently as though cigars had no existence.

"Plague take the woman!" he muttered. "What crotchet has she got into her head now, I wonder? I never knew she was addicted to snuff-taking. Detestable habit! worse than smoking a pipe or chewing opium! I hope she doesn't intend to keep it up, at home and abroad. If she does, I'll—I'll apply for a divorce! Snuff! But I won't appear to notice it, and I've no doubt she'll keep the dirty thing out of sight."

Mr. and Mrs. Wise left the hall, discussing the merits of the different pictures, snuff and cigars being mutually avoided. Upon going home to dinner, he found some relatives whom he had not seen for some years, and to whom Mrs. W. was a total stranger. But it seems that she had introduced herself, and—her snuff box; for as Ichabod entered, she was engaged in passing it around for the good of the company.

"Excuse me, Mrs. Wise; I never use snuff; but mother will be happy to keep you company," said a young cousin, good humoredly, declining the offered box.

The new-comer was so much confused by this (to him) extraordinary behaviour, that he failed to do himself justice in the greeting of his friends. That his wife might persevere in her new undertaking, had never occurred to him; and that she should expose her weakness (for so he viewed it) before company, was a greater wonder. The dinner, which was excellent, he could not relish; visions of accidental deposits of snuff in the gravy and pudding, interfered with his appetite, which was generally keenly appreciative of good cooking. But he kept up an animated conversation with his guests to disguise the newly fledged prejudice. About half an hour after leaving the table, the host began to feel uneasy; the trouble was, he wanted to smoke. And smoke he did, after remarking "that he hoped that cigars were not offensive to any one present." No dissenting voices being heard, Ichabod's happiness commenced; but simultaneously with the cigar-case appeared the snuff box, Mrs. Wise treating herself to the scented powder with the gusto of an old grandmother.

"Ichabod smokes and I snuff; he uses tobacco rolled and I powdered," she went on to say, with great sang froid. "I really felt quite lonesome to sit and see him enjoying himself so much, cut off as I seemed to be from any part of his gratification; so I got some genuine old



Maccaboy, and now I feel quite contented-like. To be sure, I sneezed a great deal, at first, which was a slight drawback to my happiness; but now I can take as big a pinch as anybody, and not have my head feel as though it was going to fly off. Once I used to think that smoking was a vile practice and snuff-taking a disgusting habit; but it's wonderful how completely my prejudices on these points have been overthrown, and, as I may say, thrown to the winds. Yes, it's almost miraculous how my opinions have changed! Aunt," she added, turning abruptly to an elderly lady near her, "I shouldn't wonder at all if I should soon take to cigarettes."

"I hope not, my dear," was the response.

"And why not?" queried Mrs. Wise, in seeming surprise.

"Because—don't be offended, my dear, at an old woman's opinion—because a lady's breath should never smell of smoke."

Rebecca laughed and fortified herself by another liberal pinch out of the capacious snuff box.

"That's a primitive idea, aunt. Do you not know that to smoke well is considered an elegant accomplishment, now-a-days? It's decidedly genteel!"

A pitying smile was the only reply to this enthusiastic avowment.

"Pipes are vulgar; I don't think I would patronize pipes; but I don't doubt I should look charmingly smoking a cigaretto. And then Ichabod and I can take so much comfort together. Poor fellow! he's puffed away so many hours alone, that it's quite time his taste were reciprocated. Say, Ichabod, won't it be delightful?"

At this glowing picture of future felicity the visitors exchanged significant glances, and Ichabod, with flushed face and hurried manner, left the room, pleading an imperative engagement. That his wife was fast taking leave of her senses, he was tempted to believe; else why did she act so peculiarly and use such strange words? He preferred to listen to two lectures a day upon the ill effect of cigar smoking, than hear her make such a remark as her last one, or see her take such huge pinches of snuff. His wife's pretty fingers and classic nose soiled with snuff! Pah! it was too revolting to think of!

"Take care, sir—take care of my corns!" said a voice, and looking up, Mr. Wise recognized his old family physician whom he was about running over.

"Ah, pardon me, doctor! I was careless, I fear."

"Monstrously so! At the rate you were going

I might have been crushed, if I hadn't been fortunate enough to gain your attention," pursued the professional man, good naturedly, putting his capacious person in motion.

"The truth was, doctor, I was thinking," said Mr. Wise, apologetically.

"Of what?"

"My wife."

"Then you can be pardoned; for few husbands are guilty of thinking about their wives, especially after being a married man so long as you have!" was the laughing retort.

"Don't joke, doctor! I'm not in the mood; besides, I want your advice."

The small, twinkling eyes of the physician were fixed an instant on the sober visage of Ichabod; then he said:

"Well—your wife?"

"My wife, sir, I'm suspicious, is in a very bad way."

"In a bad way! Why didn't you let me know before, and get a prescription for her? Negligence, sir, negligence!" fumed Esculapius.

"Because I haven't supposed, until to-day, that she needed attention," replied Ichabod, in an humble tone.

"The symptoms, sir, the symptoms?" peremptorily.

"Water from the head, snuffing, and violent and continuous sneezing."

"Bad, very bad! Catarrh—the most aggravated kind of catarrh! I'll drop in and examine the case this very afternoon, by your leave."

"Do so, my dear doctor; but first let me remove any wrong impression my words may have given you. My wife will not confess herself sick; women are so eccentric about such matters, sometimes, you know."

"Ah, don't trouble yourself! I perfectly understand the whims of the feminine world." And thereupon Dr. Bolus complacently produced his snuff box, wrapped the cover, and snuffed with much satisfaction; which movement caused Mr. Wise to recoil in alarm. Bolus sneezed and walked on, while his young friend went puffing in an opposite direction. The latter heard several staccato explosions after the old doctor turned the next corner, distant about rifle range, which caused him to quicken his footsteps, and exclaim:

"Confounded bad habit for man or beast is snuffing! If I had a dog that took snuff, I believe I should kill him!"

Ichabod returned to tea at the usual hour. When he opened the parlor door his wife was in the very act of sneezing. Dr. Bolus was present, and she was taking snuff with him very

cosily—with the nonchalance of a veteran who has snuffed ten pounds a year. Alarming spectacle! both physician and patient were indulging in the contents of that odious box! He fancied the former looked unusually grave, and felt not a little curious to know what his opinion might be.

"I find your lady affected with a very singular disease of the head," Dr. Bolus remarked: "I haven't met with a case just like it for several years."

"Indeed! What seems to be the difficulty?" said Ichabod, somewhat wrought upon by the doctor's serious manner.

"It is an obstruction of the estachian tubes, with an accumulation of morbid matter upon the pituitary glands, which affects the whole sensorium," quoth the doctor, with professional solemnity.

"Nothing dangerous, I presume?" added the husband.

"All derangements of the human system are dangerous, if neglected or improperly treated," remarked Bolus.

"You can set her to rights in a few days, doubtless?" continued Ichabod, who was now getting really anxious.

"The brain, my young friend, is a very difficult organ to reach," asserted the doctor, with emphasis. "A little reflection will convince you that it is not easy to apply the remedy to the diseased structure."

"You don't mean to affirm that you have no medical agent that will apply to her case?" exclaimed Ichabod, now quite nervous.

"Certainly not," replied the doctor, reaching across the centre table to dip his thumb and finger into Mrs. Wise's snuff box. "There is a remedy."

"What is it?" queried Ichabod, with evident perturbation.

"Har-chew!" went the doctor.

"Har-chew!" followed the patient.

Both used their handkerchiefs, and then Bolus said:

"Snuff," with a solemnity befitting the occasion.

"Snuff," repeated the fair patient, feelingly.

"Snuff!" added Ichabod, starting from his seat as though a highly galvanized plate of zinc had been introduced between his person and the chair.

"Snuff," continued the doctor, "is—"

"An invention of the devil!" cried Ichabod.

"Har-chew!" quoth Mrs. Wise.

"Snuff is a very cheap and convenient remedy, and acts powerfully on the olfactory nerves,

and even on the substance of the brain itself," pursued Bolus.

"I should think it might!" groaned Ichabod. And at that instant the doctor's nose went off with a terrible explosion.

"But seriously, doctor, is there no alternative? It is a most disgusting remedy!"

"On the contrary, sir, 'tis a most delightful medicament. In the course of a year, by plentiful application of Maccaboy, your wife will sneeze away all her bodily ailments—a very easy way of getting rid of trouble, I think. But I won't warrant a cure unless she will take it often. I'd advise you to purchase it by the bladder; half a dozen bladders, sir, will work wonders in her case."

"But, my dear sir," remonstrated Ichabod, "my wife's a small woman, and will by no means hold so much snuff. Why, I apprehend that she would actually sneeze her brains out in three months!"

"Supply the vacuum with snuff," suggested the doctor, quietly.

"I begin to think you have done that yourself!" retorted Ichabod.

"You are at liberty to think what you please, but Mrs. Wise must take snuff."

"You are particularly disagreeable, doctor! Reflect; think of a young and pretty woman, like Mrs. Wise, going about with a vile snuff box in her hand, filling her model nose with the loathsome powder, scattering it over her embroidery, into her daily bread, perchance, destroying the whiteness of white handkerchiefs, and sneezing to the right and left like a confirmed old doser. What is more disgusting than to see a respectable female going about with a black spot on the tip of her nose! Positively, I can't think of Rebecca's taking powdered tobacco!"

"But tobacco does you a great deal of good, husband," said Mrs. Wise, demurely.

Ichabod made no answer.

"It prevents your food from hurting you, quiets your nerves, keeps your head clear, and is such a comfort to you generally. To be sure it makes your breath bad, scents up the house and clothing, takes considerable time, burns up things occasionally, gives me the sick-headache, and costs quite a sum of money; but all this is but a trifle compared with the good smoking does, and the enjoyment it brings."

There was a momentary pause.

"Doctor, will it affect my breath any?" naively inquired Mrs. Wise.

"I'm sorry to say that it will. It will make your voice sharp, also, and impair your intellect, somewhat, if you persist in it a few years."

"Affect her breath, make her voice sharp, impair her intellect! Horrible!"

Now Mrs. Wise had a breath sweet as a rose, a voice like a silver flute, and a fine intellect; and to think that any of these should suffer was terrific to Ichabod. He tried to make some compromise with the doctor, but Bolus was inexorable. He then shifted his ground and pretended to regard it as a joke or an innocent conspiracy; but the doctor became severe and accused him of having no real regard for his wife's health; while the latter applied her handkerchief to her eyes, and seemed to be deeply injured in her feelings. In fact her visuals grew very red and inflamed, which was accounted for, afterward, by the circumstance that she got snuff into them. The unfortunate Ichabod yielded with an ill grace, and spent the evening out.

He passed through varied experiences after that eventful evening. Maccaboy pervaded the house; it seemed as diffusive as cigar-smoke, penetrating everything, leaving everywhere the impress of its odor. The large snuff box appeared alike in the kitchen, dining-room, parlor, and boudoir; it rested beside Ichabod's cigar case at night. He found the aromatic powder on his best handkerchiefs, on the combs and brushes, and on the toilet table. The sound of sternutation became terrible to his ears; he ran when he heard persons sneeze in the street. He lost confidence in his daily bread, and slyly wiped his plate with his napkin when he dined.

What could honest Ichabod do? He entered into a solemn treaty with Mrs. Wise. The articles of capitulation were exceedingly simple and to the point: He agreed to leave off smoking if she would renounce snuffing. He was to bid an everlasting adieu to Havanas, and she was to say to Maccaboy farewell for ever. The snuff box and the cigar-case were laid away together. The house was thoroughly aired, and the nauseating sphere of tobacco expurgated by various processes. The powdered weed was cast out, and the weed in rolls went with it. And it was a joyful day to Mrs. Wise when the filthy smoke fiend was exorcised and laid. There were no more choking fumes in the parlor, dining-room, and boudoir. Her wardrobe became purified, at length, of the breath of tobacco. The abominations that follow in the track of the confirmed puffer finally departed.

Mrs. Wise's diseases vanished also. Dr. Bolus shrugged his shoulders and looked sagacious whenever he met Ichabod; while the latter, after he had fairly broken from the thralldom of smoking, could laugh at the conspiracy without much effort, though it was at his own expense.

#### A PARISIAN, PANTOMIMIST.

Paul Lagrand is the best pantomimist and clown in Paris. In a piece lately produced, called the *Brass Noir*, in which he is conspicuous, I really thought I should laugh myself to death—verdict: died of a clown at a small theatre! It is a parody on Gerard de Nerval's *Main de Gloire*, and the most ludicrous parody imaginable. Pierrot in a battle with a negro, loses one of his arms after having torn off that of his adversary, who has fled, carrying away the white arm. Pierrot, desolate, like the *peri* at the garden gate, goes in search of a celebrated surgeon, who adroitly adjusts the foreign arm to his mutilated shoulder. Unfortunately the black arm is the arm of a rogue, a *mauvais sujet*, a thief, a pickpocket, a rake, a canaille, etc., and it obstinately retains the manners of its first master; so, that possessing a will of its own entirely independent of poor Pierrot, who is a very honest fellow, it leads him into all sorts of difficulties. The black arm steals a sack of money, which the white arm honestly refuses to touch, gives blows with its fist, takes the pretty girls by the waist and chucks them under the chin, tickles Pierrot to make him laugh in a pathetic situation, and finally, in spite of the virtue and remonstrances of the rest of himself, leads him off to prison. At the end, however, all is arranged. Pierrot regains his own arm once more, marries the girl of his heart, punches the negro's head, and all terminates happily. The idea is comic, is it not? The representation is droll, beyond expression. —*Correspondent of the Post.*

#### AN INCH OF RAIN.

In Lieut. Maury's "Physical Geography of the Sea," he computes the effect of a single inch of rain falling upon the Atlantic Ocean. The Atlantic includes an area of twenty-five millions of square miles. Suppose an inch of rain to fall upon only one-fifth of this vast expanse. "It would weigh," says he, "three hundred and sixty thousand millions of tons; and the salt which, as water, it held in solution in the sea, and which, when that water was taken up as vapor, was left behind to disturb equilibrium, weighed sixteen million more tons, or nearly twice as much as all the ships in the world could carry at a cargo each. It might fall in a day; but occupy what time it might in falling, this rain is calculated to exert so much force—which is inconceivably great—in disturbing the equilibrium of the ocean. If all the water discharged by the Mississippi River during the year were taken up in one mighty measure, and cast into the ocean at one effort, it would not make a greater disturbance in the equilibrium of the sea than would the fall of rain supposed. And yet, so gentle are the operations of nature, that movements so vast are unperceived." —*Philadelphia Post.*

Discontent produces much of our discomfort, and all of our improvement. If Plato had defined man as a grumbling biped, he might have defied Diogenes and his rooster. Whoever objected to the definition would have proved its truth.

## RIDING A CAMEL.

BY THE OLD 'UN.

We see that the camels imported by the United States—*E Pluribus Unum*—have "arriv," and we hope our western Yankees will have a good time in riding them; our own private opinion in the meantime, being, that it is a good deal easier to back a Durham cow than a Bactrian camel. We recollect witnessing a first experiment several years ago at the Lion Theatre in this city. The victim was Dan Reed, a gentleman pretty well known to old play goers in this city, as one of the best stage tyrants of his day. As Geasler in William Tell, he was perfectly excruciating. In private life his temper was none of the sweetest, and we believe it was utterly impossible for Dan to "roar as gently as a sucking dove."

Well, to our story. The management of the "Lion," brought out the melodrama of Blue Beard, with the "whole resources of the unrivalled establishment," "with a reckless disregard of cost," as Mr. Crummies would have said, and in a "style to bid defiance to any other establishment in the world." The great "card" was a bridal procession, in which were introduced two live elephants, a camel, and a stud of horses. Dan Reed was cast for Abomilique, the "three-tailed bashaw," and was expected to mount the camel. Though he protested against a first class actor, in addition to the humiliation of "playing with a menagerie," being obliged to appear on the back of a "ferocious animal," as he styled the camel, still he was obliged to submit to the requirements of the management.

The first night came and a crowded house. At the close of the first act, the procession came on, and went off amidst uproarious applause. Such a big elephant was never seen on any stage. And Dan on his camel was magnificent. His blue beard shone with the brilliancy of a Cairn Gorme, and his sabre and spangles "brought down" the million. Yet, in the midst of his glories and elevated position some ten feet in the air, those who were nearest to him might have seen a shadow of uneasiness on his painted brow. He was evidently dissatisfied with the motion and doubtful of the temper of his "mount," and, sure enough, just as the procession was leaving the stage, a boy in a blue turban, as the camel was passing, animated by the spirit of mischief, kicked him viciously. The animal, though supposed to be as meek as Moses, resented the affront and kicked at the boy in turn. Up went those clumsy footpads, and off went Dan Reed,

his sabre flying out of its scabbard as he pitched upon his head. The act drop went down amidst the roars of the audience. The boy fled, and Dan Reed after him, sword in hand, swearing, like Rob Roy to "cleave him to the brisquet." But the rascal made good his escape, and Dan was forced "to nurse his rage to keep it warm."

After the performance, the tragedian, learning that the boy was ward to Andrew Jackson Allen, the costumer of the establishment, sought out that celebrated personage to lay his grievances before him. Now everybody knows that Andrew was hard of hearing and troubled with a perpetual cold in his head. On this occasion, having heard of what had transpired, he saw fit to be impenetrably deaf, and to hear nothing at all, though Dan spoke in the voice of Stentor.

"Mr. Allen," roared Dan, "I come to complain of an atrocious act on the part of your boy—one of the greatest little villains in creation."

"Glad you like the boy," replied "Dummy." "Good boy—clever—subborts his ancient mother and two sisters—picked ib up id Halifax."

"He kicked my camel," yelled Dan, making a speaking-trumpet of his hand and bellowing into Allen's ear—"and made the camel kick me off—*me*, Daniel Reed, a *legitimate* actor—mark you, sir—led the heavy business at the Federal."

"Excellent, good-natured, abiable boy," pursued Allen. "Sends ub all his eardings—I bay his board. Clever lad."

"He's a villain!" shouted Dan.

"Glad you like ib."

"And if you don't flog him within an inch of his life—I'll murder him!"

"Thank you, Dad," said Allen, offering his hand. "All he wants is a liddle idstruchad. He'll make ad agtor—he will—bound to rise. Good principles. Much obliged for your kide offer. I'll write to his mother—mother and two sisters at Halifax—he subborts ub. Good-night, Dad."

"You be hanged!" yelled Dan. "You're as much of a booby as he is a fool. And if you have any respect for the boy's mother, you'll pay for his funeral—for as sure as the sun gilds the dome of the State House to-morrow morn, that sun shall set upon his bleeding corpse."

It is needless to say that the threat was not executed, and that the next night Dan was billeted upon the elephant, having positively refused to ride the "ferocious animal," on which and off which he had figured on the first night of Blue Beard.

A man who shows himself too well satisfied with himself, is seldom pleased with others, and they, in return, are little disposed to like him.

## EDITOR'S TABLE.

MATURIN M. BALLOU, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

### CLOSE OF VOLUME THREE.

With the present number of our "Dollar Magazine" we close the third volume of the work. Probably no similar work was ever offered to the public which in a year and a half attained to so large an edition. It will be seen that we are constantly improving the Magazine, both in its contents and the beauty of its typography, using a much better quality of paper, and otherwise increasing its general excellence. We shall continue to make it all that we have promised, and more, and thus respond to the vast popularity it has reached. We have some admirable stories and articles preparing for forthcoming numbers, and send forth with this our hearty good wishes to the army of readers and subscribers who are our patrons.

UNCLE SAMUEL'S FARM.—To give, says an exchange, the English some idea of the extent of our domain, which they have recently talked so much about annihilating, at a single blow, we would state that the distance between the cities of New York and New Orleans is more than equal to that separating London from Constantinople, or Paris from St. Petersburg. By the land route between New York and Astoria, the distance is equal to that between New York and Bremen. By the water route the distance is as great as that between Canton and London.

THE WORLD'S MARINE.—It is stated that the waters of the earth are navigated by 145,000 vessels, of 12,904,687 tons; of which the United States have 5,500,000 tons, Great Britain, 5,000,000 tons, and France only 716,130 tons.

"CONCERT BY OLD BULL!" said a Yankee, reading a poster. "What'll they git up next? Our old bull Brindle can beller like sixty; but I never heard of his goin' round givin' concerts!"

AWARD.—Rossiter, the artist of New York, received a one thousand franc gold medal at the late Paris Exposition.

### WASHINGTON IN 1773.

When Col. Washington was in New York, in 1773, it was boasted at the table of the British governor that a regiment just landed from England contained among its officers some of the finest specimens of martial elegance in his majesty's service.

"I wager your excellency a pair of gloves," said Mrs. Morris, an American lady, "that I will show you a handsomer man in the procession to-morrow than your excellency can select from your famous regiment.

"Done, madam," replied the governor.

The morrow came (June 4), and the procession, in honor of the birthday of the king, advanced through Broadway, to the braying of the trumpets and the beat of drums. As the troops defiled before the governor, he pointed out to the lady several officers, claiming her admiration for their superior persons and brilliant equipments. In the rear of the troop came a band of officers not on duty, of colonial officers, and strangers of distinction. On their appearance, the attention of the governor was attracted towards a tall and martial figure, that marched with grave and measured tread, apparently indifferent to the scene around him. The lady now archly observed, "I perceive your excellency's eyes are turned towards the right object. What say you to your wager now, sir?"

"Lost, madam," replied the gallant governor.

"When I laid my wager, I was not aware that Colonel Washington was in New York."

COOL.—At one of the California theatres a few weeks since, a quarrel took place between two fellows in the parquette, and they fired several shots at each other with revolvers. A lady who was in the boxes, was asked if she was not frightened. "O, la! no!" said she. "We are so used to having our bonnets and side curls cut with bullets that we don't mind such things." Such is the "werry last bulletin," as Mr. Weller, senior, says.

VOLUME THIRD.—We are now prepared to bind up the third volume of our "Dollar Magazine," which closes with this number, in our neat and uniform style, for *thirty seven cents*. Bound and returned in one week.

## OLD STORIES. 9

There are some old stories that never grow stale; they are so good that we can bear their frequent repetition, and welcome them with as hearty a laugh as when we first heard them. We pity a person who cannot laugh at a good old joke—such a man would be very likely to cut a good old friend. We pity a man who can sit at a circus without any relaxation of the facial muscles, while the clown is performing the same pranks and uttering the same jests which delighted his grandfather. Mr. Hardcastle's staple story was "Old Grouse in the gun-room," and yet often as it was repeated, we are led to infer that it enjoyed a fabulous success. When he is marshalling his servants for the dignified reception of his expected guests, he says: "If I happen to say a good thing, or tell a good story, at the table, you must all burst out a laughing, as if you made a part of the company." "Then, ecod!" answers Diggory, "your worship must not tell the story of 'Old Grouse in the gun-room;' I can't help laughing at that—he! he! he!—for the soul of me. We have laughed at that these twenty years. Ha! ha! ha!"

Who objects to hearing for the thousandth time the story of the Irishman riding, who, when his horse caught his hind foot in the stirrup, dismounted, saying, "If you're to get on, I'll get off; for, be Jabers! I wout ride double!" Or that other "gentleman," who sat in his saddle, immovable, under a pelting shower, because he was waiting for it to clear up. These genuine old things have a flavor of fun that ensures their perennial bloom.

What a story that is of Sheridan's going out to shoot with Mr. Coke's Irish gamekeeper, at Norfolk, and missing every shot, while his good-natured companion found a ready excuse for every failure. At the first shot, all the birds got away, when the gamekeeper exclaimed, "More power to your honor! Did you see one little fellow drop his leg as he went off? He'll never stand on his tin toes again." The second shot was no more lucky, but the consolation this time was, "Tare an' agers, there they go! But didn't your honor hear the shot rattle among them like paze agin a windey! They'll pray never to see your honor agin on this side of the country." Shot 3d, (birds all off again): "Blood an' ouns! but they've caught it!" (After watching them awhile), "There's three wounded anyhow, for they had hardly strength to fly over yonder hedge: the divil a wink of sleep they'll get this blessed night." Shot 4th, (a pheasant gets away): "Well, I never seen a poor gentleman taken like him; he'll remember your honor many a long

day for that. The spalpeen is carrying away more shot than would sit up an ironmonger at Skibbereen." Shot 5th, (a snipe gets off): "Bother! you may cry crake, my fine fellow; you may take your long bill to the other world. You'll wake to-morrow morning with a lumbago in your soft head." Poor Sheridan could stand this no longer, but gave his countryman a fee for his ingenuity, and proceeded on his beat alone.

Children like old stories, even though they don't like old toys. The repertory of the nursery is very limited, and yet no child is tired of hearing over and over again the tale of the adventurous cow that "jumped over the moon;" of the "three blind men who went to see three cripples run a race;" or that fearful narrative of the children who met with an untimely fate in consequence of "sliding on the ice all of a summer's day." We, children of a larger growth, should learn wisdom from the juveniles, and not be ever craving after literary and humorous novelty. There is nothing new under the sun; we should learn to cherish what is good, rather than crave after what is new—old friends, old jokes, old customs.

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**PLENTY OF COAL.**—Professor Hitchcock, in a recent lecture at Chicago on "Geology," states that coal deposits on the northern half of the continent, embrace an area of 225,000 miles, and are capable of yielding 1100 cubic miles of coal. It is estimated that one cubic mile will last a thousand years for all purposes for which it is likely to be wanted; and consequently, we have a supply of fuel in the earth for the next eleven hundred thousand years. So, don't be alarmed!

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**A LONG BEARD.**—The longest beard recorded in history, was that of John Mayo, a painter to the Emperor Charles V. Though he was a tall man, it is said his beard was so long that he could tread upon it.

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**THE FATHER OF WATERS.**—The total length of the Mississippi and all its tributaries, is fifty-one thousand miles, which is more than twice the equatorial circumference of the earth!

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**EXPRESSIVE.**—Landon thought that a rib of Shakspeare would have made a Milton; and the same portion of Milton all poets born ever since!

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**TO HOUSEKEEPERS.**—Painted wood pails are more poisonous than lead pipe.

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**TO CURE FELONS.**—Have them arrested.

## MR. MANAGER BLUFF.

Our old friend, Mr. Manager Bluff, of fortunate memory, has been dead some years, and so we can afford to indulge in a reminiscence or two respecting him without scruple. We have nothing to say against him. *De mortuis nil nisi bonum.* He left a competence to a remote relative in England; but he would have left a million had fortune accorded to him his full deserts. Nobody could manage an audience better than Bluff. When there was a row "in front," in consequence of the non-appearance of a favorite comedian; incapacitated from playing by inordinate devotions at the shrine of Bacchus, Bluff, and he alone, could allay the storm. He would appear before the curtain, dressed in black from head to foot. Profoundly bowing to pit, boxes and gallery, with his hat on his heart, he would say, in a tone of deep emotion:

"Ladies and gentlemen,—I deplore, as much as you resent, the absence of Mr. — to-night. Were it attributable to the usual cause, the absence should this moment be struck from the roll of my *corps dramatique*. But should I be able to state that he was at this moment watching by the sick bed of an aged mother, whose moments in this world are numbered (white handkerchief to the eyes), I am sure—ladies and gentlemen (broken utterance)—that your expressions of blame would be changed into those of sympathy." And amidst tremendous applause and cheers, Mr. Bluff would withdraw, and the performance would go on, with a "stock" in the part of the erratic star.

Bluff got up a piece once on a time, called the "Battle of Bunker Hill." It was such a shocking mass of stuff, that the crowded audiences, attracted by the novelty, hissed heartily, and the curtain fell in a regular row. The poor "author" shuddered at the wings at the utter condemnation of his play. "You are a fool," said the oracular Bluff. "Wait." Seizing an American flag and a cutlass, and in the costume of a patriot soldier, which he had worn during the piece, he presented himself at the footlights.

"Ladies and gentlemen,—I beg to return you thanks for the kind applause which you have bestowed on the brilliant effort of genius I have had the honor of presenting to you this evening, and to announce that it will be repeated every evening of this week." Cries of "no! no!" hisses, cat-calls, yells, burst from every part of the house. "Ladies and gentlemen," continued Bluff, when there was a lull in the storm, "when I tell you that many of the dresses and properties used in this piece actually belonged to men who fought and fell at Bunker Hill—that the

dress in which I now appear before you once clothed the limbs of a hero of the Revolution, who died at the side of your immortal Warren—when I tell you that this cutlass escaped the relaxing hand of a soldier of the times that tried men's souls—that this very flag was used at the Battle of New Orleans—I know that your sympathies will be with me!" Tremendous applause followed this "gag." "Ladies and gentlemen," continued the unblushing manager, "I know you will join me in the sentiment I am about to utter: the immortal memory of George Washington!" Three times three cheers! "Ladies and gentlemen,—I thank you for your verdict. You embolden me to announce the continued representation of the 'Battle of Bunker Hill!'"

Thunders of applause shook the house, and the piece subsequently ran for forty nights. Wasn't our friend Bluff a model manager?

HIGH FALUTIN.—A western stump orator in the course of one of his speeches recently remarked—"Gentleman, if the Par-ay-fix Ocean wor an inkstand, and the hull clouded canopy of heaven and the level ground of our yearth wor a sheet of paper, I couldn't begin to write my love of country onto it."

MEMORY.—Feinagle taught a system of artificial memory—mnemotechnics. One day a friend of Feinagle's found the waiter in a coffee room, laughing heartily. On asking the cause of his mirth, the fellow replied, "I can't help it, sir; it's raining hard, and that ere memory-man has gone and forgotten his umbrella!"

DESCRIPTIVE.—Young Bob Battles was undertaking to describe to another boy the common musical instrument called the "accordion." He floundered away in his efforts, and finally said, "Jim, you know what it is—it's an educated bellows."

XTRAVAGANZA XTRAORDINARY.—Charles X., king of France, was exceedingly xecrated by his people. He was xpatriated for his xcesses, to xpiate his xtravagance was xiled, and xpired in xile.

THE "CRADLE OF LIBERTY."—In 1775 Faneuil Hall was used for theatrical purposes, by officers of the British army, for their own amusement.

BEAUTY.—Among eastern nations obesity is thought to be the prime requisite of beauty; and the plumpest lady bears away the palm.

## THE SON OF NAPOLEON.

Paris has been giddy and reeling with the effects of that popular intoxication produced by the recent dynastic event which has given Louis Napoleon an heir. Another child has been born into the family of kings—born to the hope of one day ruling the most brilliant, and, as recent events have demonstrated, the most powerful state of modern Europe. Luxury and fortune rock his cradle, and he is the unconscious recipient of homage from the gifted, the high born, and the fortunate. But who shall cast his horoscope? No one on earth can predict his destiny. He may live to wear the imperial ermine and purple; he may eat the bitter bread of exile; he may fill an untimely grave. France is a country of direful vicissitudes. In Paris there is but one step between the throne and the scaffold—but one step between the plaudits and the curses of the people.

Forty-five years ago, the thunder of the same guns which have just announced from the esplanade of the Invalides the birth of an heir to the present emperor, proclaimed the advent "into this breathing world" of a son of the elder and greater Napoleon. "Never was an earthly monarch greeted with a more affecting demonstration of a nation's love and homage." The child was born to the proud title of King of Rome. What brilliant hopes gilded his future! Had any sinister voice then declared, "in three years the great Napoleon will be forced to abdicate the throne of France; in four years, after a brief return of power, he would be languishing, death-stricken, a hopeless prisoner on a barren rock in the Atlantic; the wife who had just crowned his hopes, separated from him, content with the possession of a petty Italian duchy; the heir of these bright hopes, spoiled of his kingly title, the doomed victim of an infamous conspiracy, headed by his grandfather," the prophet of evil would have been regarded as an imbecile. Yet such was the actual fate of those who stood so high upon the pinnacle of worldly greatness and happiness only forty-five years ago. It is impossible not to recall these things on the present occasion.

But there are points of difference as well as points of similitude in the two events. The marriage of Napoleon I. with Marie Louise of Austria, was a marriage of policy. To accomplish it, he repudiated his first love—the wife of his bosom—the amiable and devoted Josephine. Bitterly was he punished for the violation of his vows. Austria became his speedy enemy, and Marie Louise, who never loved him, was false to him in the hour of misfortune, and falselier yet

to his memory. Louis Napoleon's marriage was an affair of the heart. The *parvenu* was more self-reliant than his uncle. He scorned to acknowledge that he stood in need of strength from a royal alliance, and gave his hand and heart to a beautiful and accomplished lady, who brought him no political influence as a dowry. When the King of Rome was born, England was the powerful and deadly enemy of France, and Russia on the eve of withering her military power. Louis Napoleon's son is born when England is the humbled and subservient ally of France, and when the mighty power of Russia has succumbed to the Gallic eagle. It must be confessed that he comes upon the stage at an auspicious moment.

The event, however, is not one which we, upon this side of the Atlantic, can be expected to regard with much satisfaction. Inasmuch as it strengthens the hands of the present ruler of France, it depresses the hopes of the patriots of Europe, with whom we deeply sympathize; for Louis Napoleon is the avowed champion of order—that is to say, of despotism—in Europe. The prospects of liberty look darker to our eyes than they did at the close of the Congress of Vienna. Then there were elements of instability in the very order of things decreed by the Holy Alliance. The Bourbon lilies were replanted in an uncongenial soil, where they could not but wither. Now, the despot of France is upheld by the blinded millions of that most enigmatical of empires. Liberty is now no more in France, and its spirit is crushed out in Italy and Germany. The hopes of Poland and Hungary are once more blighted. England, constitutional England, shorn of her proud influence, is but a wheel in the complicated machinery of despotism, autocracy and spiritual tyranny; and it must be many, many years before the volcanic fires of liberty can burst the rigid iron crust that overlays them.

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**FOREIGN PASSENGERS.**—The total number of passengers from foreign countries who have arrived in the United States, since April 30th, 1843, is given at 3,400,000.

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**CREDITABLE TO AMERICAN SKILL.**—Engines are being built in New York for the Austrian Royal Danubian Steam Navigation Company.

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**JAMES'S NOVELS.**—Mr. James has written fifty-nine books, nearly the whole of which are novels—and the list is not yet complete.

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**GOOD NEWS FOR THE SURGEONS.**—The railroads have resumed their regular trips.



## TABLE TALK.

We must all eat to live; but many people live only to eat—a miserable way of passing one's existence. We remember somewhere to have seen a little treatise, published somewhere about the year 1812, in which the author asserted that passions, and even accomplishments, were dependent for their character on food. Thus, mental heaviness was said to be produced by beans, potatoes and lettuce; brilliant imagination by the wings of quails and partridges; volubility by eating larks, and anger by feeding on roast turkey. A diet of peacocks would produce vanity, and excessive indulgence in goose a state bordering on idiocy. But it is not worth while to follow out the fanciful speculations of this writer.

We degenerate moderns can never achieve anything in the gastronomic line to what was done by the ancients. Ancient history bristles with facts relative to the profusion of Roman tables and the voracity of Roman eaters. We read of Lucullus's three hundred dining-rooms, and the Apollo room, wherein each banquet cost the revenue of a whole province; of six hundred ostrich heads, each prepared in a different way for a "pot-luck" dinner given by young Heliogabalus; of twenty-two courses counted at a supper of the same emperor, who never suffered the same plate to be used before him, though it was of massive gold; of couriers, appointed by Trajan, to bring to him, on the banks of the Euphrates, fresh oysters from Lake Lucrinus (not far from Rome); of Apicius, who, after discovering a number of new dishes, killed himself because he could no longer live so well on, two hundred thousand dollars a year, to which his income had been reduced; of the Emperor Antoninus, who died from eating too much cheese; of Claudius Esopus, a Roman actor, who taught Cicero the art of declamation, and gave six hundred pounds for a bird which had learned to sing, speak and think, that he might make a fricassee of it. Darius assembled at dinner fifteen thousand guests, and sometimes spent a million dollars on a banquet. Caligula, according to Pliny, would suffer no wine on his table that was not one hundred and sixty years old. Asinius Celer gave seven thousand crowns for a barber. When the Emperor Otho dined with his brother, seven thousand sorts of birds and two thousand sorts of fishes were served up. Cleopatra, when supping with Mark Antony, was so delighted with a bird prepared in a particular way, that she left nothing but the bones; and the Roman general was so gratified with the cook that he sent for him and made him a

present of a whole city. In modern times, Louis XV. forgave the Duke de Soubise the loss of the battle of Rosbach in consideration of an omelette, which the marshal invented.

Shall we recall some of the great eaters of ancient times? The Emperor Claudius one morning called for his breakfast—not that he was hungry, but he thought he could pick a bone or two. Well, a hundred perches were served up with a hundred becaficas. After eating ten melons, by way of prelude, the emperor swallowed everything on the table, including thirty-three dozens of oysters—thirty-three pounds of grapes were eaten by way of helping his digestion; and then he was ready, with a clear head and good conscience, to attend to public affairs. He had risen from the breakfast table with an appetite! The comedian Phagon, in the presence of the Emperor Aurelian, devoured a wild boar, a hundred loaves, a sheep, two sucking pigs, and washed the whole down with an *ocra* of wine—a measure, the capacity of which we cannot ascertain, but for the sake of poetical consistency, we'll call it a hog'shead. We might record a good many more trencher feats, on classical authority, but we pause; for our readers might fancy that the ancient historians were too much addicted to drawing the long bow.

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**PREFERABLE.**—Light American plows have superseded the heavy Scotch plows in Malta. They were introduced recently by the Governor, Sir Wm. Reid, formerly of Bermuda. The Scotch plow was too heavy for the warm climate and the mules of Malta.

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**TONNAGE ON THE LAKES.**—According to the Buffalo Commercial, the tonnage of lake steamers now on the stocks is 17,775, and of sailing vessels 31,183, all of the value of \$2,720,500. Vessels were lost last season whose tonnage amounted to 20,850.

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**PRESERVATIVE.**—A small piece of linen, moistened with spirits of turpentine, and put into a bureau or wardrobe for a single day, two or three times a year, is a sufficient preservative against moths.

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**BUENOS AYRES.**—This must be a pleasant place to live in. During six months the people there have had two conspiracies and three threats of invasion.

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**TELEGRAPHIC.**—The cable of the New York and Newfoundland Telegraph Company will be laid by Mr. Canning.

## CHINESE TAILS.

The tails worn by the inhabitants of the "Central Flower-Land" are a badge of servitude. On the subjugation of China by the Tartars, an edict was issued requiring the whole nation to shave the front of the head, and to plait the residue of the hair into a tail, the length and size of which is considered in China a great mark of masculine beauty—in consequence of which great quantities of false hair are worked up into the natural hair, the ends being finished off with black silk cord. Their Chinese rebels cut their hair short, and the moment they make a recruit to their ranks employ the shears upon him. They are thus sure of their fidelity; for the absence of the tail is a proof positive of rebellion. To the lower orders it is a useful ornament. A traveller relates that on one occasion he saw a Chinaman flogging his pig along with it; while, on another, the servant was dusting the table; and when their belligerent propensities are excited—which is not often,—they will twist each other's tails round their hands, pulling with all their strength, and enduring the most horrible torture, till one or the other cries "Hold, enough!" In San Francisco, when the naughty boys of that golden city get hold of a party of unfortunate Chinamen, obfuscated with opium, they tie all their tails together in a hard knot, and then throwing a bunch of fire-crackers into their midst, amuse themselves with their frantic and impotent struggles to get free. "Pretty vicious that!" as Mr. Squeers says; but boys will be boys.

**MIGHT AND MAIN.**—Gordon Cumming, the great lion slayer, was telling Rogers, one day, how he once came, unarmed, upon a huge lion. "Thinking to frighten him, I ran at him with all my might," said the hunter. "Whereupon," said Rogers, "he ran away with all his *mane*, I suppose?" "Exactly so," said Cumming. We think this story was *coming* it rather strong.

**SAINTS FOR RUSSIAN SOLDIERS.**—During the last campaign in Russia, more than 60,000 images of saints were sent from St. Petersburg for the encouragement of the Russian soldiers.

**WORTH THINKING OF.**—An exchange warns boys against gambling with marbles, as the first step in a downward career of vice.

**PASSING AWAY.**—Seventy-one revolutionary soldiers died during the past year.

**VERY TRUE.**—Every hour spent in studying is working for higher wages.

## ÆOLIAN HARPS.

How sweet and suggestive are the notes of an æolian harp, as the wind plays over its strings! Now it murmurs low and gentle as the whispers of love; anon, wild and plaintive, it seems the complaining voice of the spirits of the storm. In the year 1785, the Abbate Gatoni constructed at Como a most singular æolian harp. He stretched fifteen iron wires, of different thicknesses, from the top of a tower, about ninety feet in height, to his dwelling house, about one hundred and fifty paces distant. This giant harp, by its mysterious sounds, while the air was calm, indicated changes in the weather. This was ascribed to electric influence. The same phenomenon occurred in a similar harp, constructed by Captain Haas, of Basle. The effect of the vibration of the wires in each of the giant harps, prior to changes of the weather, or during storms, is said to be quite indescribable. The sounds swelling or dying, or combining in the wildest harmonies, were sometimes heard for miles around.

**SCHOOL BOY LITERATURE.**—In 1750, a gallops and whipping-post stood near Porter's tavern, at Cambridge, in Massachusetts, which gave rise to the subjoined couplet, intended to caricature the times:

"Cambridge is a famous town,  
Both for wit and knowledge;  
Some they whip, and some they hang,  
And some they send to college."

**EARTHQUAKES.**—The most remarkable earthquakes of modern times are those which destroyed Lima in 1746; Lisbon in 1755, in which 20,000 persons were killed; Calabria in 1783; Caraccas in 1812; Aleppo in 1822; Guatemala in 1830; and San Salvador within the last year.

**GOING UP.**—Dr. Root, of St. Louis, has sold a piece of property at St. Paul, Minnesota, for \$24,875, which a few years ago cost him only \$600. "Now by St. Paul! the work goes bravely on."

**HORRIBLE.**—One thousand barrels and four hundred and thirty-two thousand bottles of patent medicines are manufactured annually by two establishments in Providence, R. I.

**COL. BRAGG.**—This gallant officer, who used to give away "grape," is now "in the sugar line," on a plantation at Lafourche.

**RELIGIOUS LIBERTY.**—Nearly all the newspapers in Spain—once the most bigoted country in Europe—now go in for religious liberty.

## Foreign Miscellany.

Large discoveries of tin ore have been made in Australia.

The Protestants of France have nearly 1000 ministers and 1500 places of worship.

The plague has broken out in Nankin, China, and nearly one hundred thousand persons have died.

The famous porcelain manufactory at Sevres, France, is to be forthwith transformed into barracks. Such is progress.

A railroad is just completed between Alexandria and Cairo, which will vastly increase the facilities of communication with India.

Sir Hyde Parker, commander of the English naval forces in the East Indies, died at Devonport on the 21st of March.

Napoleon determines to send an extensive expedition of colonization to Madagascar. England does not oppose it.

There is some talk of a powerful force being sent into Africa to complete the entire subjugation of the native tribes.

Among rumors prevalent one is, that the emperors of Russia and Austria have respectively promised to visit Paris soon after the conclusion of peace.

The Armenians and Greeks have protested against the late toleration and reform decree of the Sultan. The Greek petition is especially directed against the articles relating to the clergy.

Among other notable arrivals announced at the Jardin des Plantes, in Paris, is that of a live alligator, six feet long, from the Mississippi River.

Accounts from Manilla state that bands of brigands were scouring the country, and spreading incendiary proclamations against the Spanish government.

An Englishman, named Hand, has patented a process for preserving animal food any length of time, without sugar or salt, exclusion from air, or any of the common modes of preservation.

A venerable missionary, Rev. Mr. Davis, who landed at Tahiti in 1801, died at his work at Papara, recently, in his eighty-eighth year. He has spent fifty-four years of missionary labor in Polynesia.

Cornelius, the German artist, has completed a picture, "The Last Judgment," the total height of which is 96 feet, and that of the principal figures 17 feet. The artist is said to have treated the subject with great skill, and has introduced 128 figures in every possible variety of grouping.

The several missions in Western Africa are said to be in a very prosperous condition at the present time. There is also a special religious awakening in Liberia. It does not appear to be confined to one denomination, but extends to all denominations of Christians.

The Sardinian troops in the Crimea, both common soldiers and officers, show a great zeal to procure and read the Bible. More than four thousand Bibles and Testaments have been distributed among them. The chaplain of the army himself called for a Bible, and said he would not oppose such a work.

New Testaments, in the Turkish language, are allowed to circulate in Turkey.

Rat skins have become scarce in Paris—and of course kid gloves are higher.

An American hotel is to be established in London, with a capital of over \$4,000,000.

In Southern Russia, 100,000 persons have died of typhus fever.

It is stated that the conscription in France for the next year will amount to 140,000 men.

The annual consumption of eggs in Paris alone is 175,000,000, of the value of 7,724,256 francs.

The revenue of England increased eight millions sterling in 1855 over 1854, and France four millions.

The Joint British, French and Sardinian Submarine Telegraph line, when completed, will be 12,000 miles long.

King Oscar, it is said, intends to lay claim before the Paris Congress, to the Aland Isles, as belonging of right to Sweden.

At a book sale in Paris a short time ago, a curious edition of Voltaire, containing not less than 12,860 illustrations, was sold for \$1115.

Ali Pacha, the Turkish Plenipotentiary, is said to express openly his sympathy with the cause of the Poles and Hungarians.

Six thousand French have embarked at Marseilles for the Crimea, probably to supply sick vacancies.

We obtain from the foreign papers the highly important and astonishing intelligence, that upon the table of the Peace Conference in Paris there were six inkstands, two for each ambassador.

The mullen, that very useful weed with a tall and elegant flower stalk, which roots itself at ease along the highways of New England, and which we strive to eradicate, is cultivated in Old England as the "American velvet plant."

The government of France, and of some other continental States, have so successfully bred fishes that their artificial propagation has ceased to be an experiment; and all the streams of Scotland and Ireland have been replenished with salmon.

Of the 606 convicts in the Ohio Penitentiary, there are—Second convictions, 58; third, 9; fourth, 3; fifth, 1. 423 are intemperate; 61 are married; 50 are blacks or mulattoes; 26 are over fifty years of age; 244 cannot read or write; and 400, or nearly 66 per cent. of the whole number, have no trades!

The London Times, in an editorial, speaks of "our allies' unwise and undignified demonstrations in favor of peace," and conceives that the British will be discontented with the terms of peace, the only results to England being her victories, and the consciousness of undiminished resources.

Captain Davison, of England, has patented the application to cannon of a telescope sight, and cross-wires, or micrometer, so that by means of them and a collimator, the piece of ordnance may be brought to its proper position by day or night, after every discharge, without the necessity of observing the object aimed at, after the proper range and aim have been first obtained.

## Record of the Times.

In Pennsylvania, a voluntary desertion of two years entitles a wife to obtain a divorce.

The Texas Legislature have given the widow of David Crocket a league of land.

Rogers's receipt for long life was, "temperance, the flesh brush, and don't fret."

A correspondent of the "Country Gentleman" has seen an egg with two others inside.

A public school teacher in New York recently asked for books for "an ingigent pupil."

A young lady advised to take exercise, lately jumped at an offer.

The Chinese call law losing a cow for the sake of a cat. Quite expressive idea, that!

The message of the governor of New Jersey in 1713 was three lines long. A model.

Boots used to be made of brass and iron. Remarkably nice for tender feet.

Lyell, the geologist, says it must have taken 67,000 years to form the Mississippi Delta.

Frankenstein, of Cincinnati, has made a noble statue of a kneeling child.

Property to the amount of \$2,028,900 was sunk in the Mississippi River in the year ending September 30, 1855.

The story that Louis Napoleon led a dissolute life in New York in 1837, is flatly contradicted in the *Courrier des Etats Unis*.

The mammoth safe, made for the New York Park Bank, is said to be the largest in the world. The weight is ten tons, and the cost was \$2500.

The Spaniards say, "At eighteen marry your daughter to her superior, at twenty to her equal, at thirty to anybody who will have her."

The members of churches in connection with the denomination distinctively known as "Christians," in this country, is 864; value of church property, \$864,056; number of seats, 304,630.

Rev. E. H. Nevin, of Boston, and two other gentlemen, have purchased 12,000 acres of land in Iowa, on which they purpose to colonize 100 families, mostly from New Hampshire and Maine.

The population of Pittsburg, Pa., and the seven or eight boroughs which surround it, is set down at the present time at 122,620, being an increase of fifty-five per cent. in less than six years.

The cost of publishing Lieut. Wilkes's book, which grew out of the Antarctic Exploring Expedition, has already amounted to a million and a quarter of dollars! So says Mr. Clayton in the Senate of the United States.

James G. Shute, of Woburn, Mass., whom the Boston Traveller calls an "amateur zoologist," has kept a tortoise two years and six months without food. It is an interesting experiment—to the "amateur," but how would he like to have it tried upon himself?

A lawyer recently attempted to palm himself off as Rufus Choate in a neighboring town. At the suggestion of a printer, who was present, the "writing test" was applied to him. He wrote a legible sentence, and was promptly kicked out of the company.

A man who is opposed to capital punishment lately refused to hang a gate.

It is said that thirty slavers are annually fitted out in the port of New York.

The "Sons of New Hampshire," living in Boston, propose to celebrate at home next fall.

In California, one circular saw lately sawed 7500 feet of boards in two hours.

An anonymous defrauder of the revenue lately restored \$800 to our collector.

The rose of Florida, the most beautiful of flowers, emits no fragrance.

Forty-eight clergymen of the Church of England are converted Hebrews.

An international fair is to be held at Buffalo in September next.

St. Simonton, C. G. H., is a great resort for turtles. What a place for aldermen!

A priest in Paris has been preaching against the extravagance of ladies in dress.

The Chinese are said to divide the human race into men, women and Chinese.

The Adriatic (Collins steamer) is larger than the Persia of Cunard's line.

The Norwegian population of Dane county, Wisconsin, amounts to 6628 persons.

The Indian title to Manhattan Island (New York city) was bought for twenty four dollars.

Professor Liebig has been offered five thousand dollars to come to this country and lecture.

There are eleven railroads in Wisconsin, the length of which when completed will be 695 miles; 432 miles are now finished.

Arrangements are being made to build a Female Seminary in connection with the Baptist college at Kalamazoo, Mich.

The citizens of Lowell propose placing a chime of eleven bells upon St. Anne's Church, at a cost of \$4000.

Galveston, Texas, has 6000 population; San Antonio, 7000; Houston, 6000; Brownsville, 5000.

The Delaware River is to be bridged at Milford, Hunterdon county, N. J., at a cost of ten thousand dollars. The structure is to be finished by the close of the present year.

The California Farmer expresses the opinion that hereafter coffee will be grown in that State for their own consumption, and also for exportation.

Benjamin Marshall, Esq., of Troy, New York, offers to give six acres of land for the purpose of securing the erection of a suitable building in that city for the reception and treatment of patients afflicted with infectious diseases.

A strong-minded woman in Chelsea, Mass., has her own maiden name engraved upon the street door-plate. Her husband, she says, lives with her—not herself with her husband. A distinction with a difference.

The National Bank of New York, of whom the late Albert Gallatin was the founder, and his son, James Gallatin, the president, will re-organize in July under the General Banking Law, with an enlarged capital—\$1,500,000 instead of \$750,000.

## Merry Making.

Why is G like the sun? Because it is the centre of light.

What utility is there in killing hogs, if they are cured directly afterwards?

"I'll give you a poke in the eye," as the thread said to the needle.

When tired, and your patience is worn completely threadbare, then—"darn" it.

Why is the Boston almshouse like Nahant rocks? Because there is a *surge* on there.

Why is a joiner less handsome than his wife? Because he is a deal-planer.

The man who lately received a "lock of hair" is on the lookout for a key to it.

What utility is there in killing hogs, if they are cured directly afterwards?

The editor of the Young America has a ferocious poodle, which he backs to lick any plate in the neighborhood.

"Have you read my *last* speech?" said a prosy M. C. to a friend. "I hope so," was the satisfactory reply.

A sign in Ann Street, Boston, reads, "*Lodgers taken in.*" We guess there is no deception about that "shingle."

A young lady being asked by a boring politician which party she was in favor of, replied that she preferred a wedding party.

It is a bad sign when a preacher tries to drive his logic by thumping the desk violently with his clenched hand. His arguments are so *fist*-ical.

A New York mathematician says, if the chalk mines of England should ever become exhausted, the price of Orange county milk would advance to twenty cents a quart.

An editor in Arkansas was lately shot in an affray. Luckily, the ball came against a bundle of unpaid accounts in his pocket. Gunpowder could not get through that!

What is the sovereign difference between Russia and Austria? Why, in Russia the emperor is pope, and in Austria the pope is emperor, as verified by the concordat.

Gentleman from the interior, totally unacquainted with the daguerrean art: "Look a' here, mister, couldn't ye just throw in a pair of moustaches? I'm going to raise some in the fall."

A manager was recently solicited to make his seats more comfortable. "People sleep half the time now during a performance; it woud do to make them more easy, or they woud sleep all the time."

A learned young lady one evening, lately, astonished the company by asking for the loan of a "diminutive, argenteous, truncated cone, convex on its summit, and semiperforated with symmetrical indentations!" She wanted a thimble.

The Chinese people make out pretty long pedigrees. In a history of the Celestial Empire, we find this passage: "About this time the world was created." An engraving is introduced to illustrate the fact, representing a mandarin in the clouds, looking on through a spy-glass.

Why are kind mothers like novel writers? Because they indulge in *fancy*.

What is that which if you take the whole away, there will be some left? Wholesome.

"There is more parade than potatoes," as the Irishman said of the dinner table at a fashionable hotel.

Why does a shoemaker, when he has filled an order for you, earn a title? Because he's Major (made your) boots.

We once heard of a dog who had a whistle which grew on the end of his tail. He always called himself when wanted.

An eminent artist is about getting up a "panorama of a law suit." It opens in the year 1, and closes with doomsday.

A rather credulous individual, on being told that he should not believe more than half he heard, asked, "Which half shall I credit?"

Never purchase friends by gifts, for if you cease to give they will cease to love. Some call them "small potato friends."

"Mr. Smith, the hogs are getting into your cornfield?" "Never mind, Billy, I'm sleepy; corn wont hurt 'em."

A Western paper advertises thus: "Run Away—A hired man named John; his nose turned up five feet eight inches high, and had on a pair of corduroy pants much worn."

A woman is a great deal like a piece of ivory—the more you are ruined, the closer she clings to you. A wife's love don't begin to show itself till the sheriff is after you.

The French government gives every soldier who has lost a limb an artificial arm or leg of the best construction. This is truly giving *arms* to a "deserving object."

A pragmatical young fellow, sitting at a table over against the learned John Scott, asked him what difference there was between Scott and sot. *Just the breadth of the table*, answered the other.

Paddy said that the best friend he had in the world when he came over to Liverpool, was an "Irish thirteen," (a shilling). Poor Paddy was about right.

A fellow in Albany is going to have his life insured, so that when he dies he can have something to live on, and not be dependent on the cold charities of the world, as he once was.

An old lady in Vermont was asked by a young clergyman to what denomination she belonged? "I don't know," said she, "and don't care anything about yer 'nominations; for my part, I hold on to the good old meetin' house."

In Tristram Shandy, the enthusiastic Corporal Trim, in giving his account of the beautiful Beguine, who attended him during a fever, and relating the dreams which disturbed his slumbers, says: "I was all night long cutting the world in two, giving her half."

During a trial that occurred in the police court the other day, a constable testifying, in regard to a lady, said—"I know nothing of her but what I hear the neighbors say; and, in my opinion, what women say of one another is not worthy of belief." His opinion! Where are the strong-minded and the cowhides?

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